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The Shape of Things

THE PRESIDENT HAS AGAIN HIT HIS STRIDE, at least politically. The industrial and market upturn, whatever the guessing as to its causes, needs no guesswork about its political results. The election returns in this country follow the business indices, and the rise in these will do more than any amount of political maneuvering to insure a substantial Democratic victory in the fall elections. Swimming on this psychological flood tide, the President struck out boldly and vigorously in his fireside chat with the nation. It was easily one of his most successful speeches, displaying all his resources of confidence, phrase-making, political acumen, understanding of the popular mind. It showed the President once more on the offensive—at least verbally. His satisfaction over his victory in the new liberalism of the Supreme Court was justified, although he refrained from mentioning the emergence, in Justice Black's opinions, of a position even more progressive than his own. His attack on the "Copperheads" who would give up the fight in the middle of the war gives the progressives a new slogan against the reactionary Democrats, and a new historical analogy. But it will be recalled that Lincoln, when he was fighting the Copperheads, was at the same time fighting the radicals among the Republicans. Mr. Roosevelt said nothing in his speech about his retreat on the Spanish embargo; nor did he indicate that he is any closer than he has ever been to a program of economic planning in the key industries. His allusion—though not by name—to Alfred P. Sloan, head of General Motors, who with an income of $1,000 a day fights the $11-a-week minimum of the wage-hour law, was a good one. So was his similarly guarded allusion to Frank Hague, who "attempts to suppress individual liberty under the pretense of patriotism." But in both cases the proof of vigorous words must lie in eventual action.

*

MUCH THE BEST PART OF THE SPEECH WAS the section concerning the primaries. It cut the ground from under the tory attack on the President, the strategy of which has been to attribute the Administration's cam-

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paign against reactionary Democrats to his personal resentment at their stand on the court bill. Mr. Roosevelt has made the issue clear. As President he stands for the return of progressives in every party—and the Administration's clear sympathy for Governor Benson of Minnesota in his fight against the reactionaries within the Farmer-Labor Party is a good illustration of that. Governor Benson's victory in the primaries is a New Deal victory, as also will be his victory in the election. As party leader the President is concerned not merely with a candidate's record on the court plan but with his "general attitude toward present-day problems." We want no yes-men in Congress, and there is little danger that we will get them. The real danger is that we will get a bunch of "yes, but" men, who give lip-service to the New Deal but oppose all specific measures to put it into practice. Those are the men to be fought in the primaries. Our great fear is that through counsels of political discretion too few rather than too many of them will feel the full weight of Administration opposition. The increase in WPA wages in the Southern states will be generally interpreted by the press as discriminatory aid to New Deal candidates in the primaries. Its significance goes far beyond the primaries. It means that the Administration cannot undercut its own wage-hour bill by paying starvation WPA rates in the South. It means also, in the lifting of the $1,000-a-year limit in the white-collar and professional projects, that the cultural value of the WPA is being recognized.

*

WITH THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE OUTBREAK of war only ten days off, Japan finds itself once more virtually stalemated in its invasion of China. The Yangtze offensive has been checked by a combination of superior Chinese forces and high water. The threat to the island of Hainan off French Indo-China appears to have been frustrated by warnings from France and Britain. Chengchow remains safe behind the defenses provided by the Yellow River floods. Guerrillas are active once more in both northern Hopei and the Shanghai-Nanking area. The main Japanese threat, at the moment, is against Swatow in southern Fukien, which might be used as a base for a drive on Canton. But a major drive in this area would meet so many difficulties that the Chinese would welcome it as a means of further extending the Japanese lines of communications. Hallett Abend, New York *Times* correspondent in China, asserts that further conquest would necessitate the creation of a Japanese army of occupation of at least 2,000,000 to maintain any semblance of order and control. This is far beyond Japan's capacity. On Japan's home front the series of emergency decrees issued last week rationing raw materials and further restricting trade points to increasing weakness. A recent study by the Chinese Council for Economic Research estimates that if the purchase of war materials continues at the same rate as during the first six months of the war, Japan's gold reserve will not last out the year.

*

THE GROWING TENDENCY OF SOVIET RUSSIA to withdraw from active leadership in the struggle for European security is clearly reflected in Maxim Litvinov's recent Leningrad speech. The Soviet Foreign Minister was bitter in his castigation of the "realistic" policy of the Western powers, but he stressed the fact that it is these powers, rather than the Soviet Union, which must pay the price. Tracing the history of recent aggression, he showed that England and France, not Russia, have lost most heavily as a result of the Japanese conquest of Manchuria, the Italian invasion of Ethiopia, the repudiation of Versailles, and fascist intervention in Spain. "Aggressors," he added, "will always look for new plunder in the territories whose masters have demonstrated their inertness and inability to defend their positions," and he issued a warning that the next European war would find the Western democracies isolated and weakened in the face of a resolute, adventurous foe. While he made it clear that the Soviet Union will honor its obligations under the mutual-assistance pacts, far more trust, he said, would be placed in the efficacy of the Red Army than in these instruments for the defense of the Soviet frontiers. This will be disappointing to those who have looked to the Soviet Union for leadership in the struggle for peace. But it was inevitable that the collapse of collective action would eventually isolate even its strongest proponent.

*

THE "EVER-NORMAL-WAREHOUSE" PLAN for industry, similar to the ever-normal granary for agriculture, which Mordecai Ezekiel proposed at the Tamiment Social and Economic Institute represents an ingenious technique for economic planning under capitalism. It has the advantage of relative simplicity. If an industry operating in accordance with the government's general plan for production develops a surplus of output, the government will undertake to purchase the surplus for subsequent distribution or sale. The maintenance of a high level of production in both industry and agriculture would in itself guarantee a relatively high purchasing power. The buy-and-give program of the Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation, as exemplified in the pending purchase of $10,000,000 worth of clothing from the garment industry, is a rather crude step in this direction. Like all forms of economic control, the plan has its dangers. Carelessly administered, it might only encourage glut and overproduction. Even if administered with skill, dislocations would undoubtedly develop. But the alternative, as Mr. Ezekiel pointed out, is a continu-

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ation of the present violent oscillation between boom and stagnation, utilizing only partially the country's productive capacity. It is true that New Deal planning to date has only added to the violence of the economic oscillations. But the cure is not retreat into anarchy but advance into a complete and effective system of control. Mr. Ezekiel has pointed a possible way.

* * *

FOR "TOWN AND GOWN" TODAY, READ "THE university and the world." The old feuds and rowdyisms no longer occupy the center of the stage. The real headaches of college presidents today come from student activities in strikes, the college's participation in free-speech fights, the danger of legislative red-baiting, the anxiety with which progressive and reactionary groups in the outside world watch university appointments and honorary degrees. President Dodds of Princeton could scarcely be happy over the student storm of protest against the university's barefaced truckling to the Hague machine in awarding an honorary degree to Governor A. Harry Moore, one of Hague's henchmen. No wonder Walt Disney got honorary degrees this year from both Yale and Harvard: you can scarcely make a political issue of Mickey Mouse and Dopey. President Conant of Harvard, whose first years in office have been as turbulent as those of any college president, made a speech on the university and public opinion. With obvious reference to the controversies over Granville Hicks and the Walsh-Sweezy episode, Mr. Conant insisted that the university must not yield to the pressure of public opinion from either right or left. His speech was, of course, itself an appeal to public opinion. And it was a clever one, because the public tends to side with any official who, pressed from both directions, seems to hold to the middle way. The logical hole in Mr. Conant's argument is that there is one enormous difference between the two cases he mentions. In the Hicks case the faculty has been with the President. In the Walsh-Sweezy case the President's own committee of full professors has condemned his stand. This is not an issue of external pressures. It is an issue of democratic procedures within Harvard itself.

* * *

IN ANNOUNCING HIS DETERMINATION TO run for Senator Copeland's seat, Governor Lehman has sharpened a conflict which will profoundly test labor's political ingenuity. His move was plainly hastened by the Labor Party's espousal of Sidney Hillman for the same post; the Governor's address, granting familiar press exaggeration, was an unmistakable challenge to the labor forces and a rallying cry for non-sectarian Republicans. None of these circumstances can afford comfort to progressives; they undoubtedly spurred Mayor La Guardia's determination to wait for 1940. But the Labor Party ought not to be cowed by Governor Lehman's palpable strength nor captivated by a set-up which provides a Lehman-Wagner senate team with perhaps Attorney General Bennett as nominee for governor. Such a ticket would bear little relation to labor's political aspirations. That the A. L. P. can swing the balance in New York is increasingly apparent. The Republicans are already impressed by it, and the Democrats must learn to accept it. The way is still open for labor to impose real conditions upon the Democrats. It certainly deserves major representation on a ticket which would face probable defeat without its support. Mr. Dubinsky has wisely emphasized that the A. L. P. does not give blindfold support to Democratic candidates. Conservative Democrats will not enjoy these discoveries; but now, if ever, is the time to make them plain.

* * *

FOR SOME MONTHS THE EMPLOYEES OF THE Long Island *Daily Star* tried to get the publishers of that New York suburban journal to sign a Newspaper Guild contract to which the management had already given verbal agreement. Repeatedly they were put off with a plea to wait until June 20, when an important announcement was to be made. On the appointed day the assembled staff was told of the sale of the paper to S. I. Newhouse, publisher of the *Star's* only serious rival in the borough of Queens, and was confronted with an illegal proposal from Mr. Newhouse in person. With virtually a local press monopoly already under his belt, Newhouse informed the *Star* employees that he would publish the paper only if they would sign an agreement pledging that, Wagner Act or no, "there will be no collective action on their part or in their behalf" during a "two-year trial period," and stipulating that the management after three months was to have the sole right to hire and fire, with no questions asked. When the staff refused to sign this next-door-neighbor to a yellow-dog contract without at least a chance to discuss its terms with the new owner, Mr. Newhouse suspended the paper and threw 184 men and women out of work. "In these times," he announced to the press in an accompanying attack on the Guild, "I believe that public opinion should be informed of any attitude or action which forces well-paid, union-protected, upstanding citizens out of jobs and into the ranks of the unemployed." We cannot disagree with Mr. Newhouse on this score. The public should know, and we hope that the Labor Relations Board, to which the Guild proposes to carry the case, will expose the role of this little Girdler in evading the collective-bargaining provisions of the law. Even more important for the dismissed employees, we hope the board will at least assure them severance pay at the rates to which their scheming former publishers pledged their word.

JOE LOUIS ON JUNE 22 KNOCKED OUT MAX Schmeling, Adolf Hitler, Julius Streicher, Benito Mussolini, and Jim Crow. He also poked holes in Neville Chamberlain's foreign policy. It was the second time that Joe (Liberty) Louis had come up against Max, the Nazi Menace, and the German odds were on Max, partly because of his first successful putsch and partly because of the propaganda emanating from the Schmeling concentration camp. But in the meantime Joe had called up his impressive reserves. Also he was pretty sore because Max had said he was afraid. And unfortunately for Goebbels's Ministry of Enlightenment, the fight took place in open country under sporting rules by which only one "Aryan" was permitted to attack his opponent, and brass knuckles were barred. At the end Berlin said the whole thing was the result of a (democratic) "intrigue on the part of American boxing circles" and denied reports that the defeated hero would be thrown into jail on his return.

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JAMES WELDON JOHNSON, WHO JUST LOST his life, was a man of many talents. But it was in his role as a fighter for Negro rights that *The Nation* knew him best. From the days of the successful struggle to free Haiti and Santo Domingo from control by American marines and the National City Bank to the long and still unfinished fight for a federal anti-lynching law, Johnson was both a vigorous campaigner and a shrewd diplomat. He knew politics and the mechanics of economic imperialism as well as the needs of the exploited people, and he used his knowledge with absolute devotion.

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THE CURRENT CONTROVERSY OVER SPAIN IN the Catholic weekly the *Commonweal,* with comment from the reactionary weekly *America,* is extremely interesting for the light it throws on American Catholic opinion, in which apparently all the shadings of secular opinion are paralleled. Within the year the editorship of the *Commonweal* has passed from Michael Williams, Franco "liberal," to a triumvirate of conservative liberals. In the issue of June 24 the new editors pleaded for a "positive impartiality" toward the Spanish civil war, accusing both sides in Spain of "totalitarian" excesses and deploring partisanship toward either side as aggravating "a current intellectual disease: the conviction that we are going to be forced to choose between fascism and communism." In the same issue Mr. Williams reasserted his own undeviating faith in Franco and in the story that the fascist uprising was a defensive measure taken by true Spaniards against a red plot. The magazine *America,* speaking for the hierarchy, backs the "soundly Catholic" views of Williams and says among other things that Franco "has corporative views that are highly consistent with Catholic principles and Papal encyclicals." But *America* admits that "many thousands" in the church, like the editors of the *Commonweal,* do not see the Spanish issues "clearly." The three editors appear as the intellectual vanguard of these "many thousands," the church proletariat. They propose the "personalist," not the corporative, Christian state and their aim obviously is to adapt one of the oldest of ideologies to modern liberal principles. As an intellectual exercise it has a limited interest for non-Catholics; in so far as it neutralizes or actively combats pro-Franco sentiment among Catholics it has immediate practical value.

Have We Hit Bottom?

WALL STREET is in a happy mood again. Stock prices rose for six consecutive days last week, a welcome sign after months of almost continuous decline. As usual, experts are searching frantically for an explanation of the rise. Cynics attribute it to the fact that Congress has adjourned; liberals point to the beginning of pump-priming activities; professional anti-New Dealers are convinced that it is a sign of coming inflation by way of a new devaluation. Few attribute it primarily to an improvement in business, though it is admitted that a substantial rise in stocks may in itself generate sufficient confidence to loose a flood of buying.

Nevertheless, the fact that business indices for the past week tended to be slightly better, instead of worse as was anticipated, may have been a factor. The New York *Times* index of business activity for the week ending June 11 rose 1.5 points after an almost steady decline since the end of March. On top of this, operations in the steel industry advanced two points, the first time in three months that the index had gained in two successive weeks, and the reduction in steel prices offered substantial hope of a continued rise in production. Recent gains in retail trade have brought unit sales practically to the level of last year.

Such improvement as has occurred, however, by no means offsets the decline of recent weeks. Approximately 300,000 workers were added to the ranks of the unemployed in May, although there should be a seasonal increase in jobs during the month. Pay rolls were also down, with a further drop in prospect for June.

All of this would seem, on the surface, to indicate a further drop in consumer buying power. But this is not necessarily the case. Raw-material and farm prices have tended upward in the past fortnight, increasing the buying power of a considerable portion of the population. The first shipments of grain from a record-breaking wheat harvest are beginning to reach Chicago. Moreover, the prices of finished goods and the cost of living

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have finally begun to move downward as rapidly as, or more rapidly than, commodity prices and wages. Thus it is quite possible that the deflationary cycle has reached its lowest point, and the knowledge that fresh government funds will soon be pumped into the arteries of the economic system would naturally induce confidence.

The stability of the upturn depends upon the avoidance of the mistakes that were made last year. The cut in steel prices was a healthy sign, although it was not as substantial as it should have been to bring steel in line with other products. It should, however, permit a corresponding reduction in the prices of automobiles and farm implements. Such cuts will be of real value only if wage scales are maintained. If prices can be kept down and profits prevented from skyrocketing out of proportion to everything else, there may be a sustained recovery.

A Bomb from Barcelona

THE best thing that has happened in Europe since the Czech army mobilized on May 21 is the Loyalist government's threat of reprisals in kind for the bombing of Spanish cities by Italian and German planes—reprisals directed against "the places from which the attacks come." The reprisals may never be executed, but they have already taken effect. The threat was itself a bomb, and it blew up the whole fabric of pretenses in which the powers have encased their cynical betrayal of Spain and of democracy. Mussolini, who has openly admitted, and boasted of, the exploits of his aviators in raiding Spanish ports, announced, through Gayda in the *Giornale d'Italia,* that Italy and Germany would answer reprisals "not with diplomatic notes or protests, but with cannon." France joined with Britain in energetic warnings to the Barcelona government. But in France, at least, the reprisal threat immediately precipitated a new attack on the policy forced by the British government of keeping the French-Spanish frontier closed—while Italian planes continued to bomb foreign shipping in Loyalist ports. In England, the challenge from Barcelona can only make more trouble for the government, whose pusillanimous and pro-fascist policy is arousing both parlimentary storms and public protest. It has dramatized as no other move could have done the incredible situation described in Chamberlain's already classic invitation to outrage: "I am afraid that while the war continues we must expect a succession of these incidents and horrors against which we have protested." Subsequent bombings of two more British ships sharply accented Spain's warning.

Now—perhaps too soon—the Loyalist government has indicated that it is ready to talk terms. It will withdraw its threat of reprisals in return for a minimum of protection against further devastation and massacre. It asks that France reopen the Pyrenees frontier, that France and Britain force the insurgents to halt the bombing of "open" cities, and that France and Britain agree to "impose eventual mediation of the conflict upon Insurgent General Francisco Franco, who has Italian and German support." These are not the terms of an aggressor; they are the terms of a nation fighting for its life. But they should not be taken as a sign of weakness or an admission that the threat of reprisal was a bluff. If the Pyrenees frontier remains closed, and Italian and German planes continue to sink ships bringing in supplies, the Loyalists will have only the alternative of reprisal or surrender.

If Britain and France are as "realistic" and as eager to prevent a European war as they pretend to be, they will do well to take the Loyalists' terms quite literally. This means that Spain must not be throttled into defeat while the process of counting and withdrawing "token" units of foreign troops proceeds at the pace dictated by the military needs of Mussolini; that the new plan of the non-intervention powers must be applied honestly, if at all, and not utilized as a device to implement Chamberlain's ill-fated agreement with Italy; and, finally, that the commission appointed to investigate bombings of civilians should get busy immediately and fix the blame on the guilty nations.

Familiar tactics of distortion and calumny have already been applied to Spain's move. The original warning was expressed in terms that implied no intention of bombing German or Italian cities—however justified such a purpose might be. It was promptly interpreted to mean just that, and before a day had died, the Barcelona government was charged by officials and newspapers in France and England with wilful provocation and the intention of shattering Europe's delicate peace. But poison of this sort carries its own antidote. It is a little difficult to refuse to lift a finger to prevent the destruction of a ruthlessly invaded country and then to abuse it for even threatening reprisals in its own defense.

The danger is not that the Loyalist government may go berserk and drop bombs on Genoa and Rome. On the contrary, the danger now is that it may yield to pressure. Let it show a sign of weakness and the tonic effect of its threat will be gone. But if it means what it has said and sticks to it, it can force action. For the facts remain: Mussolini and Hitler do not want general war; they want the fruits of victory without the struggle; Chamberlain has planned to give them what they want, but neither does he want war, and it is only if he believes the appointed victims of aggression to be relatively helpless that he will agree to their destruction. When Czechoslovakia took its stand, every democrat in Europe drew a breath of hope. If Spain's terms are not taken seriously, we hope the Barcelona government will speedily emphasize them by bombing the Italian air base on Majorca.

Of Spies and Bund-Men

THE indictment by a federal grand jury of eighteen German spies, including high officers in the Nazi military intelligence, has dynamite in it. The American government has taken the unprecedented step of naming high German officials explicitly in the indictment. But we dissent emphatically from those who believe the whole incident should be played down because of its possible consequences in inciting public opinion against the Nazis. By the same logic, the news from Berlin, Spain, and China should be censored, because nothing can be as inflammatory as the story of repeated bombings of civilian populations and persecution of Jews. It is true that spy scares and atrocity stories are an easy medium for creating war feeling. That lesson was thoroughly impressed on us by our experience during the last war, and we are not likely to forget it. But it should not put liberals so completely on the defensive as to deflect them from the objective facts in any situation.

It is the objective facts that ought to be revealed. The government has thus far acted without the slightest tinge of sensationalism. It has, if anything, been too lax in letting several of the key people among the accused slip back into Germany beyond reach of American law. Those who are under arrest are assured of a fair and open trial, both in court and in the columns of a press which is not only anti-Administration but on the whole isolationist and therefore skeptical. There is no reason for assuming that anyone in the government is promoting a spy scare in order to work up a war fever. In fact, when Leon Turrou, the principal agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation working on the case, resigned to write a series of articles for the J. David Stern newspapers giving sensational revelations about the activity of the German government, United States Attorney Hardy asked the court for a restraining injunction, and Mr. Roosevelt issued a statement condemning Turrou's act. Behind this move of the federal government there was, of course, a serious concern with the possible damage that the Turrou articles might do to the conduct of the trial. But there was also a concern lest the spy hunt get outside the bounds of court procedure. And the projected series has now been dropped.

Curiously, one of the dangers in the present situation is that Americans will not sufficiently recognize the serious nature of Nazi activities in this country. That is partly due to our movies. Fiction, despite repeated assertions to the contrary by paradox-mongers, is stranger than fact. We have grown accustomed to those movies where Madeleine Carroll, as the stunning spy acting under orders from monocled Eric von Stroheim, uses her copious glamor to get the one military secret on which the fate of the whole nation hangs. And because our expectations are geared to this pattern of Hollywood's paid imagination, there is a tendency to write off the actual pattern of truth as dull. The Nazi spies appear to have been rather stupid fellows and thoroughly amateurish. They tried devious ways of getting what they might with circumspection have got with much less effort and danger. And so, with a sigh, we tend to dismiss the whole matter as small shakes and to turn again to Madeleine Carroll and the real stuff.

But the extent of the danger is not to be measured by the blundering efforts of these particular spies. Anyone who has shed his political naivete knows that every government maintains a military and industrial intelligence service in foreign countries, that there is a certain amount of informal exchange of information between governments and a certain amount of undercover snooping for more. But no country has thus far spread its antennae as widely into the internal affairs of foreign governments as has Nazi Germany. Nor has any government so completely made of it a central principle of government action. It is a principle that flows directly from the whole Nazi philosophy. Germans everywhere, Hitler has repeatedly declared, belong to the mother country, even when they are naturalized American citizens like Dr. Griebl, who was the resident manager of the spy ring here before he fled to Germany. And because they belong to the mother country, they must work for the interests of the swastika, whether in getting military secrets, or fomenting revolts, or setting up military camps and spreading anti-Semitic obscenities. Not the least value of the spy trial will be that it may set Americans to thinking about the larger perspectives of Nazi activity here.

Those perspectives are being widened by the current New York legislative inquiry into the activities of the German-American Bund. In his testimony Fritz Kuhn, Führer of the Bund, aired its anti-Semitism openly. There were the usual charges that the Jews were leaders at once of the Communist revolutionary movement and of the capitalist international bankers: even J. P. Morgan's family "has Jewish blood." There was the usual boasting of the hierarchical obedience of the Bund-men to their leader. There was the usual talk of Aryan supremacy and of the Jews as subhuman. When asked why the German camps did not teach their children the American salute instead of the Nazi outstretched hand, Kuhn answered that the latter was "the coming salute for the whole United States."

This insolent anti-Semitism, this blatant assumption of the Bund-men that they can establish a Nazi America are even more dangerous than the activities of a network of blundering spies. But they are part of the same picture. The aim, both of spies and of Bund-men, is to establish the hegemony of a greater Germany, with a Nazi America as one of its tributaries. It is a fantastic aim, but we live in a fantastic world.

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Some Like Roosevelt

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

Portland, Oregon, June 15

NOT long ago John Chamberlain observed, "Franklin D. Roosevelt is more virulently hated in conservative quarters than any American progressive since John Peter Altgeld." The truth of his remark is widely recognized. No one able to read or hear can doubt the attitude of certain sections of business toward the President. But what about the average, everyday American? How does he feel toward Roosevelt? Is he for him or against him? And if he is for him, does his admiration equal in intensity the hatred of the President's opponents?

In recent months I have tried to find out the answer to these questions. I have talked with people everywhere in the vast, 400,000-square-mile area of the Columbia River basin. "What do you think of Roosevelt now?" I have asked Idaho ranchers far out on the country's last frontier and Seattle street-car motormen in the heart of the busiest metropolitan district of the Northwest.

On the train out of Spokane a mildly prosperous farmer smoked a cheroot and watched dusk cloak the arid uplands. "I feel this way about our President," he said. He's made a lot of mistakes. Those labor racketeers, Dave Beck and Harry Bridges, are running wild here in the West. He should never have let them get out of hand. But no matter what mistakes he makes, our President is trying to help the people. I know he's the best friend the farmers ever had." An old lady in Vancouver wondered where all the money was coming from. An Indian at Celilo Falls was certain Bonneville Dam had ruined the salmon fishing. An electrician in Portland wanted to know why Bridges and "those other damn radical aliens" weren't kicked out of the country. A heavy-muscled lumberjack in the Coeur d'Alene forest thought it "phony" that Dave Beck and his prize fighters and plug-uglies were allowed to tie up the timber industry. The master of the Washington State Grange said he was pessimistic about Secretary Wallace's recent farm policies. A young brakeman on the Union Pacific thought adoption of the Townsend Plan would take the support of an aged mother off his shoulders. An orchardist in the Yakima Valley was afraid WPA relief might be creating "a lot of perpetual bums."

Each of these people had a specific grievance against the national administration. Each of them thought the New Deal had erred in certain particulars. But all of them, without exception, told me they were for the President.

No one realizes this more clearly than do the reactionary politicians. On the very day that Secretary Ickes lambasted him unmercifully the militaristic Governor Charles H. Martin of Oregon came out with a long declaration proclaiming his loyalty to the President. Although the words must have burned in his mouth like tabasco sauce, the Governor carefully distinguished between such "incompetent federal officials" as Secretary Ickes and Miss Perkins, and the peerless leader in the White House. The Portland General Electric Company recently conducted a campaign which helped bring about the defeat of a plan for a public-power district near Bonneville Dam. An important part of the company's literature was material from Mr. Roosevelt's speeches purporting to show that he was averse to the type of program proposed. "A 'no' vote will be in accord with the policy approved by President Roosevelt," the company said in a score of advertisements.

Reactionary newspapers have magnified opposition to certain phases of the New Deal into a mistrust of the President. Rural objections to some phases of the cultural program are heralded as an omen that Mr. Roosevelt has lost ground in the great farming regions. This is dodging the truth with a vengeance. I talked with very few people who were opposed to the President. Ervin E. King, a bulky wheat farmer and master of the Washington Grange, is typical. He outspokenly condemned Secretary Wallace's administration of the farm act. He questioned the wisdom of restricting production. Yet he said: "Our President is the greatest American since Lincoln. Who else would take the abuse he takes and still go down the line for the people in the face of it?" I asked King if he thought the majority of Washington farmers shared this opinion. "They're still for Roosevelt, so far as I can determine," he answered. Practically an identical report on Oregon was given me by Morton Tompkins, overseer of the Oregon Grange.

Because the printed word carries greater conviction than reports of conversations, I asked numerous farmers if they would write out their opinion of Mr. Roosevelt. Practically all these brief statements ventured some criticism, then concluded with a reaffirmation of faith. A typical one is from C. A. Rockhill, a successful dairy and grain farmer near Yamhill, Oregon:

> As regards my attitude toward the present Administration, I will say that our President is apparently trying to do something for the common people. Although he may have made mistakes, I wonder what another man

would have done under like circumstances? Considering the droughts, floods, and dust storms during his reign, he has had problems confront him such as no other President has had. My feeling toward him is consequently a very friendly one.

For four or five successive weeks I made it a point to ask every conductor, brakeman, and other train hand at all approachable how he felt about Roosevelt. I encountered only three against him. A surprising number of them referred to him as "our President." A conservative newspaperman, definitely hostile to the New Deal, admitted to me that he also had noticed this tendency. "That 'our President' stuff is something new in politics," my conservative friend growled. "Some of the farmers and other people I know must think Mr. Roosevelt belongs exclusively to them—and maybe they're right!"

The admiration which Roosevelt commands will be apparent in the West in the coming elections. Senator James P. Pope, loyal New Dealer, will be renominated in Idaho. Senator Homer T. Bone will unquestionably be renominated in Washington. Already in Oregon a comparatively unknown hinterland lawyer named Henry Hess has beaten the much-touted Governor Martin, who made the two major blunders of constantly criticizing the New Deal and inferentially indorsing German and Italian methods of solving labor problems. Democratic registration in Oregon is even higher than it was in 1936, when Roosevelt overwhelmed Landon in the state by two and a half to one.

A rancher in the Montana highlands remarked, "Nope, I never write letters to my Congressman or to the paper. Haven't got the time or the inclination. I'll do my writin' for the President on Election Day." I heard at least a dozen other people, most of them farmers, say almost exactly the same thing. The time may come when public opinion will reverse itself about the President. My observations lead me to believe that that time is not yet at hand. Roosevelt may make mistakes, but as long as he continues to be "our President" he will be the dominant influence in the nation's politics.

Britain Arms for Profit

BY H. C. ENGELBRECHT

BRITAIN'S armament muddle has already resulted in the resignation of the Air Minister, Viscount Swinton, in large-scale purchases from the dominions and the United States, and in the half-hearted official confession that the widely touted air-raid precautions are a mistake. But the profiteering of the British arms makers goes on unchanged.

The new arms program is world wide in its scope, and the original estimate of $7,500,000,000 will almost certainly prove insufficient. In the Far East Singapore and Hongkong have been elaborately fortified, and Australia has been made the arms base for that part of the world. South Africa is to have a new naval base to guard the route round the Cape. India is building arms factories and mechanizing its armies. With German guns pointing at Gibraltar the Rock's impregnability is doubted, and a "military mission" is now in Portugal presumably negotiating for the use of Lisbon as a British naval base in an emergency. Egypt's independence was tied to a new military and air program dovetailed with British plans. Finally, Canada and the United States are to be important sources of military supplies for the empire.

In the tight little island itself Duff Cooper and Hore-Belisha have remade the army, from the high command down. Tommy Atkins is better housed and fed and gets a little more rum. Mechanization and new armaments have rebuilt the rusty World War machine. War preparations range from the storing of food supplies to the appointment of hundreds of thousands of air-raid wardens who are to put out fires and rescue the injured after a bombardment. The arms industry has been decentralized and spread among plants in Scotland, England, and Wales. Nobody knows how well these jobs have been done. The government blows hot and cold alternately, depending on the point it is trying to make. When there are protests against the continual yielding to fascist impudence, the government suggests that Britain is helpless and virtually disarmed. But when the arms muddle is criticized, the Prime Minister declares boldly that "if put to the test tomorrow Britain's air force would prove to be one of the most formidable fighting machines in the world."

Not since the shell shortage in the early days of the World War has there been such a mess as the present aircraft situation. The government has deliberately shrouded it in secrecy. Not even the number of planes available was confided to the Commons until somebody discovered that the German "Handbuch der Luftfahrt" contained the information which it was not "in the public interest" to disclose to Parliament. In the manufacture of military aircraft the number of machines produced is not so important as the production capacity. In the World War Britain produced 55,000 airplanes; production leaped from almost nothing to 1,229 a month and then to a peak of 2,668 a month. Today, according to Labor Party estimates, after an enormous expenditure of money over three years, Britain has only 1,750 military airplanes, while Germany has 3,000. But the more important fact is that Germany's capacity for production, which General Petain several years back estimated at 2,500 a month, far outstrips that of England.

Labor's indictment goes on to say that, plane for plane, British aircraft are inferior to those of the Germans and the Italians; that after three years not a single plane built in a shadow factory has been flown; that there is a shortage of essential instruments owing to the fact that only members of the "ring" can get orders; that there is a disastrous shortage of training planes, which in turn causes many crashes; that 1,000 more wireless operators are needed. The government admitted a "foundation of truth" in these charges but left the matter in the hands of the new Air Minister, Sir Kingsley Wood. What is the trouble? Labor says, "Fundamentally the trouble is wrong organization." It points out that no member of the Air Council except the Under Secretary has any practical experience; that the Department of Supply and Organization is shot through with jealousies and friction "amounting almost to a state of war"; and that the constant changes in details of design have paralyzed production. The so-called "crankshaft bottle-neck" has further held up production. Only two factories produce the particular kind of crankshaft needed, and any lag there delays manufacture everywhere.

Then there is the matter of profiteering, of which more later. The government is said to be paying $1,500 per plane as "management expenses" in addition to footing the bill for the net cost of the plane. In figuring net costs it is charged that the good old "swindle sheet" has been pressed into heavy service. Commander Fletcher declared in the House that one aircraft firm charged the government for forty-three fitters while actually it employed only six. All this is familiar stuff in war contracts everywhere.

The aircraft companies, backed by the government, have a different story. On any and every occasion they scream "labor sabotage." In a dozen different shops wires have been cut and water and gas tanks have been punctured, and government officials have solemnly blamed labor. But labor denies the charge categorically. It insists that the damage was caused by unskilled workers brought into the plants to increase profits and break the power of the unions. Though thousands of skilled engineers are unemployed, the government has tried to persuade the Amalgamated Engineering Union that in the interest of patriotism it should ignore the union rules and permit the speed-up and the dilution of the working force. The A. E. U., a class-conscious and left-wing organization, has not yielded to this official pressure, and strikes have not been infrequent in the aircraft industry. Labor insists that the charge of sabotage is a smoke screen to hide the inferior quality of the planes and to enable the aircraft companies to satisfy their greed and disrupt the unions.

While this controversy was raging, it was discovered that Britain was carrying on an extensive export of aircraft. For the years 1935, 1936, and 1937 the figures are 543, 448, and 513, respectively, and for the first four months of 1938, 106. A large proportion of these were military planes. Aircraft engines by the hundreds have also been exported, all with official approval. This has resulted in rather embarrassing situations. On March 2, for example, the Under Secretary of the Air Ministry gave official approval to these exports, though on the previous day the Postmaster General had complained that certain mail services could not be provided because the needed planes could not be obtained in Britain. Pertinent questions about the destination of these exports have been simply ignored. When the Under Secretary was asked in the House, "Have [these planes] been sent to countries which can use them against us?" he did not reply, and the Speaker called the next question. In the last six months British war material of all kinds, in spite of the apparent shortage at home, has been exported to thirty-two different countries.

When criticism of the air muddle became strong and apprehension general, the government decided to buy abroad, particularly in Canada and the United States. The first order for 400 planes valued at $25,000,000 was recently placed here, and more orders are expected. Britain is interested in various American planes, but chiefly in the Boeing "flying fortress" and similar big bombers. These super-bombers traveled 2,500 miles, non-stop, in South America, across the Andes, and almost 2,700 miles from Florida to Peru. Since the distance between Newfoundland and Ireland is only 2,000 miles, these planes could be stored in Canada and flown across the Atlantic when needed. Of course the given distances do not represent the fighting radius of a loaded bomber. In no case does that as yet approach 1,000 miles.

Meanwhile Windsor in Canada, right next to Detroit, and Toronto, another close neighbor, are being mentioned as locations for the new Canadian munitions industry. There is talk of a $45,000,000 order from Britain; already the John Inglis Company of Toronto is working on 12,000 Czech Bren light machine-guns, valued at $8,000,000, for Britain and Canada. This Canadian munitions industry, which is to include aircraft plants also, could easily nullify the effects of an American war-time embargo, particularly if American branch factories were established in Canada and if there were no restriction on the import of raw materials.

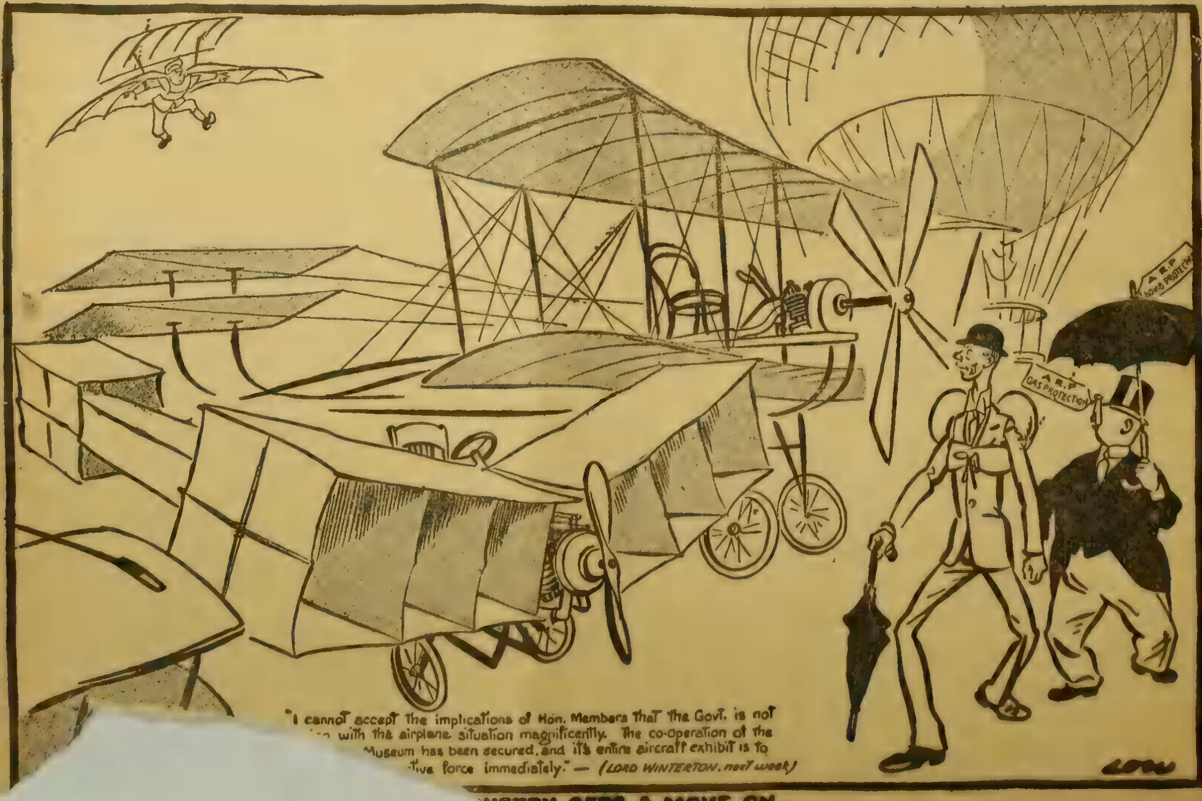
The government's air-raid precautions have been headlined in the press and discussed [illegible] for years, partly in support, [illegible] st concentrated [illegible] sks were provided free of charge and instruction provided in their use. Pamphlets were distributed telling the people what to do. Some classic sections in these told how to gas-proof rooms by pasting paper over cracks in the walls and around the windows. Dramatic advice was given in regard to clothing contaminated by mustard gas: "There must be no mock modesty. Take off your clothes. Carry them at arm's length to the nearest cleansing station. You will be washed and treated and given clean clothes to go home with." But soon these measures were held up to scorn and ridicule. General J. F. C. Fuller declared: "I consider that gas masks will prove a godsend. . . . Once they are adjusted, they will prevent those wearing them from shrieking and moving freely, and if they half suffocate their wearers, panic will be half suffocated in its turn."

A group of Cambridge scientists now entered the fray with two pamphlets showing that "gas-proof" rooms would not keep gas out for long. Supported by Professor J. B. S. Haldane, who had been in Spain and seen modern war at first hand, they went on to declare that the gas danger was secondary to that of explosive bombs. They pointed out that these bombs "went through six or seven floors of concrete before bursting on the lower floors," and that "people were killed 450 yards away from the spot where the bombs fell." What was needed, they said, was bomb-proof shelters and dispersion of the population.

The Spanish and Far Eastern bombings finally changed the official attitude. Sir Samuel Hoare was compelled to admit that "recent events seem to show that the risk from high explosive bombs is greater than from gas." After spending millions on anti-gas measures the government now faces the need of spending another $2,500,000,000 on bomb-proof shelters. This it is unwilling to do. Instead, it is suggesting to the people that they dig trenches in their back yards and if necessary in the parks. Such crude measures are effective against small bombs, except in cases of a direct hit, and they prevent the trapping of hundreds in tenements.

Failure in airplane production and a false start in air-raid precautions have been capped by the profiteering of the arms makers. The *Economist* pointed out recently that for the thirty most important arms firms profits had increased from less than $20,000,000 in 1934 to $58,750,000 in 1937, that is, nearly 200 per cent. Vickers' profits rose from $3,887,375 in 1932 to $10,040,160 in 1937; Cammell-Laird's from $297,760 to $1,510,435; Thomas Firth and John Brown's from $73,435 to $4,063,410. Aircraft companies' profits show a similar rise. De Havilland Aircraft recorded a profit of $315,000 in 1933, of $1,065,000 in 1937; Fairey Aviation's profits rose from $235,000 in 1933 to $1,240,000 in 1937; Handley Page's net profit climbed from $100,000 in 1933 to $500,000 in 1936. Dividend payments are high, and special bonuses for share-holders are frequent.

Stanley Baldwin declared in 1935: "I am certainly determined . . . that in the efforts which we regard as


A.R.P. BOMB PROTECTION
A.R.P. GAS PROTECTION
"I cannot accept the implications of Hon. Members that the Govt. is not
with the airplane situation magnificently. The co-operation of the
Museum has been secured, and it's entire aircraft exhibit is to
tive force immediately." — (LORD WINTERTON, next week)
LOW

ISTRY GETS A MOVE ON.

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necessary for the nation for the next two years there shall be no profiteering." But the real Tory attitude was revealed by a rather sensational occurrence. R. R. Stokes, managing director of Ransomes and Rapier, Labor M. P. from Ipswich and World War artilleryman, offered to make shells for the government without profit. The directors of his company did not like the munitions business, but having been approached by the government with shell orders they decided to accept these on a strictly non-profit basis. It was a bona fide offer which would have saved the government 6*s.* 8*d.* on a 21*s.* 6*d.* shell. But the offer was rejected. Mr. Stokes suggested in explanation that "if there were no profits to be made it would alter the minds of a great number of industrialists and bankers toward these [war] preparations." By its refusal of Stokes's offer the government showed that it agreed with his analysis.

To this widespread profiteering must be added the neat haul made by the speculators who had advance notice of the armament plans several years ago. The *Daily Herald* has estimated these stock profits at $190,000,000. Two months before the publication of the official White Paper on rearmament, the decision to rearm was known in the right places, and plenty of hay was made while the sun shone.

Neville Chamberlain is trying to persuade the labor unions to be "patriotic" and to put all their efforts behind the armament program. He is doing nothing, however, about the profiteers. Thus far the labor unions have not responded to the Premier's appeal. The Labor Party and its trade unions have approved the armament plans, but they disapprove vehemently of Chamberlain's foreign policy. They do not want to aid a government which is friendly to the fascist powers. The same engineering unions which have refused to submit to the speed-up and to disregard their union rules are using their spare time to build trucks and other implements for Loyalist Spain. As long as that gulf divides the British government from its munitions workers, there will be only half-hearted support for the huge arms program.

The C. I. O. in Crisis

BY EDWARD LEVINSON

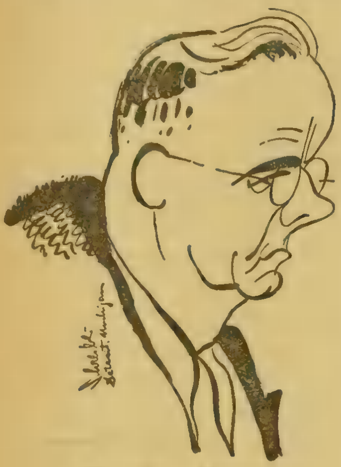
THE Committee for Industrial Organization has performed as sensationally in depression as in the prosperous months of 1936 and 1937. It has maintained wage standards—for workers in both C. I. O. and A. F. of L. and for large sections of the unorganized—despite ten months of falling production and prices, a feat never accomplished in previous depressions. When President Roosevelt spoke out against pay cuts last January and again in his "fireside talk" of June 24, he acted on the initiative and with the support of the C. I. O.

Early in January the Administration seemed to favor both price and wage deflation. Myron Taylor of United States Steel, Ernest T. Weir of National Steel, Alfred P. Sloan of General Motors, and other owners of industry were called to the White House to be told by the President that prices must come down. Soon afterward Taylor requested a conference with the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee of the C. I. O. He met Philip Murray, its chairman, and John L. Lewis in New York and asked that the steel union accept a wage cut in its new contract. The S. W. O. C. rejected the demand.

Negotiations between United States Steel and the S. W. O. C. continued almost to the expiration of the contract late in February. Meanwhile, taking the bull by the horns, the C. I. O. conferred with the President and outlined its objections to wage reductions as a recovery effort. The President suggested that a joint committee of labor, industry, and economic experts meet to tackle the problem. Lewis, Murray, Owen D. Young of General Electric, Thomas W. Lamont of J. P. Morgan and Company, A. A. Berle, and Rexford G. Tugwell conferred for two weeks. Lamont and Young were persuaded to join in a recommendation to the President that no effort be made by industry or by government to disturb the wage structure. The President agreed, and his declaration that he had no sympathy with wage reductions followed.

The C. I. O. immediately gathered the fruit of its forthright action. United States Steel and its subsidiaries renewed their agreements and left the wage scale intact. True, a twenty-day clause was included which would give the corporation an opportunity to open negotiations—and eventually cut wages; but there seemed to be a tacit understanding between the C. I. O. and "Big Steel" that wages would not be cut unless "Little Steel," which opposed the C. I. O., led the way and thus obtained a competitive advantage. Ten months have passed since the new depression set in; for three months the new C. I. O.–"Big Steel" contracts have been in force, but "Little Steel" has not yet dared to cut wages and give its employees a graphic demonstration of what it means to be unprotected by a union contract. By June 11, 472 steel companies had extended their S. W. O. C. contracts.

News stories originating in "Big Steel" circles during the last fortnight indicate a new effort to test the temper of the C. I. O. on wage cuts. But the circulation of the stories before any formal move had been made to reopen the wage issue gave Lewis and the C. I. O. an opportunity to start a back-fire. The President proceeded to make the happy assumption that wage cuts would not follow the new price cuts (which merely standardized rate reductions in effect for months), and Lewis is reported to have served notice on "Big Steel" that the C. I. O. does not consider wage-slashing in order. The issue is still unsettled, but the hope of continued resistance to wage deflation rests exclusively in the C. I. O.



Wyndham Mortimer

The automobile workers' section of the C. I. O. was forced to take more drastic steps in the fight against wage cuts. The Federal Screw Company of Detroit, a feeder for several automobile corporations, was selected to test the depression strength of the United Automobile Workers. The West Side Local, led by Walter Reuther, fought off a reduction of 10 cents an hour by recourse to a strike. No other automobile or parts manufacturer has seen fit to emulate Federal Screw's effort. The strike was a tonic for the automobile union, beset by unemployment and internal differences. Contracts have been renewed with both General Motors and Chrysler.

The United Rubber Workers have obtained wage increases from some smaller companies and maintained standards at Goodrich, Firestone, and Goodyear in Akron. Goodrich, in March, demanded that the workers take a 17½ per cent cut and give up their six-hour day. The union defeated both proposals, and in May the company signed its first contract with the U. R. W.. An accumulation of grievances at Goodyear brought a strike late in May, which ended with a promise by the company to enter into negotiations for a signed agreement. The Textile Workers' Organizing Committee has been unable to halt wage deflation in woolens but has maintained schedules in the cotton, rayon, and carpet sections of the textile industry.

Choosing their battlegrounds cautiously, other C. I. O. unions have made some gains. The United Electrical, Radio, and Machine Workers have won exclusive bargaining rights in seven General Electric plants. The American Communications Association obtained a total raise of $600,000 a year for 10,000 Postal Telegraph employees. The Federation of Flat Glass Workers has signed contracts maintaining wage scales for 20,000 workers. In Texas the C. I. O. farm hands' union warded off wage cuts which would have brought down the pittances of 9,000 pecan shellers from $2.20 to $1.65 a week. In the coal-mining and needle-trades industries, covered by the three mainstays of the C. I. O., there has been no suggestion of wage cuts.

But the C. I. O.'s phenomenal achievement in maintaining wage scales has not spared it the problems which depressions inevitably force on labor unions. To these have been added special problems growing out of the warfare with the A. F. of L. and the task of finding adequate leadership for the great armies of newly organized unionists. Bound up with the difficulty of leadership is the complication, shared by the A. F. of L., of a drive by the Communist Party to consolidate and enlarge the positions it took during the great upheaval of 1937.

The A. F. of L. is pressing its war on the C. I. O. and demanding virtual surrender as the price of peace because, the federation insists, the C. I. O. unions have become mere shells. Primarily, this is a case of wishful thinking. To an extent it is based on the A. F. of L. principle that per capita payments make the union. The A. F. of L. makes the further allegation—heinous in the eyes of the "practical" craft unionists—that the United Mine Workers are footing most of the C. I. O. bills.

The C. I. O. has not published an itemized statement of its income, and it is therefore not possible to say what funds each of its thirty-nine affiliated unions is contributing. Yet even if there is some substance in the A. F. of L.'s charges, the craft unionists should be reminded of their own financial practices. The A. F. of L. has issued no financial or membership statistics since January 8, when the membership was said to total 3,468,885. For months before, weekly reports of gains had been issued, and it is therefore reasonable to suppose that expansion ceased in December.

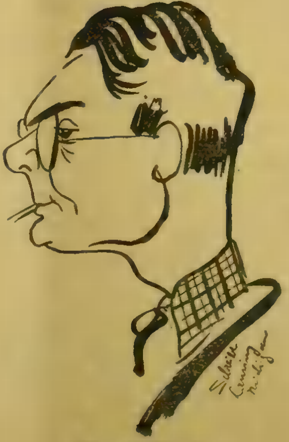
Moreover, if the A. F. of L. insists that the action of the United Mine Workers in opening its purse to other C. I. O. unions is an indictment of the C. I. O., it must be pointed out that the federation itself has been a parasite on its small federal unions, which pay a per capita tax of 35 cents a month as compared with the 2 cents of the internationals. Analysis of its annual reports shows that the federation would constantly be in the red were it not for this disproportionate assessment.

Most of the C. I. O. unions are less than five years old. They have not had decades in which to build up financial resources, and the struggles of 1937 consumed virtually all their income. Nevertheless, the C. I. O. unions in December of 1937 and the first three months of 1938 actually increased their per capita payments over the earlier months of 1937. The C. I. O. has a staff of 244 full-time workers, more than the A. F. of L. ever had except during its 1937 war on the C. I. O. Moreover, the C. I. O. is meeting its obligations from current income. Loans from the U. M. W. have become progressively smaller. In February the miners lent the C. I. O. only $20,000; in March they found it unnecessary to advance any funds, and the committee wound up the month with an operating balance of $17,000. During the four months ending in March, the most recent period for which figures are available, all but five of the thirty-nine national and international unions affiliated with the C. I. O. operated without subsidy from the committee. The total of loans to all was $19,000.

While the new C. I. O. unions may not be able to withstand the effects of the depression as well as most of the older A. F. of L. unions, the C. I. O. will regain its members more quickly and on a larger scale when industry picks up. The C. I. O.'s following is in the mass-production industries employing thousands, while the A. F. of L., with its higher dues and craft lines, must appeal to the hundreds in the smaller industries. The C. I. O. will have another advantage. Its unions are far more active than A. F. of L. organizations in helping the unemployed to obtain relief allowances, work on PWA projects, and compensation under the social-security law. In the late summer of 1937 the C. I. O. impressed upon its affiliates the importance of cooperating in the administration of unemployment-insurance agencies. As the rolls of the jobless grew longer, it urged the creation of uniform local machinery to win relief and WPA work for unemployed C. I. O. members. The unions were also prevailed upon to keep their unemployed members on their rolls.

Communist activities have caused serious difficulties in two C. I. O. unions, the United Automobile Workers and the National Maritime Union, both important sections of the new labor movement. Symptoms of the problem are also appearing in other organizations, and their spread might lead to disaffections of which the A. F. of L. would take advantage. This does not mean, however, that Communist activity represents a major aspect of the growth of the C. I. O. The charge is made that the Communists would establish totalitarian unions as vehicles for the execution of party policy and as recruiting stations for party membership. The avowed intention of the Communists to drive all "Trotskyites, Lovestonites," and other dissenters from the labor movement and their free translation of "Trotskyite" as anybody who opposes the Communist Party lend credence to this charge, which is further supported by some of their actions. The Communists hailed a proposal made by Richard T. Frankensteen in the automobile union to abolish all factions—but significantly said nothing about abolishing the party's industrial units. They favored Frankensteen's proposal, in May, that members of the U. A. W. should cease urging any program except that of the international executive board. The deck division of the N. M. U., at a meeting attended by a small minority of the membership, approved a resolution directing that charges be filed against all members "concerned" with a so-called "rank-and-file" sample ballot which listed candidates for union office as Communist or non-Communist. Not satisfied with this proscription of a type of electioneering common in many unions, the N. M. U. *Pilot* suggested that distributors of the *Rank and File Pilot,* a paper opposing the policies of the union administration, ought to be dealt with by violence. Continuing, it said: "A few bleating voices, under the guise of 'democracy' and 'freedom of expression' are still raised, but the membership have shown that they are too smart for such catch phrases." The *Pilot* editors misjudged the temper of the membership, and the Communists in the N. M. U. are paying for their arrogance. The "rank-and-file" movement, defying suppression, appears to have won enough votes in the election completely to checkmate the Communists in a union which they had imagined they controlled.

Local 16, a Communist-dominated local of the United Office and Professional Workers of America, sought to clamp down on minority opinion by decreeing that any member who took part in "the publication and distribution, directly or indirectly, of points of view . . . which are in opposition to the action taken by this membership" were to be subject to punishment. The resolution aimed at depriving a minority group of its right to present its views to delegates to a forthcoming convention of the international. The international officers of the Office and Professional Workers showed they were of one mind with the would-be dictators of Local 16 by bringing about the "reorganization" of Local 34, in San Francisco, which had recently elected officers critical of the international administration. Harry Bridges's action in helping to break up Local 34 does not diminish the force of the charge that he is not above factional interests. The net result of the San Francisco maneuvering has been to drive a substantial section of Local 34's members back into the A. F. of L.



Homer Martin

As a result of differences in the automobile union President Homer Martin suspended five board members, including Frankensteen and Wyndham Mortimer, reputedly a Communist. The alliance between Frankensteen and Mortimer is an inexplicable one. For almost a year the Communists, as part of the opposition "unity" group, had been attacking Frankensteen and Martin. Then, early in May, the Communists abandoned the "unity" candidate for secretary of the Michigan C. I. O. council and made common cause with their erstwhile enemy. Together Frankensteen and his new allies hoped to displace Martin. The attempt failed, and all twenty-four U. A. W. board members affixed their signatures to a new "harmony" program.

Recently, however, Frankensteen, who has persuaded himself that John L. Lewis looks with favor on his ambition to take over Martin's post, has renewed his efforts. Taking advantage of the absence from Detroit of Martin and two of his supporters, and of the illness of Walter Reuther, an opponent of both Martin and Frankensteen, the new alliance tried to turn a routine board meeting into a reconsideration of the "harmony" program, which would have led to the eventual ousting of Martin. Martin outmaneuvered his opponents by having his followers stay away from the meeting, which thus lacked a quorum, and by summoning a meeting in Washington a few days later, when he would have his full strength in attendance. He then retaliated with the suspensions, charging violations of the "harmony" program. The drive on Martin appears to have been inspired basically by Communist resentment of Martin's stand against collective security in the realm of international affairs and by Frankensteen's personal ambitions. A hopeful element in the situation is the stand of Walter Reuther, who opposed both Frankensteen's abortive palace revolution and Martin's suspension order. He emerges as the leader of the "unity" group, which, spared the further uncertain cooperation of the Communists, has the opportunity to offer the bewildered automobile workers a constructive program based on principle, not on personalities or extraneous political interests.

The prospects for peace between the C. I. O. and the A. F. of L. have not been increased by the A. F. of L.'s chartering of the Progressive Miners of America, a number of whose leaders are convicted dynamiters, as a national opponent of the U. M. W. Nor have they been improved by William Green's demagogic attack on the C. I. O. as responsible for the depression. A threatened bolt from the C. I. O. by the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, on which the A. F. of L. counted heavily, has not materialized. A recent meeting of the executive board of the I. L. G. W. U. decided to continue affiliation with the C. I. O. and to postpone action on the proposal to set up the C. I. O. on a constitutional basis.

Though invitations have not yet been sent out, it seems inevitable that the C. I. O. will hold a convention in the fall. But this does not mean that it is not ready for peace. John L. Lewis has indorsed Sidney Hillman's declaration that the committee is ready to act on an honorable and constructive peace formula, but both men, with virtually unanimous support from the rest of the C. I. O., are acting on the theory that the best way to obtain that kind of peace is to build up the C. I. O. to a position where it can command guaranties that the new industrial unions will not be dismembered and that the A. F. of L. will cease its dog-in-the-manger attitude toward the mass-production workers of the nation.

Coming Revolt in the Desert

BY HERBERT SOLOW

ITALY'S recognition of the British claim to a 600-mile protectorate along the southern coast of Arabia, according to the London correspondent of the New York *Times,* was "a milestone in the defense of the Empire" since it enabled Britain without European opposition to "use her Royal Air Force bombers at Aden to 'keep order' within the protectorate, as she has done on a number of ruthless occasions," and tell "other acquisitive foreign nations to keep their hands off." Moreover, according to Prime Minister Chamberlain, Italy "will abstain from creating difficulties or embarrassments for His Majesty's government in the administration of Palestine." In return, Britain will work for recognition of Italy in Ethiopia and acknowledge Mussolini's "legitimate" interests in Palestine.

The agreement, the *Times* correspondent continued, bears "an uncanny resemblance to the treaties of pre-war years, in which rival imperialisms carved up remote parts of the world for their own economic or strategic advantage. And, just as in pre-war years, Britain and Italy will contend that their new agreement is a 'stabilizing' influence that will keep peace and order in turbulent lands." That "stabilizing" began ninety-nine years ago when Britain took Aden; but today all the Arab lands are, in the words of the Jerusalem correspondent of the *Times,* commenting on Palestine, "on the edge of a volcano." In addition to the old causes of conflict, rival empires must now reckon with that plague of all imperialisms, native "turbulence," perhaps revolt in the desert on a scale hitherto unknown.

Last fall 400 delegates from Lebanon, Syria, Palestine, Trans-Jordan, Iraq, Hejaz, and Egypt met near Damascus in an Arab National Congress. Despite clashes between pan-Arab (nationalist) and pan-Islamic (clerical-feudal) elements, the conference discussions crystallized in an affirmation of Palestine's Arab character, demands for an end of Jewish immigration and the immediate independence of a united Palestine, and secret instructions for action. The Palestine Arab High Committee, operating from Syria, is preaching *Jehad*, holy war. Filibustering bands have been organized, hidden presses have sent out propaganda, and arms have been secreted in Beirut, as was discovered in January, 1938. The Arab revolt in Palestine has grown steadily. Automobiles, trains, highways, bridges, buildings, pipe and telephone lines have been bombed and wrecked. The government has been vitally affected by the destruction of military property, raids on army posts, assassinations. Since July 7, 1937, when London proposed the partition of Palestine into a Jewish state, an Arab state, and a British corridor, there have been almost 400 deaths from violence, mostly of Jews.

In Trans-Jordan nationalist leaflets call for revolt; bombs have been found in the office of the pro-British Emir and have been thrown at state buildings in Irbid, Madaba, and Es Salt; Arabs have besieged the Hausa and Azoun police posts. Moreover, though London has denied a report that Saudi troops are massed on Trans-Jordan's border, the Foreign Office is uneasy about Mecca. In Syria, which anticipates an end of its mandated status next year, the Chamber president and other officials aid the Arab National Congress. Naji-el-Suedi, once exiled for participating in the Druse anti-French rising, has returned to politics, as have some of Colonel T. E. Lawrence's veterans. On April 23 political shootings occurred. Lebanon has witnessed repeated armed clashes as well as a general strike in the capital. In Iraq, formally allied to England, an apparently pan-Arab Cabinet, in power since the assassination of Premier Sidqi, has encouraged the anti-British press, sanctioned the return to Bagdad of Fauzi Kaukji, who once took up arms against the British, and criticized England's Trans-Jordan Emir.

Egypt has abolished extraterritorial courts and special exemptions of foreign interests from customs duties. Student strikes have brought traditional nationalist rebels again into action, and a grandson of Arabi Pasha, nationalist hero, has been charged with an attempt on the Premier's life. Two wings of the Wafd Party are engaged in a bitter struggle. The last election was marked by shootings. Premier Mahmoud has had to reshuffle his Cabinet twice in his first few months in office.

In Morocco, 95 per cent Moslem, the Popular Reform Party is a growing force. Late last year 1,000 nationalists armed with primitive weapons besieged state buildings at Khemisset, and several thousand others attacked Port Lyautey police. Since then clashes have occurred at Meknes, Fez, Rabat, Casablanca, El Menzel, and elsewhere. In Algeria, where the last Francophile Grand Mufti was assassinated, there have been disturbances since 1935; the People's Party, the leading opposition force, has worked underground here since March, 1937. February saw fighting at Biskra. In Tunis the Liberal Constitutional (Neodestourian) Party, led by native officials and students, leads the agitation against French rule. It called a one-day strike in November to express solidarity with the nationalists of Algeria and Morocco. Fighting broke out at Bizerta in January; demonstrations at Hammanlit, Djerba, and Tunisia in April ended in clashes with Zouaves and thirteen deaths.

French colonial officials say there are interconnections among nationalists from Morocco to Syria, via Egypt and Palestine. Letters and visits have been exchanged by native dignitaries of Egypt, Tunis, Palestine, and other regions. It is reported that the recent Egyptian visit of the Aga Khan, Indian Moslem leader, was related to an effort to turn the movement from pan-Arab nationalist into pan-Islamic religious channels, perhaps by restoring the Caliphate in the person of the King of Egypt.

The French right has made the absurd charge that a revolutionary Moscow-Communist-Socialist plot is afoot. But when Léon Blum was in office, he justified the confidence of the London *Times* that his party would not go "behind the backs of the existing hierarchy in the colonies." And since the Kremlin and Comintern strive to vitalize the Franco-Soviet pact, French and African Communists support the colonial regime, denounce Arab rebels as Hitlerites, and are in turn denounced by the Arabs. A similar situation prevails in Palestine, where a group of Communist Party members has just bolted, charging the Comintern with abandoning the revolution and the interests of both the Arab and the Jewish masses.

It would also be absurd to contend that the Near East–North African disturbances are a fascist product. It is true that evidences of Italian (and German) activity in Anglo-French Arab regions, particularly Palestine and Tunis, have multiplied during the past year. And Mr. de Rothschild recently insinuated in the Commons that Mussolini is now subsidizing the exiled Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, a clerical-feudal rather than a nationalist leader, who has apparently left the British pay roll. (Mussolini learned the technique of subsidies—on the receiving end—when he took money from Marcel Cachin to campaign for Italian entry into the World War.) But the fact remains that the Arab national movement has an old tradition whose militancy has been preserved by, among others, the former followers of Abd-el Krim in Morocco and Lawrence in Arabia. A British Royal Commission has admitted that "to imagine that Italian propaganda engendered" the Palestine trouble is to repeat an old error. Though its opportunities have been increased by international tensions, the opposition is of native growth.

Economic conditions have of late intensified the discontent. In North Africa native merchants have long opposed prevailing customs regulations—restrictive export quotas, pro-French import rules. The 1931 decline badly hurt Moroccan wheat, wine, and oil. Famine prevails in some regions, largely because of a rise in grain prices after a drought and the franc's fall. Large numbers of tribesmen live in *tekias,* a sort of relief concentration camp. Daily wages are as low as twenty francs in the Algerian chemical factories and twelve francs in the Moroccan mines. Palestine has been in a slump since 1935, partly because of the collapse of citrus prices. During 1937-38, according to the Palestine Economic Corporation's conservative figures, unemployment has increased between 10 and 12 per cent as a result of the decline in construction and industry.

Efforts are being made by the governments to allay Arab complaints. In North Africa unemployment, famine, farm, and mortgage relief has been projected; increased native participation in administration has been proposed; and the "Violette plan" offers citizenship to Algerian officers, university graduates, decorated workers and soldiers, and 400 selected merchants and landowners in each province. In Palestine the government, in the face of the mandate provisions, has ruled that immigration of "persons of Jewish race" must depend on Britain's view of political expediency and has begun a project to irrigate Arab lands in Beersheba and the Jordan Valley. Since the extent of the French appeasement moves is still uncertain, their effect cannot yet be judged, but it is already plain that Palestine Arabs feel little gratitude for British concessions, which follow the partition prescription and are consequently viewed as an anaesthetic preparatory to surgery.

Both governments are not only making concessions but applying intensified disciplinary measures. London has stationed in Palestine an unusual number of troops, among them the famous Black Watch, and has appointed as High Commissioner Sir Harold MacMichael, who learned to rule in Tanganyika. He has Sir Charles Teggart, "the strong man of Bengal" as police chief, and now a tough new troop commander in General R. M. Raining. A triple barbed-wire fence and pill boxes are being built along the Syrian border. Curfew has been instituted, guards have been placed on common carriers, cafes closed, and newspapers suppressed for such crimes as "causing despondency" or naming the High Commissioner's lunch guests. The government has removed the once-trusted Grand Mufti from the presidency of the Moslem Supreme Council and from the General Waqf Committee, as chairman of which he controlled some $300,000 of annual church revenue. After the Lydda airport was fired by Arabs, troops began collecting from local residents a fine of $20,000. Punitive police details are stationed in Arab villages, whose residents must pay their upkeep. At Daharia troops destroyed Arab houses as an official reprisal. After a Galilee assassination four Arab leaders were deported to the Seychelles; others, led by the Arab Party's president, avoided arrest by fleeing to Syria, Lebanon, and Egypt. Several hundred Arab politicals, including prominent clerical and communal leaders, are in an Acre concentration camp. Sheik Farhan al Sadi, an influential seventy-year-old Arab politician, and half a dozen other leaders have been hanged.

In North Africa the French have seized Arab papers, banned political meetings, and outlawed not only Arab political organizations but also the Bizerta trade-union council and the Sadiki (Tunis) College. Berber and Foreign Legion detachments have occupied the Fez Medina, the sacred intellectual hub of North Africa. A state of siege prevails in Tunis. Several hundred prominent nationalists have been jailed or deported to Equatorial Africa, the southern desert, or the Atlas Mountains. Resident-General Auguste Nogues, a veteran of the war with Abd-el Krim, is in immediate charge in Morocco, but over him and also over the Algerian and Tunisian governors is a newly instituted North African Coordinator. On the Coordinator's recommendation the colonial defense budget and African air force have been expanded. The powers of the army are to be increased, and the police of all North Africa are to work in closer cooperation.

The fascist-dominated regions—Spanish Morocco, Italian Tripoli, Cyrenaica, Eritrea, Ethiopia, and Somaliland—are outside the scope of this article owing to the censorship of news from these areas. It may be assumed that native nationalism fights on despite repression. For example, reports from Djibouti indicate that Ethiopia is experiencing economic depression, widespread passive resistance, and considerable fighting, especially in the north. Attilio Teruzzi, Italian Under Secretary for Africa, recently admitted numerous risings.

It seems clear that the Anglo-Italian agreement can be no firm dam to the rising tide of native opposition in the Near East and North Africa. The region's manifold problems are seen to be more and more approaching a common nexus, angry streams racing to a troubled sea. "Until recently," the London *Times* has regretfully commented," pan-Arabism was a popular subject for Arab essayists rather than a live issue for Arab politicians. Revolt in the desert is a possibility with which the commanders of the French Foreign Legion, the Italian Black Shirts, and the British Black Watch all reckon. By offers of concessions and show of force, the imperial millers seek to canalize popular anti-imperialism toward their respective mill-wheels. Each risks the whole status quo lest a rival change part of it.

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In the Wind

SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE WALLACE is considering a plan to ship large amounts of the American wheat surplus to China. Although the scheme is not ready for publication, Wallace has privately indorsed it; the Chinese, of course, would get it on the easiest possible terms. An even more important cotton deal is also contemplated.

SCIENCE NOTE: Dr. Walter H. Eddy is professor of physiological chemistry at Columbia University. On June 9 Dr. Eddy assured the annual convention of the National Confectioners' Association that candy had immense value as an "energy pick-up" and should be a part of everyone's diet. Two days later he addressed a meeting sponsored by the Tea Association of the United States; he assured his audience that "most adults profit rather than lose by the use of tea and coffee as means to mild stimulation and relaxation."

THIS STORY is rapidly circulating in Washington now. Carl Byoir, well-known public-relations counsel, handles accounts on all sides; not long ago he was American publicity agent for Hitler, now he is "selling" China here. This versatility recently created an incident in the pro-Chinese movement. A delegation from New York was planning to visit Washington to urge an embargo against Japan. Byoir opposed the move, insisting that it was a "communist" venture and that pro-China men in the State Department agreed with him. To establish his point he went out of the room and telephoned a high official of the department. On his return he announced that the official opposed the delegation's visit. But the delegates went anyway. In Washington the same official was asked if he had really discouraged the move. "No," he replied, "but I didn't know whether Byoir was representing Japan or China that day; so I decided to be non-committal."

A SUPER-METHOD for detecting pro-union workers is being quietly tested by some West Coast employers. A "secret" questionnaire is sent to workers, supposedly to obtain factual information. It asks their opinion on various labor issues, and their answers reveal their attitude to the union. But the workers are not required to sign their names, and so presumably no one can determine how an individual votes. What they are not told is that each card contains an invisible number in lemon juice. When a hot iron is passed over the code number it becomes visible. The worker's name is then on file for black lists.

ACCORDING TO an anonymous British journalist in Prague, Konrad Henlein is doomed to the fate of Seyss-Inquart. This man insists that Henlein has lost favor with Hitler, that he is rapidly becoming a mere figurehead, and that he will be swept away "at an appropriate moment." He maintains that Hans Krebs, the "fugitive mystery man," is slated to succeed Henlein. Krebs, a Sudeten German, escaped from Czechoslovakia to Germany when the Nazis were outlawed. He was given German citizenship and elected to the Reichstag; he returned to Czechoslovakia recently.

THIS WILL undoubtedly be news to Washington—and to Ambassador de los Rios. According to the *Heraldo de Aragon*, two representatives of American Catholics, Padre Gabriel Salinas and Dr. Duncan, of Omaha, Nebraska, recently visited insurgent Spain. They reported there that "the first thing De los Rios did on arriving in Washington was to pick up a hammer and smash an image of the Virgin of the Kings, the patron saint of Seville, which stood in the courtyard of the embassy building."

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY is making a high-pressure drive for funds, and a current brochure carries pictures of noted alumni. "They are Columbia," says the appeal, "these living products of a university which taught them, furnished them with every facility for self-improvement, and gave them to the world." In the gallery of pictures appears the face of the playwright Morrie Ryskind, '17 Journalism. Ryskind was expelled in 1917 for writing verses that President Butler didn't like.

AN OFFICIAL of the University of Chicago's International House was recently asked whether foreign crises were making a serious impact on the house. "Yes," he replied, "and last Christmas Day was the best example. On that day a Russian resident received word that his brother had been shot in the purge, the German residents demanded a separate room for their Christmas dinner because they didn't want to eat with Jews, a Spaniard insisted on moving to another floor because a pro-Franco student was in the next room, and the Japanese and Chinese kept smiling politely at each other—so politely that I knew a blow-up was coming."

NEWSSTANDS WERE deluged last week with 400,000 copies of a magazine called *Jewish Crisis,* which described—in words and pictures—anti-Semitism at home and abroad. It listed no address, no board of editors, no sponsorship except "Candid Features, Inc." Rumors grew swiftly about the paper's origin; although it denounced anti-Semitism as "un-American," several Jewish newsdealers refused to handle it, and several prominent Jews expressed fear that it had anti-Semitic backing. In fact the magazine was created by four young journalists who were fired by *Sports Illustrated* last fall. Two of them are Yale graduates, and the editorial work was done at the Yale Club. Denying any intent to be mysterious, they explain that they listed no address because they had no office and didn't want to be linked with Yale. They insist that they wanted to "help the Jews," that their backers have only a commercial interest in the venture, that the magazine—if it lives—will discuss a different subject in each issue. And they contend that if there is any anti-Semitism in the current issue, it's so subtle they can't recognize it.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item. The award for the best item submitted in June goes to Henry Beetle Hough of Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, for the story printed above about Columbia and Morrie Ryskind.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

WHAT a pity it is that in the debate which is now going on over what role the United States should play in the existing world situation we cannot agree on an exact definition of terms. Take the word "isolationist" for example. It is being applied to those of my school of thought as a term of opprobrium, as if we believed in cutting ourselves off entirely from the rest of the world and thinking of ourselves alone. This is not the case at all. The so-called isolationists are isolationists *only as to war,* and are opposed only to such measures of international cooperation as would lead to war. We favor increased cooperation at Geneva with the International Labor Office and all the philanthropic and reform activities of the League of Nations. We favor an immediate economic conference devoted specifically to the removal as rapidly as possible of the economic causes of war, especially to the lowering of tariffs everywhere and the abolition of all other trade barriers, such as quotas, embargos, export bounties, and the like. Some of us even favor an autonomous International Commercial Organization, similar in structure and function to the International Labor Office, to promote a just and peaceful development of world economy. Needless to say, we favor international action to outlaw bombers and submarines.

Indeed, we urge a new and really democratic League of Nations in which all nations shall be on equal terms and in which there shall be no obligatory, forcible sanctions against offending nations. We desire that the whole question of colonies be discussed at a specially called conference, not for the purpose of returning some to Germany, but in order to establish the principle of international control with free access to raw materials for all. I need not stress how much we favor a world disarmament conference; none would be necessary today if the so-called democratic nations—with which we are so earnestly urged to make common cause—had lived up to the solemn promises to disarm which they gave to the world at Versailles as their excuse for disarming Germany. There is no form of activity, I repeat, in which we are not willing to cooperate with all nations, save only where such cooperation would set us on the road to war, or give to such governments as those of Chamberlain in England and Daladier in France authority to go ahead with good or bad policies, relying upon the pledge that we shall stand by them if through follies or blunders or good deeds they get themselves into war.

We are aware of the contention that there will be no danger of war if we only say that we will stand by England, France, and Russia if they are attacked—this on the ground that the dictators would never dare attack such an overwhelming superiority in force. But we surely cannot give that assurance to the three countries named without being willing to back it up by force if necessary. We are convinced that an announced policy of collective security with those three countries would put us squarely in the battle of armaments now going on and make us a part of the game of power politics now being played again in Europe. But here the advocates of collective security say that we misrepresent them; so evidently at this point new and more careful definitions are needed.

I wish we could describe Russia, France, and England by some other term than democracies. Russia is a bloodily self-purging dictatorship; France, the most democratic of them, is so under the thumb of Great Britain, that aristocratic, capitalist, imperialist democracy, that it is willing to give the *coup de grâce* to republican Spain by closing its frontiers to the Loyalists. This is an act so undemocratic, so base, and so perfidious as to deserve the bitterest condemnation even from Americans, who have certainly not covered themselves with honor in their attitude toward Spain. That Chamberlain should insist upon France's doing this is another proof of the utterly heartless and ruthless way in which he pursues his shameful and stupid policy of keeping peace in Europe by wholesale surrenders to the dictators.

Indeed, Chamberlain seems determined to kill the collective-security movement in this country; he certainly will do so if after having destroyed Loyalist Spain he makes a bargain with Hitler. Has any British government in all history ever sunk so low? In the face of the murder of more than eighty British seamen by Italian and rebel bombs, he calmly declares that there is nothing that the British Lion can do about it. Formerly the Lion would have leaped at once. Chamberlain's refusal to act is not due to a sudden conversion to the doctrine of "Thou shalt not kill," a desire to seek justice and to protect British lives by decent, peaceful measures—by honesty, reliance upon moral laws, appeals to other countries to stand by the right—rather than by increased armaments. His is a course of cowardly compromise, of buying off the dictators and thereby confirming them in their wrongdoing and reinvigorating their failing powers. And that is the road to destruction and disaster—with or without collective security.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

FROM PROPAGANDA TO HISTORY

BY GAETANO SALVEMINI

THE Institute of Propaganda Analysis should advise its subscribers to read Dr. Megaro's fascinating book* in conjunction with Mussolini's official hagiography written by Signora Sarfatti, and the teachers of history in colleges and universities should give the same advice to their pupils. By comparing the two books, more than by listening to any abstract methodical instruction, they would learn the difference between forgery and truth, between propaganda and history.

Let us ask Signora Sarfatti what Mussolini's religious opinions were before he was the Duce of Fascism. In her book "The Life of Benito Mussolini" she states that her hero "seemed in the earliest period of anti-religious bent, without ever sinking into the banality of atheism." That is all. But if we read Dr. Megaro's book, we find that Mussolini was a more colorful character than Signora Sarfatti makes out. In 1904, when he was twenty-one years old, he maintained in the name of reason, science, evolution, and atheistic materialism that "God does not exist" and that "the morality of Christ leads to brutishness and cowardice and perpetuates misery." In October, 1909, in the town of Forli, the crowd, after listening to an address by Mussolini, smashed the windows of the bishop's palace, set fire to the wooden fence which surrounded a column surmounted by a statue of a Madonna, and destroyed the slabs of marble at the base of the column. In 1910 Mussolini maintained that Socialists should "avoid religious marriage, baptism of children, and all other religious ceremonies," and made the discovery that Christ "by making love to Mary Magdalene and to the wife of the good Pontius Pilate" had demonstrated that "it is possible to attain the glory of the heavens through the womb of a woman."

These facts and all the others that Dr. Megaro has unearthed do not cloud in any way the credit that Mussolini deserves for finding the road to Damascus and handing over eighty million pre-Roosevelt dollars to Pope Pius XI. Saint Luke's Gospel teaches that there is greater joy in heaven on account of a sinner who repents than of ninety-nine righteous men who do not need repentance. It was for this reason that of old anyone who wrote the life of a reprobate who had been converted strove to emphasize, nay to exaggerate, the sins of his hero in order to cause the triumph of faith to shine more brilliantly through the repentance. Signora Sarfatti reversed this method; she extenuated Mussolini's sins to the point of hiding them completely. But those who wish to measure the triumph of the church in its true proportions will be grateful to Dr. Megaro for having reestablished the truth.

If, in addition to the story of Mussolini's religious beliefs, one seeks from Signora Sarfatti the story of his political beliefs, one will learn that Mussolini from earliest childhood was fascinated by the story of Rome with its myths and legends: "Rome—that was the one word the boy would write continually on the margin of his lesson book, or carve with his penknife upon the benches"; "he sought comfort in his woes in Caesar and Tacitus and the 'Aeneid.'" Could a man who in his earliest childhood read Tacitus be aught but a great patriot when grown up? When he was living in Switzerland "the life taught him to love his country with a deeper love." When he went to Trent, an Italian city which was still a part of the Austrian Empire, he found that a group of Socialists there "were in sympathy with Austria and took their tune from Vienna." He therefore dissociated himself from them and joined the other group which combined Socialistic doctrine with Italian feelings. On account of his nationalistic activities he was put in jail in Trent and expelled from Austria. "It is clear that his stay in the Trentino was decisive in developing the nationalist tendencies which culminated in Fascism."

Very different is the story which Dr. Megaro has reconstructed with the help of documents. In the autumn of 1903 Mussolini, who had lived in Switzerland for a little more than a year as a Socialist agitator, returned to his native town for a few weeks; but since the time was approaching when he would have to perform his military service, he repaired to Switzerland again in January, 1904. In February he wrote that "there is indeed an infallible means of destroying from its foundations the infamous military constraint: desertion." In April, 1904, the Italian military authorities declared him to be a *renitente di leva,* an evader of military service, or, as the French put it, a *réfractaire.* In that same month of April, 1904, Mussolini was expelled from the Canton of Geneva, but the intervention of the Swiss Socialists saved him from being taken to the Italian frontier. He was allowed to remain in Canton Ticino because as an evader of military service in Italy he could not, according to international law, be handed over to his own government.

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* "Mussolini in the Making." By Gaudens Megaro. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

In December, 1904, Mussolini gave up the plan to destroy the infamous military constraint by means of desertion, took advantage of a pardon granted by the Italian government to those who had failed to answer the army summons, came back to Italy, and in 1905 and 1906 served his regular term in the army. After completing his military service he plunged again into the Socialist movement. In 1909 he lived for eight months as a Socialist agitator in the city of Trent. "The proletariat," he wrote, "is anti-patriotic by definition and by necessity." He upheld the right of the Italians of Trentino to keep their Italian tongue and to get home rule against the pan-Germans of Tyrol. But the Socialists and Anarchists have always maintained that racial minorities have the right to keep their own language and culture and to enjoy home rule. Mussolini did not advocate the separation of Trentino from Austria and its annexation to Italy. This was an aspiration, though secret and remote, of the Italian Socialists of the Trentino, not of Mussolini. Mussolini's chief concern was social revolution. Signora Sarfatti's statement that Mussolini found two groups in Trent, one favorable to Austria and one to Italy, and that he joined the pro-Italian group against the pro-Austrian is sheer invention. When in September, 1909, the Austrian government ordered Mussolini's expulsion, it did not think of him as a nationalist but as an insolent revolutionary agitator.

A good many "social scientists" have gone in quest of the sources of Mussolini's political thought, as once upon a time explorers set out to discover the sources of the Nile. But they are wholly ignorant of the history of the Italian socialist movement and of Italian political thought and neglect to take into account chronology in noticing the manifestations of Mussolini's thought. As a consequence they discover nothing but blunders and pile up nonsense.

To the father of Mussolini, first an active Anarchist follower of Bakunin and then an active Socialist of the first hour, Dr. Megaro has devoted one of the most interesting chapters in his book. Between the writings of the father and those of the son—we mean the writings of Mussolini while he was still an extremist Socialist—there is a striking continuity. "Those who mumble about Mussolini's intellectual father," Dr. Megaro aptly writes, "be he Nietzsche or Sorel, would do well to pause and consider the influence of his real father." It is preposterous to trace to Sorel Mussolini's ideas on the necessity of violence. Mussolini was "a revolutionary child of that Romagna which abounded in rebels who almost instinctively understood the need for violence." When Sorel dissociated himself from the revolutionary syndicalist movement and joined the clerical-royalists of the Action Française (1908), anticipating a change which Mussolini was to make fourteen years later, Mussolini heaped upon him a Niagara Falls of abuse, of which Dr. Megaro gives some amusing specimens. This is one of the many revelations contained in his book.

Dr. Megaro also reduces to its just proportions, that is, to nothing, the impact which Pareto is said to have made on Mussolini. He proves that it is open to question whether Mussolini ever attended Pareto's lectures at the University of Lausanne, and that if he did attend them, it could only have been for a few weeks in the spring of 1904. Mussolini's notion of a revolutionary minority seizing power and overthrowing the bourgeoisie through violence was no doubt akin to Pareto's doctrine of the élite. But the proletarian élite, of which impecunious Mussolini considered himself a member, would supersede the bourgeois élite, whereas Pareto, having inherited from one of his uncles a good deal of money, had a deep worship for the profession of investor, and was angry against those bourgeois who did not care to protect that profession. Pareto wished the bourgeoisie to put up a ruthless resistance to an uncompromising socialism and to stamp it out. Since neither the bourgeoisie nor the Socialists were willing to follow his advice, he grouped them together in the same condemnation. Nor did Mussolini need to know Pareto's writings and lectures in order to cherish a ruthless socialism that should destroy the decaying bourgeoisie. The "Communist Manifesto" sufficed to school him, and the doctrine of the organized minority overthrowing the bourgeoisie by a *coup de main* was among the Socialists as old as old Blanqui. The conspiratory tradition was still alive in Romagna when Mussolini was born there and coincided perfectly with Blanqui's doctrines. Mussolini did not owe anything to Pareto. On the other hand, the doctrine of the élite under a form which could please the anti-democratic parties was not invented by Pareto. It came to him from Gaetano Mosca, a brilliant scholar who in 1896 had given a systematic elaboration to the doctrine of the organized minorities as "governing classes"—a more apt term than Pareto's élite. From 1921 onward Pareto saw in the Fascist movement that ruthless bourgeois anti-Socialist onslaught whose advent he had wished for twenty years before. It was not Pareto who taught Mussolini. It was Mussolini who fulfilled Pareto's wishes.

When Mussolini became Duce of Fascism, his hagiographers invented for him a family tree going back to the early Middle Ages and an intellectual genealogy in which Sorel, Pareto, Nietzsche, and many other highly placed personages were recruited to prepare the way for the redeemer. William James also got a niche in that pedigree. The intellectual genealogy no less that the family tree was false. For instance, Mussolini has never read one page of James. He only knows that James was a "pragmatist," and he thinks that that word means a man who does not care about ideologies and is only concerned with practical achievements. Therefore he boasts of being

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a disciple of William James, who would be horrified if he knew of that definition of pragmatism.

Yet when the smoke screen of official mystification has been dispelled, thanks to Dr. Megaro's painstaking and unimpeachable research, there emerges an amazing consistency that extends from Mussolini's infancy to his full maturity. The man who willed the Ethiopian War and the Spanish War is no other than that "restless and pugnacious little rogue" who more than once returned home with his head bleeding from a blow with a stone, stole decoy birds, struck at a companion but instead of hitting him hit a wall, hurt his knuckles and had to bandage his hand, and stabbed with a penknife another companion who had insulted him. Dr. Megaro reproduces a portrait of Mussolini at the age of fourteen. That youngster with crossed arms, sealed lips, protruding jaws, and defiant eyes is already the Duce of Fascism who appears before the crowds in Italy and is the delight of cartoonists outside Italy.

BOOKS

The Life of Fanny Kemble

FANNY KEMBLE. A PASSIONATE VICTORIAN. By Margaret Armstrong. The Macmillan Company. $3.

MISS ARMSTRONG has written a remarkable book, a first-rank biography. She had a fascinating subject, and she has portrayed Fanny Kemble with such skill and literary distinction, such charm and vividness, yet with such evident desire to be just, that we have here a historical study of great value. One perceives that Miss Armstrong has kept her own feelings in check, and one admires her wide knowledge of both American and English political and social conditions of the nineteenth century, which enables her to give so complete a picture of the scenes, on both sides of the Atlantic, in which Fanny Kemble moved.

Coming as it does just when we are in the middle of another effort, conscious or otherwise, to romanticize the antebellum South and to whitewash the institution of slavery, Miss Armstrong's study is particularly timely and worth while. For Fanny Kemble, the brilliant English actress, is one of the most important witnesses to what slavery really was on a Georgia rice plantation (through it now runs the main coast road to Florida traversed by hundreds of thousands of tourists every year). She arrived there as the young wife of the owner of hundreds of acres and of several hundred human beings—later sold when her husband went bankrupt. If there was any glamor in slavery, if the life was all charming and romantic as some would have us believe, Fanny Kemble, despite the prejudice against the institution with which she arrived at Butler's Island, would certainly have recorded it. Instead, she was so horrified by what she saw and dismayed by her inability to alter conditions, or to arouse her husband to philanthropic activity in behalf of those whose lives were in his hands, that her existence there became a dreadful nightmare. Slavery would probably have wrecked her marriage even if her husband's infidelity had not. She left him—to deal later a tremendous blow to slavery and to the cause of the Confederacy.

Her "Journal of a Residence on a Georgia Plantation in 1838-39," published during the Civil War, had a profound effect upon public sentiment in the North, and in Great Britain, where it was a "best-seller." Miss Armstrong brings out the fact that this volume was one of the reasons why the British government was deterred from recognizing the Confederacy—she wisely does not attempt to estimate the exact influence it wielded. The book was denounced in the South and in England, of course. Since the tale was unvarnished, exactly as she had written it during those two years when her emotions were stirred to their depths; since it called a spade a spade and dealt plainly with the sexual relations of white men and the black women who were entirely subject to their will and always beyond the law, where there was any law, Victorian mothers refused to allow their daughters to read so vile and demoralizing a book. The truth was too much for polite society, which in London sympathized so warmly with the Southern aristocracy and so ardently hoped for the triumph of the Confederacy.

Fanny Kemble herself was an extraordinary personality. Of the third generation of a famous actor family, Fanny had had no acting experience whatsoever, outside of some children's theatricals in a boarding-school in Paris, when her parents induced her to appear as Juliet in order to save the family finances and to rescue their Covent Garden Theater. At her first performance she was overcome with stage fright until the balcony scene. Then the divine fire possessed her, and she stood out as the foremost actress in England, the greatest since her aunt, Mrs. Siddons. London was at her feet. Yet with all her gifts life upon the stage never appealed to her. She was young and wanted to dance and be gay. If she liked the applause of her audience it never turned her head, and she was happy, indeed, when the hour came after her American tour to abandon the stage for marriage. Afterward she went back to renew her success, only again to leave the stage and to become a great Shakespearian reader in the days when readings were if anything more popular than stage performances. Said the New York *Times:* "No play can be as well rendered throughout as Mrs. Kemble reads it; we are bored by no miserable creatures in subordinate parts." Edward Everett Hale wrote: "Her power is *true expression,* not imitation. And so she strikes you with as much delight and even amazement when she is talking as when she is reading"; and Emerson burst out with: "What an abundance there is in her! She is Miranda, Queen Catherine, and many more at the same time."

Her talent was not limited to the stage, however. She wrote a play in verse, "Francis I," and in time saw it produced. Besides her "Journal" she wrote eight other books, many magazine articles, and much poetry. She adored nature, was a splendid horsewoman—she hoped she would die in a fall with her horse—a beautiful dancer, and altogether one of the most stimulating and interesting human beings. Even in her later years she was so fascinating that young men like Henry James and Hamilton Aïdé considered it the greatest honor and pleasure to escort her, especially to the theater. Henry James wrote of her after her death in 1893 at the age of eighty-three: "She was one of the rarest of women . . . one of the finest and most original of talkers. . . . She wrote exactly as she talked, observing, asserting, complaining, confiding, contradicting, crying out and bounding off, always effectually communicating. . . . A prouder nature never affronted the long humiliation of life. . . . The faculty of self-derision was never richer or droller." And again he said: "She reanimated the old drawing-rooms, relighted the old lamps, retuned the old pianos."

At the age of eighty she turned to novel-writing and wrote "Far Away and Long Ago," a book characterized by Miss Armstrong as "a novel with a strange wild plot but a good setting, the New England country she knew so well."

Being the genius that she was, she was undoubtedly not easy to live with, particularly for one as conventional and hidehound as Pierce Butler. She was what Miss Armstrong calls her, "a passionate Victorian." She had a mad passion for earning money herself—a sin for a married woman—for outdoor exercise, for living her own life. She refused to join her husband in his "everlasting thinking about appearances," as she said to him when he tried to prevent her doing such an unladylike thing as riding her horse down to the wharves of Philadelphia—where no proper lady would go. Finally Pierce Butler forced her to leave him, though to do so she had to give up her children; the law gave them to the unfaithful husband, the selfish, domineering man who would have crushed his wife's spirit had it been in the power of anyone to do so. Instead, she again did what no proper lady of the time similarly situated thought of doing; she liberated her spirit and her soul and her genius, earned her own way, came together in later years with her children to their mutual joy—even though her daughter Frances became a Southerner at heart and years after the war wrote a journal of the same Georgia plantation, portraying the difficulties of life there in Reconstruction days and the changed attitude of the Negroes, all from a diametrically opposite point of view from her mother's. Surely such a figure as this merited a notable, a sympathetic, and a judicious biography, and Miss Armstrong has furnished it—a definitive account of one who was a star on the dramatic stage, and on the stage of life as well.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

No Sanctuary

INTERMISSION IN EUROPE. By Vernon Bartlett. Oxford University Press. $2.75.

FODOR in his classic "Plot and Counterplot in Central Europe" gives the essence of what he has seen as a newspaper correspondent in Vienna since the end of the World War. His personality disappears behind his account and interpretation of events. Vernon Bartlett, in writing the story of his life as a journalist and broadcaster, stresses the personal side of his experience, however appalling the event may have been. We have here the post-war history of a man who started in the profession of reporter as an ignoramus—walking up the staircase of the Palais de Luxembourg with the old tiger Clemenceau because he was the only one of the Reuter's Agency staff who had a morning coat and a top hat—and who now in his early forties (married, father of two boys, owner of a house and garden) asks himself: "After all what have I got to do with world affairs?" This after roving over all Europe for nineteen years, interviewing everyone, being always on the spot, if as often as not too late—in Genoa, Geneva, Stresa, the Saar, the Russian-Polish War, the Ruhr, Turkey, Rumania, Italy, and Spain. Now he longs to mind his own business, which would be to care for his family and to allow himself "an occasional glass of beer at the Golden Fleece just across the road." But on the very morning after writing this confession he reads in a journal:

> There are 11,000,000 wage-earners in this country [England] with incomes less than £125 a year. The average wage is below £100. They are all below the standard of livelihood which can make decent material conditions of life possible . . . the nation had 10,000 people who drew incomes averaging £20,000 a year. . . . That contrast was incompatible with the spirit of democracy.

So he knows that his "peace of mind is a sham, that this old brick-and-timber house . . . will never be a sanctuary from the prison of the outside world."

This knowledge is the result of his nineteen-year course in contemporary historical facts, of a course taken by an honest, unprejudiced fellow who confronted life with a sense of humor, liked to eat and drink, and was by nature not a radical. An average gifted English subject, he saw the stupidity of the peace-makers because he had the opportunity to see. His hatred for them led him even to greet Hitler with sympathy. But one cannot live contrary to what one's eyes see. And what sharp eyes the reporter Vernon Bartlett has! Look with him:

> The last time I was in Berlin on a great fête day I came down the Wilhelmstrasse late at night. The floodlights still lit up the long red flags with their black swastikas on white backgrounds which hung from the government buildings. . . . Near me on the Wilhelmplatz were a few rather bedraggled individuals hunting among the rubbish that had been left by partakers in a great torchlight procession. They were just dim figures shuffling around in the snow. But suddenly, as the clocks struck midnight, the floodlights went out. The searchers for poor treasure among the rubbish at once became prominent. They seemed to me to symbolize the whole German people, carrying on its patient struggle for existence, groping in the darkness of a censored atmosphere, as devoid of responsibility and personality as are the tramps that wander along the country road. The show was over.

The reporter starts to think more and more. Returning from the Spanish civil war, he writes:

> I have never had so keen a sense of the importance of freedom as I had in Spain. So keen that I have become terribly bitter against those who seek to limit it, and am no longer ashamed of my inability to be detached and calm.

And he takes quite deliberately a pro-loyalist attitude, which spoils his chances for a better job.

"Intermission in Europe" presents the inner life of an individual with modesty and charm. It rings true from be-

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ginning to end. I envy the coming historians of the twentieth century. Helped by eyewitnesses like Bartlett, who does not hide his own weaknesses, they will have an easy job.

FRANZ HOELLERING

The Artist as Entertainer

YOUNG MAN WITH A HORN. By Dorothy Baker. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

JAZZ is a singularly limited form of musical expression—with respect both to its tonal values and to the quality of its appeal. And there is perhaps no better proof of its formal and spiritual limitations than that offered by the brief careers of some of its top performers—those who, like the hero of Miss Baker's novel, expect from this simple medium more than it has to give. Sooner or later, if we are to take Miss Baker's word for it, the strain of tapping out, night after night, this frenzied music, as well as the effort to do with it more than its technical resources permit, prove too much for the jazz player: sometimes, if he is endowed with more than average sensibility, he goes to pieces.

Rick Martin, the Young Man with a Horn, was one of the finest jazz players of his day. At the height of his popularity, however, he took to drink—and eventually got himself fired from the well-known band in which his playing had been the chief attraction. After this, his decline was rapid: he refused to play again—except for his own amusement, or for phonograph records which did not carry his name; his public soon forgot him; he began drinking more heavily, and he spent his last delirious days in a sanatorium for alcoholics, to which one of his few remaining friends had sent him.

Miss Baker seems herself aware of the tragic dilemma at the root of her hero's downfall: in a prologue to the book she more than hints at it. ". . . What he expected," she says, "he never quite found. He might have found it in another kind of music, but he had no training or any way of coming to know another kind of music. So he stuck to jazz and to the nervous, crazy life that goes with it." Yet she fails throughout the narrative to show very clearly the specific artistic problems responsible for Rick's "nervous, crazy life," or to endow Rick himself with very much individuality. Except in the early scenes, showing him in all the hesitant ardor of his newly awakened ambition, Rick never emerges as a full-sized human being: all we remember of him is his passionate devotion to his music. If it was Miss Baker's intention to present him as a kind of human instrument dedicated to serving the cause of jazz, she has succeeded; but the relationship between him and his music being thus oversimplified, his story is considerably less moving than it might have been. The style is easily the best part of the book: at once racy and flexible, with overtones of American speech, it reflects the psychology of the leading characters in a far more critical fashion than anything that the few attempts at delineation or the flow of incidents manage to bring off. Yet the style, though suited in many respects to the subject as a whole, emphasizes as well certain defects of treatment: a brilliant form of journalese, it has its place in a book which is not so much a novel as a kind of running commentary on the life of a jazz artist, valued in conventional terms.

HELEN NEVILLE

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Plight of the Jobless

WE TOO ARE THE PEOPLE. By Louise V. Armstrong. Little, Brown and Company. $3.

THE RIGHT TO WORK. By Nels Anderson. Modern Age Books. 50 cents.

MEN WITHOUT WORK. A Report Made to the Pilgrim Trust with an Introduction by the Archbishop of York and a Preface by Lord MacMillan. Cambridge University Press and the Macmillan Company. $3.

AFTER nine years of acute economic crisis comparatively few persons among the favored classes have any conception of the life of the people on "the other side of the railroad tracks." Part of the difficulty has lain in the elaborate social and economic barriers which our society has erected between the two groups. The underprivileged are, from the standpoint of the genteel classes, inarticulate. Those who know most about their life—doctors, ministers, and social workers—have also been largely inarticulate, or at least have found no medium to convey their knowledge to that part of the public which likes to believe that most of the unemployed would find work if this relief racket were stopped.

Too much praise cannot be given Mrs. Armstrong's warm, human account of her experiences as a relief administrator in a county in northern Michigan. She tells rather simply how she happened to become relief administrator, describes her struggles with the local politicians, and draws vivid pen pictures of the individuals with whom she dealt. Most of her clients are decent, attractive people who through no fault of their own are no longer able to earn a living; a few are scoundrels and reprobates; but all are intensely human.

Her district in the north woods was exceptional in many respects. Its depression began many years ago when the last of the virgin forests had been cut down and shipped away. Its agricultural resources are poor, and there is little industry. In addition to the foreign element in the town which was stranded by the closing of local factories, left-overs from the lumbering period had to be cared for by the relief agencies Back in the woods were Indians, hill-billies, and descendants of early American settlers. The one thing shared in common by these varied groups was absolute destitution.

If there is any fault in Mrs. Armstrong's skilfully woven narrative, it is the seemingly implicit assumption that federal relief of the type disbursed in the early days of the Roosevelt Administration is the answer to the need of these people. Although she complains at times of the inadequacy of funds and the needs which could not be met, her book is, as a whole, surprisingly uncritical of relief procedure. The broader aspects of social policy with regard to the problem of the stranded population of this northern cut-over area are scarcely touched upon. Mrs. Armstrong is content to give a vivid picture of the situation in terms of individuals.

"The Right to Work" is a much briefer, less dramatic, but readable defense of the Administration's public-works program—the sort of thing one is tempted to stick in the pocket of conservatives who complain about the waste of work relief. It is an admirable popularization of a complicated subject, but even more than Mrs. Armstrong's book it is lacking in analysis and criticism.

"Men Without Work" does for Great Britain all that Mrs. Armstrong has done for this country and more. Although much more academic in style and approach than either of the American books, it is of enthralling interest. The authors have made a careful study of long-time unemployment in six sample towns, which taken together are fairly typical of the country as a whole. Included among the towns are Blackburn, Crook, and the Rhondda, which typify the "special areas." But included also are Leicester and Deptford, which are in the more prosperous sections of England today. In each town the names of a number of unemployed were selected at random, and a thorough investigation was made of each case. The result is a wealth of information about the jobless—the length of time unemployed, previous occupation and earnings, part-time jobs, age, budgets, and use of leisure.

The general picture is a depressing one. Although the number of unemployed in some areas is not so much higher than in the '20's, a much larger proportion have been unemployed for long periods. Of 100 unemployed in 1929, only 5 or 6 had been persistently unemployed. Three years later, at the depth of the depression, 20 in every 100 had been out of work for a year or more. In the fall of 1935, when this investigation was made, the ratio of long-term unemployed had increased to 26 in every 100. While the situation was naturally worse in the depressed areas, the investigation disclosed a surprising amount of long-term unemployment in the more prosperous parts of the country.

In England as in this country age is an important factor in unemployment; there is a sharp increase in the ratio of unemployment among men over fifty-five. In the case of youth, however, the British situation is strikingly different from our own; there is very little unemployment in the early teens, but a very sharp rise in joblessness at twenty-one. Britain also differs from the United States in having a national system of unemployed assistance available for all the jobless. In most instances the unemployment benefits are sufficient to keep families from abject destitution. About 30 per cent of the recipients, however, were found to be living below the poverty line.

In these few words it has not been possible to convey the full value of this study either as a statistical or as a human document. One can only regret that no comparable study of the problem has been undertaken in this country.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

Shorter Notices

NEW WRITING. SPRING 1938. Edited by John Lehmann. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.75.

Today young Chinese, Russian, Spanish, French, or German writers—and most of the contributors to this volume are very young—are alike in one respect: their use of the realistic technique. "New Writing" is given over to the work of writers who show the rise of social consciousness, and this particular collection varies from the earlier ones chiefly in its more international representation. Unlike "New Directions" it includes few writers who use allegory or legend to point a moral; none of its contributors are given to the extravagances of the surrealist technique. But somewhere

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between a rather drab level of realism and the distortions of surrealism there is another type of writing the subject matter of which may be real enough, but the intensity of which is due to the writer's passion or vision. Of situations which rise to illuminate drama, of style which in itself extends the awareness of the reader, we find little here. It becomes obvious that many young writers in England are socially conscious, that some Soviet writers have a sense of humor about their problems, that Chinese passive endurance is changing to a slow fury at the condition of the workers. But all in all, though many of the authors represented are skilful and correct in the choice of details, the collection leaves one exhausted but not impassioned. None of these young writers show more than a serious-minded competence; none transfigure their material. The poems included are mediocre.

CONTEMPORARY ONE-ACT PLAYS. Edited and Selected by William Kozlenko. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

The inevitable monotony of most play collections is somewhat lightened in this volume of ten one-acters by the inclusion of dramatic experiments by three men better known in other fields. Sherwood Anderson contributes a radio drama, "Textiles," which is less a play than a mass chant of primary facts about the industry. William Saroyan's comedy is in the vein of his best stories. Langston Hughes offers an ironical, humorously macabre dialogue between a Negro prostitute and her dead son. Whether the writers will proceed further as playwrights with any success it is difficult to divine from these instances, but since the one-act form enables them to spread themselves comfortably, it would be natural for Anderson and Saroyan to continue in it. They would profit by studying E. P. Conkle's folk comedy "Hawk a-Flying," which is at once casual and tightly developed. This item has the professional touch and a seasoning of rich American humor which make the other nine seem a little amateur. The editor's own script is outstanding in that respect.

SINGING FOR POWER. THE SONG MAGIC OF THE PAPAGO INDIANS OF SOUTHERN ARIZONA. By Ruth Murry Underhill. University of California Press. $2.

The Papago culture is comparatively simple. These humble Indians, who do not make fine blankets, baskets, or jewelry, and whose rituals are less dramatic than those of the Navajo or the Pueblo, have not been written about as frequently as have other tribes of the desert. Miss Underhill has given us here, in as accurate a free rendering as the structure of English permits, a group of songs which the Papago sing for power—to make themselves, so they think, better able to cope with the difficult environment in which they live. Actually the Papagos are better adapted to the desert than most tribes, but much of their energy has gone into keeping themselves alive. Miss Underhill collected these songs directly from Indian informants. She introduces them to her English readers with a short explanation of the ritual during which they are sung. "Singing for Power" should interest both anthropologists and those who like primitive song.

Emil Ludwig

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Letters to the Editors

Communist Protest

Dear Sirs: It is extremely distressing to read in *The Nation,* usually so devoted to liberalism and fair play, such an article as that in the issue of June 4 entitled Yankee Communism.

That editorial speaks of the "violence of the conversion" of the Communist Party to democracy; yet the party has ever believed in democracy, the broadest possible democracy for those exploited under capitalism—socialist democracy; and the policy of building the people's front and the democratic front against the menace of fascism is neither a sudden "conversion" nor an unprecedented decision of the recent Tenth National Convention. It was enunciated at the Seventh World Congress of the Comintern in 1935, on the basis of the experiences of the Communist parties of France and the United States before that date.

Indeed, it dates back just ninety years, when Marx and Engels wrote in the "Communist Manifesto" that "the Communists fight for the attainment of the immediate aims, for the enforcement of the momentary interests, of the working class; but in the movement of the present they also represent and take care of the future of that movement. . . . They labor everywhere for the union and agreement of the democratic parties of all countries."

Comrade Browder, in his recent book, "The People's Front," states the Communist position in the following terms:

> Our country, in common with the rest of the capitalist world, is threatened with reaction, fascism and war. . . . Although the great toiling majority of the population are not ready to struggle for socialism, they *are* ready to defend their democratic rights and living standards against the attacks of reaction and fascism, and they are more and more anxious to struggle for the maintenance of peace. Organized and roused to struggle, on a platform for which they are now prepared, they can and will prevent fascism from coming to power. . . .
>
> . . . we grant you non-socialists the right to believe that the ultimate outcome will not be socialism, but in the meantime only our unity and common front will prevent fascism from being the immediate outcome. . . . To our allies in the fight against fascism we pledge the use of democratic methods as the sole means of resolving questions in dispute between us. Whichever of us is correct in the last instance, the interests of both will be served by unity and a common front.

The Nation implies that it would approve if the Communist Party declared "frankly": "We want a socialist America; you don't. We differ fundamentally from you about a lot of things, and your idea of democracy is certainly not ours, but if fascism comes we'll all stew in the same pot, so we propose to work along with you on particular issues where the combination can block the fascist advance. And in the meantime we intend to go on trying to convince you that socialism is the only way out."

It will be noted that the declaration which *The Nation* declares "would have been easy to understand and refreshingly honest" is virtually a précis of this official party statement, made first in a report of the party's Central Committee on December 4, 1936, subsequently reprinted in pamphlet form and in the *Communist,* and now in a book which has achieved some 25,000 circulation. Evidently there has been no effort to keep this position a secret within party ranks!

The Nation has often recognized the services to the cause of democracy of the people's fronts of France and Spain, both organized at the instigation of the Communist Party; *The Nation,* too, has condemned the role of the traitorous P. O. U. M. in Spain. Yet in this editorial it professes to see a "danger" in the prohibition of relationships between Communist Party members and confirmed Trotskyites and Lovestonites, confirmed disrupters of the People's Front, confirmed supporters of the traitorous fascist P. O. U. M! How can we build a united anti-fascist movement if we admit these concealed fascists?

We appeal to *The Nation* not to sabotage our common work of preventing the coming of fascism—a calamity which would make impossible alike the maintenance of our present rights and the extension of them through socialism, and which *can* be prevented if all sincere anti-fascists will work together to build the democratic front.

BEATRICE BUTLER,
for the Executive Committee of the V. J. Jerome School, Communist Party, Columbia University
New York, June 22

[We are aware that the Communist Party has always professed "socialist democracy" as Miss Butler points out. But it has not always championed capitalist democracy, and that is what we were discussing. The citation from Mr. Browder's book, taken as a statement of policy, is one more pledge to "the use of democratic methods." But what are "democratic methods" if they do not imply the right and the duty to criticize, which Miss Butler appeals to us not to exercise lest we "sabotage our common work of preventing the coming of fascism"? If the Communist press attacks the Socialists, or berates *The Nation* for an "incorrect" policy (which we certainly concede it has every right to do), or decrees that all Lovestonites or Trotskyites are *ipso facto* enemies of the working class or "concealed fascists," that is not destroying the solidarity of the anti-fascist front; but if any anti-fascist ventures to criticize the Communist Party line, he automatically covers himself with shame for having contributed to disrupting the unity of all anti-fascist forces at a moment when, etc., etc. This may be good strategy, and if the Communists choose it as a weapon to achieve an ultimate good, we say again that is their business, and we can't debate the matter here. But let them not pretend that it is good old American Jeffersonian democracy, because it is much more like totalitarianism. If such a principle were to predominate in any group in which they happened to oppose the policy of the majority, they would be the first to suffer—and the first to protest.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Hacker vs. Josephson—and Stone

Dear Sirs: I note in your issue of June 11 that I. F. Stone did not care for my review of Mr. Josephson's "The Politicos." Controversies of this kind are unimportant; but Mr. Stone's gratuitously insulting reference to my review as "red-baiting" is. I have been writing reviews of current books in history and politics for almost twenty years, but this is the first time that I have been charged with taking advantage of an author by dragging in extraneous information.

In my review I said that Mr. Josephson's coupling of Lincoln's name with

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those of Stevens and Sumner was due either to his ignorance or to his "adherence to the current line of the Communist Party, which has it that the Civil War was won by a People's Front government." I am amazed that Mr. Stone, who assures us of his wide reading, has not already learned that the Communist Party is at the present time engaged in the process of rewriting American history for the purpose of buttressing its current political position. I take the liberty of informing him that it is. May I refer him to the "The First American Revolution," by the pseudonymous Stalinist, Jack Hardy, which he will find one of the most extraordinary exercises in historical perversion and distortion that have ever been written? As to the Civil War, may I suggest that Mr. Stone read the pseudonymous Richard Enmale's introduction to Marx and Engels's "The Civil War in the United States," published by the official Communist house, International Publishers? There he will find (p. xxiv) the following illuminating observation: "The revolution during the Civil War was essentially the work of a broad and progressive coalition of wage-earners and farmers who after four years of bitter struggle crushed the counter-revolution and brushed aside an antiquated social order."

But Mr. Stone denies that Mr. Josephson seeks to imply that there was cooing agreement in the ranks of the Republican Party during the Civil War. Very well; let us look at the record. On page 16 the author says: "Party structure . . . reached its most efficient organization in our history and, creating a solid phalanx, supported Lincoln's military action." And on page 87: "The party of revolutionary capitalism, under the leadership of Lincoln, Fessenden, Stevens, Greeley, and the youthful Sumner . . ." And on page 236: "All pretended adherence to the great emancipation principles of Lincoln and Sumner . . ." This, I insist, is either ignorance or wilful distortion of the great revolutionary role of the Radical Republicans (with whom Lincoln was constantly at daggers' points) during the Civil War. Mr. Josephson tries to make out—in the passages cited —that the Republican Party acted as a unit, notably on the questions of the conduct of the war and emancipation. Any student of the history of the period knows that Lincoln had to be driven to adopt an emancipation program; he also knows that, as far as Lincoln's conduct of the war was concerned, the Radical Republicans were so suspicious of his intentions that they set up in Congress a committee to keep tabs on the generals and the President. Messrs. Stone and Josephson don't have to take my word for it. I quote from J. G. Randall's "The Civil War and Reconstruction" (p. 368) on the part played by this Committee on the Conduct of the War: "There was a distinctly partisan tinge to the committee's work. Not only did its members resent the importance given to Democratic generals; they labored to promote one flank of the Republican Party, and that the flank opposed to Lincoln and his Administration."

I therefore revert to my original observation about Mr. Josephson (which now includes Mr. Stone): either they are ignorant of the internal politics of the Civil War or they are acting as stooges for the Communist Party. And as a scholar in American history and an honest reviewer, I find it necessary to expose every effort made by Communists or their sympathizers to rewrite American history to serve a political purpose.

LOUIS M. HACKER

New York, June 9

Compulsory Spending

Dear Sirs: In your issue of June 4 a difference of opinion regarding a basic aspect of the spending process is reflected in Keith Hutchison's review of my "When Capital Goes on Strike" and Jacob Baker's letter about my book.

Jacob Baker says that my book indicates "the final necessity of influencing demand through influencing the flow of money" by placing a penalty on hoarding. The kind of "demand" which Mr. Baker evidently deems it desirable to induce is any kind of monetary demand —for goods, services, or capital plant. Keith Hutchison, on the other hand, in saying, "There is little question that the adoption of Mr. Dahlberg's scheme would drive the money hoarders to a goods position, but it would not necessarily compel the investment of savings in new real capital," implies that an increased demand is not desirable unless it expresses itself as a demand for more capital equipment. This raises the issue: when owners of money savings deem the current use of existing plant to be so low that further investment in new real capital would be unprofitable, should they be privileged to elect to buy nothing at all with their money?

Inasmuch as people in the upper income brackets obtain more income than they are willing at all times to pour into new plant, they must be forced into using their funds for buying non-capital goods when they decrease their demands for plant. Their "saved" money, like all other money, must in the aggregate be respent as rapidly as it is received or unemployment exists for the difference. Only a change in our national income distribution could make unnecessary a periodic resort to compulsory spending. It is highly probable that a tax on hoarding would (1) modify our income distribution at the expense of capital by forcing capital to bargain under far more disadvantageous conditions than is the case today, and (2) by intensifying the demand for consumers' goods on the part of "savers" in time put a strain on existing productive facilities and thus induce savers to engage in additional capital investment.

ARTHUR DAHLBERG

Greenwich, Conn., June 20

"To the Egress"

Dear Sirs: Louis Kronenberger, in his book review in your issue of May 28, not only misquotes P. T. Barnum but entitles his book review with the misquotation.

I have not read one of Barnum's innumerable autobiographies for twenty years, but I am sure that when he wanted to get people out of his museum on a rainy afternoon he hung up a sign which read "This Way to the Grand Egress" Barnum assumed that even New Yorkers would know what an exit is and used the less common word because he thought it would fool them, as it did.

H. L. CANFIELD

Rochester, N. Y., June 15

Hospitality for Refugees

Dear Sirs: German and Austrian refugees will find a haven for rest and recreation and an opportunity to study American ways this summer at Aberdeen, a large property on the Hudson River which has been made available to the American Friends Service Committee. The project is especially intended to benefit émigrés of limited means who need a congenial home while seeking to establish themselves permanently in the United States. In no sense is Aberdeen a "charity" institution. The residents, both foreign and American, will pay a dollar a day toward the expenses.

Organized activities will be of two general types. Regular classes will be held in language, literature, American civics and government, and allied economic and social problems, and a program of work and recreation will keep everyone busy. There will be swimming, tennis, and hiking, and a garden, one of the principle sources of food, to be cared for. Local Quaker groups have plowed the land and planted the garden. The buildings were formerly used for a workers' school and include an extensive library and workshop.

The undertaking is an experiment in international hospitality and cooperative learning which may point the way to an intelligent approach to the problems raised by political upheaval in Europe.

JOHN F. REICH
Secretary, American Friends
Service Committee
Philadelphia, June 14

The New York Post Excepted

Dear Sirs: In my article in *The Nation* for June 18 I referred to the "honorable exceptions" among newspapers which I was indicting for their treatment of the stockyards case. I thought that my listing in the contributors' box as an editorial writer on the New York *Post* would, with proper modesty, indicate that my own paper was one of those exceptions, but I was listed as "a New York newspaperman." In all fairness to the *Post* and the other Stern newspapers, and to correct any possible misinterpretation, may I record the fact that they did give their readers a true picture of what happened?

I. F. STONE
New York, June 22

Wordsworth's Birthplace

Dear Sirs: The house in which William Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth is now on the market, and a committee has been formed to raise funds to buy it as a memorial to the poet. It is a charming eighteenth-century house with fine rooms, a walled garden, and the river Derwent running behind it. The sum of £2,000 is needed, and contributions are sought from all to whom Wordsworth has been a help and an encouragement. The treasurer is the Reverend R. W. Crook, All Saints Vicarage, Cockermouth, Cumberland.

Wordsworth's own feeling for Cockermouth is evident in the following lines:

> Fair seed-time had my soul, and I
>   grew up
> Fostered alike by beauty and by fear:
> Much favored in my birthplace.

J. W. NICHOLAS
Joint Secretary, the Wordsworth
National Memorial Scheme
Cockermouth, England, June 1

CONTRIBUTORS

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The Shape of Things

THE AMERICAN LABOR PARTY ENLIVENED the Independence Day week-end by setting out a tentative independent ticket for the New York State elections that included, along with Senator Wagner, Joseph D. McGoldrick for governor, Sidney Hillman for the short-term senatorship to fill out the term of Royal S. Copeland—a post for which Governor Lehman has already announced his candidacy—and Elinore Herrick for lieutenant governor. Designed to remind both the Democratic and Republican parties that the A. L. P. holds the balance of power, its immediate effect was to touch off a display of intra-labor fireworks. From the American Federation of Labor came praise for Governor Lehman, denunciation of both A. L. P. and C. I. O., and a bitter attack on Mrs. Herrick; from David Dubinsky came a demand that Governor Lehman's name be substituted for that of Hillman. The issue of Lehman vs. Hillman was bound to sharpen the divisions in the labor camp. The name of Hillman is anathema to the A. F. of L., and Lehman's conservatism makes his inclusion on a labor ticket anomalous despite a good record in supporting labor legislation. The Labor Party's main strength is a bargaining strength, and its announcement of an independent slate appears to be a bargaining move. At this point, taking Lehman's election for granted, the A. L. P.'s main objective would seem to be the nomination by the Democrats of a strongly pro-labor candidate for governor.

*

WE NEED NOT TAKE LITERALLY THE WORD of a self-styled "Leninist" refugee on Japanese soil for the extent and purpose of Russian war preparations in Siberia. But General Lushkoff's report of the vast military and naval establishment of the Soviet Union in the Far East bears out the very few facts that have come from more objective sources, although his conclusion that the U. S. S. R. is planning an aggressive war upon Japan is wholly unconvincing. Russia's present policy points in another direction altogether. The proverb repeated by President Kalinin in his recent campaign speech summed up his country's position as well as a long dissertation could do: "When you live with wolves,

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learn to howl like a wolf." He announced a naval-building program that aims at a fleet equal to Britain's, admitting at the same time that this had never been achieved by any other power. The meaning of his challenge and of other similar Russian pronouncements can only be read in the context of the world situation. If Chamberlain succeeds in creating a Western European pact with the fascist powers and in freezing out the Soviet Union, Russia's security will depend solely upon strength of arms. The nation that was until recently the strongest force for collective security is being driven rapidly into a position of militarized isolation—with consequences for the world beyond present calculation.

*

ISMS SHOULD NOT BE ALLOWED TO DON uniforms and shoulder muskets. *The Nation* has for some time been urging legislation to cope with the growth of semi-military organizations in America, principally of the Nazi and fascist brand. New York State now has a chance to show the way. Proposals are before the Constitutional Convention prohibiting all military and semi-military organizations except those under the control of the state, limiting membership in the National Guard to American citizens, and denying the use of armories to any group connected with a foreign government. These proposals are aimed at the German-American Bund, whose members drill, wear uniforms, get target practice, and carry black-jacks—as was demonstrated in the Yorkville melee in which they badly mauled some American veterans. All shades of liberal and left opinion will unite in demanding not only the enactment of provisions in the new New York Constitution against military groups and camps, but of federal legislation dealing with the subject in its broadest phases. The Dies committee, which was selected by Congress to investigate un-American activities, is the wrong committee to prepare the ground for adequate legislation. Our prediction is that it will soft-pedal the Nazi groups and devote itself to more red-baiting.

*

THE AIR IS NOW FILLED WITH TALK OF politics in relief, but much of the politics is being injected by those who are most violently protesting. Many of them are professional foes of federal aid; as a smoke-screen for their position, they use any incident that can be twisted into New Deal "intimidation" of relief clients. Witness the fate of Aubrey Williams, Deputy Administrator of the WPA. Mr. Williams, in an address to WPA workers, flatly stated that the best safeguard for the unemployed is the election of men who believe in work relief; this text in elementary logic was promptly seized upon as a threat to our national integrity. These cries of injured political innocence must eventually bring diminishing returns. It is nonsense to argue that government officials must not utter such plain truths. The real question is whether such pronouncements are accompanied by "wholesale terrorism." We are inadvertently indebted to the Scripps-Howard press for a clue to the answer. Thomas L. Stokes was sent to Kentucky to do a one-man probe of politics in relief. His observations jibed with Roy Howard's opinions; charging widespread corruption, he made twenty-two specific allegations, and his series seemed Pulitzer Prize material. But Harry Hopkins fought back. After a detailed inquiry, he published an impressive rebuttal fortified by sworn testimony which contradicts twenty of the twenty-two cases cited in the Stokes articles. In his rejoinder Mr. Stokes protested that the Hopkins inquiry was not "objective" and insisted that many of the cases were "matters of opinion" but he did not substantiate a single charge; editorially the Scripps-Howard papers have ignored the twenty refutations and complained because drastic punishment was not administered in the other two cases. Mr. Howard has, of course, a comforting faith in his own and Mr. Stokes's detachment. We prefer affidavits.

*

IN GREAT BRITAIN THE FOLKLORE OF THE constitution is still the most powerful force in the state. Edward VIII came to grief on it, and there is a real chance that the Chamberlain Cabinet may meet a similar fate. England is now in the throes of what may be called "l'affaire Sandys" in which a young Conservative M. P., preparing to make a disquieting Parliamentary query about the inadequacy of Britain's anti-aircraft defense, which the government had striven to hide, was met by a demand that he reveal the sources of his information—a demand backed by the implied threat that the Official Secrets Act would be applied to him. Sandys immediately stood on his Parliamentary privilege, and the Commons upheld him. The clamor grew when the government shifted its attack and asked him to appear before a military court in his capacity as territorial officer. Chamberlain finally retreated, and the inquiry was intrusted to a Commons committee. Thus a government which has with impunity stood traditional British foreign policy on its head, betrayed every democratic principle, and flouted even the sensibilities and interests of the imperialists, may prove to have been seriously weakened by an incident which invokes the cherished constitutional liberties of members of Parliament against a tyrannical executive.

*

ANOTHER BOSS-RIDDEN AMERICAN CITY HAS been transformed overnight into a totalitarian prison. New Orleans offers fresh evidence that Frank Hague is not alone. Police are raiding C. I. O. headquarters, arresting office workers on false charges, even confiscating NLRB records; police chief John Grosch is boldly proclaiming that "there's no room in New Orleans for C. I. O. Communists and reds and if I can run them out I'll do it"; liberals in the city turn frightened eyes to Washington. All these are the usual overtones of local fascism, but a situation ominous enough in itself is rendered incalculably worse by labor's private prize fight. A transport strike launched by the C. I. O. precipitated the storm; A. F. of L. teamsters promptly signed closed-shop contracts with employers who were fighting the C. I. O. Now, while wholesale police terror closes in on the city, A. F. of L. and C. I. O. workers are waging war upon each other. Certainly this crisis demands a truce in labor's ranks; it also demonstrates anew that the local bosses of yesterday are preparing to speak the language of fascism tomorrow. The question is no longer whether federal intervention is proper and desirable in these local orgies of repression. The question is whether Washington will restore law in such communities before the Hagues and Maestris begin to lay down the law in Washington.

*

ARTHUR KROCK IS A COLUMNIST DE LUXE. He writes exclusively for the New York *Times,* he will probably be the next editor of that stately sheet, and in general he symbolizes the Power of the Press. On June 22 he produced as perfect an example of the columnist's art as we have yet encountered. Senator Wagner, said Mr. Krock, was about to become a candidate for reelection; and this fact presented Mr. Wagner with both a duty and an opportunity. Senator Wagner's d. and o., he continued, with a long encomium of the Senator's record and a few well-chosen references to the British Trades Union Disputes Act, was to initiate amendments to the Wagner Act and make these his platform for reelection. It was a magnificent performance, so eloquent that toward the end Mr. Krock had convinced himself that Senator Wagner was only awaiting the chance to do his duty as Mr. Krock saw it. "Mr. Wagner," said Mr. Krock, "cannot believe his act is perfect because it has been legally sustained." (This is the new conservative line on the Wagner Act, as a result of its perfect Supreme Court score.) Two days later he delivered himself of some further definitive paragraphs on the British way with unions which must have made the average reader wonder why the President bothered to send a commission to London. It was on June 27, a blue Monday, that several of Mr. Krock's heaviest bombs exploded right in his face. Nathan Witt, secretary to the National Labor Relations Board, in a letter to the *Times,* listed eight major errors in Mr. Krock's report on the British act. It is our duty to report that Mr. Krock prefaced a feeble answer to Mr. Witt with an appeal to the last resort of columnists. His digest of the British union labor-employer situation was, he said, necessarily brief and general [and wrong?] because of the exactions of space.

Europe Turns to China

FLAT orders from Hitler withdrawing the German military advisers from China has made the Far Eastern war definitely part of the world ideological conflict. Hitherto both Hitler and Mussolini have been lukewarm toward the Japanese adventure in China. Officially, they have repeatedly declared their solidarity with Japan in its crusade against "communism" in the Far East. Unofficially, both have permitted the shipment of munitions to China, and were believed privately to favor Chinese victory for commercial reasons. The German military advisers, non-Nazis for the most part, have played an important role in developing the Chinese army and in directing strategy in the Lunghai defense. A few individuals have been suspected of disloyalty, but the majority of them, including General von Falkenhausen—head of the mission—have rendered faithful technical service. Their withdrawal and the recall of Ambassador Trautmann clearly indicate a change in policy on the part of the Nazi government. As long as the only question seemed to be whether Japan would win a partial or a complete victory, Hitler was not averse to helping China. But faced with the danger of Japanese defeat, involving a serious loss of prestige for the fascist cause, he appears to have shifted ground completely.

A further international slant on the Sino-Japanese conflict has been the blunt warning to Japan by both Britain and France with respect to the island of Hainan. Japanese control of the island would constitute a serious threat to the French in Indo-China and would endanger the flow of supplies now reaching China by way of Hongkong. Recently the Japanese made several attempts to land on Hainan but were beaten off by Chinese troops; it was a few days later that the two Western powers made it clear that they had agreed to act together in face of "complications." Now the French have suddenly occupied the Paracel Islands, a strategic group of coral reefs about 150 miles southeast of Hainan.

It will be noted that both international developments are direct results of the broadened campaign launched at the beginning of June by the new super-militarist Japanese Cabinet. Thus far this campaign has failed to make a dent in Chinese resistance. It has led Japan to apply the most stringent of regulations at home, including the conscription of skilled labor and the elimination of all domestic consumption of iron and cotton. It has also led to the bombings of civilians in Canton and Hankow which aroused indignation throughout the civilized world. Should the recent setbacks suffered by the Japanese army along the Yangtze and in Shansi lead to a further intensification of Japanese activity, serious trouble may be anticipated. Guerrilla warfare has already spread to Northern Manchuria, not far from the Soviet frontier.

There have been new incidents in which Americans have been roughly treated by Japanese soldiers. Sensing Japan's weakness, the Western powers have suddenly become much more aggressive in defending their rights.

Japan appears to be headed for ultimate defeat. Its best chance lies in winning positive support from the fascist states that will offset, if not prevent, the growing pressure from the democracies. It may not get it. But the danger that the conflict will spread is clearly increasing. This danger will remain slight as long as the Western powers, including the United States, stand together in opposing the most wanton aspects of Japanese aggression. Should the democratic front crack under fascist or isolationist pressure, as it has in Spain, the next World War may start in the East.

Know Thine Enemy

WASHINGTON and Wall Street seem to have lain down side by side and effected, if not a peace, then at least a truce. The break in the united tory opposition to the New Deal came in the establishing of relations between the SEC and the Stock Exchange, and the humiliation of Wall Street over the Richard Whitney episode proved the final spur needed for reconciliation with the SEC and reorganization of the Exchange. Since then there have been conferences in Washington between industrial leaders and Administration spokesmen. *The Nation* tends to put little faith in the sincerity of the business leaders in these conferences. Their primary purpose is probably to keep the impending monopoly investigation from getting too rough. The primary purpose of the new administration of the Stock Exchange, under William M. Martin, Jr., will probably also be to keep the pursuit of speculative profit within limits that will not compel further government action. But this does indicate that there is a minority in business that does not share the suicidal opposition to even the mildest New Deal regulation or the obscene hatred of the President that characterizes our economic ruling class.

Radical thought in America has consistently suffered from the disease of failing to differentiate the degrees of hostility in the enemy's camp. We have been all too prone to lump and condemn—to consign the entire business community to the niche in our minds that we reserve for reactionaries. Actually businessmen are, except in periods of intense revolutionary stress, as little unified as their opponents. Capitalists differ in their blindness or vision, in the degree to which they resist the forces of social change or adjust themselves to those forces.

It is the beginning of wisdom in a political struggle to know your enemy, to know what divides him as well as what unites him, to estimate the inveteracy of his opposition and the limits within which he can be won over. Since much of American radical thought has grown up in the atmosphere of a confirmed opposition, safely distant from any prospect of achieving political power, there has always been more of a tendency to dismiss the capitalist as "Wall Street" or "Big Business" than to understand him. We have swallowed a stereotype without even breaking it up.

Even when we have sought to differentiate, we have had a vague idea that big industry is more reactionary than small industry, and the bankers more reactionary than both. Recent events have not borne this out. If anything, size works the other way. The Girdlers, for example, are far more bitter in their opposition to labor than the Morgans; Little Steel far tougher to organize than Big Steel. The way in which Myron Taylor and John L. Lewis negotiated an agreement may well be contrasted with Mr. Girdler's Memorial Day massacre. Nor is this an accident. It is the result of deep-lying psychological and historical factors.

In many instances finance capitalists will be found today less hostile to the New Deal than industrial capitalists. The difference between industry and finance is to be sought mainly in the fact that the industrialist is more directly involved in labor relations and in the price struggle than the finance capitalist. The former has the face-to-face contacts with labor grievances and pressures; he is more deeply caught up in the personal resentments they bring; it is he who has the insecurity of giving orders without being certain they will be obeyed, he whose authoritarianism is undercut by the labor organizers and the government administrators. The finance capitalist, on the other hand, is far away from the industrial processes themselves. They come to him filtered through the reports of industrial engineers, lawyers, plant managers. His perspective is broader, his pecuniary sense less clouded by direct resentments. Because his final passion is to embrace profits, he may come to see that government control and labor organization have a stabilizing effect.

The Girdlers and Taylors then are no accident. Girdler was a little Hitler whose sway in his own petty empire was being disputed by labor and the government; Taylor was a man of large experience who did not want the flow of European armament orders interrupted by labor disturbances. Nor is it an accident that the National Association of Manufacturers is more reactionary than the big banker groups. The evidence about the N. A. M. recently gathered by the La Follette committee, and given very little press attention, showed the extent to which the industrialists—especially the smaller ones—are willing to go in a propaganda campaign against labor and the Administration. The vigilante movements trace back to a similar source, and so do the Johnstown plans and the Mohawk Valley formulas. Most of those who have been watching the recent outcropping of Constitution

Leagues, Committees for the Nation, super-patrioteering mobs, anti-Semitic propagandist groups, and fascist storm-troop training centers in America agree that the impulse for them generally comes from the industrialists, and most often the smaller ones.

This is, of course, only one broad line of distinction, but it serves to indicate the direction of fruitful analysis. Other distinctions may be made—between the heavy industries and the merchandising groups, between the above-margin producers and the sweated industries, and especially between the new and expanding fields of industrial exploitation that have been opened up and the older industries that are being pushed to the wall. We shall do well to remember that there are liberals even in the enemy's camp, and that an ounce of discrimination is worth a pound of indignation.

Three R's Beleaguered

THE convention of the National Education Association got more publicity than usual this year. This was due partly to the fact that it was held in New York City, and received the national coverage of the New York papers, and partly to the furore raised over the publication of William Gellermann's thesis, "The American Legion as Educator," which branded the Legion as a potentially fascist force. But while the Legion issue was an accidental one, it was no accident that the principal topics of discussion centered around the role of the public-school system in democratic survival at a time when democracy itself is under heavy fire. The three R's have never been so beleaguered and have never before had to carry so great a burden as they do today.

The N. E. A. itself has proved a slow-moving group, embodying all the inertias of the American social system. It is to American education what the A. F. of L. is to American labor. It has neither the educational vision of the Progressive Education Association nor the social militancy of the American Federation of Teachers. A large and, in terms of power, dominant portion of it consists of school superintendents, principals, department heads —the bureaucracy of American public-school education. To expect such a group to be progressive in its outlook would be utopian. And yet with this group, whatever its degree of progressivism, lies the task of passing the democratic heritage of one generation on to the next.

That is one of the striking paradoxes about our public-educational system as a whole. It is, to start with, an arm of the state, and as such it has been used by the ruling groups in our society as one of the principal methods of entrenching the economic status quo. In fact, from the beginning of our history the schools have lagged behind democratic advance rather than opened the way for it. But the other side of the shield is even more important. Education is the only safe dynamite that history has revealed for blasting away the obstructions of the past, the only sure method of consolidating for the future the gains that may be made in any period. Free and universal public education in America was one of the planks of the early labor platforms, and the struggle for education has gone hand in hand with the struggle for economic freedom and security.

Today, however, teachers are more bewildered than ever as to their path for the future. Their pay is too small for comfort, their classes too large for good results, their tenure too uncertain for security. Secretary Givens of the N. E. A., in his annual report, calls for "confidence in ourselves and just pride in our work" as the greatest needs of teachers today. But it is difficult to maintain confidence when you are living on the thin edge of things, or pride in your work when you are being hounded by patrioteers and witch-hunters in your community. And it is difficult to have blind faith in a social system under which more than two and a quarter million children of school age have no facilities for schooling of any sort, and many millions more get so little food or medical care as to make a farce of the democracy they are taught in the schools.

Above all, the schools are confused by the growing signs of reaction. Here and there an educator speaks passionately and clearly. Professor Alonzo F. Myers asked the teachers to "confess the sin of cowardice in refusing to face the issue raised by Mayor Hague." President Frank Kingdon of Newark University saw both Hague and the American Legion as symptoms of social disease, and demanded that the schools study the cure for it. Mayor La Guardia called for the mopping up of the black spots on the illiteracy map of America. But when the American Legion officials came down in full force to protest Dr. Gellermann's statement that "without knowing it the American Legion is a potential force in the direction of fascism," the N. E. A. officials got the jitters and issued all sorts of disclaimers.

It is all too easy to mouth the old platitudes about education being necessary to preserve our democracy, and the N. E. A. convention had its full share of such mouthings. The fact is that if democracy is taught as a catchword, as it has been hitherto, then further doses of education and literacy merely play into the hands of the Hagues and the reactionary Legion bureaucrats. What is needed is an educational system that trains students to see through catchwords and stereotypes, to understand the economic essentials of the national welfare, to understand that democracy means the dignity and security of the common man. What is needed, in short, is not education in static terms—not even education as a *defense* against anything, but a positive concept of education for an advancing democracy.

Of Purges and Splurges

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, July 4

ONCE more Roosevelt is firmly planted in the driver's seat, and nothing in sight appears capable of dislodging him. It has now been demonstrated rather conclusively that his uncanny popularity is proof against depression, the newspapers, the Supreme Court, Jack Garner, organized business, and the antics of certain younger members of his own family. Even the continued presence of Homer Cummings and Uncle Dan Roper in the Cabinet has failed to shake public confidence in his administration. It is therefore gratifying to record that the purging of reactionary Democrats in Congress is to be prosecuted with diligence and vigor, and it is especially pleasing to note that its next immediate object will be John J. O'Connor, Representative of the Sixteenth District of New York and Chairman of the House Rules Committee.

It is fitting on this particular holiday for the Administration to declare its independence of a little gang of political highbinders who were temporarily successful, at critical stages of the last Congress, in making a mockery of the name of representative government. It is reported that O'Connor's New Deal opponent in the primary will be Mrs. Elinore Herrick, New York regional director of the National Labor Relations Board. She is a brilliant and courageous woman, and her record on labor matters is as good as O'Connor's is bad. No one could ask more. If the purge can be extended to Cox of Georgia, Smith of Virginia, Dies of Texas, and Driver of Arkansas, so much the better.

Incidentally, all the horrified outcries over the purge strike me as being ridiculous. When men have been elected and reelected on promises to support a President and his program, and have persistently betrayed the President and sabotaged his program, where is the sense or honesty in sobbing and snuffling all over the place that "brave men are being sacrificed because they remained true to their convictions"? That sort of argument is worthless even when it is not based on a falsehood. Plenty of men should be driven from public office because of their convictions. The late G. K. Chesterton, alluding to the myth that all wars result from misunderstandings, remarked: "If I hit a man it is not necessarily because I misunderstand him; I may hit him because I understand him only too well."

Although the political outlook is rosy enough, there is little evidence to support the sudden outburst of business optimism, and certainly none to warrant the spectacular spurt in stocks—unless it is conceded that stock prices have been unjustifiably low. Politicians generally welcome these manifestations, but government economists and statisticians are worried. Several factors indicate that this is a speculative market, in which the gullible will in due course be given a thorough cleaning. A few cold facts: Employment in May was off 300,000; in June it picked up probably less than 50,000. Farm income remains low, and there is nothing in prospect to explain the pyrotechnical flight in the stock prices of farm machinery manufacturers. Federal expenditures for public works can hardly be reflected in general business before October, except through limited anticipatory spending.

Worse still, powerful elements within the steel industry, including a faction in the United States Steel Corporation, are raising hell and high water for a wage cut because of recent slight price cuts. The price cuts resulted from an occurrence which terrified some leaders of the industry—to wit, a minor outbreak of competition. Some of the smaller companies, suffering from an unaccustomed attack of common sense, had decided it might be a good idea to sell some steel. With that end in view they reduced prices to a level approximately equal to that of 1929. Result: they sold some steel. Consternation swept the industry in its higher planes. They were compelled to compete!

With the exception of newspaper publishers, there probably is no class of industrialists so devoid of intelligent self-interest and so prone to senseless panic as the steel masters. That is particularly true of the older ones. To compete in the price field meant to them only one thing—wages must be cut. The condition of the industry—and of the country—should make it perfectly clear that what they need is volume. The automobile industry learned that lesson many years ago. The present depression has been no worse because the wage structure has held up fairly well—a condition for which the C. I. O. is largely to be thanked. A cut in steel wages might precipitate a collapse of the whole wage structure. Railroads, already trembling on the verge, would likely follow suit, and then the dam would go out with a roar. My spies (I have them in the most surprising places) report that Edward R. Stettinius is opposing the proposed cut strenuously, although some of his public utterances have tended to indicate the contrary. Finally, John Lewis, Phil Murray, and the men who make the steel will have something to say about that question. Cutting wages is not as simple as it used to be in the days before the C. I. O.

But let me hang my harp momentarily on the willow tree. The economic outlook is not solid indigo. Figures on file here indicate there has been a surprising relief in the inventory condition in automobiles and cotton textiles. One report has it that Mr. Alfred P. Sloan, just fresh from predicting that a minimum wage of $11 a week would bankrupt industry, may be compelled by the demand to make 10,000 more Chevrolets than were scheduled in advance of the model change. A great deal of British, French, and Dutch money is being shipped in for investment in American industry, which is a rather interesting commentary on the lamentations of Sloan and the other members of the Going-to-hell-in-a-hack Club. It is not unlikely that stocks *have* been too low. In any case, a lot of profits that were made last year are clamoring for reinvestment. While these things can produce a stock boom, the safest indicator of the country's condition is the number of unemployed, and no comfort can be found there—yet.

After living through several earlier administrations, this one looks pretty good to me, but it does some things I don't like and others I don't understand. I neither like nor understand the President's appointment of a commission to study British labor laws. All the information it can get could be obtained through the Department of Labor more quickly and at less cost. The commission's existence will serve as an excuse for all kinds of attacks on the NLRB. It has so served already. On this commission is Charles R. Hook, head of the American Rolling Mills and president of the National Association of Manufacturers. Hook was a member of the N. A. M. board when it conceived and launched the gigantic program of anti-labor propaganda exposed a few months ago by the La Follette Committee, including circulation of a pamphlet containing a glowing description of the Mohawk Valley Formula. And Hook's company is now embroiled in a dispute with its own employees and with the NLRB. Homer nodded, but Mr. Roosevelt sometimes goes sound asleep.

Divided Front in France

BY ROBERT DELL

Geneva, June 20

THE congress of the French Socialist Party, which convened at Royan on June 4, was in melancholy contrast to the congress held in Paris two years ago, on the eve of the formation of the Popular Front government. The enthusiasm and the unity of 1936 had vanished and in their place were depression and disunion. All Léon Blum's subtlety could not hide the fact that the Popular Front, of which there were such high hopes two years ago, had failed and no longer existed in anything but name. Unhappily, it is impossible not to state that Léon Blum has the greatest responsibility for the failure.

He himself admitted in his speech at the congress that mistakes had been made but, while he admitted mistakes in general, he did not admit any mistake in particular, either in his domestic or his foreign policy, and he defended one of the worst mistakes—the policy of so-called non-intervention in Spain. Although he said that he wished to deal with the Spanish policy of his Popular Front Cabinet with complete frankness, his defense of that policy was in fact anything but frank.

Léon Blum began by saying that military intervention in Spain in 1936 was impossible, for there was no majority in favor of it either in Parliament or in the country or even in the Popular Front. He thus made it appear that there were only two alternatives—military intervention and "non-intervention." I am obliged to say with deep regret that this was a misrepresentation of the facts. There was another possible policy in August, 1936, namely, that of simply maintaining the status quo and allowing the government of the Spanish Republic to buy freely whatever it wished to buy in France. This policy had the merit of being in accordance both with international law and with the particular engagements of France toward Spain, both of which were violated by the embargo of August 8, 1936. Moreover, it would have involved no risk of war. Blum deliberately confused the issue by making no mention of the embargo, although it was the crucial matter.

Had he mentioned it, it would have been impossible for him to defend his policy, for the embargo was not in the least a necessary consequence of the note sent by the French government on August 2 to the chief governments concerned proposing the adoption of common rules of non-intervention with regard to Spain. When that proposal was made, the French government had not thought of imposing an embargo unless and until all the governments appealed to agreed to do the same. Pending such agreement, it was the intention to give every facility to the Spanish government for buying war materials in France. Had this intention been adhered to, the Spanish civil war would in all probability have ended in two or three months with a Loyalist victory. The embargo was clamped on because after the warnings of the British ambassador the leading Radical members of the Cabinet threatened to resign if it were not imposed. Blum betrayed the Spanish Republic rather than risk a split in the Popular Front. It is true that the Communist Party urged him to yield to the Radicals rather than resign, as was his first intention, so the Communist Party shares his responsibility for the continuance of the Spanish civil war and the possible victory of Franco.

The imposition of the embargo was resented by at least nine-tenths of the rank and file of the Popular Front and in fact doomed it to failure. In the hope of appeasing the indignation of the workmen Blum rushed through much too hastily the social measures of the Popular Front program. In particular, the forty-hour week was introduced without proper preparation and applied in so foolish a manner that it seriously affected French production, and led to hardly any increase in the number of persons employed. There was, in particular, a great reduction in the output of coal. Factories worked only five days a week, without any system of shifts, and even the department stores and other big shops were closed on Mondays as well as Sundays. Undoubtedly employers adopted these methods with the deliberate intention of wrecking the forty-hour week and making it unpopular, but they should never have been allowed to do it. Between June, 1936, and May, 1938, there was an increase of only 105,000 in the staffs of establishments employing over 100 persons, and the number of completely unemployed persons, which was 419,000 in June, 1936, was still 394,000 in April, 1938. Finally, the situation became so serious in the industries working for national defense that the forty-hour week, although it is retained in principle, has, since the decree of May 24, 1938, disappeared in practice. All this could have been avoided had the transition to the forty-hour week been less rapid and had the way been properly prepared for it.

The Popular Front government, like all governments of the left in France, had to meet the attacks of the financial interests. That ought to have been expected and provided for in advance but, like the Herriot Cabinet in 1924, the Blum Cabinet had not the courage or the capacity to take the necessary steps in time. Vincent Auriol, whom Blum chose as finance minister, proved himself to be quite inadequate for the position. The fall in the franc exchange was not justified by the financial and economic situation and was undoubtedly engineered by the financial interests in London and Paris for political reasons. The way to meet it was exchange control, but the Blum Cabinet had not the courage to adopt so drastic a measure. Its financial, like its foreign, policy was dominated by London. It was this subservience to British dictation that was the fundamental cause of the failure of the Popular Front.

The subservience began from the very moment that the Blum Cabinet took office. The Spanish embargo of August 8, 1936, was not the first blunder made in foreign policy by the Blum Cabinet under British pressure. The first was the failure to accept at once the offer of a pact of mutual assistance made by Titulescu on behalf of the Little Entente in June, 1936. The offer was made also to Germany and, as was to be expected, the German government refused it at once. Blum and Delbos did not refuse it at once. They waited nearly four months to reply and when they did at last reply in the negative in October, 1936, it was already too late to reply in the affirmative. By then Titulescu had been dismissed and Rumania, like Yugoslavia, had been drawn into the German orbit. This was evident when a little later Blum and Delbos took fright and offered to make pacts of mutual assistance with Yugoslavia and Rumania if the governments of those two countries would agree to convert the pact of the Little Entente, which provided for mutual assistance only in the event of an attack on one of the parties by Hungary, into a general pact of mutual assistance against any aggression. Yugoslavia and Rumania refused.

France's refusal of the offer of the Little Entente was unknown to the French people at the time and is probably still unknown to the majority of them, for it has never been mentioned by the greater part of the French press. Naturally, Blum did not mention it in his speech at Royan. He would have had to explain that the reason why the offer was refused was that the British government made representations to the effect that its acceptance would irritate Hitler and Mussolini. At that time one of the chief aims of British policy was to come to an agreement with Mussolini and detach Italy from Germany. Ethiopia had been sacrificed to that end.

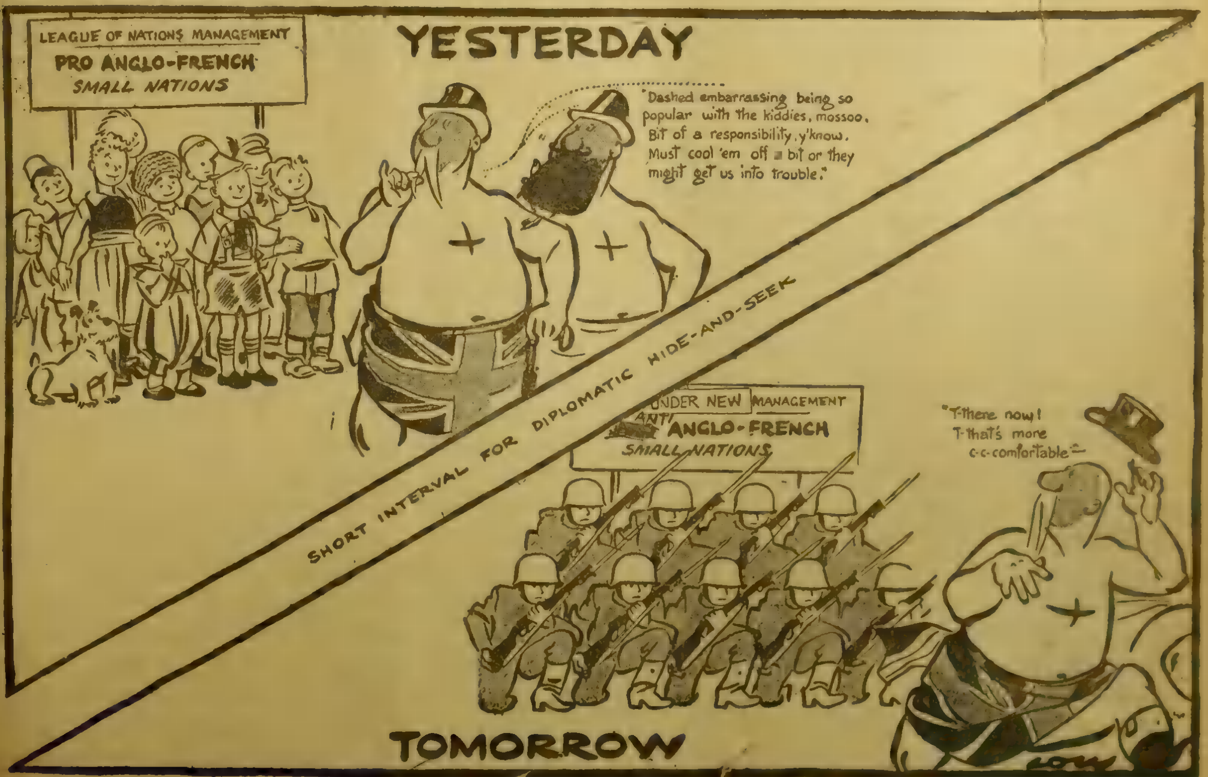
Léon Blum told the Socialist Congress at Royan that, when he ceased to be Prime Minister in June, 1936, the situation of France in Europe was better than it had been when he took office a year earlier. One wonders how many of the delegates believed it. In fact it was Blum's foreign policy that alienated all the allies and friends of France on the European continent with the sole exception of Czechoslovakia, and that allowed the British government to intern France in Western Europe. The League of Nations appears to be on the point of falling to pieces and collective security has gone by the board. As Winston Churchill said in a recent speech referring to the cant about dividing Europe into two armed blocs, there is at present a bloc on the fascist side and a rabble on the other, and two blocs would be preferable.

Blum's defense of the idea of collective security in his Royan speech was so confused as to be almost incomprehensible. He said that it was sometimes necessary to run the risk of war in order to avert war and that "the pacifists must make the others understand that if they attack a given country they will come up against a common front." But he went on to say that collective security was not "really conceivable except between disarmed states" and that we must never "separate the idea of disarmament from the idea of collective security." What this can mean in the present state of Europe heaven alone knows. The truth is that the French Socialist Party is divided into warring factions and Blum was trying to satisfy all of them. His chief concern was to maintain a semblance of party unity at all costs.

Blum has given his support to the foreign policy of the Daladier Cabinet, which in fact does not differ from his own. There is not much doubt that when Daladier and Bonnet went to London in April they sold Spain to get British support in defense of Czechoslovakia against German aggression. It is reported that when Ribbentrop was informed by his friend the British pro-Nazi Ambassador in Berlin, Sir Nevile Henderson, that the British government would not tolerate a German invasion of Czechoslovakia, he was as much staggered as Bethmann-Hollweg was by the British ultimatum in August, 1914. He well might be, for it was a disagreeable surprise. It was the Czechoslovak mobilization that saved the situation, for if the Czechs had not thus shown their determination to resist attack, the British government would no doubt have allowed Hitler to do as he liked. Their mobilization led Daladier to tell the British government that, unless it took action at Berlin, France would mobilize at once. That clinched the matter.

The resolution that Blum presented to the Royan congress was, like his speech, an attempt to satisfy everybody. The passage concerning Spain declared that the essential object of the policy of non-intervention was to stop the intervention of the totalitarian powers in favor of the Spanish rebels and that there must be an end to the system of "public and almost licit intervention" on one side and non-intervention on the other. Blum, however, knows perfectly well that this system has constantly existed since August, 1936. If he really wishes to put a stop to it, why did he not agree to the resolution proposed by Zyromski, which demanded the public opening of the Franco-Spanish frontier and the restoration to the Spanish government of the right to buy arms and munitions in France?

Blum's attempt to satisfy everybody failed. His resolution was carried on a card vote by 4,872 against 3,165 votes. The minority was a large one but it was divided. There were 1,735 votes for Zyromski's resolution and 1,430 for that of the "revolutionary left," which is led by Marcel Pivert, who was not a delegate, he and his friends in the Department of the Seine having been excluded from the congress. The "revolutionary left" leaders have now decided to form a new party called the "Socialist Party of Workers and Peasants," with the class war as its primary principle. They are bitterly hostile to Soviet Russia and the Communist Party and are Trotskyist in tendency. Their new party will resemble the Spanish P. O. U. M. In foreign policy they approach


LEAGUE OF NATIONS MANAGEMENT
PRO ANGLO-FRENCH
SMALL NATIONS
YESTERDAY
"Dashed embarrassing being so popular with the kiddies, mossoo. Bit of a responsibility, y'know. Must cool 'em off a bit or they might get us into trouble."
SHORT INTERVAL FOR DIPLOMATIC HIDE-AND-SEEK
UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT
ANTI ANGLO-FRENCH
SMALL NATIONS
"T-there now! T-that's more c-c-comfortable—"
TOMORROW
LOW

the absolute pacifists, for Marcel Pivert advocates unilateral disarmament and is opposed to any intervention on behalf of Czechoslovakia or any other victim of aggression. Blum's resolution was supported by the absolute pacifist section which still remains in the party. This group, represented at the congress by L'Héveder, is in favor of almost unlimited concessions to Germany and Italy. Its exact strength is unknown, but its delegates at the congress do not appear to have been numerous. The section of the party led by Zyromski is in favor of unity of action with the Communists and of a firm policy in regard to the fascist powers. Its support in the rank and file of the party is probably much larger than would appear from the number of votes that it obtained at Royan.

It will be seen that the French Socialist Party is far from being in a healthy condition. As for the Popular Front, it is in fact broken up. The Radicals can no longer be said to belong to it and the official Socialist and Communist parties are no longer acting together. By reason of their divisions, the parties of the left are losing their hold on the country, and if there were a general election at this moment the center and the right would probably gain. The failure of the Popular Front has alienated a large number of the workmen who now proclaim their disgust with all political parties. In general, political conditions in France are disquieting.

The result of the first ballot in a by-election in the first division of Saint-Etienne on June 12 was significant. At the general election in 1936 the three parties of the Popular Front had an aggregate vote of 12,429 on a total poll of 20,210. The Communist candidate who headed the poll had 7,081, the Radical 3,895, and the Socialist 1,453. On June 12 the aggregate vote of the three parties was only 9,014 on a total poll of 17,853. The Communists lost 2,370 votes and the Radicals 2,707, but the Socialists gained 1,662. The aggregate vote of the opposition was 1,058 more than in 1936. The two fascist parties, those of Colonel de la Rocque and Jacques Doriot, who had no candidates in 1936, polled respectively 1,221 and 1,121 votes. The probability is that the Socialist gain was at the expense of the Radicals and that the decline in the Communist vote was due to abstentions from voting. Some of the electors that voted Radical in 1936 probably held that party mainly responsible for the break-up of the Popular Front and therefore voted Socialist, while others went over to the opposition. Undoubtedly the reason for the decline in the Communist vote was that the Communist Party has put itself in a false position by opposing in the press and in public meetings the Spanish policy of the Blum Cabinet and the Cabinets that have succeeded it while at the same time voting for them in Parliament. Many people feel that the Communists have thus sacrificed Spain for the supposed interest of their party and to considerations of internal politics.

Secret Movie Censors

BY WINCHELL TAYLOR

Hollywood, June 26

WALTER WANGER, producer of "Blockade," was to have started production during the week of June 27 on "Personal History," but on June 25 he suddenly changed his plans. His reason for doing so is at once a warning and a challenge. He is afraid that the reactionary drive against "Blockade" may put that picture in the red and that it would be repeated to make "Personal History" a failure.

The screen play of "Personal History," like that of "Blockade," was written by John Howard Lawson and, although it is an original fictional story, it echoes the anti-fascist theme of Sheean's book. If there is a difference in political emphasis between the original and the screen play, it lies in the latter's more pointed partiality for American democracy. One would think that the objections to "Blockade," which is accused of taking sides in the Spanish war, could not apply to a film extolling American democracy; yet Wanger's judgment, based on a long history of movie-making, is sound. The attack on "Blockade" is fundamentally an attack not so much on an inferentially pro-Loyalist film, as on the whole idea of making films on serious social and political themes. And in that respect the two films have much in common.

This is nothing new—certainly not to producer Wanger, whose "The President Vanishes" and "Night Mayor" (based on Jimmy Walker) aroused considerable intra-industry protest. It was even stated—in a friendly manner, of course, but it is not hard to sense a threat beneath the solicitude—that if movie producers made such films, it would throw the door wide open to anti-Semitism. The Hays office and the bankers were responsible for this sort of advice. Wanger and others, notably Warner Brothers, have bucked the ban on significant films, frequently with success. But the gang-up on "Blockade" is so serious as to give them pause.

The major campaign against the film has not been a public one. True, Catholic pickets have appeared at Radio City Music Hall in New York with their fantastic accusation of "war propaganda," the Knights of Colum-

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bus and other Catholic groups have protested to the Hays office and released their objections to the press, and priests have been telling their parishioners to stay away from the film. All this has had its effect, particularly in localities with large Catholic populations. Nevertheless, the first week brought nearly $70,000 to the Music Hall, a house where $80,000 is considered definitely good—and this in a period of general box-office slump. *Variety,* moreover, listed "Blockade" as "okay" in two Los Angeles theaters, "big" in San Francisco, "very good" in Cincinnati, and "okay" in Seattle (it had not yet opened in Chicago, Boston, and Philadelphia).

But despite this very fair first-run showing the powerful Fox-West Coast theater chain has refused to take "Blockade" as a regular first feature, offering instead to book it at a couple of houses for top billing, and to run it as a second feature (at corresponding rentals) through the rest of the chain. This is the sort of thing that can kill a picture; indeed, if it should happen to two films in succession, it might very well hamstring a producer of relatively limited resources. Yet this most potent type of film censorship escapes public knowledge.

Everyone in Hollywood is aware of the existence of this behind-the-scenes censorship. If it happens that Will Hays doesn't like a movie but can't find that it violates the motion-picture production code for which he is the watchdog, he can pick up the telephone, call up, let's say, Louis B. Mayer, and say he thinks such and such a film will have a bad effect on business; he suggests that Mayer do something to minimize the danger. Mr. Mayer then calls up Schenck of Loew's, Kent of Fox, and Freeman of Paramount, and presto! three of the most powerful theater chains refuse to run the film. Interment follows. Of course, this method has its imperfections, for if a film has a good first-run box-office, it is very hard to kill. But plans are afoot to plug such loopholes in the censorship machine.

Mr. Hays was away when the script of "Blockade" was submitted for approval, in accordance with standard practice. Joseph Breen, Hays's right-hand man and a Catholic, gave it his "okay" and, moreover, personally congratulated Wanger. But while the picture was still in the making, considerable pressure was brought to bear, both from within and without the industry. Church influence was applied to Wanger's Catholic financial backers. Important personages in the film industry took the producer aside and said it would be bad for business, and asked him why he had to stick his neck out. He was becoming rather worried when two things occurred to stiffen his back: his distributors in London cabled news of Generalissimo Franco's impending "bitter resentment," and three "sneak" previews showed an unusual degree of audience enthusiasm. He decided to go ahead.

It is not true, as has been reported in *Life* and repeated elsewhere, that the film was submitted to Franco's and Mussolini's agents in Naples for approval. The real story is that Breen and Wanger were discussing the Franco threat and wondering why he felt that way; Breen said he was going to Europe and might go to Naples and suggested that he might take a print along just to see what the reaction would be. Wanger, genuinely if perhaps somewhat naively, convinced that his film took no sides in the Spanish war, agreed. Meanwhile he went ahead making other prints and booking his first-runs, with no notion of making changes, whatever the reaction might be in Naples. Breen, as a matter of fact, never got to Naples, and neither did his print of "Blockade." He went instead to London, where United Artists grabbed the film and started showing it at once to record-breaking attendance. If the Franco and Mussolini London agents saw it, they saw it in a houseful of cheering Britishers. That may be one reason why no official protest has come from any foreign source as yet. The film continues to do a whirlwind business in both England and France.

Immediately after the American preview, the storm broke. Church pressure was exerted on W. G. Van Schmus, Catholic managing director of Radio City Music Hall, to prevent him from booking the film. The audience-reaction cards from the previews, however, were too powerful an augury of good business. The Hollywood *Reporter* ran a front-page story about the film's "poor" opening at the Music Hall, giving the first day's receipts as $8,500. The correct figures for that day were $10,600. The *Motion Picture Daily* and *Motion Picture Herald,* edited and published by Martin Quigley, a Catholic, launched a series of attacks on "Blockade." The Hollywood *Reporter* followed up with a story charging Wanger with having trumped up the Catholic opposition for publicity purposes. Then came the body blow: the refusal of Fox-West Coast to book for regular second-run chain release.

Most sinister, however, and one of the most significant aspects of the war against serious films was the action taken to plug the censorship loophole by the recent Cleveland convention of the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees, which organizes all cameramen, electricians, laboratory men, and technicians in both the producing studios and the theaters. This union, notorious for its reactionary bureaucracy, recently adopted a resolution in which it declared its opposition to the inclusion of propaganda in any film, "whether in the name of entertainment or otherwise, glorifying any other form of government than that of the United States." At first blush this may seem only the garden variety of patrioteering-by-resolution, but what followed gave it a somewhat more dubious color. After the convention, the I. A. T. S. E. let it be known that it would presently inform producers that it "will not be responsible for the handling of propaganda films by its members." Which means that a projectionist could refuse to show a "Blockade" or a "Personal History," and the union would protect him in so doing. Small likelihood, you might say, that a projectionist would care enough one way or the other to refuse to show a film, but that too has been considered. The I. A. T. S. E. plans to request producers to form with them a permanent joint committee to discuss some kind of classification for propaganda films. The argument will be that it is better to have a committee making classifications of propaganda films than for individuals or locals to attempt to make individual judgments. If the committee were to decide that a film was "propaganda" and a theater owner, refusing to take the hint, still perversely insisted on showing it, the I. A. T. S. E. could then see to it that the theater's projectionist was made sufficiently aware of the propaganda content to decline to screen it.

If this scheme goes through, those who would censor American films have a perfect apparatus through which to work. They will be able to prevent in an absolute sense the test which "Blockade" is now making, to determine whether American audiences like thoughtful films. The reactionaries are hell-bent on preventing that test from being completed, because if the public clearly says it likes serious films, producers and theater owners will make and show them. If "Blockade" does well on its second, third, and fourth runs, Wanger may reconsider making "Personal History." And M-G-M may stop hesitating about the anti-war "Idiot's Delight." Support for "Blockade" of the most concrete sort—the patronage of the film and demands on theater managers to show it—will go far toward winning the right of the American people to be the sole judges of what they want movies to be.

Railroad Equipment and Recovery

BY ELIOT JANEWAY

WILL the Roosevelt Administration fall into the easy error of assuming that private industry is really capable of ending the depression at the present time, and that the boom in the stock market heralds a real renewal of recovery? Or will it listen to advisers who tell it that industry is in no position to pull itself out of the mire? The question is a vital one, for with building dragging on only by grace of the government, with the auto industry and the railroads hopelessly bogged down, it is in fact government alone which can force the beginning of a healthy expansion. There are several possible long-term programs for such expansion, such as building and soil erosion relief, but speed is the urgent factor if production is to pick up before a lower drop occurs. It is for this reason that the group in the Administration which is anxious for capital investment to begin has turned to pump-priming through the railroads as one of the most efficient ways of putting the government's money to work.

Two months ago I discussed in *The Nation* the wrong way of using the railroads as a lever for recovery—the way in which Jesse Jones's RFC has substituted for a real pump-priming program, which would utilize the enormous purchasing power of the roads, relief measures which ineffectively attempted to shore up the crumbling bond structure of the roads, which added to their debt and encouraged them to curtail their expenditures in order to service their ruinous interest charges. My present purpose is to show that, if the interest drain can be stopped and normal railroad expenditures restored through the aid of government funds, the force of such purchases will quickly make itself felt all over the country, in rural districts as well as industrial areas.

Railroad purchasing power cannot be overestimated. Last year, when railroad spending was still substantially below the 1929 level, the roads spent $1,184,175,000 on supplies and equipment alone, about twice the rate of the depression low. The buying was spread all over, purchases being made in all but 435 of the nation's 3,072 counties. One small road, for instance, the Bangor and Aroostook, did its buying in 29 states; in Alabama alone purchases were made by 75 roads, 65 of them lines that had no track in that state. Spending was heaviest in the industrial states—Pennsylvania accounted for half a billion including taxes—but even out-of-the-way states received some, like Idaho, where the roads spent $12,000,000.

But railroad spending in the first four months of 1938 dropped to less than half of what it was last year. It was still above the amount spent in 1932 and 1933, but more than $80,000,000 less than in 1931. Just as startling is the fact that in April railroad employment reached a new low, with 6,811 men less than were employed in March, 1933, the low point of the depression. Employment had fallen more than 19 per cent from the preceding April, and on most roads only men with 20 or 30 years' seniority were working full time. It is understandable that the Railway Brotherhoods are not being "cooperative" about the proposed 15 per cent wage cut. The men feel they have already taken their cut in the form of lay-offs, and it is certain that railroad payrolls will not touch the two-billion-dollar figure of 1937.

What should disturb the railroads themselves most, however, are their curtailments of necessary maintenance expenditures. The result of this short-sighted policy is to force up operating expenses because of the use of equipment in need of repair, and to hasten the coming of complete obsolescence. As the roads' 1937 experience showed, the maintenance deferred during depression must be made up during recovery to the loss of what should be legitimate recovery earnings. The maintenance programs under way in 1937 carried through to the end of the year, but the drop came fast thereafter. In the first four months of 1938, $72,600,000 less was spent on maintenance than in the first four months of 1937. The figure would be greater if the bankrupt roads, controlled by the courts, had followed the lead of their still solvent fellows in cutting expenditures. But the worst offenders in this wave of maintenance cutting are precisely those roads which survived the last depression. The Pennsylvania, for example, cut maintenance by over a third in the first quarter of the year, and other gilt-edged roads are storing up trouble for themselves in the same way. One unwholesome aspect of the problem is that by cutting maintenance the roads stop their consumption of inventories; the industry as a whole ended 1937 with $80,000,000 more inventory than was on hand at the end of 1936. This is anti-social enough; but still more dangerous is the fact that many roads, because of deferred maintenance purchases, are skirting the accident danger line, as managements have admitted to responsible government officials. The plight of half a dozen almost bankrupt roads is sadly reminiscent of the St. Louis-San Francisco Railroad before its bankruptcy in the early days of the depression, when, in spite of 25 rail breaks a day, it continued to make payments on its securities with cash which was being deliberately diverted from repair bills, while its shops remained shut for 182 consecutive days.

The collapse of railroad spending has certainly been one of the factors contributing to the depression, and by the same token the roads present the most immediate opportunity of promoting a recovery movement. They act as a lever, which can be thrown one way or another, either way affecting the whole fabric of American industry. What the government is being urged to do is to throw this lever on the spending side. The first step toward recovery must be bankruptcy—or at the very least a moratorium—for all roads not earning their interest on the basis of necessary maintenance charges. Extending even to roads like the Pennsylvania, such an interest moratorium would free about $350,000,000. The total of maintenance deferred by the roads could absorb this $350,000,000 without the least trouble. Instead of flowing through a short and sterile course to the pockets of the bondholders, where government hand-outs to the railroads now end, these millions would go into productive use for the employment of men and the purchase of materials.

Managements of course do not like to think they have been forced to the point of bankruptcy. They do not enjoy the prospect of sharing control with trustees appointed by the courts. But the argument used most frequently and forcibly against bankruptcies is that of the disaster to the bondholders, who, if no longer all widows and orphans, do include savings banks and insurance companies. There is just one reply to this argument, and that is that one third of the railroad mileage in the country is already in bankruptcy. The proposal is not to put the railroad bondholders to the knife—for they are facing that already. New York is the most recent addition to the long list of states which prohibited savings banks from acquiring "border-line" railroad bonds. It is simply a question of getting the operation over as quickly and as painlessly as possible while there is still time to save the rest of our economy from another plunge toward the bottom we were trying to find in 1932.

As for the insurance companies, a crisis growing out of the present depression would threaten them with a disaster a great deal more serious than the further writing off of their railroad securities. The collapse of real estate values in a depression would mean the shrinkage of insurance holdings on a much larger scale. And most dreadful thought of all, consider what a prolonged depression would do to the ability of the public to buy new insurance or pay premiums on existing policies. May life insurance sales fell off 22.9 per cent from May, 1937. Moreover, against the argument based on the vulnerability of banks and insurance companies to railroad bankruptcy, we have the authoritative word of Jesse Jones himself, that arch foe of bankruptcy. When Interstate Commerce Commissioner Splawn, a member of the President's recent three-man railroad committee, urged special loans for rail bonds held by banks, Jones wrote to the President: "I do not believe banks hold enough railroad securities to require this procedure. Furthermore, we can give the banks any help they may need. . . . The same applies to insurance companies." But the most forcible statement of all comes from E. T. Weir, who told the writer that most railroad bonds have declined sufficiently to discount the effect of bankruptcies, and went on to say that at a White House conference some months ago, his advice to the President had been to let the roads go through the wringer. When, according to Weir, the President replied that he would have every investor in the country after him if he followed such a policy, Weir replied, "No, you would have them going back to work"—which is another way of saying that the railroads would again be buying steel.

Last April the President's railroad committee, consisting of Interstate Commerce Commissioners Splawn, Eastman, and Mahaffie, made its report. Its recommendation was for twelve-month loans to the roads, waiving the question of whether roads applying needed reorganization. Jesse Jones, to whom the report was sent by the President, added a footnote suggesting that the loans be made for an indefinite period. As Jones's record shows, he is anxious to stave off bankruptcies regardless of the property deterioration which results from maintaining interest rather than equipment. But Commissioners Eastman and Mahaffie do not agree with Jones in regarding bankruptcy as a calamity to be avoided at the cost of employment and business activity. Actually bankruptcies, freeing money which would be used for maintenance, would immediately be reflected in rising employment and increased consumption of materials. Add to this the proposed $800,000,000 government loans for new equipment and you would have the steel rate rising at least 20 points, with employment and other standard indices following suit. This rise in productive activity, guaranteeing a rise in industrial earnings, would immediately be reflected in new and warranted strength in the stock market, which would almost certainly offset a falling bond market and suffice to avert a panic.

The prospect of further bankruptcies, or at the very least of many interest suspensions, is made inevitable by the adjournment of Congress without taking action on the railroads. Realizing this, a number of large insurance companies, evidently led by the Metropolitan itself, have agreed with the management of the Lehigh Valley for an interest suspension on junior bonds. The same kind of negotiations for temporary relief, which will probably not stave off bankruptcy, are taking place in the case of other embarrassed roads. The agreement of the insurance companies to the scheme is evidently based, says the *Wall Street Journal,* "on the contention that existing holdings would be strengthened if the railroads are not forced to go further into debt to pay interest on their securities when it is not earned."

But, bankruptcies or no bankruptcies, loans will be necessary. The only question is whether they are to go to tottering roads to be uneconomically absorbed in interest charges, or to roads no longer burdened with enormous interest payments, where a loan can be put productively to work and secured by equipment which the roads need. Large-scale buying of equipment by the railroads is not as Utopian as it may sound. Congressional legislation is not needed to enable the RFC to provide loans for this purpose. Federal Reserve Governor Eccles, suggesting the offer of loans by the RFC on favorable terms (probably with the government paying interest and amortization for the first two years), found "no reason why hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of needed new equipment and deferred maintenance should not be contracted for without delay. . . . Modern equipment is badly needed, and as recovery proceeds great shortages will exist. Therefore, the time when its construction should be done is now when it will do the most good." Another suggestion worthy of consideration is that the government begin a large-scale equipment-buying program now, through a federal Railway Equipment Corporation, the equipment to be rented out to the roads. The chief objection to this scheme apparently is the fear that railroad managements, preferring not to operate government-owned equipment, would sabotage the plan. Then there is the proposal to institute large-scale equipment loans with the equipment itself as security. While it would be difficult to segregate new track laid with such loans, few railroad bonds have proved to be safer in the past than equipment trust certificates issued on just such a basis. Even the certificates of the Baltimore and Ohio are selling at 90 or over.

What would probably be the most desirable approach if it could be put into effect envisages the RFC as underwriter for Wall Street houses which would in turn underwrite equipment certificates of bankrupt roads, the RFC agreeing to buy those certificates which the investing public did not take. Such loans after all are gilt-edged, they come ahead of all existing, pre-bankruptcy debt and are secured by this modern equipment. It would be highly desirable for private capital to go to work on such a scale, obviating the need for government pump-priming altogether. Private capital has now no comparable medium of secure investment. But would Wall Street and the insurance companies, so soon after suffering losses on existing rail debt, hurry to put the better part of a billion dollars into fresh securities of even this caliber? And could private capital swing such a huge investment in the short time at hand? It is this consideration which seems to argue most strongly for governmental action as offering the best chance of turning the tide in time. Any one of these loan plans, however, would be a self-liquidating project.

There is no question about the need of the roads for equipment. In 1937 the railroads experienced a car shortage, and every day that passes sees obsolescence grow more acute. The powerful new locomotives that some roads acquired last year are being run over old tracks and with ancient signal systems that make it impossible for them to be run at full speed. And the work that such buying would provide is impressive. To build a freight car requires materials from 31 different states and provides 1,987 man-hours of work—approximately a year's work for one man. The building of one locomotive gives 50 men full-time work for one year and requires materials from more than 30 states. Of the money put into all types of railroad work, about 20 cents of each dollar goes immediately into labor, the rest into materials. But the unique advantage of spending in these capital goods industries is that all these orders for materials force increased capital expenditures on the part of private industry and pyramid employment in geometric proportion to the original outlay. To illustrate this, the

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Department of Labor has prepared a comprehensive breakdown tracing back the man-hours required to build 100,000 fifty-ton box cars, all the way from equipment shops, through foundries and steel mills, to coal mines and brick yards. To produce these 100,000 cars, the number that should be built annually to overcome the present shortage, would require nearly 227,000,000 man-hours, or a year's employment for 115,000 men. Locomotives, track, and shop equipment must be added, all of them equally potent providers of employment. Here is a unique opportunity to spread employment and increase production throughout the country with record speed. Will the Administration continue to turn a deaf ear to those of its members who have been telling it to face the facts?

In the Wind

EACH MONTH members of the Communist Party unit at the New York *Times* secretly publish a bulletin called the *New Times*. According to the last issue, the *Times's* owners are actively seeking a successor to Dr. John Finley, the present editor. They are now negotiating, this report asserts, with Franklin D. Roosevelt. Arthur Krock is named as the runner-up.

IN THE recent Minnesota primary a large section of the press was bitterly arrayed against Governor Benson. So strong was this opposition that, on the morning after the election, when the final vote was not yet known, the Minneapolis *Tribune* carried this streamer: BENSON DEFEATED BY 50,000. And the Minneapolis *Journal:* PETERSEN BEATS BENSON IN SMASHING PRIMARY UPSET. As our readers will recall, Benson won.

DESCRIBING AN address by Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling, author of the notorious "Red Network," before the New Jersey Branch of the American Women Against Communism, the *Hudson-Dispatch* of Union City reported:

> The well-known Chicago lecturer lauded Mayor Hague . . . and declared that Jersey City is the dope of the nation.

THE PRESS recently gave extensive space to the survey by Professor William Gellermann of Northwestern University denouncing the American Legion as "fascist." The story was linked to the opening of the N. E. A. convention in New York. Actually the same story, based upon the same survey, was released to all the New York papers last summer. None of them gave it a line of space.

TWO WEEKS ago this column reported that two men upon whom the government depended heavily in its prosecution of the Aluminum Company had been hired by that firm. Another sidelight on the same trial concerns the law firm with which Attorney General Cummings was formerly associated. Two of its chief members—Mark Norman and Edward C. Park—now get retainers from the Aluminum Company.

AT THE twenty-fifth reunion of the Cornell class of 1913, the graduates marched around the campus in white uniforms trimmed in red. As they invaded the beer parlors, they sang a song which has become popular in recent months:

> Heigh-ho, heigh-ho!
> We've joined the C. I. O.
> We've paid our dues to the goddam Jews,
> Heigh-ho, heigh-ho. . . .

THE GERMAN government has made arrangements for the construction of at least four additional east-west military railway lines. The move is designed to improve communications between Vienna and Bavarian cities. It was prompted by the meagerness of communications facilities between Germany and Austria which was partly responsible for the serious delays and breakdowns that occurred during Hitler's invasion of Austria.

IN THE South China *Morning Post* the following apology for an embarrassing error was recently published:

> By an unfortunate mischance . . . two reports on the same subject [the observance of Empire Day] became mixed, with the result that Professor C. A. Middleton Smith was represented as addressing Rotarians as children, while Father Winstanley was alleged to have made jokes about Scotsmen in his sermon at the Catholic Cathedral. . . .

THE MAGAZINE *Horoscope* has reported on the horoscopes of William Green, John L. Lewis, Heywood Broun Harry Bridges, William Z. Foster, and Earl Browder. It reached the conclusion that "none of these leaders have horoscopes that would appear to warrant the Red Scare that is generally broadcast with the mention of their names. From the capitalistic point of view the labor movement is 'safe' so long as it is in their hands. . . ."

AROUND-THE-WORLD: Apparently the "national" air men in Franco's service do not know the Spanish language. the *Heraldo de Aragon* recently published an order designating thirty Italian and German interpreters for service in the insurgent airdromes. . . . Rumanian members of the Iron Guard have been ordered to give up smoking in protest against government "persecution" of Codreanu; tobacco is a government monopoly. . . . Breaking a long-standing precedent which dictates swift publication of all letters by foreign ambassadors, the London *Times* recently refused to print a letter from the Loyalist ambassador in London. . . . A minor incident has been created in preparations for the coming World Youth Congress to be held at Vassar; French delegates insist upon wine with their meals. The Bulgarian League of Abstinent Youth won't participate if wine is served. . . . After a world-wide search, the League of Nations has awarded "Marco Polo" its prize for the best film of the year. . . . Boys in the Lincoln Brigade were recently distressed at receiving a batch of cook-books in response to pleas for literature.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE tragic and needless death of James Weldon Johnson has brought grief to me as to thousands of others. It was only the other day that I had lunch with him at a committee meeting in relation to the World's Fair. I am happy to recall that I told him as we parted how greatly I missed seeing him regularly and begged him to call me up when next in town so that we could have a real communion: "There are so many, many things I want your judgment on and the years are passing so quickly." He promised—but will now never keep that promise. Some may say: "Well, he was sixty-seven and had had a fine and interesting life." Yes, but that is the wrong way to look at this disaster. Johnson was much too young to lose, and the country—both whites and colored—could not afford to spare him, for there are too few comparable with him. He was not old. As we shook hands the last time he seemed not a day older than in those years when he and I and many others were working together in the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

What a life he had lived! He was successively a high-school teacher and principal and then a popular song writer—as the *Times* put it: "From 1901 to 1906 the Johnsons were the top-notch composers of American popular music"—he and his brother, J. Rosamond Johnson. They were almost on their uppers in New York when they had the inspiration to turn the melody of an old hymn into what became a great hit. On the proceeds of one of these songs, something like $10,000, they cut loose and went to France, where they lived the life of the gayest dogs until the last cent was gone. Then they came back to do some more songs and replenish their purses. Next Theodore Roosevelt appointed James United States Consul at Puerto Cabello, Venezuela, and later he served at Corinto, Nicaragua, succeeding amazingly well in both posts, especially when the customary Nicaraguan revolutions were on, in which, the official records prove, he showed rare nerve and tact.

Thereupon he turned writer and made a sensation with his anonymous "Autobiography of an ex-Colored Man," reprinted over his name in 1927. Poetry came next; all told there are three volumes. He also published "The Book of American Negro Poetry," "The Book of American Negro Spirituals," and the "Second Book of Negro Spirituals." Finally there appeared his modest and in spots thrilling autobiography "Along This Way," and "Negro Americans, What Now?" For years he was the able secretary of the militant N. A. A. C. P., fighting the battles of his race and, since 1930, in calm waters, professor of creative literature at Fisk University in Nashville, Tennessee, and also visiting professor of literature at New York University.

Always he was supremely modest and usually of quiet demeanor until he was aroused. There was nothing servile but also nothing aggressive about him. He was an American citizen who did not have to take his hat in hand to anybody; who knew his rights and his duties. He was the personification of good manners and courtesy, whether receiving a president of another republic, or American naval officers astounded to find a Negro who spoke both French and Spanish in charge of an American consulate, or some ill-mannered, overbearing Southerner. But there was a limit beyond which no man could go with him and not pay well for it. He could fight. Here was no coward, no toady—just a fine gentleman, as well bred and cultured as any man who ever came out of a Southern manor-house, or a mansion on Washington Square.

He knew life in its every phase, white and black, and saw through it. No race bogy, none of the Aryan stuff about the white man alone being able to rule, bothered him. He knew too much about that rule and the morals of his conceited, white brethren. He merely sat with controlled face, laughing within, never discouraged or without hope of a better world, with a judgment sane, calm, and detached. I always felt his sincerity as I did his courage; and how I loved his laugh! His sense of humor served him no end. When boorish white men lectured and condescended to him I think it was harder for him to control his risibles than his ire.

Southerners constantly say to me: "You do not know the Negro problem because you have not lived in the South." My answer is: "*You* cannot know the Negro problem because you have not lived in the North and known on terms of absolute equality James Weldon Johnson, Leslie Hill, Walter White, W. E. B. DuBois, John Hope, the college president, Col. Charles Young, West Pointer, A. Philip Randolph"—but why go on? The list is long and growing. The Southerner knows the Negro of the past; I know him of the future. No one on that list today is more charming, more versatile, more of life and more against it, none wiser or more philosophical than was James Weldon Johnson. He knew Prejudice, looked it squarely in the eyes—and conquered it.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

JEROME FRANK'S WAY OUT

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

JEROME FRANK, who is one of the potent left-wingers of the Roosevelt Administration, once active in the NRA and the AAA and now serving the SEC, is a lawyer with a penchant for social philosophy. His ambitious book,* in which he ranges over vast areas of anthropology, economics, history, and political science, contains the makings of several books. He confesses that the finished product, which bears the title "Save America First," was begun under the caption "The Overthrow of the Dictatorship of the Vocabulary" and in subsequent, but not final, form had the label: "Our New Aladdin's Lamp." He has been able to relegate some of his earlier theses as, for instance, the one on the misuse of words (a theme which Stuart Chase probably spoiled for him), and another on the relation of accident to law in history, to the position of minor motifs in his symphony. But the symphony remains, for all that, filled with dissonance, not so much because he has been unable to integrate the minor motifs into his major theme but because he has two major themes which partially contradict each other.

His two themes are (1) that America by reason of her continental unity is not subject to the tendencies and developments of European economic and political life and will be able to escape the alternatives of fascism and communism which seem to exhaust the possibilities for Europe; and (2) that the modern profit system will not work if it is not able to provide greater purchasing power for the general consumer. He thinks he can bring these two major theses into terms of mutual support by proving that the plight of European nations is due primarily to the lack of an integrated continental economic system and that American living standards can be raised, primarily because we have a national and continental unity of economic life which does not depend upon foreign trade for its prosperity. But in spite of himself all the final chapters of his book deal, not with the problem of increasing the total productivity of the American economy but with that of persuading, prompting, and forcing the small oligarchy which controls American business to increase the living standards of the workers.

> If [he declares] those who control our key industries block an intelligent reorganization of our profit system, and if, while they retain their control no real or lasting prosperity is attained . . . there will come a time when intelligent popular leaders . . . will persuasively urge millions of Americans to get behind a plan for the socialization of our key industries . . . as a way out of grave difficulties, a way which avoids the evils of both communism and fascism, a way out which will preserve most of our American traditions. Such an appeal will be popular. . . . Against it fascism might win out in popular esteem but the odds are opposed. And a resort to civil war would ultimately be none too healthy for the powerful minority.

Mr. Frank arrives at this remarkable conclusion after devoting half of his volume to the proposition that "this country has a fortunate advantage that exempts it from all the European rules and frees it from dependence on world trade and the consequent embroilments in world disasters." We are freed from European rules; our system must not be called capitalism, though perhaps "neo-capitalism" might be allowed; capitalism is really nothing more than the behavior of British industrialism during the nineteenth century which Marx foolishly raised to the eminence of a general law; we are not bound to follow the strategies of British industrialism; we are not dependent upon world trade but can establish a self-sufficient economy (which will not, however, exclude genuinely reciprocal trade); we therefore do not face the twin evils of fascism and communism. Yet by Mr. Frank's own admission we have a "profit system." In spite of our self-sufficiency and our exemption from "all European rules" we have an oligarchy which controls the essential economic power of modern society; which must be persuaded not to be stupid in its use; which must be shorn of some of its power; which will be tempted to risk desperate fascist measures to prevent the use of political power for the equalization and socialization of economic power; but which had better not be quite so stupid as to try that alternative because the democratic tradition is a more genuine inheritance of our "folkways" than of any European country. It is only in this last proposition that Mr. Frank presents a plausible instance of American "exceptionalism." And even on this point one might question whether the democratic tradition has more power here than in England.

How does this intelligent and honest political reformer arrive at such contradictory conclusions? By defining capitalism, for one thing, not as the private ownership of the means of production but as the policy of industrial imperialism which seeks to compensate for inadequate domestic markets by unreciprocal foreign trade; by then dropping out a part of his definition and making European capitalism mean simply dependence upon foreign trade while American economy is not; by defining Marxism (which he abhors) as the doctrine that all property must be socially owned while himself holding the sensible conviction that there is a great difference between property as social power and property which provides an individual the opportunity for the proper performance of his social function (house, farm, consumers' goods); and by concluding that a continental nation would not be dependent upon foreign trade at all if it were wise enough to provide adequate domestic markets. If it is not wise enough to do this, Mr. Frank continues, unreciprocal trade (trying to sell more than we buy) will not help it in the end. It will merely subsidize foreign rather than domestic paupers. When that game is played out it faces either fascism or socialism. But it is to be hoped that it will be wise enough even in that eventuality to distinguish between "key industries" and others and not try to socialize all property. Well, that wisdom (and to Mr. Frank's credit it must be said that he is probably wise in making that distinction) is available to hard-pressed European, as well as American, democratic nations.

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* "Save America First." By Jerome Frank. Harper and Brothers. $3.75.

Mr. Frank's primary difficulty obviously lies in his conception of the relation of foreign trade to capitalism —beg pardon, the profit system. He rightly maintains that a dearth of home markets cannot be permanently supplemented by subsidized foreign markets. We must either cancel the debts and give the goods away, or our debtors cannot buy further goods, since they must pay interest on previous loans with cheap goods which flood our markets. But this fact holds true of continental and non-continental nations with equal force. On the other hand great and small nations must engage in reciprocal trade if they are not to reduce living standards by the practice of manufacturing expensive substitutes for goods which could be cheaply imported. The small nations are more subject to the vicissitudes of world conditions in their involvement in reciprocal trade. But if it were genuinely reciprocal it would not make for war with them any more than with us.

No one can question our political advantages in continental isolation and our economic advantages in continental integration. Our living standards are manifestly higher than those of Europe. But obviously, as Mr. Frank confesses, they have not prevented depressions in our economy. If we produced ten times as much goods per capita as Europe and our millionaires were ten times richer than European plutocrats and our workers had a wage ten times higher than European proletarians, our economy would still be subject to violent dislocations if our markets could not absorb our productive capacity because of the faulty distribution of our wealth. Our isolation and our added wealth will both tend to retard the social processes of European decay; as indeed they have. On the other hand our social stupidity, in spite of Mr. Frank's belief that he has discerned budding social wisdom among some of the younger capitalists, is probably greater than the stupidity of, say, the English oligarchy in which traditions of an old aristocracy modify the natural political stupidity of pure plutocrats. Mere business rulers are singularly bereft of any real sense of security in their power. They are easily scared. And scared men are cruel and dangerous. We may, therefore, have a more difficult time in the end than Europe.

Be that as it may, we hope the Roosevelt Administration is a little clearer on the typical and unique problems which face America than Mr. Frank is. The typical problems outweigh the unique ones. The basic typical problem of contemporary industrialism is: given the disproportion of economic power in modern capitalism, can this disproportion be prevented from resulting in such flagrant inequalities of privilege as to wreck the productive process itself? Can this be done by using political power (still more equal than economic power) to equalize economic power or to equalize economic privilege (through taxation upon the rich and social services to the poor) or must the basic disproportion of economic power be destroyed before modern society can achieve health?

Nothing in Mr. Frank's ambitious book has cast new light upon that problem. It faces us just as urgently as it does any European nation.

"Tarry, Delight"

BY BEN BELITT

In jackal country, in the gum and umber,
That bird broke blank to the eyebeam.
                                        She sprang
The feathery braid, the maze of slumber,
She trod the timeless humors, and the brief;
Her wings leapt thorny out of upper rain,
And chalked to stillness in that sparkling plane,
On derelict claws she sang.

What heart's-ease, and what thinking angers?

Her wings drove, black on bright;
For pure delight
The cold throat like a lessening spindle shook.
She sang the enemy joy as it were grief,
And, with a condor look,
A summer's space in blue,
Bore down the wreath like rue.

CIGARETTES!

If you are just an average cigarette smoker you are probably wedded to one brand and may remain wedded to it after you've read our report on CIGARETTES in the July issue of CONSUMERS UNION REPORTS.

In spite of that, however, we think you'll find this report one of the most illuminating and interesting Consumers Union has ever published. In preparation for eight months, this report:

1. Rates more than 40 brands, by name (including Camel, Chesterfield, Old Gold, and Lucky Strike), for nicotine content and strength;
2. Tells you the physiological effects of smoking;
3. Presents data from carefully controlled smoking tests and laboratory tests;
4. Gives facts about de-nicotinized cigarettes and about the new filter-holders advertised as de-nicotinizers;
5. Discusses methods of stopping smoking and gives six rules for "seeming to smoke" which will reduce the injurious effects of smoking to a minimum.

Besides this report, the July issue also contains the results of laboratory and use tests on **GASOLINE, SUNBURN PREVENTIVES,** and several other products—with ratings *by brand name* as "Best Buys," "Also Acceptable," and "Not Acceptable." The report on GASOLINE shows how it is possible to make annual savings of from $15 to $50 on gasoline expenditures.

REFRIGERATORS

Are you planning to buy a refrigerator? If so, you will find the results of tests on 1938 refrigerators, published in the June issue of CONSUMERS UNION REPORTS, indispensable in making your selection. They point the way to savings of from $20 to $40 on the purchase price alone and show which brands offer the most substantial annual savings on operating costs. Twenty models are rated in this report in the estimated order of their merit.

Another report in this same issue rates 17 brands of **DOG FOOD** as "Best Buys," "Also Acceptable," and "Not Acceptable," and discusses the proper feeding of dogs. If you have been led to regard canned dog foods as adequate feeding in themselves, you owe it to your dog to read this report. Still other reports in this issue cover MEN'S HANDKERCHIEFS, CANNED STRING BEANS, CANNED FRUIT SALAD, CLEANSING TISSUES, FRESH FRUITS & VEGETABLES, and other products.

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BOOKS

With the Eighth Route Army

CHINA FIGHTS BACK. By Agnes Smedley. Vanguard Press. $2.50.

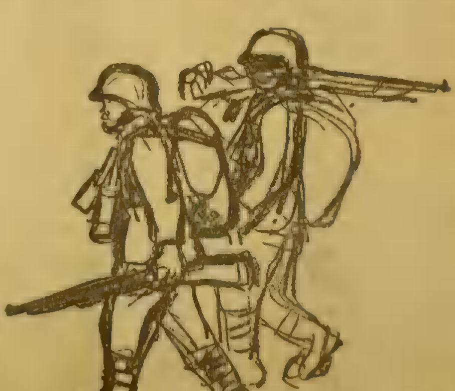
WHAT part have the Chinese Communist forces—now known as the Eighth Route Army and operating as a unit of China's national armies—played in the struggle to repel the Japanese invasion? Legitimate curiosity on this point aroused by "Red Star Over China," which supplied the prologue to the Red Army's role in the current war, has been fobbed off with mere scraps of information. Agnes Smedley fills the gap with a picturesque and detailed account of the early campaigns of the Eighth Route Army in North China. It is war reporting of the classic type, set down after long marches with fighting units behind enemy lines. Even seasoned war correspondents might have quailed before the hardships and dangers of the guerrilla campaigning which Agnes Smedley shared with the Eighth Army. Through her eyes we see Japanese planes sweeping over the Shansi-Hopei countryside, and crouch against hillsides or in loess caves. They sought—mostly in vain—for the ubiquitous Red contingents which stung their invading armies to desperation and robbed their conquest of reality. For how could a people be conquered when it was being organized and equipped to contest every Japanese force that ventured off the railway lines?

This work of organization, accomplished seemingly without effort by the Eighth Army's leaders, is the vital element in the miracle of increasing military resistance in North China. A few hundred partisan troops grow to thousands and then to tens of thousands in these pages; we know that now hundreds of thousands are at the front or guarding their villages in the North China provinces. With calm authority, the organizers of this mass movement establish the allegiance and effective cooperation of villages and county seats over a steadily enlarging territory. Agnes Smedley watched Chu Teh, the Eighth Army's commander, quietly addressing mass meetings of these villagers who had previously known him only by his legendary reputation. She describes the measures adopted to aid the villagers: the rigid discipline of the Eighth Army's soldiery; the payment carefully rendered for all food and services; the attention devoted to hygiene and sanitation, and to education, on pitifully meager resources; and the beginnings of a social reform program marked by lowered rents and interest rates. The picture is drawn from the vantage point of staff headquarters, which she accompanied part of the time, and also from her direct experiences with the Eighth Army's lower officers and rank and file. We see an instinctive sympathy growing up between this army and the people, out of which develops an administration that welds a whole population into an organized self-defense enterprise. Within a few months it is a people, not merely an army, which is offering coordinated and increasingly effective resistance to the Japanese invader. Wheat instead of cotton is planted in territory that Japan thought to conquer; an intelligence service rooted among the people gives advance notice of every Japanese military movement; food and recruits are mobilized on a wholesale scale by voluntary cooperation. Such a defense is invincible.

The newly formed partisan units are quickly drawn into attacks on isolated Japanese detachments, swift descents on supply convoys, or destruction of railway lines. On the whole, however, the partisans constitute an enormous military reserve for the Eighth Army, which itself carries the brunt of the heavy fighting. The first great military success of the Eighth Army occurred in late September at Pinghsiangkuan, one of the Great Wall passes in northern Shansi. Besides destroying a Japanese division, this victory delayed the fall of the Shansi capital and diverted large Japanese forces from an advance into Honan, where they might well have captured the strategic railway junction of Chengchow last November. In these engagements the Eighth Army's mobile tactics successfully overcame the mechanical superiority of the Japanese divisions. Japanese casualties, as Agnes Smedley points out, were many times those of the Eighth Army, and the losses of military supplies and equipment were even greater.

These are some of the more important items of Agnes Smedley's report from the battle lines in North China. Other details can only be suggested. Excerpts from the diaries of Japanese soldiers and officers supply convincing evidence of the distaste of Japan's conscript armies for their mission of conquest. Even more eloquent testimony to this fact is afforded by the voluntary adherence of some of the captured Japanese soldiers, after they were accorded good treatment by the Eighth Army, to the Chinese cause. The narrative acquires poetic intensity from superb descriptions of rapid night marches, of natural scenery and autumn landscapes, of sudden attacks delivered before daybreak, and of eerie treks along mountain trails in the moonlight. Intimate glimpses of the life of the Chinese peasantry, hospitable in the midst of desperate poverty and the added devastation of war, round out this tale of a people carrying on a struggle for individual and national survival in the face of disasters which would overwhelm a less hardy race. Agnes Smedley writes with a disdain for the outward flourishes of literary ornament, yet this book constitutes one of those inimitable pages of life experience which lays bare the reality of contemporary historical developments.

T. A. BISSON



Drawing by John Groth

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Horse Sense on Economics

LAMENT FOR ECONOMICS. By Barbara Wootton. Farrar & Rinehart. $2.

THE intelligent layman, confronted by a work on economic theory, is apt to feel first bewilderment, then revulsion. The subject matter concerns him deeply; it is fundamentally the question of our daily bread, its production and distribution. Nothing in essence could be less abstract; yet, when translated into theory by the trained economist, there results a monstrous web of hypotheses with little apparent relation to everyday experience. The near-monopoly which hitherto men have maintained in economic theory, as in metaphysics, supports the popular belief that women are more endowed with horse sense, and "Lament for Economics" is a further strong proof. Mrs. Wootton, a British economist in high standing, has dared to apply common sense to the mysteries of her profession with results that are sheer joy to the layman, though some of her colleagues, when they have recovered their breath, may feel inclined to subscribe to the Nazi view of woman's place in society.

Mrs. Wootton begins with the indictment which might be drawn up by the man in the street.

> The economic theory of today, it is alleged, is useless because it is unintelligible; because, after all their arduous studies, the economists cannot be relied upon not to give diametrically opposite diagnoses and prognoses of the same situation; because the economists feed on their own tails by busying themselves on the analysis of imaginary worlds which they themselves have invented; and finally because they are passing off as the result of purely scientific inquiry what is in reality no more than a partisan advocacy of particular social policies.

Adopting the definition of Professor Robbins, Britain's leading contemporary apostle of laissez faire, of the scope of economics as the study of "the forms assumed by human behavior in disposing of scarce means" between alternative uses, the author shows that economic theory is basically concerned with the action of markets in achieving this end. The assumption is that the objective and delicate market mechanism so exactly responds to human desires, expressed by supply and demand, as to produce an optimum disposal of scarce means. That is the perfect market of the economist's dream and "other things being equal" its theory should permit an exact analysis of the consequences of any change in supply and demand. But, as Mrs. Wootton demonstrates with clarity and wit, "again and again the refusal of *cetera* to remain *para* deflects the course of events from any recognizable relation to that charted by the clean logic of pure theory."

The useful application of market theory to the analysis of actual situations is, she shows, further hindered by such difficulties as the complexity of most economic problems, necessitating the employment of an almost infinite chain of hypotheses; the impossibility of isolating any economic problem without gross sacrifice of realism; the kinetic quality of the economic world which involves the emergence of new factors at a rate more rapid than that of adjustment to previous changes; the intractability of economic situations to generalization, since, for example, no one case of inflation is exactly like another; and the quantitative nature of most practical

LANGDON W. POST
assails the enemies of low-rent housing in
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HERE'S the complete inside story on housing. The author was formerly Chairman of the New York City Housing Authority. Basing his statements on facts obtained from close contact with the housing problem over a period of years, he attacks the administration of housing by Secretary of the Interior Ickes, Alfred Rheinstein, and others. His challenging plan to make housing a public utility is the basis for a new approach to the subject. "Here is a philosophy of better homes, clearly and warm-heartedly stated, and here is an excellent summary of facts and choices. He writes with enthusiasm, indignation and the competence arising from his first-hand experience."—*N.Y. Times Book Review.* 309 pages, $3.50

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economic problems which makes qualitative analysis at best a very crude tool. In addition the objectivity of the market has always to some extent been undermined by monopoly on the one hand and government interference on the other, and there is a strong trend toward the aggrandizement of both these influences.

Following her closely argued demonstration of the practical sterility of contemporary economic theory, Mrs. Wootton suggests two possible readings of the situation: either the economists have not yet perfected their tools and we must wait patiently while they do; or they have been expending energy and ingenuity in fashioning tools which are both inadequate and inappropriate. Most readers, I fancy, will agree with the author that the second alternative is the more plausible.

It is not possible in the space of a review to draw attention to all the plums in this admirable book. One can only recommend with a chuckle the account of the Nature and Insignificance of Economic Science, and the devastating logic of the chapter on Economics as Apologetics. Finally it must be made clear that Mrs. Wootton is not solely concerned with destructive criticism. She has very definite ideas about the direction in which economists must turn if their *expertise* is to be something more than a difficult intellectual pastime and, in her last chapter, she outlines an agenda which frankly repudiates the view that economics is concerned only with means, and not with social ends.

KEITH HUTCHISON

John L.

SIT DOWN WITH JOHN L. LEWIS. By C. L. Sulzberger. Random House. $1.50.

THERE are many gaps in both friends' and foes' pictures of John L. Lewis, the second most important figure in contemporary American life. Newspapers and magazines have told much of his current activities, a little of his character and background. Cecil Carnes's book of two years ago, a reshuffling of newspaper clippings, contributed scant light and much misinformation. Now comes a small volume by C. L. Sulzberger, who has covered Lewis and labor for the United Press in Washington, which goes a long way toward filling the void. Sulzberger has gathered many anecdotes whose accuracy is vouched for by members of the Lewis family. For the first time there emerges a human picture of the man who today enjoys the loyalty of 4,000,000 breadwinners and the distinction of being hated by a choice collection of industrial despots and political charlatans.

Despite a style made annoying by repetition and staccato journalese, Sulzberger paints a rounded portrait of Lewis that contains many hitherto unavailable details. We see Lewis as a boy going to work in the mines even before the family budget required his contribution. We see him as a young giant in physical strength, ready to fight at a dare, but with a wistful longing for accomplishments of a more pacific nature. For a period in his early twenties, a restlessness took him from a small Iowa coal town for "a workingman's tour of the West via stagecoach, cushion, and rod." He labored in coal, copper, and silver mines. Once he spent days helping "dig four human carcases out of a collapsed mine." He shared the dangers and poverty of migratory labor, and on him then was impressed the fortitude of the miner and his great feeling for the disinherited. Returning to a more stable life, he passed up business opportunities for a career of leadership in the miners' union. To hold his own and work his way to the top, he talked and fought in miner fashion. He began then to pore over the classics and a range of literature far removed from the mine pits and indicative of his longing for a broader horizon.

Rough-and-tumble politics in the miners' union and out of it made Lewis agile of mind. He was Gompers's favorite organizer, but far too talented, aggressive, and independent to fall into the rut of a labor skate. Sulzberger reveals the humor of the man, a side of him that is obliterated in the blood-and-thunder cartoons and word-pictures drawn by his enemies. He quotes Lewis's description of a huge and stormy open-air meeting where an evenly divided union considered a strike: "When I called for a vote the 'ayes' shook the houses. But the 'noes' leveled the mountains. And all around me were bricks. I have never seen so many useless bricks piled up in great big heaps." Sulzberger reveals also the affection and solidarity of Lewis's family life, and his reserve which keeps his personal affairs at home. His desire for comfort and his lack of interest in great wealth and personal political advancement also come clear in the telling of the story.

Sulzberger's comments on other C. I. O. leaders are largely snap judgments, and he is far better at reporting than analysis. His labor history shows but a perfunctory attempt to understand the movement and its development, and there are errors on that score. However, for those who want to understand Lewis and the mainsprings of his behavior "Sit Down with John L. Lewis" will prove of great value.

EDWARD LEVINSON

"Private Chaos"

THE FAMILY: PAST AND PRESENT. By Bernhard J. Stern. D. Appleton-Century Company. $2.75.

WE ARE accustomed to speak of the family as our "basic" and "most sacred" institution. Actually family life in our culture tends to be lived unobtrusively under the feet of our economic system. The culture exercises a ragged control, varying from state to state, over family formation and divorce. Between these two polar points it leaves everything to love and laissez faire. Neither of these being notably intelligent in ordering complicated institutional sequences, and the former having a disappointing tendency to "settle down" after marriage, the family has been characterized as "an arena of private chaos." If that phrase seems too strong in view of the prevailing tendency to believe that "American families are happy," it at least will serve to suggest the complexity of this experience which our culture expects each of us to take in his untutored stride.

The present volume is a skilful assemblage of basic source materials on the family as an institution and as a focus of personal problems. It was prepared by Dr. Stern as a textbook under the sponsorship of the Commission on Human Relations of the Progressive Education Association. It is not "written down" but presents original materials ranging from anthropology, history, pronouncements by the various churches, psychiatry, fiction, and social research, carried along in an effective skeleton of text by Dr. Stern. The result comes as near to being a straightaway book that an adult can pick up and read through as a source-book is ever likely to be. The family is presented as a dynamic process in a wide institutional setting, including a section of five selections from studies of the family in the current depression. The realistic treatment of the impact of economic factors on family living is a notable feature of the entire book.

For the person who has never thought much about "the family," beyond the private idiom of today's decisions and tomorrow's plans in "my family," this book should be a stimulating experience.

ROBERT S. LYND

"Lend a Myth to God"

A VISION. By W. B. Yeats. The Macmillan Company. $3.
THE HERNE'S EGG, AND OTHER PLAYS. By W. B. Yeats. The Macmillan Company. $2.

POETS need a synthesis of values. And Yeats, who had no traditional religion to give him this, found it, in his youth, in Irish tradition and myth. In his middle years, through the help of his wife as medium, he began to work out a scheme by which reality could be fused with vision. The result is "A Vision" (now for the first time in an American edition), a book which will be more interesting on the whole to spiritualists and astrologists than to historians or philosophers. Yeats's imagination fed on ritual and myth; he needed some scheme which made the supernatural seem natural and the natural seem supernatural. Man's consciousness, according to his spiritualistic directors, could be pictured as moving between the sun, or the purely objective, and the moon, or the purely subjective. History too moved between these two poles. And curiously enough, Yeats, independently of other historians, determined with the aid of his spiritual advisers certain dates which historians accept. Asked how seriously one may take all this discussion of states of discord and concord between dark and light, Yeats replies that it is all really a "stylistic arrangement of experience comparable to the cubes in the drawing of Wyndham Lewis and to the ovoids in the sculpture of Brancusi." He adds that these arrangements "have helped me to hold *in a single thought* reality and justice."

The reader may, I think, take his cue from this quotation. The whole of this very strange book is a poet's scheme for seizing upon symbols whereby reality and vision may, in the imagination, fuse. Through this scheme Yeats renewed his imaginative vitality and was enabled to face a chaotic world as if it were not chaotic. He had ceased to believe in his Irish fairyland. He required an arrangement of values which would allow his mind to roam into the past or the future, to bring the future, or the purely visionary, to illuminate the present. The Michael Robartes poems are clearly related to the group of dream stories told in this book, and most of Yeats's later poetic symbolism of sun and moon is drawn from the scheme which he here sets down, with, for most of us, a few too many passes through the air, too many psychic

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phenomena. The poems are perfectly clear; the prose account of how the poet conceived the poems or their symbols is not so clear.

The introduction to "A Vision" is a charming bit of lyric prose. "The Packet for Ezra Pound" gives us the most complete account, received directly from Pound, of what he is doing with his Cantos. We plunge then into the "gyres" and "converging triangles," black and white, which illustrate for Yeats the various phases of concord and discord. Few readers will wade through all this to come upon the occasional brilliant comments concerning this or that poet whom Yeats places in their respective spheres closer or farther from the moon, or the subjective mind.

In "The Herne's Egg, and Other Plays" (two others, to be exact) Yeats makes use of some of the symbols—particularly those of sun and moon—which he explains in his "Vision." These plays are far removed from the pretty fantasies of Yeats's earlier dramatic writing. The poet has left reality entirely and writes of myth, but of myth which has an amazing way of throwing tangential light upon our ordinary world. The meaning of the plays lies in myth and suggestion and is to be caught at but not to be paraphrased. "The Herne's Egg" is based on an old myth of a thunder bird, the Herne, which is all spirit. Two old warriors offend this god and meet their death, but not before, in much beautiful poetry, we have caught suggestions of the follies of mankind. The two other plays resemble the Salome story. Both deal with women who must be cruel in order to love. Both are an acknowledgment of the power of death and love to impregnate. "The King of the Great Clock Tower" has appeared before in a prose version. It is more beautiful in poetry. The others are new. Symbolic and ritualistic in style, all three cut through man's deception of himself.

EDA LOU WALTON

Shorter Notices

MAY FLAVIN. By Myron Brinig. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

Take one Irish family *à la* "In Old Chicago," drop them into boiling New York and stir them (not too vigorously) with an Edna Ferber spoon, take out the solid residue and roll it in Hollywood, and you have Myron Brinig's Opus 8. "The Sisters," his last year's novel, carried conviction, whether he actually knew the three young ladies or not, but somehow "May Flavin" all seems to have happened in fiction before. Irresponsible, ne'er-do-well boy meets strong-willed, single-minded girl; they marry, struggle against poverty, and beget six children; father disappears, and mother raises her brood of ducklings; the offspring develop into six very different types, ranging from very, very bad to very, very good; two of them win great financial success and reward their mother with luxuries she doesn't enjoy; mother has happy reunion with repentant father shortly before his death; and life goes on. This is not to say that the book is absolutely unoriginal, or that reading it is necessarily a waste of time. But the rambling plot has a way of falling into the expected pattern and the characters are drawn from a much-used stock of types. Furthermore, Mr. Brinig likes to add comments and gratuitous touches here and there to double-clinch some point that any moderately intelligent reader should be able to grasp with no extra assistance. It's not flattering, and it's apt to make you feel like a solitaire player with a kibitzer looking over your shoulder and pointing out plays that you've already noticed.

SAID BEFORE SUNSET. By Frederick Mortimer Clapp. Harper and Brothers. $2.

This new volume of poems by Mr. Clapp is the most interesting he has yet written. His poetry is not static as is so much verse of the imagist school. He draws the objective image through its subjective reflection, or he throws the subjective image out as a kind of flashlight fixed momentarily upon an objective reality. His use of the imagist technique is unique. He never uses word-painting for its own sake, but presents vivid pictures of impressions as definitions of the most subtle and shifting spiritual reactions to life. It is as if each of his images were both the picture of something in actual existence and an abstraction of what, emotionally, or intellectually, this impression of reality meant. The chief emotion of these poems is fear—fear for personal integrity and values in a world which denies them. And although Mr. Clapp advises poets to stay apart from the struggle, to "saturate with vision and the grief which keeps all vision clean," he is himself compelled to consider the condition of the world. He realizes that poetic vision depends upon the poet's awareness of a real world, and that grief, today especially, must result from the knowledge of an irreconcilable reality and vision. Being most concerned with the conflict between matter and spirit, Mr. Clapp sees this conflict solved only at moments of spiritual intensity, or by death

RECORDS

IN the third movement of Franck's Sonata for violin and piano there is a passage which Franck—for reasons that have to do with the emotional significance of the music—has marked *molto dolce e tranquillo.* In the new recording made by Heifetz and Rubinstein (Victor: three records, $6.50) this passage begins at a point about 1 11/16 inches inward from the first groove of record four; and anything less tranquil than what Heifetz makes of it would be difficult to imagine: not a measure in which he does not hold back, then hurry, or hurry, then hold back; not three notes without a swell; an exaggerated retardation for the culminating B-flat (2 inches inward); on this note and the next a pause vastly out of proportion in the prevailing pace, then an equally discontinuous acceleration. What the passage—and not just this passage—should sound like you can hear in the excellent performance of Dubois and Maas (Columbia). When Heifetz was young he made music sound as though he were playing with cool detachment; now his every phrase bulges with the manifestations of personal warmth; and hearing Heifetz warm I prefer Heifetz cool.

Normally—as in the slow movement of the recent Mozart Divertimento—Szigeti's playing is the antithesis of Heifetz's in the subtle inflection and continuity of its sustained phrasing. But in the performance of Brahms's D minor Sonata that he has recorded with Egon Petri (Columbia: three records, $5) he does a great deal of fussing with tempo and shading that breaks up what should be the continuous line of the music. In other respects the playing of both artists is excellent. A fine Columbia single ($1.50) offers Milstein's performances of Pergolesi's Sonata No. 12 and a Nardini Larghetto in A; Telemann's Fantasias for harpsichord (three records, $5) have their duller and their brighter moments, and are superbly played by Ernst Victor Wolff; Beethoven's Triple Concerto, no matter how well it is played, you do best to ignore.

There are affecting pages in Schumann's Symphony No. 2—those with Schumann's characteristic warmth, softness, and intimacy of feeling, as distinguished from those that represent only the necessities of symphonic development and structure; but what is characteristic in Ormandy's performance with the Philadelphia Orchestra (five records, $10) is the tense, hard brilliance. There are suppleness and opulence, however, in his performance of Harl McDonald's two Hebraic Poems (one record, $2). I find this work attractive in substance and scoring; but it may well be that if I knew the original ancient Hebraic themes out of which it is allegedly wrought I would find the modern treatment of them incongruous. McDonald conducts the orchestra and vocal forces in a performance of a fine Magnificat by C. P. E. Bach that is faultily recorded (two records, $4.50). On a Victor single ($2) Menuhin does a good job with the Dvorak-Kreisler Slavonic Dance No. 2 and the Brahms-Joachim Hungarian Dance No. 4; on another single ($1.50) Melchior does well with some inconsequential songs by Hildach, Trunk, Sjoberg, and Grieg; on another ($2) George Copeland wastes marvelously subtle coloring on Debussy's "Veils" and plays his "La Puerta del Vino" much too slowly; another ($2) offers the voice and tremolo of Enid Szantho in "Erbarme Dich" from the St. Matthew Passion; another ($2) the art of Chaliapin, in a state of considerable deterioration, in Moussorgsky's "Song of the Flea" and the Volga boatmen's song. That leaves Arthur Fiedler's performances of Strauss waltzes with the Boston "Pops" Orchestra (five records, $7), which suggest the goose-stepping Vienna of today rather than the waltzing Vienna of yesterday.

Having been able to recommend so little thus far I am relieved to find something I can get enthusiastic about. This is a Decca set (five records, $5) of Beethoven's Sonatas, Opus 12 No. 1 and Opus 30 No. 1, for piano and violin—works with charm and humor that are heightened by the superlative ensemble performances of Lili Krauss and Simon Goldberg.

The experts I have talked with advise against use of a sapphire needle as a substitute for steel in the ordinary magnetic or crystal pickup. The Telefunken, which uses a sapphire point, is not an ordinary pickup, in that it is designed to provide the conditions for use of this point, which is built in as an integral part of it. Nor is the Telefunken ordinary in what it picks up from the record; but it is German.

B. H. HAGGIN

"... Shreds!"

SIX months ago *The Nation* printed in its correspondence columns a letter from Christine H. Sturgeon of "Cairngorm, Currie, Midlothian, Scotland," in which she said that she had passed on her copies of *The Nation* in her small Scottish town "until they were in shreds."

"Thereupon," a New York reader informs us, "I mailed her a few copies of *The Nation* without any letter, merely putting my name on the package. In response I received the following thrilling letter:

> **Thank you ever so much for the extra copies of *The Nation*. It's just that sort of friendly co-operation between good plain citizens in different countries that is going to steady this insane old world of ours.**
>
> **I am more and more convinced that the people everywhere are sound and decent. I've met them, and been friends with them, in France and Spain and England and our own United States (which was my home for a good many years)—and here in Scotland they're among the nicest. It seems to me that what we have to do is to throw our small but definite weight all the time into the effort to help all of us understand each other better. That's why papers like *The Nation* are doing such a valuable job. Their interpretation of world events is so clear and intelligent, and they have a grand international slant.**
>
> **Your copies of *The Nation* went at once down to the branch of the Cooperative which we joined as soon as we settled here. And we were assured that the magazines would be read and passed on and passed on again *ad infinitum*. So, you see, you are being mightily appreciated.**

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Letters to the Editors

Town Meeting Please Note

Dear Sirs: In the familiar words of H. G. Wells, a race is in progress between education and catastrophe. The plutocratic press, the pornographic press, and the timid and colorless press are not contributing much to the education of the masses. The progressive weeklies and monthlies are doing their part, but their circulations are not large, and they are not read by many of our lawmakers and public officials. Catastrophe's chance of winning the awful race is dishearteningly good.

Hence lovers of justice, liberty, and progress heartily welcome the New York Town Meeting of the Air as a new educational agency. Just now, however, it needs candid advice rather than gratitude, for it can enhance its power for good by certain changes in procedure.

In the first place, there are many difficult and vital questions which cannot be adequately discussed at one town meeting and for which three or four meetings should be set aside. Examples are: The Way Out of the Present Recession; Isolation versus Collective Security; the Future of the Railroads. Last winter and spring these and other subjects were very superficially handled by speakers who, if allowed more time and subjected to more effective prodding, might have thrown much more light upon them and thus really contributed to public education.

In the second place, in the Town Meeting of the Air issues are seldom, if ever, actually joined. Not that all educational discussion must necessarily take the form of formal "joint debates." But each speaker should be provided in advance with a copy of the remarks to be made by his opponent, and he should be requested to give his interpretation of facts or principles concerning which there is no agreement. To illustrate: the discussion of the conflict between the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. left auditors bewildered and dissatisfied. Charges of the gravest character were leveled at the leaders of the C. I. O. by the spokesman of the rival federation, and not one of these charges was disposed of by the C. I. O. champion. Such incoherent and unplanned discussion may be better than nothing, but it is not truly educational.

In the third place, too much time is wasted on irrelevant or foolish questions. The moderator should decline to put questions not calculated to clear up obscure points or meet reasonable objections to positions taken by the speakers.

VICTOR S. YARROS

Chicago, June 15

How About It, Mr. Sullivan?

Dear Sirs: This is an expression of pleasure in meeting Frank Sullivan in the columns of *The Nation.* I hope he becomes a "regular." As a follower of his since his earliest days on the *World,* I have had great difficulty trying to locate him.

Please give him a job.

F. H. RAMSEY

Pittsburgh, Pa., July 1

Mexico Is in Good Shape

Dear Sirs: Unfavorable reports about Mexico have seriously reduced tourist travel over the Pan-American Highway, judging by a trip I made on June 14 from Laredo, Texas, to Mexico City. Few tourists were seen along the road. The manager of the Ancira Hotel, largest in Monterrey, has applied to the government for permission to close his dining room, owing to lack of tourist trade. The number of tourists from Houston, Texas, that visited Mexico City during June of last year was 600, while so far this June the number has not reached 50.

Tourists have been told that the highway is difficult to travel. Within five miles of the border I was told that the motor oil in Mexico was of poor quality, that the gasoline was of poor grade, and that prices were high. Moreover, the "revolution" made the trip a hazard. Not any of this information proved to be true. The popular brands of gasoline and oil sold in the United States are sold in Mexico at about the same price. The people along the way were friendly, courteous, and obliging. Crossing through the eastern part of the state of San Luis Potosi, where the revolution was reported active, we saw only two soldiers and what appeared to be a large army tent with several cots under it. Soldiers were seen at various other points along the highway, as they always are in Mexico, for soldiers here perform a sort of police duty. The people with whom we talked seemed to be strongly in favor of Cárdenas.

Despite the unfavorable reports, economic conditions in Mexico seem to be improving. The houses in the country districts, though mere huts, appear to be in better condition than when I saw them five years ago. There are more crops growing and fewer beggars on the streets. The government has a minimum-wage scale of from two to three and a half pesos a day. Before the minimum-wage law, the wages were as low as 75 centavos a day.

People thinking about coming to Mexico need have no fears about unstable conditions. The only difficulties I experienced were that the towns were far apart and there were about 100 miles of mountain driving that should not be attempted in a poor car. The road is paved and the grades are not steep, but they are long and most of the turns do not yet have guard rails, although these are now being built.

BRUCE J. MANLEY

Houston, Texas, June 18

The Longer View

Dear Sirs: While the lending-spending bill is justified as an emergency measure, I cannot but express objection to your enthusiastic support of it as a remedy for our economic ills. It seems to me to be an increasingly apparent fact, evidenced by the failure of the spending programs of the past six years to restore permanent vitality to our system, that such efforts are at best but a temporary stimulation, a sort of shot in the arm, and not a cure.

There is reflected, I think, a predominant weakness in your advocacy of the liberal point of view. You apparently affirm the essential soundness of our economic system. You apparently believe that the faltering of the machine is but the effect of some superficial flaw, easily remedied by a little tinkering, and not a defect in the plan of construction of the machine. This may be true, but if it is it needs some demonstrating, and if it is not, some vigorous efforts toward a diagnosis of the trouble are certainly called for.

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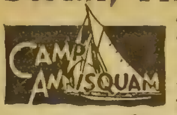

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position in other respects, I wonder if its hesitancy on this score is not prompted by fear, the fear of the epithet "red."

The fact is that our economic machine shows a persistent inclination to bog down. Factories are idle. Store-fronts are vacant. Men are out of work, and human beings are insecure, frightened, and hungry. It is time that liberal men and particularly the journal of liberal opinion should openly attack the problem of what is wrong with the machine without regard to whatever elements of "isms" might be involved in the diagnosis.

KENNETH R. JOHNSON
Compton, Calif., June 14

War We Will Not Have!

Dear Sirs: President Roosevelt's able work as champion of a big navy and the courteous attention he is giving all measures that might place this nation under a dictator have done much to undermine our confidence in his ability and his sincerity. Either the munition manufacturers and the Hearst papers have thrown a war scare into him or his social heritage is so strong that he thinks this nation is responsible for the safety of its globe-trotting industrialists and their economic empires abroad.

For generations the American people have thought of the government at Washington as a three-ring circus, a performance too far away from everyday life to be important in the workaday world. But for six years, we have been learning that the federal government can come close to our lives. Now comes the question of the armament race and the war that will inevitably follow. If the rest of the nation is thinking and acting like this small town, war we will not have. If our leaders cannot see that progress and sanity for the whole world can best be preserved by keeping the peace ourselves, then it is time we had new leaders.

LETHA BENDER
Moscow, Idaho, June 25

Man and His Home

Dear Sirs: The Federal Home Loan Bank Board has proposed a uniform mortgage law for the forty-eight states which will cut the foreclosure period down to 120 days. I wonder how many people realize the significance of this. It is a profound subversion of all the principles of Anglo-Saxon equity and will wipe out the last vestige of protection for the borrower and homeowner. The real-estate boards have been working for this for years, and now they have it handed to them by the New Deal Administration.

A study of the history of equity as a branch of Anglo-Saxon law reveals that when it was established there was a humane and decent recognition that the foxes of the earth had their holes and the birds of the air their nests, and that man too should have a place to lay his head. In fact, so strong was this feeling (of "natural rights") that court decisions established the principle of "once a mortgage always a mortgage." We have come a long way from that concept.

FAY B. MCCONKEY
Philadelphia, Pa., June 6

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The Shape of Things

PURISTS LIKE GENERAL HUGH JOHNSON find it hard to withhold what he calls "praise" for President Roosevelt's oratorical swing through the country. Of course, as Johnson delicately puts it, this is not to be taken as "praise of political sanity or honesty—only of political adroitness." We concede the "adroitness," the "showmanship," and all the rest of it, and it would be foolish to deny that the jaunt is thoroughly political. But it is politics on a higher plane than is common in this country; it is politics for a program rather than for a party. Democratic presidents don't have to go campaigning through a somnolent Solid South; no matter who wins the nominations, the party cashes in. That Roosevelt is willing to take the chance of disrupting party unity is to his lasting credit, for, whatever its shortcomings, he has a program. The only intelligent criterion of his sincerity is the extent to which he will fight to put that program into practice. At least half the battle is educational, and this is perhaps the most hopeful aspect of his trip. For in addition to throwing his support to Democrats who will support him, and in addition to the customary citation of personal bonds which link him forever to Marietta, Bowling Green, and Oklahoma City, the President has never missed a chance to hammer home some major point in his social program: a decent wage level, scientific land use, cheap power, flood control, "cooperative security," and even "government with a soul." Those who see only showmanship in this we shall never accuse of adroitness.

*

THESE DAYS ARE WEATHER-BREEDERS IN Europe—hot and quiet but with thunderheads on every horizon. It becomes evident that agreement between the Sudetens and Prague is not emerging from the discussions of the proposed nationalities statute. On the contrary, Henlein's followers are reliably reported to be drilling in the frontier districts, and Henlein has just been conferring with Hitler in Munich. The Czech government, while planning wide concessions to all its minorities, is busy adding up its votes to make sure of

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the three-fifths majority required for amending the constitution. Meanwhile Hitler is intensifying his activities in Hungary. General von Keitel, head of the supreme command of the Reichswehr, recently spent five days in Hungary where he behaved, according to a report cited by G. E. R. Gedye in the New York *Times,* "more like an inspector general of a satellite army than a visitor to the army of a well-disposed neighbor state." In the event of an armed move against Czechoslovakia, Hitler would need the backing of Hungary; and he can offer as payment the return of the small Hungarian majority within the borders of the Czech state. These developments, however, do not necessarily imply war; they do imply renewed threats backed up by increased power.

*

NO CLEARER AIR SURROUNDS SPAIN. WHILE the Loyalists stubbornly resist and slowly yield before the rebel push toward Valencia, their fate continues to be bartered by the powers. France has stopped the few leaks in the frontier, while Franco's ports and borders remain wide open pending the long-delayed application of the plan for counting and withdrawing "volunteers." So far neither the rebels nor the Loyalists have accepted the plan, but while it hangs suspended, Italian artillery carries the brunt of the rebel advance, and Mussolini hails the deeds of the "Italian battalions" in Spain and anticipates the possibility that "Blackshirts will again face Bolshevist forces in the international field." His aviators have for the moment stopped bombing British ships in Spanish ports, perhaps as the result of the Perth-Ciano conversations at Rome, so that Chamberlain is able to hint at concessions by Franco and to temporize in the hope of staving off a showdown at least until Parliament adjourns at the end of the month. The new and more open attacks by Eden make it apparent that the anti-Chamberlain forces in the Conservative ranks are moving toward some sort of unified opposition. Whether it takes shape soon will doubtless depend on Chamberlain's progress toward his dubious goals.

*

THE MARKET CONTINUES ITS BOOM. WHAT started stocks up is probably a complex of factors, including low inventories and anticipation of heavy government expenditures. What keeps them going are such items as the ending of the basing-point price system in steel, the I. C. C. grant of a 25 per cent rate increase for the Eastern railroads, the bullish talk of Ambassador Kennedy on his recent visit, and the attempt of various industries to beat the gun before the wage-hour law provisions go into effect in the late fall. With respect to Kennedy's bullish talk, one might reasonably convert the adjective into a noun. Government expenditures have scarcely begun, and their direct effect on industry will not be felt for months. The railroad rate rise was crudely superficial, judged as a piece of economic statesmanship: it leaves the bond incubus and the impoverished equipment and the inefficient duplication of lines exactly where they were. As for the wage-hour law, we recall that there was a similar market boom, and a steep rise in the production curve, before the NRA went into effect. The truth is that industry has become heavily politicized. Businessmen watch governmental trends with feverish anxiety. The actual economic conditions have never warranted the "recession" gloom of the past nine months. There is therefore a margin of tolerance for a further upturn in the next months. Within certain limits set by basic conditions, a spirit of optimism may well lead to, rather than flow from, improved industrial conditions. The danger, of course, is that the trend may as easily be reversed.

*

THE ANNUAL REPORTS OF THE AMERICAN Civil Liberties Union have become important barometers of democratic vitality. The current issue, entitled "Eternal Vigilance," is a sober, though often dramatic, and on the whole reassuring document. For the second successive year the union records a perceptible ebb in anti-labor violence, an achievement in which the National Labor Relations Board is credited with a dominant role. This is a fitting testimonial for the NLRB's third birthday, and especially refreshing in contrast with the new stream of press abuse which that event provoked. The union simultaneously notes a pronounced decline in persecution of Communists. While the altered tactics of the Communists themselves undoubtedly contributed to this result, it primarily reflects the growing immunity of Americans to the slogans of professional red-baiters. On these and related fronts the A. C. L. U. chronicles real gains made in the face of frequently merciless opposition. The report, of course, does not obscure the dark and contagious areas of reaction that still exist. The roll of dishonor is long and significant: Jersey City, Harlan, Memphis, San Antonio, Tampa, Gallup, and now New Orleans. Yet the existence of the La Follette committee offers hope even to these terror-ridden communities.

*

LABOR IS WELL ADVISED IN MAKING A *cause célèbre* of New York's Busch Jewelry Company case. On the grounds that the picketers resorted to "acts of violence" and carried "fraudulent" signs, Justice Salvatore Cotillo ordered the immediate cessation not only of what he judged to be illegal picketing but of all picketing. The state's "little Norris-La Guardia act" permits a judge to enjoin illegal picketing but specifically bars him from enjoining peaceful picketing. Cotillo holds that the state Constitution guarantees to the Supreme Court the right to enjoin any act when it deems it wise or necessary to do so for the protection of property or where a breach of the peace is involved, and contends that if the law were intended to curtail that jurisdiction it would be unconstitutional. Counsel for the strikers, on the other hand, argue that no such constitutional prohibition exists, that the legislature has the power to regulate the jurisdiction of the courts, that the anti-injunction law permits the imposing of a ban only on the illegal aspects of the picketing, and that its whole purpose would be defeated if a judge were permitted, on his own finding of fact, to ban all picketing in a given dispute. Justice Cotillo's argument is typical of the legal-loophole reasoning by which labor has been robbed of its gains in the past. If his decision should be upheld in the higher courts, not only labor in New York would suffer; fourteen other states have almost identical anti-injunction laws, modeled on the federal Norris-La Guardia act, and it would not take their courts long to appropriate the Cotillo technique.

*

TO CALL OTTO BAUER, WHO DIED IN EXILE in Paris last week, the leader of the Austrian Social Democracy does not do justice to his position. He was the theoretician of left-wing socialism, and with the exception of Karl Kautsky, the last of the outstanding Socialist leaders that the pre-war labor movement of Europe produced. Bauer, together with Victor Adler, backed the Austro-Hungarian monarchy in 1914. He served as officer in the World War, was taken prisoner by the Russians, and experienced both the March and the November revolutions on Russian soil. When he returned to Austria it was as an opponent, but not as an enemy, of the Bolshevist regime. He believed even then that dictatorship of the proletariat would inevitably lead, not to a socialist democracy, but to an all-powerful bureaucracy. Nevertheless, as the foreign minister of the first and only Socialist cabinet in Austria, he made a sincere effort to establish friendly relations with the Soviet Union. His earnest attempt to imbue the socialist movement with new life through the instrumentality of the short-lived Hamburg (Second-and-a-Half) International was a total failure. The Second International triumphed, a monument to the power of social inertia. Though the Austrian party followed the energetic leadership of Bauer and his theoretical monthly *Der Kampf* in the direction of a more militant revolutionary conception of the fight for working-class power, it, too, failed when it was put to the test. Had Bauer had more confidence in the strength of the Austrian working class, which waited for almost a year for the signal to strike out against the Dollfuss dictatorship, the fate of Austria might have been different. Bauer fought heroically during the February uprising but the workers lost because he had allowed the enemy to take the offensive.

The New Trust Busters

THE monopoly inquiry has finally swung into motion. The first full meeting of the joint Congressional and administrative committee has been held, and to each of the government agencies represented has been assigned the task of collecting and digesting the material in its files bearing on some potential phase of the inquiry. The hearings themselves are likely to begin in September and run until 1940; but it is almost certain that a preliminary report will be made next January, with the assembling of the new Congress, containing recommendations for legislation and suggestions for anti-trust revision. After that the inquiry should settle down to a comprehensive probing of how our industrial system works and how to make it work better.

We consider the launching of this inquiry one of the most important events of our recent history. For a half century the anti-trust problem has been agitated in this country. Thus far it has produced no results except a moral fervor against monopolies that has gone hand in hand with a complete paralysis of action, and which has permitted the giant corporations to grow until today they dominate our entire economic life. We have entrusted our destiny as producers and consumers to the frail procedures of common-law litigation, and our economic welfare has been bogged down in the metaphysical swamps of legalistic concepts. What is new about the new trust busters is that they no longer view the problem of monopoly through the blinkers of the anti-trust laws. True, under the vigorous energies of Robert H. Jackson and now of Thurman W. Arnold, even the existing anti-trust laws have been given some meaning and sting. Nothing comparable to the speeches and reports of these two men is to be found in the records of the Department of Justice. What happened in the oil-company trial and what is happening now in the aluminum- and milk-company trials is proof that good public officials do not allow inadequate laws to stand as an excuse for inaction and collusion. But more important than this is the effort to extend the boundaries of the whole monopoly problem.

The time has come to remove the scales that have been on the people's eyes for decades. When the Sherman law was passed in 1890 the anxieties of the nation were directed toward the open and shameless "trusts" that had departed from the ideal competitive norm in which we still believed, and that had cornered control of some market. In the intervening half century American economic life has moved in seven-league strides toward a condition of vassalage to the huge corporations. No one of these corporations may be in complete control of an industry; yet the reality is that competition no longer exists, and price, wage, and production policies are decided by agreements between a few dominant operating and holding corporations. The avenues by which these results are attained are often so complex, so elusive, so indirect, that they ramify into every area of our industrial, financial, legal, taxation, and investment structure.

That is why it would be impossible, for all the fears and jeremiads of the editorial writers, to make a "witch-hunt" out of the present inquiry. Witch-hunting had its place when there were a few "malefactors of great wealth." But the problems we must get at are too involved in our business structure to be solved by hunting out any single malefactor. The prices of the aluminum utensils, the automobiles, the tires, the gasoline, the milk, the meat—almost everything that we use—are determined by large corporate concentrations of power. Whether they shall be rigid or shall fluctuate depends not on the social welfare but upon the calculations for maximizing net profits. It is more than just a matter of price, for production and employment policies as well are subject to these decisions. Investment trusts, government contracts, the investment policies of insurance companies, the structure of holding companies, labor legislation—all are an integral part of what we have been accustomed to call the "monopoly" situation.

Not since the Pujo investigation, a quarter century ago, have we had the chance we have now of attacking the problem as a whole. We muffed it then, and we may muff it now; but if we do, it must be for failure to will the means of carrying out our objectives. The personnel of the inquiry is not a bad one. The Congressional group leans toward the right. But in the administrative group there are men of the stature of Leon Henderson, Thurman Arnold, William O. Douglas, Isador Lubin, Jerome Frank, and Herman Oliphant. They have a chance to make a chart of the workings of our economic system. They have a chance to see the picture as a whole and to make a coordinated attack on the entire problem.

We are not suggesting that we can enter a Promised Land where a single blueprint will solve all our problems. If there is one thing that recent studies have taught us, such as those in the book just published by Walton Hamilton and his associates, it is that every major industry has its own problems of price determination, and that the politics of industry is as complex as the economics of industry. But there are also levers that control the mechanisms of industry as a whole. To make those studies and get at those mechanisms is to accomplish the prelude to economic planning.

The men who rule our industry know this. They have their eyes fixed on this inquiry. They will smash it if they can. They will seek to control it if they cannot smash it. Or, if they cannot control it, they will seek to keep it all in the realm of research and abstractions, and let it peter out there. It is our job to make the inquiry the first step toward a real grappling with the problem of socializing industry.

Jurist and Humanist

NOT since Justice Holmes has there been a figure in American public life whom men of all parties so delighted to honor as Justice Benjamin N. Cardozo. His death is deeply felt by conservatives and radicals alike. Justice Brandeis has had a greater impact on our constitutional law, but as a hard-hitting crusader for economic justice he found that the hounds of State Street and Wall Street were set loose on him. Justice Cardozo never had a yelping pack at his heels. When he succeeded Justice Holmes in 1932 the choice had the imprint of inevitability. Men did not think of him as a partisan because he was so clearly the painstaking craftsman, the profound commentator, the master stylist, the judge who leaned backward to reach his conclusions.

He was as close as we have come to that creature of popular myth—the objective judge. Even in Justice Holmes there was a mocking strain, which made men feel that here was a sharp commentator on the human comedy who was also a great judge. But Cardozo made the achievement of judicial objectivity his life work.

This is not to say that his thinking was neutral and colorless. He had deep human emotions and social passions. His work on the New York Court of Appeals, which was of enormous importance because of the formative influence of the New York precedents on other state courts, was directed toward humanizing the rigors of the law and cutting down the lag between legal approval and social change. He was in that sense a leader in what has come to be known as "sociological jurisprudence." He cared deeply about the oppressed and the underprivileged. On the Supreme Court too his vote was always with the progressives, and during his first trying years he was in a fighting minority of three. But it was his constant doctrine that you could translate the new economic forces into law without stepping out of the framework of legal tradition.

Above all, he was an unforgettable personality. There was no one who touched his life that did not feel awe at his unworldly quality. Sensitive, ascetic, both logician and poet, he was at the same time a realist even though he did not know at first hand the sweat and the grime of life. He had to get at it by an effort of the imagination.

You cannot easily replace a Cardozo, any more than you can replace a Holmes. But most of the names mentioned currently for his post on the court fall far short of the standard he set. There is only one man who comes close to Cardozo's ideal, as a legal craftsman, as a philosopher, and as a student of human institutions. He is Felix Frankfurter, of the Harvard Law School. If Mr. Roosevelt should appoint him, some reactionaries might be dismayed. But the rest of the country, lawyers and laymen alike, would regard him as the logical choice.

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Death Trap for Jews

THREE places: Austria, Palestine, Evian. All three are symbols of what is happening today to the Jews of the world. It is as if these places were points through which some sardonic hand had drawn the triangle of Jewish destiny.

Austria is the latest and most harrowing instance of Nazi brutality in its insane campaign against the Jews. With the German experience back of them, the Nazis are dispatching the job of destroying the Austrian Jews with a swift and workmanlike thoroughness. The Austrian Jews, some 200,000 of them, form about 3 per cent of the population, while the German Jews formed less than 1 per cent. Most of them are in Vienna. They are in business, the professions, the trade unions—forming one of the most honorable communities in Europe, and one that has contributed far beyond its share to the world's intellectual and artistic life. They are being ousted from the professions, boycotted, stripped of their businesses and possessions, thrown into concentration camps, pushed into bread-lines that cannot feed them, or dumped on a world that does not want them. Those who have read Vincent Sheean's lacerating dispatches from Vienna to the New York *Herald Tribune* know part of the story. Nor are professed Jews alone to suffer. "Non-Aryan Christians" share their fate, whether they be "baptized standing up" or "baptized lying down" or "mongrels of the first grade" or "mongrels of the second grade." For the Nazis any degree of Jewish blood is sufficient ground for the sadism of the swastika.

Palestine has been settled by Jews as the "Jewish homeland." Here, if nowhere else, it seemed possible that the oppressed Jews of the world might find a haven. But Palestine is today the scene of the bloodiest sort of civil strife, with casualties both of Jews and Arabs mounting daily. In immediate terms the struggle is over the proposed British plan for the partition of Palestine into a Jewish state, an Arab state, and a British corridor. More basically, it is a struggle on the part of the Arabs to stop the flow—now a trickle—of Jewish immigration at the very time when Palestine is most needed for Jewish refugees. But in the deepest political sense Jews and Arabs alike have been caught in the cross-fire of the imperialisms of Great Britain and Italy. The Arab reign of terror over the Jews is part of the new "revolt in the desert" which has been stirred up by Mussolini's fascist propaganda and his deals with the Arab feudal lords. Meanwhile, however, the Jews are caught in a trap in their own "homeland."

Evian, a resort in Southern France, is the third point of the triangle. It is the scene of the world conference on the refugee problem, which has assembled at President Roosevelt's invitation. All conferences are limited in what they can do. People often make the mistake of expecting too much of a conference, and are consequently disillusioned when they get only talk. But at a time when crude piracy dominates the moral tone of international affairs, even talk may be a step forward, provided it is sharp, uncompromising, organized, official. Myron Taylor's speech as head of the American delegation had some of these qualities. His attack on the callous Nazi policy of "human dumping" has been heard around the world, and can furnish scant comfort to Hitler.

Unfortunately, even sharp words may be caught in the net of political maneuvering to get a strategic position in an insoluble problem. The British delegation, we may state flatly, is almost incredible even in the context of a Chamberlain government. Its head is Lord Winterton, known to be an anti-Semite. Its policy seems thus far to have been one of deliberate sabotaging of the work of the conference. It has fought the American proposal that permanent machinery, independent of the League of Nations, be set up to deal with the refugee problem.

Mr. Taylor's proposals looking toward a permanent organization are the minimum that the conference can accomplish without proving a failure. It was to be expected that most of the countries would limit their aid to the German and Austrian Jews to verbal sympathy and would refuse to lift their immigration restrictions. Even the American quota is pitifully small, and Mr. Roosevelt made it clear at the start that it would not be increased. Behind this lies the distressing apathy of the American people as a whole to the plight of the refugees, as shown in the recent *Fortune* poll. Fortunately there are countries, notably Peru and Mexico, that have expressed a willingness to admit refugees in large numbers, and that seem to consider them not a burden but a boon. And several other Latin-American countries are ready to accept a fairly large quota of agricultural workers.

There are those who will say that it is unwise to offer a haven to the Jews of Germany and Austria, on the ground that this will help Hitler get them off his hands and cause similar expulsions from Poland and Rumania. That is to argue that to save people from a burning house is unwise because it will encourage arson. The house of the Jews in Central Europe is aflame, and arson is the deliberate policy of fascism. There was a time when a search for Jewish colonial sites, whether in Angola, Madagascar, Cyrenaica, Ecuador, Abyssinia, or Australia, was the problem of the Jews themselves. Today the Jewish question has become the moral responsibility of the whole non-fascist world. Although Great Britain has woefully bungled its job in Palestine, it has still the duty of finding a solution there that will admit Jews to the limit of the economic absorptive capacity of the country. At the same time, every other means must be explored of getting the victims of the Nazis out of their present death trap and resettling them where they can live as something better than slaves.

Hooking Henry Ford

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, July 11

TARDILY but inexorably the sharp hook of justice is sinking into the tough gullet of the boldest industrial outlaw of our times. A Labor Board decision against Henry Ford in the Dearborn case is now before the Sixth Circuit Court of Appeals, and the efforts of precious counsel to shake their client loose have served only to impale him more surely. Now he is confronted with a bristling report by Trial Examiner Tilford E. Dudley in the St. Louis case, finding him guilty of numerous unfair labor practices and ordering him, for the first time, to bargain with the United Automobile Workers. From a trial examiner's report to the Supreme Court is still a respectable distance, but I suspect that neither Henry nor his Wall Street lawyers will derive any comfort from that remarkable document. Anyone who goes through it can understand why the Dearborn Despot has taken refuge in McGuffey's Reader. The report, based on 21,000 printed pages of testimony, represents a monumental piece of work by one man. During the hearings Dudley took more than 600 pages of shorthand notes to guide his own study of the record. The cases of more than 200 workers named in the complaint are reviewed individually and in detail.

Obviously, space prohibits me from touching more than a few high points. Ford's company union calls itself the "Liberty Legion of America." Evidence showed its guiding spirit to be Municipal Judge Leo R. Schaefer of Dearborn, whose family enjoys a box-lunch concession in the River Rouge plant from which its net income is approximately $50,000 a year. A plant superintendent, approached in a restaurant by members of a union committee with a request for a conference, replied: "You're putting me on a spot. If I called you fellows in I'd be fired in the morning." Concerning the celebrated interview at Ways, Georgia, in which Ford declared he would "never recognize the United Automobile Workers or any other union," Dudley comments: "The . . . statements go far beyond any expression of opinion. They constitute an expression of intent to violate the law regardless of consequences." Similar expression of a lawless intent by Ford are familiar to everyone who reads the newspapers. Notwithstanding that fact and notwithstanding the colossal weight of evidence in this case, I confidently venture that it will be the occasion for a new attack on the board's fairness and integrity.

Every decision by the board is subject to judicial review and reversal. When the Supreme Court recessed for the summer, the score stood as follows: Twelve of the board's decisions had been contested in that court; in all twelve the board was upheld. Thirty-six of its decisions had been contested in the Circuit Courts of Appeal; it was upheld in twenty-eight; of the eight in which it was overruled three are being appealed. Ninety-seven injunction suits were brought against the board; all ninety-seven have been dismissed. Yet after this record was made and published an editorial appeared in *Collier's* which contained the following unblushing statement: "Of the rank partisanship in some of our federal boards there can be little question. The National Labor Relations Board is perhaps the most glaring example." I should add that the editorial was captioned Fair Play. Could such an exhibition be the result of sheer ignorance? It could, but I doubt that it was. The calumnies against the board are too uniform and too persistent to result from the mere chance meeting of unfurnished minds. In my twenty-seven years of newspaper work I have never seen a peacetime propaganda to compare with that now being waged against the Wagner Act and its administration. There is nothing strange about this. It is simply one phase of the organized resistance of a class which believes that its profits and power are threatened by the legal emancipation of labor.

I have managed to remain fairly calm in the face of gossip and revelations—true or false—concerning Jimmy Roosevelt's profits from his private insurance business, but I do think he was well advised in his decision to make all the facts public. The private income of a public official *is* a legitimate subject of public interest. That was my position when attempts to inquire into Herbert Hoover's foreign adventures were being treated as "character assassination." I felt that way when the New York *Times* was characterizing Senator Wheeler and the late Senator Walsh as "the Montana mud-gunners" because they ventured to probe the private affairs of Harry M. Daugherty and Albert B. Fall. For kindred reasons I applaud the gallant gesture of the New York *Daily News* in asking for a searching investigation of the entire press, including magazines and periodicals. Surely the publishers who have been howling to high heaven for their special privileges and immunities will not hesitate to recognize their corresponding responsibilities to the public. Or will they? Some of us would like to know what change would occur in the balance sheets of the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Collier's* if they were prohibited from using child labor and deprived of their annual postoffice subsidy. And there is a subject in which working newspapermen are even more interested. The Federal Trade Commission is conducting an investigation of recent unexplained increases in the price of newsprint. The inquiry was undertaken for the protection of the whole newspaper industry. Yet I am told that the commission has in its possession documentary evidence showing that the American Newspaper Publishers Association has privately incited its members to resist the investigation, informing them of their "legal rights" to withhold information sought by the commission's investigators. It is difficult to understand why any publisher would wish to suppress evidence calculated to protect him against a newsprint monopoly unless, by some odd chance, he had a financial interest in the monopoly. I can conceive of a publisher who because of stock ownership in a paper company or discounts on his paper bills might be content to take money from one pocket to put in another while his competitors were being driven to the wall.

Concerning recent developments on the political scene, permit me to quote what was said in this place June 18, as follows: "There will be no casual left-handed pats on the back when the Administration starts going down the line for Senator Barkley. The chips are down in Kentucky and everything will be strictly business." The chips were not down in Oklahoma, because Gov. Marland is just as good a New Dealer as Elmer Thomas. The danger there is that Gomer Smith, the free-sweating, tub-thumping, hog-calling Townsendite, will beat them both. With the best will in the world, there wasn't much Roosevelt could do in such a situation. However, as I have heretofore noted, he has a lamentable tendency to mellow under prosperity and there are signs that he is again figuring angles and picking his spots. If so he will regret it. This is one fight where the winner takes all.

Insurance Agents Are Human

BY LEO HUBERMAN

WHEN the six men who started the Industrial Insurance Agents Union put out their first leaflet, a regional representative of the American Federation of Labor told them that there was no basis for the organization of industrial insurance agents, that the dues should be returned to the members and the union dissolved. One year later, in May, 1938, delegates representing more than 25,000 members from forty-one insurance locals in twenty states took part in the first convention of the United Office and Professional Workers of America, affiliated with the Committee for Industrial Organization. Such rapid growth in organization would be considered amazing among manual workers; among white-collar workers it is phenomenal.

Insurance agents are middle class. Their ranks are made up of former teachers, lawyers, accountants, small businessmen, and storekeepers who have had little or no conception of trade unionism. What class consciousness they had was the consciousness that they belonged not to the working class but with the bourgeoisie. Yet there was a basis for organization.

Consider the conditions under which they worked. No group of workers on the farm, in the factory, or in the office was ever subjected to more intense pressure or greater intimidation. They were grown men, yet they were bullied like children in an old-fashioned classroom. Most insurance offices, in fact, on six mornings a week resembled such a classroom. There was the office manager in the role of the teacher. In front of him were thirty or more agents, looking like so many frightened schoolboys. Behind him was the blackboard on which were written their names. One by one the agents stood up to recite, that is, to report on their work of the day before. Praise for the "good" children. Humiliation and abuse for the "bad" children. The agent who reported the sale of a large policy was called upon to tell the others how he had done it. The agent who reported no sales was, on occasion, led out of the room by the ear. If his name appeared at the bottom of the list several times he was warned, despite previous high records, to stop fooling around. In one office when a special drive was on, a high stool was placed in a corner of the room. A grandfather had to sit on it for a week wearing a dunce cap.

Some managers carried classroom procedure still further. When an agent's production was running low, they would send for his wife. She would be asked if her husband had any outside interests that were distracting him. What was wrong with him? Perhaps he was lazy? If he really worked there was nothing to stop him from skyrocketing his earnings so that his wife might get a new fur coat, or move into a better apartment.

If the resultant prodding from the wife didn't send the agent's production up, he was called into the manager's office, where the suggestion was made that he wasn't suited to the insurance business. He might have been with the company ten or fifteen years, but that didn't matter. Perhaps it was best that he resign. Insurance companies are paternalistic. They seldom fire an agent; they accept his resignation. Before the coming of the union they accepted a lot of resignations every year. The employment turnover was as high as 30 per cent annually.

Industrial insurance agents have two duties: to sell insurance, and to collect premiums on insurance already sold. Their business is mainly with the very poor—the people who pay premiums of a dime or a quarter a week. If the policyholders are at home when the agent has climbed the stairs, if they pay the premiums regularly, if the agent succeeds in selling enough new policies to make up his quota, then all is well. But let a few workers lose their jobs so that the premiums can no longer be paid and the policies are allowed to lapse, and what looked like a good salary shrinks quickly and considerably.

It is the penalty that follows a lapsed policy that makes it so imperative that an agent sell new insurance all the time—because an agent's commission on the sale of a policy is not his for keeps. It is his only so long as the premiums on it are paid. When a policy lapses the agent must return to the company the commission he received, even if the policy was written fifteen years before. Worse still, if an insured person moves from one territory to another the agent in the new territory is charged for the lapse even though he did not write the insurance and therefore did not receive any commission in the first place!

Now things are rapidly changing. The Industrial Insurance Agents Union has swung into action. In New York and Massachusetts laws initiated and sponsored by the union have been passed changing the rules on lapse charges. Companies in these two states are now prohibited from charging agents for policies that have lapsed after having been in force for three years or more. Union locals are preparing similar bills in New Jersey, Connecticut, Michigan, Pennsylvania, and Illinois.

The union claims other victories. The men now have a five-day week. The nauseating office pep talks which came every Saturday morning from eight to twelve have been abolished. Job security, in large measure, has already been won. Never before in a period of depression has the number of "finals" (trade term for dismissals) been so low. And with job security has come a lessening of humiliation and abuse by "straw-boss" managers. Agents no longer allow themselves to be treated like browbeaten children.

Of course the companies do not admit that the union was responsible for these changes. But such concessions as Saturday mornings off were not granted until they became union demands. Similarly, when the president of the largest insurance company in a recent speech proudly reported that the annual employment turnover was lower than it had ever been in the history of the company, he neglected to mention that the chief reason was the existence of the union. But the agents remembered only too well how much concern was shown for their welfare before the union made its appearance.

What has been the attitude of the companies to the unionization of their agents? One year and a day after the United States Supreme Court declared the Wagner Act constitutional, the New York State Labor Board conducted an election of Metropolitan Insurance Company agents in the Greater New York area. The ballot asked the simple question: "Do you desire to be represented in collective bargaining by the Industrial Insurance Agents Union, Local 30, C. I. O.?" The answer of a majority of workers was "yes," and on April 23, 1938, the State Labor Board officially certified the union as the "exclusive collective bargaining representative for all Metropolitan agents in the Greater New York area."

It would seem that at long last the troublesome question must have been settled. But far from it. The Metropolitan and the other large companies had fought the union before the election and they have refused to bargain collectively since the election. The pattern for the fight of these billion-dollar companies is the familiar one: espionage, intimidation, letters, and talks by the management of the we're-all-one-happy-family type, the charge that "the union is a racket," the playing up of religious prejudices, terrorization, firings. That's the outline. Excerpts from sworn affidavits by the unionists, such as the following, give substance to the phrase "fighting the union":

> I said, "No, Mr. J., I will stay with the C. I. O. union. I will not join the company union."
>
> He [the manager] replied, "Mr. K., you are a diehard. I will not fire you now but I will make you starve; I will see to it that you will not make any money. I will not stick my neck out at present. When the time will be right I will fire you."

Four months later the time was right. Mr. K. was fired. From another affidavit:

> On January 17, about 11 a.m., Mr. H., the assistant manager, visited my home to see my wife about my membership in the C. I. O. union. My wife told me that Mr. H. stated that she should insist that I report to my office on Tuesday, January 18, and resign from the C. I. O.; that if I did not, he was sure that I would be out of work and that the C. I. O. would do nothing for me; that by my resigning, he himself would guarantee that my job would last for as long as I wished to be employed by the company; and that he was a personal friend of mine and was looking out for my benefit and my kiddies; and that Mr. W., our district manager, has several things against me for which he would forgive me, provided I would resign from the C. I. O.

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And another:

> [Mr. W., assistant manager]: "Your wife wouldn't want you to lose your job now." I said, "Mr. W., I belong to an organization, the International Workers Order . . . and they will not stand for a member of theirs to break out from union ranks. I have a child buried on their grounds and my wife will not permit me to leave this." Mr. W. immediately grabbed the telephone and said, "I will take you in to the Knights of Pythias in my branch." Then he started to call up the secretary of his lodge. I stopped him and said, "Never mind, you will not take me in anywhere." At that moment Mr. S. [acting manager] jumped up from the chair and punched me twice under the heart and said, "God damn, get out of my —— office." I went out of the office with tears in my eyes and with a terrible pain under my heart.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent by the companies in this war to smash the union, a war which Congress, with the approval of the Supreme Court, has decreed should not be waged at all. And this is only the beginning. A long-drawn-out legal battle is still to come. The Metropolitan refuses to comply with the decision of the State Labor Board. It seeks a review of the court's order that it bargain collectively on the grounds that its employees are not mechanics or laborers and therefore do not come within the scope of the act; and that the bargaining unit should be state-wide, not city-wide. The argument that the act does not apply to white-collar workers has already been refuted in the Bank of Yorktown case, in which the New York State Supreme Court ruled that it saw no reason why bank employees should be excluded from the provisions of the act. All over the country, moreover, the National Labor Relations Board has taken jurisdiction in cases involving white-collar workers. As for the second argument, it should be noted that there never has been a decision by any court interfering with the absolute discretion of the Labor Board in selecting the proper bargaining unit.

There is good reason to believe that the strategy of the Metropolitan is to carry on an interminable legal battle in the hope that if and when compliance with the board's order to bargain with the union is forced, there will no longer be any union to bargain with. It doesn't worry the management of the Metropolitan that more hundreds of thousands of dollars will have to be paid out in legal fees and other expenses. But it should worry the policy-holders, because it is their company which is waging this war and it is their money which is being spent on it.

Living Philosophies—I

TWO CHEERS FOR DEMOCRACY

BY E. M. FORSTER

I DO not believe in belief. But this is an age of faith, in which one is surrounded by so many militant creeds that, in self-defense, one has to formulate a creed of one's own. Tolerance, good temper, and sympathy are no longer enough in a world which is rent by religious and racial persecution, in a world where ignorance rules, and science, which ought to have ruled, plays the subservient pimp. Tolerance, good temper, and sympathy—well, they are what matter really, and if the human race is not to collapse they must come to the front before long. But for the moment they don't seem enough; their action is no stronger than a flower battered beneath a military jack-boot. They want stiffening, even if the process coarsens them. Faith, to my mind, is a stiffening process, a sort of mental starch, which ought to be applied as sparingly as possible. I dislike the stuff. I do not believe in it, for its own sake, at all. My lawgivers are Erasmus and Montaigne, not Moses and St. Paul. My temple stands not upon Mount Moriah but in that Elysian Field where even the immoral are admitted.

I have, however, to live in an Age of Faith—the sort of thing I used to hear praised and recommended when I was a boy. It is damned unpleasant, really. It is bloody in every sense of the word. And I have to keep my end up in it. Where do I start?

With personal relationships. Here is something comparatively solid in a world full of violence and cruelty. Not absolutely solid, for psychology has split and shattered the idea of a "person" and has shown that there is something incalculable in each of us, which may at any moment rise to the surface and destroy our normal balance. We don't know what we're like. We can't know what we're like. We can't know what other people are like. How then can we put any trust in personal relationships, or cling to them in the gathering political storm? In theory we can't. But in practice we can and do. For the purpose of living one has to assume that the personality is solid, and the "self" is an entity, and to ignore all contrary evidence. And since to ignore evidence is one of the characteristics of faith, I certainly can proclaim that I believe in personal relationships.

Starting from them, I get a little order into the contemporary chaos. One must be fond of people and trust them if one isn't to make a mess of life, and it is therefore essential that they shouldn't let one down. They often do. The moral of which is that I must, myself, be as reliable as possible, and this I try to be. But reliability isn't a matter of contract. It is a matter for the heart, which signs no documents. In other words, reliability is impossible unless there is a natural warmth. Most men possess this warmth, though they often have bad luck and get chilled. Personal relationships are despised today. They are regarded as bourgeois luxuries, as products of a time of fair weather which has now passed, and we are urged to get rid of them, and to dedicate ourselves to some movement or cause instead. I hate the idea of dying for a cause, and if I had to choose between betraying my country and betraying my friend, I hope I should have the guts to betray my country. Such a choice may scandalize the modern reader, and he may stretch out his patriotic hand to the telephone at once, and ring up the police. It wouldn't have shocked Dante, though. Dante placed Brutus and Cassius in the lowest circle of Hell because they had chosen to betray their friend Julius Caesar, rather than their country, Rome.

This brings me along to democracy, "even Love, the Beloved Republic, which feeds upon Freedom and lives." Democracy isn't a beloved republic really, and never will be. But it is less hateful than other contemporary forms of government, and to that extent it deserves our support. It does start from the assumption that the individual is important, and that all types are needed to make a civilization. It doesn't divide its citizens into the bossers and the bossed, as an efficiency-regime tends to do. The people I admire most are those who are sensitive and want to create something or discover something, and don't see life in terms of power, and such people get more of a chance under a democracy than elsewhere. They found religions, great or small, or they produce literature and art, or they do disinterested scientific research, or they may be what are called "ordinary people," who are creative in their private lives, bring up their children decently, for instance, or help their neighbors. All these people need to express themselves, they can't do so unless society allows them liberty to do so, and the society which allows them most liberty is a democracy.

Democracy has another merit. It allows criticism, and if there isn't public criticism there are bound to be hushed-up scandals. That is why I believe in the press, despite all its lies and vulgarity, and why I believe in Parliament. The British Parliament is often sneered at because it's a talking-shop. Well, I believe in it *because* it is a talking-shop. I believe in the Private Member who makes himself a nuisance. He gets snubbed and is told that he is cranky or ill-informed, but he exposes abuses which would otherwise never have been mentioned, and very often an abuse gets put right just by being mentioned. Occasionally, too, in my country, a well-meaning public official loses his head in the cause of efficiency, and thinks himself God Almighty. Such officials are particularly frequent in the Home Office. Well, there will be questions about them in Parliament sooner or later, and then they'll have to mend their ways. Whether Parliament is either a representative body or an efficient one is very doubtful, but I value it because it criticizes and talks, and because its chatter gets widely reported.

So two cheers for democracy: one because it admits variety and one because it permits criticism. Two cheers are quite enough: there is no occasion to give three. Only Love, the Beloved Republic, deserves that.

What about force, though? While we are trying to be sensitive and advanced and affectionate and tolerant, an unpleasant question pops up; doesn't all society rest upon force? If a government can't count upon the police and the army how can it hope to rule? And if an individual gets knocked on the head or sent to a labor camp, of what significance are his opinions?

This dilemma doesn't worry me as much as it does some. I realize that all society rests upon force. But all the great creative actions, all the decent human relations, occur during the intervals when force has not managed to come to the front. These intervals are what matter. I want them to be as frequent and as lengthy as possible, and I call them "civilization." Some people idealize force and pull it into the foreground and worship it, instead of keeping it in the background as long as possible. I think they make a mistake, and I think that their opposites, the mystics, err even more when they declare that force doesn't exist. I believe that it does exist, and that one of our jobs is to prevent it from getting out of its box. It gets out sooner or later, and then it destroys us and all the lovely things which we have made. But it isn't out all the time, for the fortunate reason that the strong are so stupid. Consider their conduct for a moment in the Niebelungs' Ring. The giants there have the gold, or in other words the guns; but they do nothing with it, they do not realize that they are all-powerful, with the result that the catastrophe is delayed and the castle of Valhalla, insecure but glorious, fronts the storms for generations. Fafnir, coiled round his hoard, grumbles and grunts; we can hear him under Europe today; the leaves of the wood already tremble, and the Bird calls its warnings uselessly. Fafnir will destroy us, but by a blessed dispensation he is stupid and slow, and creation goes on just outside the poisonous blast of his breath. The Nietzschean would hurry the monster up, the mystic would say he didn't exist, but Wotan, wiser than either, hastens to create warriors before doom declares itself. The Valkyries are symbols not only of courage but of intelligence; they represent the human spirit snatching

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its opportunity while the going is good, and one of them even finds time to love. Brunhilde's last song hymns the recurrence of love, and since it is the privilege of art to exaggerate, she goes even further and proclaims the love which is eternally triumphant and feeds upon Freedom, and lives.

So that is what I feel about force and violence. I look the other way until fate strikes me. Whether this is due to courage or to cowardice in my own case I cannot be sure. But I know that if men hadn't looked the other way in the past nothing of any value would survive. The people I respect most behave as if they were immortal and as if society were eternal. Both assumptions are false: both of them must be accepted as true if we are to go on eating and working and loving, and are to keep open a few breathing holes for the human spirit. No millennium seems likely to descend upon humanity; no better and stronger League of Nations will be instituted; no form of Christianity and no alternative to Christianity will bring peace to the world or integrity to the individual; no "change of heart" will occur. And yet we needn't despair, indeed we cannot despair; the evidence of history shows us that men have always insisted on behaving creatively under the shadow of the sword, and that we had better follow their example under the shadow of the airplanes.

There is of course hero worship, fervently recommended as a panacea in some quarters. But here we shall get no help. Hero worship is a dangerous vice, and one of the minor merits of a democracy is that it does not encourage it, or produce that unmanageable type of citizen known as the Great Man. It produces instead different kinds of small men, and that's a much finer achievement. But people who can't get interested in the variety of life and can't make up their own minds get discontented over this, and they long for a hero to bow down before and to follow blindly. It's significant that a hero is an integral part of the authoritarian stock-in-trade today. An efficiency-regime can't be run without a few heroes stuck about to carry off the dullness—much as plums have to be put into a bad pudding to make it palatable. One hero at the top and a smaller one each side of him is a favorite arrangement, and the timid and the bored are comforted by such a trinity and, bowing down, feel exalted by it.

No, I distrust Great Men. They produce a desert of uniformity around them and often a pool of blood, too, and I always feel a little man's pleasure when they come a cropper. I believe in aristocracy though—if that's the right word, and if a democrat may use it. Not an aristocracy of power, based upon rank and influence, but an aristocracy of the sensitive, the considerate, and the plucky. Its members are to be found in all nations and classes, and all through the ages, and there is a secret understanding between them when they meet. They represent the true human tradition, the one permanent victory of our queer race over cruelty and chaos. Thousands of them perish in obscurity; a few are great names. They are sensitive for others as well as for themselves, they are considerate without being fussy, their pluck is not swankiness but the power to endure, and they can take a joke. I give no examples—it is risky to do that—but the reader may as well consider whether this is the type of person he would like to meet and to be, and whether (going further with me) he would prefer that the type should *not* be an ascetic one. I'm against asceticism myself. I'm with the old Scotchman who wanted less chastity and more delicacy. I don't feel that my aristocrats are a real aristocracy if they thwart their bodies, since bodies are the instruments through which we register and enjoy the world. Still, I don't insist here. This isn't a major point. It's clearly possible to be sensitive, considerate, and plucky and yet be an ascetic too, and if anyone possesses the first three qualities, I'll let him in! On they go—an invincible army, yet not a victorious one. The aristocrats, the elect, the chosen, the best people—all the words that describe them are false, and all attempts to organize them fail. Again and again authority, seeing their value, has tried to net them and to utilize them as the Egyptian priesthood or the Christian church or the Chinese civil service or the Group Movement, or some other worthy stunt. But they slip through the net and are gone; when the door is shut they are no longer in the room; their temple, as one of them remarked, is the holiness of the heart's imagination, and their kingdom, though they never possess it, is the wide-open world.

With this type of person knocking about, and constantly crossing one's path if one has eyes to see or hands to feel, the experiment of earthly life cannot be dismissed as a failure. But it may well be hailed as a tragedy, the tragedy being that no device has been found by which these private decencies can be transferred to public affairs. As soon as people have power they go crooked and sometimes dotty, too, because the possession of power lifts them into a region where normal honesty never pays. For instance, the man who is selling newspapers outside the House of Parliament can safely leave his papers to go for a drink, and his cap beside them: anyone who takes a paper is sure to drop a copper into the cap. But the men who are inside the houses of Parliament—they can't trust one another like that; still less can the government they compose trust other governments. No caps upon the pavement here, but suspicion, treachery, and armaments. The more highly public life is organized the lower does its morality sink; the nations of today behave to each other worse than they ever did in the past; they cheat, rob, bully, and bluff, make war without notice, and kill as many women and children as possible; whereas primitive tribes were at all events restrained by taboos.

The Savior of the future—if ever he comes—will not preach a new gospel. He will merely utilize my aristocracy; he will make effective the good will and the good temper which are already existing. In other words he will introduce a new technique. In economics, we are told that if there was a new technique of distribution, there need be no poverty, and people would not starve in one place while crops were dug under in another. A similar change is needed in the sphere of morals and politics. The desire for it is by no means new; it was expressed, for example, in theological terms by Jacopone da Todi over six hundred years ago. "Ordina questo amore, O tu che mi ami," he said. ("O thou who lovest me, set this love in order.") His prayer was not granted and I do not myself believe that it ever will be, but here, and not through a change of heart, is our probable route. Not by becoming better, but by ordering and distributing his native goodness, will man shut up force into its box, and so gain time to explore the universe and to set his mark upon it worthily.

Such a change, claim the orthodox, can only be made by Christianity, and will be made by it in God's good time: man always has failed and always will fail to organize his own goodness, and it is presumptuous of him to try. This claim leaves me cold. I cannot believe that Christianity will ever cope with the present world-wide mess, and I think that such influence as it retains in modern society is due to its financial backing rather than to its spiritual appeal. It was a spiritual force once, but the indwelling spirit will have to be restated if it is to calm the waters again, and probably in a non-Christian form.

These are the reflections of an individualist and a liberal who has found his liberalism crumbling beneath him and at first felt ashamed. Then, looking around, he decided there was no special reason for shame, since other people, whatever they felt, were equally insecure. And as for individualism—there seems no way out of this, even if one wants to find one. The dictator-hero can grind down his citizens till they are all alike, but he can't melt them into a single man. He can order them to merge, he can incite them to mass-antics, but they are obliged to be born separately and to die separately and, owing to these unavoidable termini, will always be running off the totalitarian rails. The memory of birth and the expectation of death always lurk within the human being, making him separate from his fellows and consequently capable of intercourse with them. Naked I came into the world, naked I shall go out of it! And a very good thing, too, for it reminds me that I am naked under my shirt. Until psychologists and biologists have done much more tinkering than seems likely, the individual remains firm and each of us must consent to be one, and to make the best of the difficult job.

In the Wind

IN A recent issue of *Look* magazine the picture of a woman named Jane Anderson was published; she was described as a spy for the Spanish rebels. The same Jane Anderson wrote an extensive series for the Hearst newspapers some months ago "exposing" the Spanish Loyalist regime. She wrote as an "impartial newspaper correspondent."

THE MIDNIGHT edition of the New York *Times* recently carried this head on a story describing Father Duffee's address at a communion breakfast: "Priest Defends Fascist Nations." In the late city edition the headline had become: "Priest Sees Soviet Real Foe of U. S."

A UNITED PRESS dispatch from Berlin disclosed that the Nazis had banned an issue of the *Motion Picture Herald,* published in the United States. The magazine could obtain no information from the State Department; its own Berlin office had sent no word. A phone call was made to Consul-General Mueller at the German consulate in New York. He professed ignorance of the move but said there must have been a "terrible article" in the confiscated issue. He said that usually only a single issue of a periodical is banned when a "terrible article appears." He added, however, that "when every issue of a publication prints something terrible, like *The Nation,* then all issues are banned."

A COMPANY UNION has been formed among life insurance agents to stem the growth of the C. I. O. union. In a bulletin issued by the company union—the Employees Fidelity Association—appears this announcement: "It is a source of consolation that outstanding industrial leaders with American principles such as Ford, Knudsen, Douglas, Girdler, etc., who have always been staunch supporters of the law, now come forward and state in no uncertain terms that the exact and undeniable cause of our present recession is entirely due to the manner in which the Wagner Act was administered by a prejudiced and biased labor board."

AROUND-THE-WORLD: Charles Maurras, editor of the Royalist *Action Française,* whose articles provoked the Jaurès assassination in 1914, who recently paid a visit of homage to Franco, and who served a prison term in 1937 for incitement to murder, has been elected to the French Academy, the highest honor a Frenchman can attain. . . . The *Archiv für Biologie und Rassengesellschaft,* an important Nazi journal, recently published an article by a Reichswehr officer on the "utility of air bombardments from the standpoint of racial selection and social hygiene." . . . Out of twenty-six Austrian metal workers who were sent by the Labor Office to work in Hamburg, Germany, twenty-four hitch-hiked their way back to Austria, preferring unemployment to Nazi labor conditions.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE death of Justice Cardozo seems to me the worst blow which could have befallen the Supreme Court. I am not unmindful of Justice Brandeis, of course, if only because I know how Justice Cardozo revered him. He never spoke of Brandeis save almost with bated breath; he was his ideal. Cardozo would be the first to protest against anyone's being put before the Massachusetts justice. What I mean is that Justice Cardozo, being only sixty-eight years old, with an ever young and forward-looking spirit, would have liked to give at least ten more years of service to the Court, whereas we can hope for nothing like that from Justice Brandeis upon whose shoulders now rest eighty-three years. Both men have been the greatest ornaments of the court since the retirement of Justice Holmes.

I know that there are many who believe that in time Hugo Black will rank with them; but of this I am sure: no one whom Franklin Roosevelt could possibly appoint could combine again such deep legal lore with such high judicial integrity and honor, such exalted liberalism, with so beautiful a spirit, so rare a personality as was Benjamin Cardozo's. Others must evaluate his exact merit as a great justice, for there, being a layman, I am not competent. It was, however, my good fortune to know Justice Cardozo and I never left his presence without thanking heaven that I had once more had the privilege of being with him. For weeks, as it became all too apparent that the justice would never again take his seat, I have been wondering how I could describe to others the rare quality which was Benjamin Cardozo's and came to the conclusion that I could not adequately portray it. "Exquisite" is an adjective which invariably suggests itself, yet it is so rarely applied to men as to be rather dangerous. Still in this case it fits, for Justice Cardozo was fineness itself; he had courage with delicacy; charm with firmness; sensitiveness to a degree; a righteousness worthy of a great prophet.

It was impossible to be with him and believe that he could be capable of anything narrow, or illiberal, or small. You found him extraordinarily well informed as to everything going on in the world and judging it judicially, discriminatingly, but never to the extent of suppressing his own feelings. When it came to the discussion of international wrongdoing, of crimes against groups and peoples and countries, he could and did blaze with indignation. Never was there a more modest man, never one with less pride of opinion, or one who reflected less the great position which he occupied. Had he met people who did not know who he was they would never have suspected from his manner or words that this was one who had achieved the extraordinary in life. It *was* most extraordinary, for here was the son of a faithless, corrupt judge, publicly disgraced in a great scandal. Most men would have chosen another profession and gone elsewhere—to Idaho, Montana, Arizona, Canada—to start anew. Not Benjamin Cardozo. He stayed right in New York and by his high character, his surpassing ability, his scholarship, and his devotion, rose to become the chief judge in his own state and then a Supreme Court Justice—"one of the nine old men," he called himself with a wistful smile. That was a gibe from which he and Brandeis should always have been excepted. There was nothing old or static about his mind.

And this great, truly noble man was a Jew—a Jew, proud and unashamed. Descendant of the aristocratic Portuguese group, he was as true and as loyal an American as ever lived, yet he never failed to recognize his kinship with the lowly, the ignorant, the backward of the Jewish people, even as did the Master himself.

None the less, the bitterest disappointment of his last years was, I believe, that with the coming of that bestial persecution, torturing, and murdering of Jews in Germany and Austria and Poland the conscience of America did not speak out as clearly, as emphatically, as historically it has in the past—to our lasting glory. He recalled how Secretary of State Hay and President Theodore Roosevelt had denounced the Kishinev massacres in Russia, although not a single American citizen was harmed thereby in person or property. The great justice waited in vain for similarly burning and pointed official words, naming names and deeds and places. Where, he asked me, were the other descendants of the Abolitionists? Why were only three of us lifting our voices in protest? Why did I not do more? On these occasions I think his judicial ermine irked him. He would have liked to go forth into the market place and raise his voice to heaven. Probably it was not called for; by his own life and example he showed the world how fine a Jew could be and so often is, what tremendous contributions Jews can and do make to the common weal. What a crime it is against Christianity and all humanity to degrade and destroy a race that can produce such men, such pioneers in ethics and of the intellect, and so rare a soul as that of Benjamin Cardozo!

BOOKS and the ARTS

Dixie, U. S. A.

A SOUTHERNER DISCOVERS THE SOUTH. By Jonathan Daniels. The Macmillan Company. $3.

FOR more than a century the report has been that the State of North Carolina is a valley of humility between two mountains of conceit. But whenever a Tarheel writer goes forth to discover the rest of the South, the result may be saucy, or sophisticated, but it is never humble. Such, at any rate, is this reviewer's reaction to this Raleigh-born travelogue of the South—that of Jonathan Daniels, son of Josephus and editor of the Raleigh paper of his sire.

The volume bears the title "A Southerner Discovers the South," but the discovery may not be altogether absolute. Not that Brother Jonathan did not enter his char-à-banc and jaunt about over the Dixie states. Indeed he did, beginning at Arlington on the Potomac, making his farthest west at Hot Springs, Arkansas, and then wandering back through the deep cotton South before returning to his editorial ease at Raleigh. The question is whether Mr. Daniels or anyone else can discover a South much different from that which exists within himself as the outgrowth of his own background and beliefs.

If this be true, this book is an indispensable aid to those who wish to discover what sort of a South there is in Jonathan. To begin with, it is an unusual and interesting South, as reflected by the miscellany of its author's observations, thoughts and after-thoughts, impulses and prejudices from Arlington to Arkansas and back. Its style is light, casual, skeptical, and nimble as an Alpine gazelle in its leaps from governors to poets to reception rooms in a Vicksburg bawdyhouse. It gives us hints both of why the sea is boiling hot and why some pigs grow wings.

One suspects that this mixture proceeds from the fact that Mr. Daniels has adopted the well-known British thesis that life is much too serious a thing to be taken seriously. In any event, his blend of grave and gay is one of his book's most attractive features.

Take the case of his examination of the Tennessee Valley Authority, probably the most interesting single enterprise now under way in the South. At Norris Dam, near Knoxville, Jonathan Daniels broke bread with David Lilienthal. At breakfast table there, the TVA director revealed his feeling that there could be only two points of view about the valley and its program. One was that it was necessary to impose the good life, "the new civilization," upon people in general, and the 2,500,000 people in the 42,000 square miles of the valley in particular. The second was "that the people themselves, freed from improper restraint and overwhelming handicap, are entirely capable of providing the good life for themselves." The first Lilienthal rejects, the second he battles for. He believes in the folk of the valley itself. He doesn't think they are "biologically exhausted"; but he thinks that they need to be given a chance, and that TVA has been put down in the valley to give them this chance. And so Jonathan reports David's democracy as well as his faith.

The author gives a similar tone to his talks with several Dixie governors whom he took in his rapid stride. One was Governor Bailey of Arkansas, "a thick man, not handsome; his hair is yellow and his skin looks weather-toughened. But I could understand how women might mistake his strength for handsomeness." This head of a state which would not change its name, but would its governor, insisted that the function of a state in self-development "is to make and disclose opportunity." He offered no subsidies or tax exemptions: all worth-while industries wanted was the chance to make money, and Arkansas proposed to give them that chance. But across the river, in Jeff Davis's state, Governor White—a fat man, with graying hair and an emphatic voice—wanted to do whatever it took to get some industries in the state. "I don't ask the people of Mississippi to grow one less bale of cotton," he said. "But I want some balance. It's the only way we can escape from this poverty at the bottom."

In New Orleans he found Governor Leche sick abed with a summer cold, but still talkative. "We've got one of the richest states in the world here," he explained. "We've got everything. And we've got to build it up, any way we can, every way we can." If that be tax exemption and subsidies, make the best of it. Governor Bibb Graves of Alabama likewise had things that he was burning to talk about. He wanted to do something about the cruel freight-rate discriminations by which the North and the East continue to take tribute out of the South. Brother Jonathan reports his description of the South as a veritable satrapy of other sections.

But enough of the peripatetic editor's jousts with those who sit in the masters' seats—or think they do. He spent a great deal of his time out on the land itself, seeking impressions as to tenant-farmer and sharecropper problems, and as to the various efforts at rural betterment. In Arkansas he examined a huge government project, with new, comfortable houses, but built at a cost enormously out of line with anything the Arkansas people could ever pay. This he felt was a retreat from reality, federal subsidy for unsubstantial dream. Across the river, at Hillsdale, he spent a day at the Delta Cooperative Plantation, staffed by enthusiasts, who believe that the plantation world can be redeemed through faith. He applauded their enthusiasm, but reported no warm expectation that they would make an agricultural success.

His report of Oscar Johnston, America's most successful cotton planter, is in marked contrast. For one thing, Oscar Johnston is a man and not a system. He farms his 38,000 acres in a friendly as well as understanding and efficient way. He doesn't expect that the Rust cotton picker will revolutionize cotton culture—the fleecy staple will continue to need the human being much more than the machine.

Florida, our Southron Daniels did not like so well, because it had been commercialized and Yankified. So he sped to Georgia, where he paid a fine tribute to Dr. Herty. Then he

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meandered through the Palmetto State, glancing at a languid Charleston summer, and wound up at Raleigh with his world of notes. His book of a pleasant, emotionally disturbed, intellectually hectic region ends with a confession of his faith that the South's salvation must come out of the South itself; and that it can and will be saved. So trust we all.

GEORGE FORT MILTON

Arctic Empire

ON TOP OF THE WORLD. By Lazar Brontman. With a Foreword by Professor Otto Y. Schmidt (Hero of the Soviet Union). Covici-Friede. $3.

SOON after Admiral Peary had achieved the North Pole he wrote: "In the very near future the biting air above both poles will be stirred by whirring airplane propellers, and when that time comes the inner polar regions will quickly yield their last secrets. . . . Looking forward to this certain materialization, it is a source of satisfaction that the two last great physical adventures, the winning of the North Pole and the South Pole—the feats which clinched and made complete man's conquest of the globe—were accomplished without the aid of such modern devices and inventions."

This keen prophecy was first realized in full with the arrival in midsummer of 1937 of the main Soviet expedition at the North Pole. No less than five great modern airplanes and seventy-five men were gathered at the Pole; and soon thereafter the polar air was again stirred by whirring airplane propellers when three other Soviet planes flew over the Pole toward the United States—two of them successfully, the third lost.

The press dispatches of the time emphasized the apparent ease and almost certainty with which these outstanding feats were accomplished. The book by Lazar Brontman emphasizes rather the long wait for suitable flying weather, the great uncertainty attending it all, and the many hardships which were inseparable from the accomplishment. One plane indeed was smashed during the gale in Matochkin Strait in Nova Zembla, with the loss of three men.

As one reads Brontman's account it becomes clear that the success, while due in large part to the skill and caution of the leaders and the splendid personnel of the crews, was also in no small measure to be charged to excessive good fortune at critical moments. Probably the largest single element of the success was the training which the pilots and navigators had had in the new Siberian empire of the Arctic, developed under the Soviet Arctic Institute and Professor Schmidt, who was also the leader of this expedition. Schmidt and his parties had evidently made a very careful study of Peary's books and were well advised concerning the conditions which they would have to meet in the vicinity of the Pole.

The author of the book is a journalist who was a participant in the enterprise, and his story is told largely through the medium of radiograms, which, amazing to relate, were successfully sent to Moscow from the North Pole with perfect regularity four times daily—another triumph to be charged to the account of the Arctic Empire, where hundreds of such radio stations are in regular operation. This surely is not the most effective way in which to prepare a book for the reader; but it at least gives assurance of a true account. In his Foreword, Professor Schmidt says: "The author gives us a conscientious narrative . . . depicts members of the expedition as modest and simple men. This is undoubtedly true, just as it is true that these modest people were real heroes. . . ."

The most thrilling portion of the book is undoubtedly that which recounts the experiences of the four men of the Papanin party during their long southerly drift on the floe upon which the "North Pole Station" was located. Throughout this drift scientific studies of the greatest value were at no time interrupted, though the surface of the floe became a pond of water from which the camp had to be elevated; and though it later split up before the men were finally rescued through the heroic efforts of the crews of airplanes and icebreaker ships acting together.

Incidentally, the book supplies most interesting sidelights upon Soviet conditions in the homeland, through the apparent adoration of the dictator, Stalin, and in the excessive formalities which marked the rescue. The picture of the rescued men advancing over the floe toward their rescuers with a flag on which was the picture of Stalin held out in front will inevitably come to mind when we recall from the press dispatches the threatened purge of their great leader, Schmidt.

The book is in reality an epic account of an expedition which reflects the greatest credit upon its leader and the entire personnel, but particularly upon the four "Papaninites," the scientists who did their work under such heavy handicaps and accomplished an almost unbelievable amount of scientific observation of the very greatest value.

WILLIAM H. HOBBS

The Ostrich-headed Lion

BRITAIN AND THE DICTATORS. By R. W. Seton-Watson. Macmillan. $3.50.

ANY description of Europe today must make melancholy reading, but in this book the most depressing part is not the situation which the author outlines, forcefully and succinctly. It is rather the contrast between his clear diagnosis of Europe's ills and the obvious difficulty he finds in prescribing remedies—a difficulty which reflects all too clearly the dithering state of British opinion, or, perhaps one should say, world democratic opinion. Moreover, in so far as he does arrive at conclusions, they appear to shirk the logic of his facts and to put the weight of his authority behind "realism" in the Chamberlain sense—a sense which suggests that the king of beasts should be supplanted on Britain's coat of arms by that heraldic monstrosity, the ostrich-headed lion.

That Professor Seton-Watson does in fact speak with authority is not to be denied. Occupant of the Masaryk chair of Central European History at London University, he is Britain's leading expert on the Austro-Hungarian succession states, and as the friend, and sometimes adviser, of many of their leading statesmen, he has a more than academic knowledge of his subject. In the present volume his familiarity with the problems of middle Europe is best shown in a valuable chapter devoted to the Small States and the National Minorities.

This, however, is a side issue. The main theme of the book is British diplomacy in relation to the rise of the dictators. As a background we are given a summary of British foreign policy over the past 150 years, and the author finds in the tangle of its inconsistencies certain guiding threads. In the long run Britain's weight has always been thrown against any power threatening hegemony over Europe, although her statesmen have always refused, in Castlereagh's words, to "act upon abstract and speculative principles of precaution." That today Germany is bidding for hegemony is clear to most observers, and this volume provides additional evidence. But, the author argues, previously "there was never any serious prospect that our weight in the scales might plunge all Europe under a despotism which tolerates neither variance nor shadow of turning. And that is rapidly becoming our dilemma today—to renounce that dream of a new World Order to which we pledged our troth in 1919, and in its place to submit to a choice between a Brown 'Totalitarianism' and a Red 'Totalitarianism.' "

In the light of this dilemma he examines the rise of the three great dictatorships. A good Liberal, he abhors them all, but he notes as a point in Russia's favor that, since entry into the League, she has faithfully observed all international treaty obligations. This leads him to the argument: "Much as we may detest the methods of Moscow, nothing can obscure the fact that at present more than ever the interests of the two countries run parallel and it is not in the general interest of Europe that Russia should be isolated." This is an unexceptionable conclusion, but does it quite square with the dilemma previously posed?

The account in this book of Fascist Italy's pursuit of an imperial destiny is a damning one. Of all the dictators, Mussolini is, in Professor Seton-Watson's eyes, the most hostile to Britain and the one with whom accommodation is least possible. He describes the Spanish adventure as a "direct and deadly challenge to British interests" and asserts that "those who talk glibly of recapturing his [Mussolini's] friendship only increase the danger by convincing him of British gullibility."

These are very strong words and, after reading them, one would expect to find their author among the severest critics of non-intervention. But not at all: in his later chapter on the Spanish War he finds the policy of Britain and France thoroughly justified. That is to say, Mussolini is waging war in Spain not primarily against the Loyalists but against Britain (and France) with the object of placing them in a strategically untenable position in the Western Mediterranean. Yet it would be wrong for Britain to do anything but follow a line which is patently assisting him to gain his ends. If this be "realism" give us back our illusions!

The same strange capacity for seeing the facts clearly and then shying at their implications appears again in Professor Seton-Watson's treatment of Germany. His history of the rise of Nazi power, internal and external, is as impressive a brief account as I have seen. With skilful use of quotation he builds up a picture of a regime that has deliberately turned its back on Western civilization, reduced Germany by force and fraud to barbarism, and is now seeking, by the ruthless application of Power Politics, to bring all Europe to the same state. Nevertheless the author appears to believe possible an Anglo-German accord which aims at "not merely a bilateral bargain" but "a return to some kind of international order." He has in mind an agreement which would meet Germany's colonial and other grievances on condition she rejoined the League of Nations and undertook to respect the status quo in Europe.

Here again the author's realism seems suspiciously like wish-fulfilment. On his own evidence there is no basis for accommodation between Britain and Germany except at the expense of other states. Moreover, it has been made clear again and again that Hitler does not discuss: he acts. A man who has made himself God in his own country, whose word there is Gospel, cannot descend from his throne to negotiate, bargain, and compromise. To do Professor Seton-Watson justice, he puts forward his proposals without a strong air of conviction and, in his final chapter, added to cover the rape of Austria when the rest of the book had gone to press, seems to plead guilty of misplaced optimism.

KEITH HUTCHISON

To Beg I Am Ashamed

TO BEG I AM ASHAMED. By Sheila Cousins. The Vanguard Press. $2.

THIS autobiography of a London prostitute tells a more or less typical story. Brought up in a sordid home, her mother herself a streetwalker, her father more than willing to live on her mother's earnings, the author, as a young girl, was arrested for stealing and sentenced to a reform school. On her release, she lived through a succession of underpaid and temporary jobs; finally, she decided on "the oldest profession" as a more lucrative means of livelihood. Her subsequent life on the streets is presented in all its unsavory details, without attempt at embellishment or modification. What makes the story unusual is that the author is obviously a woman of more than average intelligence. She is introspective, she has a keen eye for observation and the ability to translate her observations into terse and graphic phrases, she is imaginative and sophisticated. Not one of these qualities, however, seems to have entered into the sphere of her active relationships—especially those involving the various men who pass, rapidly and for the most part indifferently, through her story. Despite her intelligence, her occasional sensitivity, and her very genuine hatred of her trade, she leaves us with the final impression of a woman without passions, without values, even without motives; incapable of either action or reaction—and as cynically indifferent to her fate as society itself.

One thing which the book makes clear is that the economic causes of prostitution ought to be understood in their broadest possible sense. Financial necessity, though a determining factor, is by no means wholly responsible for this social evil. In the majority of cases it can be traced to early environmental conditions similar to those described by the author of this book—conditions which can destroy the will, sap the initiative, and leave their victims with a lingering sense of inferiority and a lingering conviction that such a career is the best they can hope for in a definitely antagonistic world.

HELEN NEVILLE

Liberalism Restated

COMMUNISM, FASCISM, OR DEMOCRACY? By Eduard Heimann. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50.

THIS penetrating analysis of the crucial problems of our age, written by a well-known German scholar now in this country, is a most fortunate blend of German scholastic methods and the breadth of vision acquired by contacts with applied democracy and capitalism on this continent. The densely packed volume makes difficult reading but it pays the reader well. Scarcely a problem of economic, political, or sociological importance is overlooked, everything is well imbedded in its proper historical and logical context, and the systematic approach is extremely helpful for the understanding of the individual problems.

The book conceives democracy in its "original" compass as historically though not logically interrelated with capitalism, and traces in a masterly fashion the development of both fundamental concepts through the three "transformations" of classical socialism, communism, and fascism. The approach is more from the point of view of the economist than on political lines in terms of institutional procedures, but it is realistic enough to measure the inevitable inferences from institutions on social stratification.

To the reviewer, the main thesis seems to be the attempt to reconcile liberalism with socialism in its classical concept, or, as E. Heimann puts it, the "spiritual identity of democracy and socialism." This confirms, in the last analysis, the efforts toward pragmatic collectivism as a bourgeois solution for social reconstruction. To reconcile liberty with coordination and integration is the purpose of the author, who thus emerges to the reader as a reformed Marxist who has jettisoned orthodoxy for the sake of sincerity and truth. This metamorphosis was brought about, so it seems at least to the reviewer, by a realistic insight into the fundamental errors of Russian Marxism, for which the "anticipation of historical necessity" is little excuse, as well as into the inherent shortcomings of totalitarian fascism. Particularly interesting are the sections on the catastrophic neglect of the agrarian problem by Marxism and bourgeois capitalism, and the characterization of German National Socialism as a lower-middle-class revolt, although the latter point is now generally accepted.

The question mark in the title of the book is, however, justly to be reserved for the author's constructive conclusions. As a reformed Marxist he is by no means an uncompromising determinist; on the contrary, rarely has the fundamental error of Marxism in neglecting the spiritual forces transcending economic conditions been pointed up more clearly than by the demonstration of National Socialism as a quasi-religious movement. On the other hand, in Italy deification of the state or of the fascist mode of living is scarcely more than a thin veneer, as alien to the Italian nature as it is a convenient method for psychotechnical emotionalism. By a spiritual urge which permeates even the most technical discussions the author is led to enlarge the politico-economic scope of the book. The history of Western civilization is the realization of humanism, as the ideals of justice, peace, and human dignity, and democracy if it is to survive must become the incarnation of "humanistic socialism" as the integration of

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economic and political life. Thus the author joins the school of neo-humanism, and the solution he envisages is the revival or rediscovery of a community spirit between the classes engaged in productive work as well as between fellow-workers and neighbors in professional life for whose existence he sees evidence particularly in cooperative tendencies and agrarian habits, and in the collectivization of work in industry. In many respects his line of reasoning coincides with Duguit's ideas of social solidarity. Miss Follett's pluralism is perhaps a parallel in this country. The author leans more on Tillich, Franz Oppenheimer, and Henri de Man, to whom he acknowledges indebtedness. In the last analysis, neo-humanism, rooted in the belief in "natural" justice to which a "natural" order must correspond, is more an idealistic postulate than one derived from actual experiences; its justification lies in its evident ineradicability which defies human disappointment and as such is no less unassailable than a quasi-religious proposition. But the esoteric belief in the "democratic ideal of peace and justice" is a mortgage on the future, and the author fails to reveal how the economic machine should be run to attain efficiency by humanitarian methods alone. Perhaps we liberals are already so deeply affected by authoritarian despair that we have abandoned hope to see how planning can work without constraint.

This is the point where the question mark of the title stands out in boldest type. Things have gone too far in these hectic years since the war; the masses have become too awakened, the bourgeois too frightened and too stubborn, the farmers too restless under the threat of mechanization, and, above all, the militaristic spirit has penetrated too deeply into our subconscious mind, to allow any idyllic solution which bases its arguments on the goodness or on the reasonableness of human nature. We should not forget that Rousseau, on whom the author surprisingly draws more than on Hegel, proclaimed that democracy is suitable only for gods. Democracy, at its best, was always an oligarchy of the decent people, as fascist democracy today is the oligarchic domain of the rabble rousers, and the problem of rational selection is not yet accessible to rational methods. Dr. Heimann, in spite of his sound realism, is carried away in the concluding sections of his book by an incurable idealism, perhaps the heritage of his German education which belies his Marxist propensities. The impending catastrophe will pay little heed to utopian dreams or wishful thinking. Voluntary submission to cooperative authority presupposes preparedness of the spirit, for which it is too late. The terrified world already hears the hoofs of the apocalyptic horse clanging over the devastated fields of civilization.

To sum up: as an analysis Dr. Heimann's book is second to none of many similar discussions; as a constructive forecast it is more idealistic than we may be willing to admit; but there are few in this country who would not indorse his tribute to the everlasting values of liberalism and humanism.

KARL LOEWENSTEIN

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Guide to Blake

WILLIAM BLAKE'S CIRCLE OF DESTINY. By Milton O. Percival. Columbia University Press. $3.50.

AFTER challenging T. S. Eliot's statement that Blake lacked a "framework of traditional and accepted ideas," Mr. Percival hints that it can be proved that Blake exceeded Milton and was second only to Dante in the use of tradition. He does not set out to prove this himself, however, and he acknowledges that the tradition Blake does use is a heterodox line of little-known mystics, from the gnostics and Plotinus down to Boehme and Swedenborg.

Mr. Percival's book is entirely descriptive. He gathers up all Blake's symbols and trades them with those of his various predecessors. Furthermore, he confines himself to the symbols in the later prophetic books. Now in these books Blake expanded the dualism of his earlier poems, based on the struggles between Urizen (repressive reason, tyranny, etc.) and Los (genius, imagination), into the fourfold struggle of the "Zoas." It is here that Mr. Percival finds what he chooses to call the "circle of destiny."

This is merely a description of the way Blake symbolized his belief that nothing in the realm of being is static. And he does this by means of a "wheel of existence" common to nearly all mystics. Blake sees both man and macrocosm continually moving through various levels of enlightenment and blindness, liberty and oppression. Mr. Percival's careful study relates this to various other systems of mystics, of astrologers, of alchemists. In the attempt to fit Blake in with the astrologers and alchemists, it becomes hard to do more than simply point out the similarity: anything further tends to do violence to Blake. In reexpressing the "circle of destiny" in astrological, then alchemical symbols, Mr. Percival imposes too much rigidity on Blake's thought.

While the book is full of material to interest the student, it treats so many details with such minute care that it seems to lose in freshness, in clarity, and sometimes in perspective. Compared with those of S. Foster Damon, Mr. Percival's judgments seem often to lack sureness. For instance, a certain vagueness in his treatment of Blake's feminine symbols leads Mr. Percival to refer to some of them as if they were exact counterparts of Milton's Eve and played a similar part in the "fall." Damon is always careful never to involve Blake in any Miltonian stuffiness about sex.

In confining himself to a study of symbolism, Mr. Percival does not try to evaluate Blake's philosophy, and he never speaks of him as a poet. The book is simply a valuable aid toward disengaging Blake's vigorous thought from the fine, strange symbols that clothe it. More frequently the author simply identifies the symbols and assigns to each of them its own properties. In this respect his study is an excellent one, because of its completeness; it should be of great help to anyone simply reading the prophetic books, for even if it is not important to know what the symbols stand for —and perhaps no one really does know—it is at any rate essential to be able to recognize the symbols themselves and identify them every time they recur in the poems.

THOMAS MERTON

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Letters to the Editors

Local 16 on Mr. Levinson

Dear Sirs: Edward Levinson, in his article, The C. I. O. in Crisis, which appeared in *The Nation* of July 2, made a number of incorrect and distorted references to Local 16 of the United Office and Professional Workers of America.

The true facts are that Local 16 is not dominated by any political group nor does it discriminate against any member because of his political beliefs. The constitution of our international union and the by-laws of Local 16 specifically forbid discrimination because of race, color, or religious or political beliefs. We organize white-collar workers who come within our jurisdiction wherever they are employed, and have Communists among our membership as well as members of other political parties.

The policies of Local 16 are determined by its membership at monthly membership meetings, and between meetings by its executive board, elected by the membership annually. Every opportunity exists within Local 16 and within our International Union for full expression of differences of opinion within the union. The resolution which Mr. Levinson quoted, out of context, refers to a decision made in an effort to restrict the disruptive activity of a tiny bloc within our local union which refuses to absorb itself in the program of the union but insists by its own declaration on holding itself above the decisions of the membership.

Any member or group of members can present grievances and appeal to the convention of the U. O. P. W. A. if they use the orderly machinery provided in the union. However, the members of the union are required to abide by decisions once they are made. Consequently, it was within the province of the membership of Local 16 to determine that its members must exhaust remedies within the union and must not be permitted to evade necessary discipline by refusal to recognize the facilities available. Unions have to face hostile employers and a hostile press. The continuation of differences of opinion after the membership has made its decision results in keeping the union in turmoil. After all, the first job of a union is to serve its membership and to do so as efficiently and as ably as possible.

As a member of the general executive board, I am familiar with the circumstances relating to the reorganization of Local 34. The board fully examined the situation, and after hearing testimony by a representative of the executive board of Local 34 came to the conclusion that the interests of that part of the membership of Local 34 which was employed in warehouses coming within the jurisdiction of the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union were not being adequately safeguarded. In order to administer their contracts more effectively and provide for the further organization of the unorganized, the board transferred these 400 workers to the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, which has a membership of some 8,800 in this field. In order to permit the balance of the members to reestablish the local union, it was placed temporarily under the supervision of the San Francisco District Industrial Council, pending elections. These elections have already been held, and full self-government has been restored to the local union.

The membership of Local 34 overwhelmingly defeated a motion to break away from the U. O. P. W. A. and approved the recommendations of the board, including the transfer of members to the I. L. W. U. and the holding of new elections. A handful of members and not a "substantial section" went back to the A. F. of L., and did so with such dispatch that I am convinced that all arrangements for this move had been made in advance of our convention. MORRIS YANOFF,

Administrative Officer, Local 16,
U. O. P. W. A.

New York, July 1.

Mr. Levinson on Local 16

Dear Sirs: Mr. Yanoff's comment on recent events in Local 16 bears out my statement that the Communists in control of the union have small regard for the rights of dissenters. He frankly defends the idea that "continuation of differences *of opinion* [my italics] after the membership has made its decision" need not be tolerated by a majority. My contention is that expression of opinion is always in order, in unions and out of them. Mr. Yanoff very clearly echoes the resolution which he, without foundation, insists I quoted out of context. Communist domination of Local 16 is too well known and too easily demonstrable to be argued.

Mr. Yanoff's picture of affairs in Local 34 is misleading. The need for "reorganization" of the local and transfer of its members was discovered *after* an administration unfriendly to the International officers was elected. The 400 warehouse office workers were transferred, without their consent, to Mr. Bridges's organization, which has 8,800 members, most of them longshoremen. The remains of the union were turned over for "supervision" by the Bridges-controlled San Francisco council. (When the A. F. of L. appoints "supervisors," the Communists raise loud protests, and justly.)

The meeting which, Mr. Yanoff says, approved all this maneuvering was held *after* the warehouse office workers had been transferred, when other members had left to form an A. F. of L. local, and only Stalinist followers remained.

EDWARD LEVINSON

New York, July 7

General Immel Denies

Dear Sirs: In a recent issue of your magazine you quote me as having said, "I am a soldier, and my psychology is a military one. I have always taken orders from my superiors, and if I receive instructions to run for governor, I will do so."

My psychology is anything but a military one. Though I served overseas seventeen months in a junior capacity with the infantry, I abhor war. It answers nothing. I receive and accept orders only in the narrow field of my responsibility as adjutant general. I have never made the statement you attribute to me. RALPH M. IMMEL

Madison, Wis., June 30.

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The Shape of Things

*

JAPAN'S FACE-SAVING MACHINERY WILL NO doubt have to work double shift to catch up with the curious reply of the Japanese government to our State Department's note of May 31. The United States had demanded that American property in Shanghai be returned to its owners and that American businessmen and missionaries be permitted to return to their stations in the lower Yangtze cities. The Japanese, in refusing the request, pointed out that "although Shanghai, Nanking, and other places may appear on the surface to be peaceful, actually . . . there are in concealment many individuals of dangerous character plotting conspiracies." The note also said that "notwithstanding strong protection and policing [for the Japanese living in Nanking] many instances have occurred in which such Japanese have met with misfortunes . . . at the hands of lawless Chinese." Thus the Japanese government itself confirms the opinion of many observers that Japan's hegemony in China, military as well as moral, extends only to the ends of its gun muzzles and that its sandbagged enclosures are precarious islands in a sea of chaos. Meanwhile the economic strain of carrying on the war is reflected in the news that a Japanese economic commission has urged the government to use its reserves of gold and specie to purchase raw materials abroad. Stalemate in China and poverty at home; that is Japan's immediate fate. The tragedy is that it is the Japanese poor who must tighten their belts to save the generals' faces; and the Chinese poor who must bear the brunt of an attack which cannot succeed but may take years to fail. For the sake of both peoples, popular pressure for an unofficial embargo on the sale of raw (read war) materials to Japan should be unremitting.

*

THE FIGHT OVER THE POWER ISSUE AT THE New York State constitutional convention merits national attention, for on its outcome may depend the future of the St. Lawrence waterways project. The Aluminum Company of America, straddling the border like a corporate colossus, its feet firmly planted at the best power sites on both the American and Canadian

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sides, is waging a behind-the-scenes battle to prevent inclusion in the new constitution of a provision declaring the power resources of the Niagara and the St. Lawrence inalienable. State Supreme Court Justice Charles Poletti, former secretary to Governor Lehman and spokesman for the American Labor Party on the floor of the convention, had narrowed his proposed amendment to include just these two rivers in an effort to make it more palatable but did not succeed in getting it past the Republican-controlled public utilities committee. His fight on the floor for discharge of the committee will probably prove ineffective. The Republicans have a majority in the convention and the Aluminum Company, linked as it is with the Niagara-Hudson-Consolidated Edison combine, which controls 90 per cent of the power output of the state, wields enormous influence. Should the Poletti proposal pass, the aluminum and power interests would have to come to terms with the state. Should it be defeated, their best strategy would be to continue their long fight against the St. Lawrence treaty until a reactionary state administration enables them to seize on these power resources for themselves. Two figures make it easier to understand what is at stake. It costs 85 cents for 36 kilowatt-hours of electricity at Niagara Falls, Ontario; $1.59, in Niagara Falls, New York. We leave it to the reader to guess which is public power, which private.

*

IT IS EASY TO SATIRIZE THE FINAL HEADLINE from Evian: "Refugee Meeting Adopts Resolution." One instinctively questions the value of talks, subcommittees, bargains, and resolutions to the thousands without a country whose fate symbolizes the moral deterioration of an era. Yet the sober fact, considering the humiliating alternatives which exist, is that Evian projected a swift gleam of light across a desolate continent. A permanent international body has been established. It is fortified by the active participation of the United States government and the leadership of an American; its emergence marks the first organizational united front of the democracies. That Hitler resents these moves was evident in his attempts, through some of the small Nazi-influenced nations, to deflect the aim of the parley. That Mussolini is with him was demonstrated, whether by coincidence or not, in the sudden discovery at Rome that Italians are as Aryan as Nazis and that Italian Jews, of whom there are only 50,000, are not really Italians at all. Evian was a starting point. The ultimate fate of the committee's aspirations may rest in its ability to persuade Hitler that refugees should be allowed to take their possessions with them. This is the crucial problem of expediency. It is a tragic commentary on our time that the regime which made the Evian parley necessary may be able to destroy the faint image of human fraternity which that meeting has tried to resurrect.

WEIRTON, WEST VIRGINIA, IS A PARADISE for stoolpigeons, company unions, and strong-arm squads. The Weirton Steel Company runs the town (it has no local government), the banks, the newspaper. Needless to say, Weirton is one of the principal forts in Little Steel's Maginot line against unionism, and in Weirton's current battle against the NLRB, now in its eleventh month, the company has brought up all its reserves of legal talent, "loyal workers," and propaganda. The hearing, which has been held in Steubenville, Ohio, just across the river from Weirton, reached one of its climaxes on July 11, when Trial Examiner Edward Grandison Smith, who has been the target of an unprecedented campaign of slander on the part of the company and its allies, barred Clyde A. Armstrong, chief counsel of the company, from taking further part in the hearing, charging him with "defiant, contemptuous, and contumacious" behavior. Quick as a flash 3,000 members of the Weirton Employees Security League threatened a march on Steubenville to protest the partisanship of the board and testify to their happy lot as Weirton workers. The hearings were transferred to Pittsburgh and the march was abandoned, but on July 13 a crowd of 3,000 persons burned an effigy of Smith in Steubenville. As we go to press, the NLRB in Washington is planning to hear Mr. Armstrong's side in a public session. Meanwhile a town to rival Weirton has put itself on the map in California. On July 13, between 500 and 1,000 C. I. O. mill workers who were on strike against the Red River Lumber Company because of a wage cut of 17½ per cent were driven out of the town of Westwood by county authorities and deputized roughnecks. Stick another thumbtack in the map of communities where civil rights have been suspended—a map which ominously threatens to become overcrowded.

*

FROM THE POPE COMES A PRONOUNCEMENT reminding the world that Catholic means universal and that "excessive nationalism" is repugnant to Catholicism. This announcement will afford dubious solace to the victims of General Franco's Vatican-blessed crusade, but it once more underlines the growing complexity of Vatican politics and the conflict of irreconcilable allegiances which must torment the faithful. Catholics have been summoned by their Church for a war against "international bolshevism"—a war in which they find themselves aligned with the most rampant and ecstatic nationalisms. At the same time they see Catholic children murdered in Barcelona, Catholic trade unionists arrested in Jersey City, Catholic missions bombed in China. It is an incongruous alliance: the most disciplined religious international bestowing its blessing upon the jingoists of all lands. The relationship is showing signs of inevitable strain. Events in Austria have demonstrated that fascism pays no debts of gratitude and the Pope's latest outcry may well be an expression of horror at the discovery. To interpret his declaration, however, as a foretaste of a new line would be emphatically premature. Vatican policy remains elusive and unpredictable, but whatever its temporary emphasis, it faces always the prospect of frustrating itself through its own inherent contradictions.

*

WE ARE INDEBTED TO VICE CHANCELLOR Maja Leon Berry of New Jersey. Judges do not often blurt out profound truths. The judicial process is in many respects an elaborate technique for concealment, perfected and polished by centuries of use. Vice Chancellor Berry forbade the distribution of circulars by the Furniture Workers' Union and met head-on the argument that to do so was an infringement of free speech. He declared that free speech was only a privilege, "a qualified constitutional right" inferior to such "inherent" and "absolute" rights as that of "acquiring and possessing and protecting property." Technically the Vice Chancellor is all wrong. From the abolition of primogeniture and entail to the latest zoning ordinance, our legislative history is the story of successive limitations on property rights. The Supreme Court, speaking through Justice Brandeis in the Lauf case, has identified the right to picket and agitate in labor disputes with the right of free speech and given it the protection of the Constitution. The liberal tendency is to hold, in the words of a famous decision of the New York Court of Appeals by the late Justice Cardozo, that "property, like every other social institution, has a social function to perform." But as a realistic description of the law, the Vice Chancellor's view is truthful enough to be disturbing. The Fathers did not forget to put the impairment-of-obligations clause in the Constitution, but they had to be prodded into including a bill of rights. The Supreme Court, from that early day when it appealed to an unwritten higher law to validate the Yazoo land frauds in Georgia, has been more ingenious and tender in its concern for propertied than for human rights. Instinctively property comes first in our basic thinking. It is accepted as natural in a depression that workers should be laid off, though they starve. While our ethics recognizes no moral obligation to pay an idle worker, it dictates the maintenance of interest on idle capital to the very brink of bankruptcy.

*

IN THE *ATLANTIC MONTHLY* THE ELDERLY Ellery Sedgwick continues his celebration of sunny Nationalist Spain and calls the notorious Queipo de Llano the "patron saint of Andalusia"! Poor Ellery! That at his time of life he should have fallen victim to such a snare andalusian.

Eyes on 1940

LAST week we expressed the opinion that President Roosevelt's recent barnstorming trip was something of a Chautauqua course in progressive social theory, that he appeared intent on selling a program rather than a slate of Democratic candidates for Congress. But if he spread light from Ohio to California, he also spread no little sweetness. The "purge" has been allowed almost to peter out and an elaborate code of graduated approval —with candidates designated as "friend," "old friend," and "dear old friend," according to the degree of White House enthusiasm for their respective nominations—has been worked out to avoid the least show of bitterness.

This placatory mood cannot be due to any feeling that Roosevelt is losing his hold on the mass of voters; the trip has been one long negation of that fond hope of the President's foes, and the high enthusiasm with which he has been received is further substantiated by *Fortune* and Gallup polls, which show that his popularity is again on the upswing. Even his hint of support for Elmer Thomas in Oklahoma was enough to win that Senator's nomination, although a victory for Gomer Smith, the breast-thumping Townsendite, had been considered almost inevitable. If Roosevelt had decided in every case to carry the fight to the camp of those who had opposed his program, there is little doubt that he could have picked most of them off. That in general he chose not to do so is not a confession of weakness in 1938 but an indication that 1940 is very much in his thoughts. This does not mean that he has decided to go gunning for a third term—we doubt whether he has made up his mind about another four years for himself—but it is evidence that he is determined to fight for an extension of his policies when his present term expires.

If the President appears to be rushing matters, the hurry is not of his making. If anything, he is a little late in getting started—because his enemies have long been at work. It is four months before even the midterm congressional elections, yet the country is already absorbed in the struggle for the Roosevelt succession. Favorite-son booms have been launched for Paul McNutt and Pat Harrison; a bitterly determined "stop Roosevelt" movement has gained considerable headway in the Senate; and the most careful groundwork is being laid by Vice President Garner to make himself a controlling power at the convention. If he doesn't actually seek the nomination himself, "Cactus Jack" is determined to see that no New Dealer gets it. He is known to look with favor on Senator Clark of Missouri. Another favorite son of the anti-New Deal Democrats is Byrd of Virginia, and even the one-time progressive Wheeler is reported to be eyeing himself as a compromise candidate.

More disconcerting than Garner's determination to fight to the death, which after all has been crystal clear ever since the struggle to reorganize the Supreme Court, is the growing impression that Jim Farley is more than passingly annoyed with his chief for the projected party purge, that he has serious vice-presidential hopes, and that he is on such warm terms with the crafty Texan that a Garner-Farley ticket is not beyond the range of possibility.

It is against the background of these intra-party cabals and ambitions that Roosevelt's conciliatory approach must be viewed. Crowds and cheers are all very well, but the New Deal candidate who faces the next Democratic convention will need delegates. The Garners, the McNutts, and the Byrds are recruiting theirs. Working solely within the framework of the Democratic Party, the President has no choice but to follow suit.

"Realism" in Extremis

GENERAL war may not come within the next few months in Europe. But it is clear that a new crisis is in the making and that the powers are scrambling for positions of safety and advantage. In Czechoslovakia events are rapidly moving toward a showdown. The terms of the nationalities statutes have not been submitted to parliament or officially made public. But a long dispatch in the New York *Times* by Emil Lengyel gives a detailed and apparently authorized summary of their terms. If his forecast is correct the Czechs have gone far to meet the demands of their major minorities. The plan creates separate diets for the German and Hungarian groups and wide powers of local self-government; it provides for the official use within the sections designated of the language of the majority; it provides for proportional representation in the national parliament, and for a great increase in minority representation in public offices. It seems to be a carefully considered compromise between out-and-out autonomy—which would create a little dictatorship within the democratic Czechoslovak state and ultimately lead to Sudeten secession—and the present system, which provides the minorities with representation in the national parliament but no separate legislative organs.

That this is a liberal proposal no one but a Nazi would deny, but events in Germany and the Sudeten region make it clear that the Nazis intend to deny it—how violently and how uncompromisingly remains to be seen. A general strike in the Sudeten is threatened—following consultations in Germany between Henlein and Hitler; and the German press has been enjoying a new orgy of lies and denunciations of the Czech government, an orgy so unrestrained that Prague was impelled to make an official protest.

The situation is so threatening that Daladier last week renewed again his pledge of aid to Czechoslovakia in case of invasion. It can hardly be doubted that his speech was really addressed to Germany and Great Britain. Scarcely concealed under his words expressing hope of a peaceful solution was a clear warning to Germany that it must not go too far, and to Britain that Central Europe is not to be abandoned to German expansion. Secret exchange of news between Daladier and Chamberlain has been under way this past week.

Meanwhile the war in Spain has moved into its third ghastly year. Against all odds the Loyalists have survived. Their territory is divided and diminished but their numbers and spirit are as great as ever. It is clear, though, that they cannot endure if they are finally sold out by the British. And the chance of a sell-out grows as the general crisis deepens. Mussolini wants the British-Italian pact put into effect; so does Chamberlain; but the event waits upon a "settlement" of some sort in Spain, and the Spanish Loyalists refuse to facilitate matters by surrender or defeat. Obviously, if this condition cannot be met it must be got around; the Prime Minister will almost certainly find a formula of evasion as soon as Parliament is out of the way next week. He may accept a small "token" withdrawal of Italian troops or he may merely surrender and put forward the need of appeasement as his excuse. This will occasion a political storm; but realistic observers on the spot offer no hope of a Cabinet upset within the next few months.

Chamberlain's policy is heading toward a collapse which may also be a catastrophe. Czechoslovakia and Spain have declined to give themselves to the dictators, Mussolini has grown impatient and threatening, France shows increasing signs of independence, Eden is becoming almost as disagreeable as Churchill, and war seems closer than before the advent of "realism." Was the last feeble hope of collective action wiped out to the end that Europe might stumble into a new war waged solely for the defense of nationalist aims and the protection of boundaries?

This quite evidently appears to be a possibility, even to Chamberlain himself. He is hedging to cover his bets; forced to recognize the probable breakdown of a program of collaboration with outlaws, he is planning for the day when his fellow-conspirators turn upon him, strengthened for combat by the material and moral support he has given them. Chamberlain has let it be known that new steps are being taken to protect the British position. Arms are being offered to Portugal in large amounts and on easy terms, and an attempt is being made to counter German propaganda in that country. Gibraltar is at last to be fortified against attack from Algeciras and Ceuta. Bombers are to be built in Canada. And presumably the scandalous mess in Britain's armament program will be mopped up. With a new energy the British government is getting ready to fight the war its policy has made inevitable. Thus "realism" approaches its realistic culmination.

Burlinga

No. 1 Economic Problem

WHEN the President, speaking before the conference of Southern spokesmen called by the National Emergency Council, nominated the South as our "No. 1 economic problem" he was stating an obvious and important fact which must be clear even to the opposition. When he urged the conference to draft a statement of economic conditions in the area in order that something might be done about them, even his supporters were constrained to wonder how many reports on the economic conditions of the South must roll over the desk of this Administration before an adequate solution is even proposed.

The art of politics is long, and no doubt it is a sign of progress that while one of the earliest Administration reports on the sharecroppers of southeastern Arkansas was never allowed to see the light, a government film "The River," most graphic presentation so far of the natural and human tragedy that haunts one of the richest valleys in the world, has been widely shown throughout the country. In the interim too the sharecropper, No. 1 victim of the economic plight of the South, has become one of our leading pictorial heroes. Yet the fact remains that it is the sharecropper who has shared least in the benefits of what has so far been done. For we do not mean to imply that nothing has been done. We do mean that no adequate, direct attack has as yet been made on the central problem of the South, that of farm tenancy. TVA has lighted up a goodly section of the Southern darkness but it is primarily a power project. AAA, though it injured the cotton trade, raised the income of Southern landlords; but it acted as a catalyst to quicken the bankruptcy of sharecropping and actually caused the eviction of thousands of destitute tenants.

To the conference at which President Roosevelt spoke, there was presented for discussion a tentative report, compiled from government sources, extraordinarily comprehensive and, like all the others that had gone before it, alive with paradoxes. We have not space even to summarize its findings, but it is almost enough to state its central tragic theme: "The South, which is one of our wealthiest sections, is at the same time the poorest."

That theme is fast becoming a national dirge, for the President was eminently right in saying that the South's problem is the nation's liability. The great question is whether the New Deal can or will solve it. The solution, since it must be drastic, carries the political risk of breaking the Solid South. One of the most encouraging aspects of the President's political tour was his apparent willingness to take that risk. It would seem to indicate that he has realized that the economic liability of a Solid South that is already broke grows steadily more serious for the New Deal and for the nation.

The Yahoos of Yaphank

THE trial of the Nazi directors of Camp Siegfried at Yaphank, run by the German Volksbund, marks the beginning of a new stage in the movement against Hitler's Fifth Column in America. There may be some liberals who will be disturbed by the action of the Long Island jury and judge in convicting and sentencing the camp directors for their violation of a New York statute. The jury was convinced, on hearing the testimony of a former Bund member and other witnesses, that the Bund required an oath of allegiance to Hitler, and held the defendants guilty of non-compliance with the law requiring the filing of membership lists with the state. What will disturb some liberals is the possibility that prosecuting the Nazis on technical grounds may prove dangerous—that it is a weapon whose point can be turned against the left as well.

We recognize the danger but we are not convinced by the argument. We do not see how the jury and judge could have acted other than as they did. This was not a case of dragging out a law and using it for purposes completely different from those originally intended. The law was passed in 1923 with the Ku Klux Klan in mind—to meet the threat of political organizations operating under a secret oath. It specifically exempts labor unions. The Volksbund is the Klan in Nazi dress, and the verdict seems to us justified. There is no question of civil liberties here and liberals need waste no sympathy on the Yahoos of Yaphank.

At the same time we consider such statutes as the one invoked in the Yaphank case far from adequate as a defense against the Nazi menace. And while we feel that the verdict was entirely justified we should prefer more direct legislation to combat the Nazis—legislation which would distinguish, above all, between organizations that operate through the political processes and those that don uniforms and practice military drill. From such legislation, the progressive movement can have nothing to fear. If progressivism is to have a future in this country, it must be open and aboveboard, it must be scrupulous about civil liberties, it must be basically American, and it must stay away from military force.

The aim of the Nazis in America is to smash our democratic processes. Whether the requirement of the oath of allegiance be continued or not, the Nazi movement here is an integral part of the German Nazi movement. It uses its ideology, its tactics, its brutality. If the Volksbund has an economic and political program, it must be accorded the liberty of propagandizing it. But the methods it uses must be the regular methods of writing and speaking, and not the setting up of semi-military establishments and private armies and the creation of a state within a state.

That Third Term

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, July 18

"IS HE going to run again?" It is the question which Washington correspondents hear oftener than all others combined, and ducking it has become embarrassing. Although it is unlikely that anyone, including Roosevelt, knows the answer now, it is possible to arrive at some sort of a general reckoning. This must start from the assumption that what he desires most is the continuation of his policies, and especially his reforms. If he were satisfied that this end would be achieved through the nomination and election of another man he would certainly retire at the end of his present term. But what man? There's the rub. To fill the bill he must fit three ironclad specifications: be able to get the nomination, be able to win the election, and be a proven New Dealer, warranted not to fade, shrink, or give.

Taking the tests in reverse order, the third presents little difficulty. Harold Ickes, Robert Jackson, and Henry Wallace are all equipped to carry on where Roosevelt leaves off—and some of us suspect that Fiorello La Guardia might do even better. As for the second, assuming that public sentiment does not change greatly in the next two years, I believe that any nominee enjoying Roosevelt's unqualified endorsement and support would be an odds-on favorite to win the election. I say that with full knowledge that Old Deal Democrats might bolt the ticket. It is therefore ironical that the main obstacle should be the nomination. With Roosevelt firmly established as the most popular leader of the Democratic Party since Andrew Jackson, it remains highly questionable whether he can prevail upon the Democratic national convention to nominate a man of his choice. Among the four I have named, Wallace is the only one who would seem to stand a ghost of a chance, and his chance would be ghostly indeed. Consequently, if Roosevelt is confronted in 1940 with the same condition which exists today I believe he will feel irresistibly constrained to run again. Would he win? It would be just another cakewalk for him, and the people who most fear a third term would have their own stupidity to thank for it.

If you detect a lugubrious and slightly surprised tone in the dispatches describing the triumphal character of the parade to the Pacific, put it down to the fact that the writers know how their publishers feel on the subject. Most of the reporters on that trip are old hands who knew before they left Washington that the President's popularity was undiminished. Most of them saw the same scenes last September. However, they were entitled to be puzzled by something then, and the cause of their perplexity has emerged again on the present trip. In traversing Texas, Oklahoma, and Nevada the President proclaimed his "water consciousness" and reiterated his determination to provide irrigation for arid lands. During the same week Secretary Wallace, recognizing the prospect of a bumper wheat crop which had sent futures prices tumbling, advanced the possibility of reducing acreage by fully one-third!

During the preceding presidential swing through the West we visited the Grand Coulee and Fort Peck dams and heard Mr. Roosevelt discourse happily on the plans for bringing millions of new acres under cultivation. Yet on the return trip we learned that a special session of Congress would be called to deal with the farm surplus problem! The incongruity seemed so glaring that, during a free-swinging press conference which signalized the end of the tour at Hyde Park, I pointedly called attention to it. The President replied that the new lands were to be settled by farmers unable to make a living on their present homesteads. More mystified than ever, I ventured to ask whether the transfer of families from poor farms to good farms would not aggravate the problem of surpluses. The answer was simply and barely: "I don't think so." True, there was some talk about planting the new acres to crops in which no surpluses exist. Unfortunately, they were not named, and I have since been unable to ascertain the identity of the farm products of which there is a shortage which may be grown in those areas. There are many things about the New Deal which defy common understanding. But you can always take comfort in remembering what Hoover did and picturing what Vandenberg probably would do.

Some ominous signs may be discerned in connection with the forthcoming investigation of monopoly. Not the least disturbing of these is a pious expression of hope from Joe O'Mahoney, chairman of the investigating committee, that those alluding to it will avoid use of the words "investigation" and "monopoly." He would have it known as "a broad study of economic conditions." It would appear that Joe, a perennial challenger for the light heavyweight championship of the Senate, is too grateful over his new and unexpected prominence to risk hurting anyone's feelings by the use of rough language. The impression deepens that if this is to be anything more than a hollow show it will be due to the efforts of such executive branch members as Douglas and Frank of the S. E. C., Arnold of Justice, and Lubin of Labor. Except for Borah, who is old and ill, the congressional representatives draw very little water.

Incidentally, the Brookings Institution executed a neat bit of timing last week when it released a 314-page "study" of "Industrial Price Policies and Economic Progress." Under its ponderously academic title the "study" actually is a rousing defense of the monopolistic practices which finally provoked the congressional demand for an investigation. Artfully confusing the issue of competition with the phenomenon of bigness, it is full of irrelevant encomiums on the advantages of mass production and industrial research. It sounds like nothing so much as a radio broadcast sponsored by General Electric or the du Ponts. Give ear to this: "The competition among pigmies, which some are eager to try to restore, is puny by comparison. Competition is quite as keen and much more productive of results when we find industrial giants marshaling their mighty resources to perfect new techniques and new schemes of organization through whose use more and better goods may be put within reach of the masses."

Compare this stentorian bombast with the fact that up to a month ago the price of steel for building supplies was $7 a ton higher than at the peak of 1929. Compare it with the evidence at the Madison oil trial, which demonstrated conclusively that sixteen of the larger companies conspired to fix the price of gasoline in ten states—and in so doing drove hundreds of independent jobbers out of business. Compare it with a twenty-five per cent rise in the price of newsprint at the depth of the recession. Compare it with the fact that the Procurement Division of the Treasury has received from "competing" corporations dozens of bids which were identical down to the third decimal place. The authors of this "study" had heard of the Aluminum Company of America: apparently they never heard of the "pigmies" which ventured to compete with it. They are positive that a monopoly in aluminum articles is not only non-existent but impossible. Why? Because if aluminum were too high, a substitute would be found! It must be nice to be a research economist with an objective viewpoint and a solid endowment.

Czech Patchwork

BY FRANK C. HANIGHEN

Prague, July 4

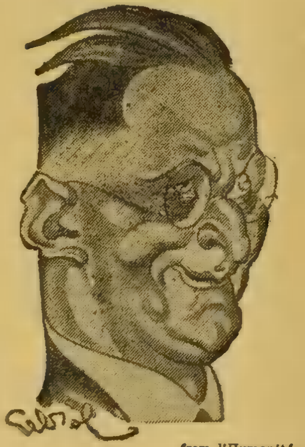
THE GERMAN press misses no opportunity to point out to the world that Czechoslovakia is not a state at all but a patchwork. At the same time it is equally emphatic in championing the rights of the "purely German" Sudeten area. But after a trip through that region I am convinced that the Sudeten is as much a patchwork as the rest of the country. Britain's Cliveden set may proclaim the rights of minorities, but if they force a union of Sudetenland with Germany, they will have succeeded only in creating another minority problem—and a particularly bitter one.

I left Prague by car on Sunday, June 12, a municipal election day in large parts of the country, including the Sudeten. With me was the correspondent of a Swiss paper and a Czech chauffeur. We were headed for Dux, where the Czechs and Germans were mixed in equal proportions, and Bodenbach, where German Social Democrats were waging a bitter fight with extreme Henleinists. We were looking for trouble.

Thirty kilometers out of Prague we discovered the first evidences of war preparation—and the last. In a field beside the road we saw soldiers heaping tree branches on a painted, camouflaged blockhouse with loopholes for artillery. We could make out a dozen of these little mounds in a straight line disappearing in the distance over a hill. Here was perhaps one of the last of the famous five lines of defense which the Czechs have built against the possibility of German invasion. The rest of the day, even though we approached quite near the frontier, we saw no more. Along the border the Czech Maginot line is artfully concealed.

Through this country of intensive farming—of hops, mustard seed, wheat, geese, pigs—lay numerous little Czech villages. Old men stood in doorways smoking meerschaum pipes, old women tended herds of geese in the back yards, young girls in peasant costume lingered around a church door talking to husky farm boys. The red, white, and blue Czech flag fluttered from the town hall in welcome to President Benes, who was to visit this area during the day. The German villages are as a rule neater and more modern than the Czech. The Czechs are farmers, the Germans are mostly factory employees or workers in cottage industries. In one village we saw two new school buildings side by side—the larger German, the smaller Czech. In a nearby village the roles were reversed. If this was a good sample of Prague's impartiality with nationalities, Henlein has few grounds for his complaints.

We stopped in Dux, right in front of the huge Bohemian castle of the counts of Wallenstein, where the "great lover" Casanova spent his last years and wrote his extraordinary memoirs. On a wall right outside of this eighteenth-century relic was a placard listing townspeople who had volunteered to learn how to drive automobiles and who could be called on by the army for motorized service. The people in the cobble-stoned market-place and around the ancient baroque church displayed racial characteristics of both Czechs and Germans. In fact, we couldn't tell which was which. Stopping one man who looked like a Slav, we found he was a German with a Czech name. My companion told me that the Sudeten Germans were a mixed race, with a heavy portion of Slav blood. Henlein's mother, in fact, was a Czech, whose maiden name was Dvoracek. The former head of the German Social Democratic Party was Dr. Czech, and Benes's opponent in the last presidential election was Dr. Nemec, whose name in Czech means "German." A large number of the Henlein deputies in Parliament bear Czech names, and looking over one Henlein voting list of councilors I discovered six Czech names out of twenty. I have been informed that if Hitler applied his racial test to the Sudeten Germans he would find only about one million "pures" out of the boasted three and a quarter million.



from l'Humanité

Konrad Henlein

Dux is surrounded by coal mines, many of which had formerly supplied the Austrian market and have been idle since the Anschluss—which is one reason why many unemployed Germans flocked to Henlein's standard. Outside the town we saw a porcelain factory and then a hide factory, but when we passed over a hill the whole panorama suddenly changed. For miles, scattered through ultra-green farming country, lay little towns, each with a factory chimney. It reminded me of the area around Manchester, England, or northern New Jersey—only neater, greener, more rural. Here was spread before our eyes the basic economic difference between the industrial Sudetens and the agrarian Czechs.

In Toeplice, largely German, most of the houses flew Henlein banners—bright red and bearing the initials S. D. P. (Sudeten Deutsche Partei). Large portraits of the Sudeten Führer were numerous, as were banners reading "Every German votes German" and "One Race, One Will, One Leader." The Czech driver laughed at the latter. He said that in Marienbad, the watering place in Sudetenland, which has lost a lot of tourist business because of the disorders, the German Social Democrats have raised the counter-slogan, "One Race, One Will, One Customer."

From Toeplice to Bodenbach we passed through numerous little manufacturing towns, so closely set together that they might have made one municipality. These are the sort of towns which make, either in factories or in cottage industry, the various trinkets which are sold in British India and South America—false diamonds, false pearls, artificial flowers, little glass ornaments of all kinds. In northern Bohemia, in Jablonece, this industry reaches great proportions, and it has been hard hit. One bank bulletin which I read said, "The export of bracelets and pearls to India has stopped because of the increase in prices." The resulting unemployment of Sudetens has had no small share in the electoral success of Henlein.

Here is a town of 24,000 people who make 130 different products. In 1931 the Nazis founded a party in Bodenbach and won the elections. The government suppressed the party as disloyal and appointed a German Social Democrat, Dr. Kestler, as burgomaster and a German Catholic Party head as assistant burgomaster. On the election day we visited Bodenbach. It was expected that the Henlein party, which had sprung from the ashes of the suppressed Nazi party, would beat Dr. Kestler. I wanted to talk to both sides. We went to the town hall and asked to see the burgomaster first.

Dr. Kestler received us in his office. He told us that the town had only 300 unemployed, who had been put to work on municipal relief projects. The town under his administration had enforced a forty-hour week, relief for the aged, favorable wage contracts with industries, six weeks' vacation in the country for all poor children, and similar social measures. While he was reciting his progress an excited young man, the Catholic assistant burgomaster, broke into the room. He said that news had spread of the arrival of foreign journalists and that the Henlein leaders wanted to tell their story. This Catholic official, it seems, had himself recently joined the Henlein party. Dr. Kestler yielded the floor to the delegation of Henleinists who filed in—the leader of the Henlein candidates, Mr. Keissl, a lawyer; Senator Tchakert; Dr. Ohmeyer, the Gauleiter, or district leader, of the party, in full storm-troop regalia—army jacket, black knickerbockers, and storm-troop cap; and a little wine-shop operator who had formerly lived in New York and who spoke English. I asked what their grievances against the administration of Burgomaster Kestler were. What they said illuminated for me the whole spirit and nature of the Henlein movement.

They replied that their grievances were under two heads—the town theater and the policy of the burgomaster with regard to municipal employees. These were all, for they acknowledged the merits of his social administration. "We do not like the way the theater has been run," said candidate Keissl. "For one thing, they have a Jew as director" (I discovered later that the Jew

Burlingame, Cal.

was only a scenery painter), "and for another they produce plays of a liberal, international character which are offensive to our German race ideas."

"Liberal, international," I repeated, looking to the former American for enlightenment. "You know," I said, "that 'liberal' and 'international' are not bad words in New York." The little shopkeeper (he had once run a delicatessen in East 39th Street) agreed, looked very embarrassed, and murmured, "You see, they have different ideas in this country." After some questioning I discovered that the play to which the Henleinists took particular exception was "The Power and the Glory" by Karel Capek, a pacifist work.

"Now as to the administration," proceeded the Henlein candidate; "the burgomaster has employed five Czechs in the municipal administration." "How many municipal employees are there in all?" "Two hundred and fifty," replied Mr. Keissl. "And what is the proportion of Czechs in the population?" "About 15 per cent." "In other words," I summed up, "the municipal administration has 2 per cent Czech employees, while the city has 15 per cent Czech population?" "Yes," replied Keissl, and the German storm trooper thrust his face into mine with an expression of hatred and fanaticism as he proclaimed that no Czech should be employed in the administration. That was in their program.

When I protested that the Czechs seemed to have got the worst of it, the American Henleinist explained in a soothing way that after all the Prague government employed very few Germans on the railroads and the Henleinists wanted to correct this condition. He said the election was fought not on local issues but on national issues. But since the German Social Democrat, also a deputy in Parliament, was working for more Germans in the railroads, I failed to see the point. "We cannot live with the Czechs," the Gauleiter cried, exasperated. "But," I said, addressing the former American, who began to look rather uncomfortable, "you know that in America the various races have learned to live in peace. They intermarry—" "No," cut in the senator, "we Germans will never permit our good German blood to be mixed with that of Czechs."

I shifted the questioning. I asked the Henlein candidate if he believed in the principles of the Nazi party in Germany. This candidate (who I found was Czech on his mother's side and who spoke rather poor German) answered promptly, "Yes." "And you want union with Germany?" Again an affirmative. "But how about this autonomy demand of yours?" "We will accept autonomy temporarily because of the general European situation, but in the end we wish to go to Germany." Clear enough. But when I began to ask the candidate if he opposed democracy and wanted a totalitarian state, the American Henleinist hastily arose, made an excuse, and departed. Candidate Keissl, however, stuck to his guns, said he did not want the democracy which Czechoslovakia and the United States enjoyed, but preferred the "true democracy" of National Socialist Germany.

Later I talked to the little wine-shop man as one New Yorker to another. Relieved of the presence of the storm trooper, he was a little more explanatory. "You see," he said, "we have had very bad times here in the past few years; the factories have been shut down or running part time. The people have no money to buy things; many have been out of work. That's the reason these people object to the preponderance of Czechs in such lines as the railroads. If the factories were running, the Germans here would much rather work in them than on the railroads. Formerly Germans wouldn't take such jobs, and so the Czechs have occupied them for the past fifteen years. Economic? Yes, that's the real cause. Union with Germany? Well, a lot of the people want it; they go across the border and find all the factories working. It's true that they have poor bread over there and no butter—but here they have no money to buy good bread and butter. There's not much difference." Then, as if remembering the Gauleiter, "Of course we Germans can never get on with the Czechs. We believe in our race." When I said good-by he seemed relieved to part with me. He was evidently scared to death of the Gauleiter, of the boycott, which he admitted was rigidly enforced against Germans who did not support Henlein, of the danger of war.

In short, economic depression has given the Nazis the power to exploit these people. To the unemployed, they preach race hatred and the principles of the totalitarian state. They stir up race prejudice among the shopkeepers, and those who are reluctant to yield to preposterous racial theories have to bend before the boycott and threats of force. The momentum of this wave of feeling is strong, and even if prosperity returns I doubt if the Sudeten Henleinists will be able to adjust themselves to union with the Czechs.

Perhaps the solution which seems most reasonable in far-off America is, "Let them unite with Germany." But that would simply create a minority of Czechs, who cling firmly to democracy, within the confines of a totalitarian Germany, to say nothing of a considerable proportion—much larger than the 10 per cent which the election results showed—of anti-Nazi Germans. In some towns of this area German Social Democrats in reality make up from 30 to 40 per cent of the population. In many towns, because of intimidation, the party could find no members with courage enough to run for office. In others, where there were a few Social Democratic candidates, the party showed a poll large enough to elect many more. And in still others small groups of Communists and German Catholics hold out against the Nazis. Making a rough estimate of all figures and guesses, I would suggest that at least one-third of the Sudeten Germans do not want union with Germany. In spite of this, the Prague government would probably sacrifice this minority and turn over a large part of the Sudeten to Germany were it not for their expensive Maginot line along the border. This line, it must be remembered, is part of the system of alliances and collective security arrangements built up by Russia and France, and recently supported by Britain. Thus the patchwork of local minorities combines with the demands of international power politics to make the whole question of Czechoslovakia apparently insoluble.

Watch Paul McNutt

BY JOSEPH H. FRIEND

INDIANA'S notoriously hard-boiled politics has not for years produced a figure so uniting the gifts of art and nature as Paul Vories McNutt, present High Commissioner to the Philippines. Comparing Handsome Paul to such quondam ornaments of Hoosier public life as Ku Klux Kleagle Stephenson and the paunchy Jim Watson, one can understand why the Democratic state machine last week unanimously endorsed him for the 1940 presidential nomination, and why even the liberal Senator Minton so fervently calls him "a natural."

McNutt is not only a successful realistic politician; he is also a former dean of the University of Indiana's Law School, a colonel of reserve artillery, and an ex-national commander of the American Legion. Now in his forty-eighth year, he is still athletic in appearance, and has a head that is extraordinary and valuably photogenic. With the silver hair so celebrated by his press agents go a silver tongue and what Governor Allred of Texas happily terms a "radiant personality." Old-timers in Indiana will tell you that no such orator has charmed the Hoosiers since the great Beveridge. Add to these talents and charms the labors of a publicity staff with the bold hand of Hollywood, and the strategic capacities of lieutenants like the devoted Senator Minton and Frank McHale, Indiana's Democratic National Committeeman, and you clearly have a strong contender for 1940.

The longer one scrutinizes McNutt's record the more dangerous seem his aspirations—in more than one sense. He is far more than a clothes-horse with a classic profile and a gift of oratory, professing pious devotion to the President and the New Deal. His years of Legion politics and his experience as ruthless commander of a rubber-stamp legislature in Indiana during the hectic period of 1932-36 have schooled him in varied ways. He has administrative ability of a high order, self-discipline, great physical energy. He can be flatteringly affable and sharply arrogant. He is shrewd, and knows his political timing, though he has made one or two mistakes. He appears to have a sense of spectacle and a finger for the sensitive areas in the popular consciousness.

McNutt was born in 1891, went to the public schools, and took his A.B. at Indiana University, where he was Phi Beta Kappa, a leading light in the R.O.T.C., and a campus politician of parts. He got his LL.B. at Harvard in 1916 (he had been admitted to the Indiana bar in 1914). Returning to Indiana University, he at once became assistant professor of law and at twenty-eight was a full professor. When the United States entered the war, Paul McNutt was commissioned captain, then major, then lieutenant colonel of reserve artillery; he never fought, but enjoyed his uniforms and titles at a Texas camp. Shortly after the war it was Colonel McNutt. (Hoosiers quote a tribute from a political opponent: "Paul V. McNutt—a lawyer, a soldier, and a teacher—a lawyer who never tried a case, a soldier who never fought a battle, and a teacher who always comes late to class.") Soon after the war he was made dean of the Indiana Law School. He was now ready for bigger things.

Indiana politics had been in the grip of the Republicans for years. McNutt was a Young Democrat. He got himself elected commander of the local Burton Woolery Post of the American Legion. There were a lot of other Young Democrats in the Legion, veterans who wanted to play politics. Paul McNutt was their man. In 1927 they made him commander of the Indiana Department of the Legion; in 1928 they went down to the Legion national convention in Texas, and in the hot hotel rooms reeking with whiskey and cigar smoke they lined up the boys and put Paul over on the third ballot as national commander. Now they were getting somewhere. A group of Young Democrats in a state where the Republicans had been gorging themselves on pork for long years, they made the Legion their training-school and springboard.

The state Capitol in Indianapolis is five minutes from the Legion national headquarters. McNutt and his aides-de-camp prepared the strategy for the journey. Legion officers are not supposed to be engaged in party politics. So the national commander practiced up on his speech-making. He flew back and forth across the country, talking preparedness and Americanism and the care of disabled veterans. He was a Methodist, a Mason, an

Elk, a Kiwanian, a Rotarian, a dean, a professor, a colonel, and still he was a regular guy. Paul McNutt made a hit among the legionnaires everywhere he went.

As retiring national commander he led a delegation of veterans to France to visit the battlefields, obtained the cross of the French Legion of Honor, and made a lot more speeches. When he came back to Indiana he found the boys making ready for the Great Change. Tom Taggart, the old warhorse who had led the Hoosier Democrats through fat years and lean, was dead, the party had taken a licking in 1928 when Hoover prosperity still ran high, and the Young Democrats of the Legion were polishing up their knives for 1930.

They made McNutt keynoter of the Democratic state convention in 1930. The crash of 1929 had already given him his cue: "We have met," he declaimed, "to prepare for a change in government." That fall, for the first time in sixteen years, Indiana went Democratic from secretary of state down. The McNutt crowd knew their way about now. They broke the backs of opposing factions in the party in the next two years, and in the 1932 Democratic state convention they put Paul over for governor with even less trouble than they had in San Antonio in 1928. In November of that year the great Roosevelt landslide carried almost every kind of Democrat into office everywhere, even those who, like Frank McHale, McNutt's campaign manager, had made the mistake of not being for Roosevelt before Chicago.

Now it was Governor McNutt. He surveyed his new domain. He saw failing banks, bread lines, unemployed demonstrations, closing schools and unpaid teachers, hopeless farmers, bankrupt little businessmen, smoldering miners and steelworkers. The tools he had to work with were old and rusty and cumbersome—an unwieldy state machine shot through with corruption and inefficiency, a big state deficit, a property tax fast approaching zero. But he had a tremendous Democratic majority in both houses of the legislature, and a general staff carried over from the Legion who knew their business. He went to work right away.

Without waiting for the constitutional time McNutt herded together the General Assembly. It was a caucus making laws, and McNutt ran the caucus. Bill after bill was ground out, read, and passed with mechanical precision under suspension of the rules. For sixty-one days McNutt's rubber-stamp legislature clicked out its laws. Roosevelt's Congress had not yet convened. McNutt's machine led the country in pace and thoroughness. During the 1933 session 292 acts and resolutions had come out of the Indiana General Assembly; the 1935 session yielded 352. Paul McNutt made over the whole state government. He reorganized the 169 state bureaus and departments into 8, and he made every state officer he could appointive by the governor, including the attorney general. The opposition press cried "dictator"; McNutt's crowd pointed to $2,000,000 annually saved by the reorganization.

Like a sensible politician, McNutt legalized beer right away, before Congress got to it. He did this with a liquor-control act that enabled him to reward some of the faithful by giving them port-of-entry fiefs by which alone beer from such alien territories as Michigan and Wisconsin could be brought into Indiana for sale—at any price the port-of-entry suzerains saw fit to charge. Another measure was the famous gross-income-tax law, which levied a 1 per cent tax on the gross business of retailers and the incomes of individuals making over $1,000 a year, and one-fourth of 1 per cent on the gross income of manufacturers and wholesalers. There was stormy opposition from the small retailers and the Republicans, who made the act a campaign issue in 1936. But the gross-income tax has brought into the state coffers over $8,000,000 a year since 1934, and together with automobile licenses, liquor, and other taxes has balanced the budget. When McNutt came into office Indiana had a deficit in the general fund of more than $3,400,000; when he left there was a balance of more than $10,000,000.

To McNutt's credit it should be said that his taxes saved the schools of the state, which were in a pitiable condition when he assumed office. For this many educators and progressive intellectuals in Indiana are willing to champion him, despite his imposition of martial law in Terre Haute and his dictatorial tendencies. They remember that Paul McNutt read the legislature a lesson on the need to keep the schools open, and paid more money from the state funds to maintain teachers' salaries than any of his predecessors had done.

Economy and efficiency were McNutt's strong points. He practiced them on the unemployed as well as on the state governmental machine. As the editor of the Democratic *Hoosier Sentinel* put it: "It was the Governor's Commission on Unemployment Relief . . . which was made responsible for administering to the urgent needs of 100,000 destitute Indiana families. So efficiently was this work organized to eliminate waste, extravagance, and duplication of relief distribution that Indiana's per capita costs were the lowest in the nation." McNutt's supporters add that the pay of Indiana WPA workers was set at 30 cents an hour, and that work relief was not "made so attractive as to deter workers from taking private employment when available."

While he was doing all this the Governor was busily making speeches, consolidating his party machine, undermining and blowing up rival factions within the Democratic camp. While Franklin Roosevelt made radio fireside chats, Paul McNutt talked to his Hoosiers in sonorous and persuasive tones every week over a state network. Franklin Roosevelt talked progress and security and the responsibilities of his stewardship. So did Paul

McNutt. McNutt talked New Deal, too, just as hard as he could. But somehow it didn't get across. McNutt's policies and the New Deal could not altogether be identified, try as his henchmen might. The leading New Dealers were obviously cool toward the ambitious man from the banks of the Wabash. Farley obviously had no love for him. When McNutt turned his tidied-up, debt-free, powerful state machine over to his own hand-picked candidate, the slow-voiced, heavy-set farmer Townsend, in 1936, it had become a good deal clearer why McNutt's New Deal talk sounded a little hollow. If you said "McNutt" to a coal miner in Sullivan County, a factory hand in Vigo County, almost any union man anywhere in the state, he would look at you, and his face would grow hard; he might spit or let loose a few forceful epithets.

Paul McNutt knew a lot of things, from law to the Legion, and he was very clever and resourceful about a lot of things. But he maintained martial law in the Sullivan County coal area for months. And he sent state troops into Vigo County when the Columbian Enameling and Stamping Mill men (A. F. of L.) struck in the summer of 1935. The company had brought in five dozen armed guards, and every union in Terre Haute had gone out in sympathy, but it was a peaceful general strike that lasted barely two days. Nevertheless, McNutt called out the troops. Maybe it is true that the sheriff hysterically asked for them, maybe it is true that even one or two labor leaders of Terre Haute—there are some queer labor leaders in the A. F. of L.—thought he ought to call out the troops. The workers of Terre Haute don't know anything about these technical details. They know that kids with bayonets wouldn't let them picket, that their leaders and helpers were jailed and kept incommunicado by orders of the military in spite of the Indiana constitution, that they weren't allowed to hold meetings on the courthouse steps or anywhere else for quite a while, that strike-breakers went to work with passes countersigned by the military, that all this was by McNutt's orders.

The labor leaders of Indiana are cautious about their political utterances. But there is scarcely one who will not tell you he likes Cliff Townsend, Indiana's present governor, better than Paul McNutt, and would prefer to see Townsend make a bid in 1940. Townsend, however, was picked by McNutt to be his successor, and ties of personal and party loyalty restrain any such move. Sherman Minton, a 100 per cent New Dealer, is for McNutt for much the same reason: McNutt made him senator in 1934, and they are old Legion buddies. Of potential rivals for power within the Indiana Democratic machine there are now none that count. McNutt has broken or brought to heel men like Earl Peters and Pleas Greenlea, who tried to buck him. He is extremely powerful and has already won pledges of support from a number of Southern and Southwestern governors. He will be a genuine danger in 1940—if Roosevelt does not run again.

In the Wind

CROSS-COUNTRY: The man who has encouraged the anti-C. I. O. police terror in New Orleans—Mayor Robert Maestri—is being quietly groomed by the Long machine as Louisiana's next governor. . . . The renewed outbreak of the labor controversy at *Ken-Esquire-Coronet* has its lighter aspects. Aside from the firing of five union members, another, who was assistant production manager for all three magazines, is now dusting plates—and has been dismissed from his post as pitcher on the office baseball team. . . . The national news service for Catholic weeklies recently carried a highly colored story of a pro-Loyalist meeting at Madison Square Garden. It reported that the crowd sang the Internationale with Stanley M. Isaacs, Bishop McConnell, Professor Cannon of Harvard, and others joining in. But two weeks later the same service admitted that the report, which had been widely published, was untrue, that it represented a reporter's imagination. . . . Chief New Moon, a full-blooded Cherokee Indian, addressed the Fourth of July meeting of the German-American Bund at Camp Nordland in New Jersey. He urged a united front of American Indians and German Nazis to "drive out the reds" from the United States. . . . Commenting on a series of pro-labor resolutions introduced by Morris Iushewitz at the Newspaper Guild convention, the Chattanooga *Free Press* observed: "His name *would* end with 'witz' or 'ski.' " . . . An anti-handbill ordinance has been passed in Paterson, New Jersey. Newspapers refused to report it and the city editor of the Paterson *Call* is said to have told a spokesman for Labor's Non-Partisan League: "We haven't heard of the ordinance, we don't want to hear of it, and we are not going to print anything about it."

AROUND-THE-WORLD: Each week Japanese soldiers in China are provided with mimeographed postcards reading: "I am fine, the war is splendid, I will be home soon." All they have to do is fill in name, date, front, and mail them home. . . . Ever since Sir Robert Vansittart was kicked upstairs to the ambiguous post of Diplomatic Advisor to the Foreign Office, his enmity to Chamberlain has grown. Returning to London recently, he was informed of a new Franco attack on British ships. "Thank God," said Sir Robert. . . . A bill was to be introduced into the Norwegian Parliament discriminating against the Communists. It needed the consent of the King. He refused it, explaining: "No, I am also the king of the Communists." . . . Although Guadalajara is famous in recent military history as the scene of the worst Italian rout in Spain, the chief of the general staff of Italian militia at home recently proclaimed the "military glories" of "Malaga, Bilbao, Santander, and Guadalajara." . . . The Japanese press recently quoted Major General James G. Harbord—now on the retired list of the United States army—as urging foreigners to "withhold judgment on Japan's policies for the time being."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE recent success of Gerald P. Nye in his battle for renomination as Senator from North Dakota ought to be a cause of widespread rejoicing. I know that he is not popular with those liberals who regard him as a dangerous isolationist and are opposed to the present Neutrality Law. Munitions makers and big businessmen generally have disliked and distrusted him for some time. Still it seems to me that if he had been defeated it would have been a grievous loss to public life, and I believe that I should be saying this very thing even if my views on international affairs were diametrically opposed to his. For he is clean, honorable, and independent, and he has steadily grown intellectually since he first came from North Dakota, a callow and inexperienced young newspaper editor, on November 14, 1925, as senator by appointment of the governor of his state. He has now served two full terms in addition to his interim year. What makes his success in the primary election especially gratifying is that he defeated the present governor, William Langer, who has been the stormy petrel of North Dakota politics—to put it as politely as possible. Many friends all over the country rallied to Senator Nye's support and it is to be hoped that their interest will not flag until election day, for it is not yet certain that he will be elected in November with Farmer-Laborites and Democrats against him. However anyone may differ on policies with Gerald Nye, it should never be forgotten that he is a true progressive and at heart a New Dealer.

In Texas Maury Maverick again has a fight for reelection on his hands. His loss to the House would be a great one, for in two terms he has made himself an outstanding figure in that body—in itself a rare achievement entirely aside from the policies that he has advocated. He has been an ardent supporter of the President, but never a blind follower. He was of the small group of congressmen who, when the Neutrality Law was being passed, went to the President and told him frankly that they disagreed with him and proposed to tie his hands as far as possible, but that that had no reference to Mr. Roosevelt himself and only to their fear of unknown future chief executives. I have found myself in disagreement with Maury Maverick on several occasions, but that does not blind me to the fact that he is an outstanding legislator, high-minded, courageous, and a remarkably able and engaging speaker. Here, too, it may be added that there are too few of his type in Washington.

In Connecticut it would be a misfortune if anything should happen to Representative Herman P. Koppleman of Hartford. He has been a member of Congress since 1933 and has given increasingly useful service, notably to the cause of peace. I cannot believe that Hartford will fail to return so excellent a public servant. Indeed, the situation in Connecticut is such that neither President Roosevelt nor Jim Farley need lose a minute's sleep. So far the Republican organization is so lifeless and uninterested in the coming election that it looks as if the leaders were deliberately intending to allow it to go by default. This is the more surprising because of the indictment of the lieutenant governor of the state, who is also mayor of Waterbury, and several members of the city government and of the legislature. The explanation probably is that the Republicans are aware that the President's hold upon labor and the masses of the people is not seriously shaken, that a clear majority of the people of Connecticut still favor the New Deal. Even so, that is not an excuse for the party's failure to put up a fight. If it is sincere in its assertion that the country is going to the dogs and that we are headed for a Roosevelt dictatorship, it certainly ought to be fighting as never before.

The same thing is true of the Republican Party elsewhere. If it really hopes to recapture the White House in 1940 it ought to be putting up a wonderful show this year. It is not, and the reason is simple—that the Republicans are without brains, without leaders, without a program. The oratory of Hoover, Landon, and Vandenberg might just as well be suppressed for all the good that it does; it is not changing a vote. The solemn ponderings of Glenn Frank's program committee will, I venture to prophesy, produce nothing to strike a single spark. It is probable that in the nature of things the Republicans will gain a number of seats, but I shall be very much surprised if the Democratic loss goes above seventy-five, and that is a high figure. All my contacts and my correspondence from various parts of the country produce the same reports—that labor and the plain people, while admitting that Roosevelt has made serious mistakes, are unshaken in their support of him. In Boston the other day I met a veteran political observer, a Republican Party leader, who told me that he would not be at all surprised if the Maine Democrats should elect their governor. It is no wonder that Mr. Roosevelt's smile is as cheery as ever.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Unto Downing Street

UNTO CAESAR. By F. A. Voigt. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.

F. A. VOIGT, author of the first serious biography of Hindenburg, was for a long time European correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*. He lived in Russia and Turkey and, later, spent many years in Germany, leaving shortly after the advent of Hitler. He ran all the risks of a courageous reporter in troubled times—twice arrested, almost lynched, once very nearly executed. As one of the ablest and most learned newspapermen England ever sent to the Continent, he knows the whole peninsula from one end to the other, its peoples, its personalities, its economics and culture, its literature and history as far back as Greece and Rome. He has seen, read, and written, honestly and ably. Today as the foreign affairs editor of the Manchester *Guardian* and "diplomatic correspondent" of that great liberal paper he holds one of the most important positions in world journalism. His point of view and his opinions are not merely personal ones, or he would not be where he is today; he has become in the course of his job the unofficial spokesman of Downing Street, and his political confession is the most enlightened statement of Chamberlain's policy yet to appear in print. It is also something more human—the philosophical argument of a tortured and disillusioned contemporary of modern barbarism who finds his relief in patriotic courage.

F. A. Voigt set out to find the source of all evil, and here he presents his findings. Here are no warmed-over interviews but earnest examinations of the principal isms of today, the two "secular religions," Marxism and National Socialism. Their origin, growth, the defeat of the one, the seeming victory of the other, are analyzed after a fashion; the actual political consequences of both are explored. The opening paragraph dashes right into *medias res:*

> Lenin held that every revolutionary movement must have a "revolutionary theory." He held that Marxian "theory" not only serves a revolutionary purpose as no other theory can, but that it is "true" by every philosophical, scientific, and "objective" test. But if we examine the Marxian "theory," we find it is not a theory at all, or even a hypothesis. It has no philosophical or scientific validity whatever and breaks down under every "objective" test. It is a myth, or, to give modern myths their modern name, an "ideology."

But there is not a dull page in the 239. And fifty-three pages of notes—illuminating quotations, remarks, historical dates—enable the reader conveniently to trace many an argument to the starting point of the author.

I have not space to follow Mr. Voigt's reasoning in detail. His main thesis is that every attempt to create the Kingdom of Heaven on earth will produce and end in disaster. There are no ready-made solutions for human problems. Marxism and National Socialism are not simply similar, they are identical: "Marxism has led to fascism and National Socialism because, in all essentials, it *is* fascism and National Socialism." Both are shallow, earthly, arrogant, and bloody. Their hybrid threatens England's spiritual life. Tradition, careful pragmatic advance, humility before destiny, respect for the individual—and do not render unto Caesar the things which are God's! If you want peace, prepare for war. Armaments are the condition, not of war, but of peace. War would still be possible without weapons. (Or as a Nazi paper once wrote: "We can accept general disarmament; then we could strangle the French with our naked hands.") As few commitments for England as possible. The German problem cannot be solved, only dealt with—"take all the naval, military, aerial, and diplomatic precautions needed to avert the dangers which the problem contains." The interests of America and England are too different to allow a "universal cooperation," but the ideal English policy would be symbolized by a triangle: London, Washington, Geneva (with a reformed League, a clearing-house for all international disputes, which would go on even when war has broken out). The foundation of a Pax Europaica can only be "a political balance between England, France, and Germany" and "an inner harmony between their civilizations." This harmony cannot be achieved "without a renewal of the heritage that has come down from Athens, Rome, and Jerusalem." Germany, France, and England must undergo a spiritual change—the secular religion of Marxism and fascism, though it has not yet taken political form in Western Europe, has "deeply eaten" into Western civilization. If this tendency is not checked, it will mean the beginning of the end. Pursue a plurality of ideals, not a totalitarian one! England, be strong, or the Third Reich will be to you what Sparta was to Athens: the fate of the Athenians will be yours! On this note the book ends.

I have read "Unto Caesar" twice. It contains a great deal of excellent criticism of the course that political Marxism has taken in Germany and Russia—and quite as much exaggeration and misunderstanding. Mr. Voigt's portrait of Hitler is the best of the hundreds I have seen; his psychological interpretation of "Mein Kampf" is masterly; his discussion of the Covenant of the League and the doctrine of sanctions is most realistic; there is a frank analysis of England's vulnerable position as the only great power which extends through the whole world. Yet the more I liked the book in detail the more I was disappointed by the whole. A great many partial truths only add up to a great zero. The preservation of the status quo and the return to the ideals of yesterday are no program in a rapidly changing world. And when my house is being bombed and my children are being slain I don't like to engage in argument *sub specie aeternitatis* in order to forget all about British imperialism. One can easily agree not to render unto Caesar the things which are God's and still believe that the abundance of this earth is capable of being distributed justly, that it will be possible for man to abolish poverty and exploitation. To see this task as the next step and the only way out of the impasse into which modern industrial society has got itself is no mere secular banality. I have no fear that the great metaphysical problem which the author calls God will be neglected. Sometimes, and in the wrong places, there seems to be too much concern about it. F. A. Voigt's philosophy, which will earn much applause from some quarters, is nothing else than the truly secular religion of the satisfied who are not in the least inhibited by the subtle metaphysical considerations of those who write in their behalf. They have built a kingdom of heaven on earth—for themselves. Whether the author of "Unto Caesar" knows it or not, he is only defending their privileges and cruel methods.

The unofficial spokesman of Downing Street is brilliant, but the thinker should not render himself unto the ruling class. Not to mention the disappointed philosopher who says: "My country, right or wrong." FRANZ HOELLERING

Day of Victory

A DAY OF BATTLE. By Vincent Sheean. Doubleday Doran and Company. $2.50.

THE plan of this book is clever and in it Vincent Sheean has written his best fiction. Its title is precise. The story is concerned with the day of the battle of Fontenoy in 1745, a French victory which seemed to reverse the development of history, but not for long. Vincent Sheean's purpose is clear: he is indicating, in this exciting story, that a victory may not be permanent for the conservative forces that win it. France, already weakened by corruption within and by colonization of countries she could not hold, was to be, in the long run, no match for England. The moral for our day is obvious, and Sheean has Voltaire, the cynic, point it.

The book keeps our interest largely, however, not for its message, but because of its scenes of action vividly and clearly unrolled. Even more, it is interesting for its portraits. We get a picture of mass movements here through the eyes of individual leaders to whom we are introduced and concerning whom we learn much in the first chapters. Dillon and Lally command the Irish brigades, Lord John Drummond the Scotch; all are fighting, in truth, not so much for France as for the restoration of the Stuart line in England. Lord Clare, who remained Catholic, an English exile, fights for Rome. Eugene de Mézières, Catholic and Jacobite, English and French both, is another commander with mixed interests.

But the greatest portrait in the book is that of Maurice de Saxe, the commanding Marshal. Swollen with dropsy, he directs the whole army from a wicker basket hitched to horses. Born a bastard of the old King Augustus, he had fought his way to position after his father had bought him a regiment in France and settled him in the French service. He had the King's confidence, but he was hated by the French nobility, some of whom were with him on the field. Richelieu, the dandy, was there, and the Marquis d'Argenson, Minister of Foreign Affairs, cynical of the outcome even with victory. And the King had come to see the battle too, quite contrary to his custom and against the Marshal's wishes, because his mistress, Mme. le Normant d'Etoiles, soon to be officially Marquise de Pompadour, wished him brave. In the end the Marshal commands them all, even the King, whom he will not allow to retreat, when defeat seems at all possible, for fear of breaking the morale of the army.

The scene of the book shifts only once from the battle—in those chapters devoted to the King's mistress and to Voltaire, her visitor, who has finally, through her, won the power he has long desired. Vincent Sheean's capacity as a novelist is shown chiefly by his ability to keep our interest in the action through our interest and knowledge of the leaders of the various regiments. Perhaps he learned from Malraux that mass action can be made interesting only when we understand the psychology and motivation of the leaders.

In the end when victory is won, d'Argenson and Richelieu think: "I really must find time to write to M. de Voltaire this evening." Maurice de Saxe thinks: "They will all be writing off to Voltaire and the rest of them as quickly as they can to claim the victory I have won; there will be Te Deums in the churches and there will be poems in the streets; but it is my victory and I know that in the end it must be known for what it is. Meantime there is work to do."

EDA LOU WALTON

Spain: Preludes to Civil War

THE POLITICS OF MODERN SPAIN. By Frank Manuel. McGraw-Hill. $1.50.

THE MARTYRDOM OF SPAIN. By Alfred Mendizabal. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

IT WAS a famous delver into the causes (and the hypothetical cures) of wars who said recently, "I am still looking for the book that will tell me all about why that tragic mess in Spain had to happen. If you find it I wish you'd send it to me." Unfortunately that book has not yet been printed. At the present time, and for many years hereafter, the best that anyone who wants to know "all about" the causes and the progress of the Spanish war can do is to collect a whole shelf full of books and from their fragmentary and biased pages piece the version that seems closest to a truth he can accept.

Two recent volumes deserve prominent place on that shelf. One is a compact and informed résumé, written against a short nineteenth-century background, of what happened during the World War, the Primo de Rivera dictatorship, and the republic, to bring about the civil phases of the present war. The other is a detailed and very valuable account of certain forces that were at work from 1923 to 1936, speaking with particular authority about those that were conservative and Catholic.

The first book was written by a sometime instructor in Harvard University, who is now active in workers' education. Dr. Manuel's "Politics of Modern Spain" is competent and obviously intended to be well balanced. That his sympathies are with the aims of the republic, rather than with the generals who revolted against it, means merely that his viewpoint is, for want of a better word, liberal. This does not prevent him from severely criticizing what he considers weakness or stupidity, or both, on the part of the men who were in control of opinion or of policies. He is particularly bitter against the harm wrought by intra-party fights whose chief effect was to strengthen the hand of the enemy, and against the intellectuals who helped to bring the republic into being—a class, it might be pointed out, to which Dr. Manuel belongs by training if not by predilection.

In spite of this anti-intellectual bias, students of political detail, or partisans of one leftist sect or another, will have difficulty pigeon-holing Dr. Manuel. His final judgment is that "the republic still represents the belief in the power of reason to order life and a desire to improve the physical and spiritual well-being of the entire people. . . . To millions of Spaniards the republic means life. To them Franco's regime is symbolized by the armless, eyeless General Astray shouting in his madness, 'Down with Intelligence! Long live Death!' "

"The Martyrdom of Spain" is at once more detailed in its treatment of the shorter period it covers and less clear-cut. Alfred Mendizabal is professor of international law at the University of Oviedo and secretary in Spain for the Catholic Union of International Studies. Perhaps for that very reason his intended impartialities and balanced judgments have about them a certain magisterial fogginess which sometimes leaves the reader wondering just what he means to say.

But if his book, with its somewhat Olympian manner of censure to left and right, will please neither the pro-government nor the pro-Franco sympathizers in this country, that does not detract from its exceeding importance. Professor Mendizabal writes as a Catholic whose testimony Catholics in this country cannot afford to disregard. Eyewitness to some of the events he describes, participant in others, he may be argued with, but he cannot be ignored. In view of his recognized position in church circles, it is not possible to dismiss him as "not really a Catholic." Whoever tries to do that must also manage to dismiss Jacques Maritain, professor of philosophy at the Institut Catholique in Paris and one of the most highly regarded of modern Catholic writers, who acts as his admiring sponsor in a lengthy introduction.

Only in one section does he fail his interested reader. As professor at the University of Oviedo he should have important things to say about the long and cruel process of "mopping up" after the abortive revolt of October, 1934. Yet, though he was on the spot, he contents himself with a chapter containing a first-hand description of what he calls the "Nine Red Days in the Asturias" (during which he himself was treated with complete courtesy and consideration) and a single page of protest against the long months of repression which followed, "ferocious in its military phase, iniquitous in its legal phase . . . a model of what an error in judgment should be." Frank Manuel, who was merely an inquiring visitor after the event, does better than this by one of the bloodiest stories of these recent bloody times.

But if Professor Mendizabal's readers must regret his omissions on the dreadful workings of military terror in the Asturias they have reason to be very grateful to him for his valuable analysis of the controversial and divided Catholic position. Particularly important to American readers, who have had all too little information on the subject, are his descriptions of the founding of the Phalanx—which he calls "a new sort of heresy concealing itself behind Catholicism" —and the machinations of the CEDA, whose attitude he describes as "indeterminate, confused," and "in a perpetual equivocation."

If these seem strange utterances for a Catholic it is only because the hierarchy in the United States has managed until very recently to present a picture of the church as unanimous in its support of General Franco—a picture which in no way accords with the actuality in Spain. Professor Mendizabal's book, bulwarked as it is with M. Maritain's scholarly and most Catholic preface, acts as a powerful corrective to an attitude which has misled members of Congress as well as private citizens, in and out of the church, and which has had a very questionable influence on details of our foreign policy.

MILDRED ADAMS

A Personal History

THE FISHMANS. By H. W. Katz. The Viking Press. $2.50.

IT IS at once evident that this story of a Jewish family in pre-war Austria, which was awarded the Heinrich Heine prize by a jury of leading writers, was written out of the author's own anguished experience. Born in Galicia at the time when the Russian pogroms at the turn of the century cast their ominous shadow over the whole of Eastern Europe, made acutely aware during his earliest years of the wretchedness of the Jewish lot, orphaned and a hapless war refugee at the age of eight, making his way rapidly in post-war Germany until he became the youngest editor of the important weekly, *Welt am Montag,* only again to find himself a penniless refugee with the advent of Hitler's Third Reich—Mr. Katz could not but weave this background into his first novel. It is equally obvious, however, that he possesses the touchstone of the born story teller. Writing now with infectious mirth, now with an unsparing acuity that stabs to the heart, he develops his narrative with remarkable skill. Even his minor characters are realized, while Yossel Fishman and his wife Leah, presumably the author's own parents, are memorable. A timid, plodding peddler, accepting the slurs and insults of his peasant customers with meek acquiescence, Yossel nevertheless reveals in moments of crisis extraordinary daring and resoluteness; and the self-effacing Leah, forced during the war to undergo the horror and hunger of the outcast refugee, literally drives herself to death to provide for her two young children.

The deeper purpose of the book is not so much to tell the story of a few individuals pursued by an unkind fate as to pose the problem of the Jews as a people persecuted and perplexed. The author, highly sensitive and gifted with poetic insight, has himself suffered the shame and torment of Jew-baiting. Writing of his childhood years immediately prior to the World War, yet conscious of the aggravated anti-Semitism of the present and of his own precarious existence as a refugee in Paris, he makes painfully clear that his fellow Jews were even then not only despised but despoiled.

As an artist he has no solution to offer. He merely depicts what his imaginative eye has seen. He shows that the present masses, inflamed against their Jewish neighbors by unscrupulous demagogues, would as soon kill them off as not; that the Jews themselves, restricted for the most part to the "no-man's land of the middleman," persist in living under circumstances which would long ago have obliterated a less stubborn people. Merely by presenting this aggravated racial problem, however, he has done his full share in rousing the conscience of mankind.

CHARLES MADISON

PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Decline of the West

HARRY PICKERING. By Robert E. McClure. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

WHAT HATH A MAN? By Sarah Gertrude Millin. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

THE era of capitalistic expansion which extended from the latter part of the nineteenth century into the early years of the twentieth held different implications so far as England and America—two of the leading world powers—were concerned. In England, it was an era of colonization; in America, one of large-scale industrial activity. What these differences amounted to, in regard to the ideology of the two nations, is already well known: we should expect to find some dissimilarity between the two types of bourgeois youth—British and American—who grew to manhood during these vigorous, optimistic yet spiritually barren years. These two novels deal, respectively, with an American and an Englishman of the period: psychologically, these characters are as different as any two members of the same class and very nearly the same generation can be. Yet the reader is impressed with a single point of resemblance between them: the lives of both, in a society founded on significant effort and practical achievement, are conspicuously lacking in accomplishment and devoid of effort in any significant direction.

Harry Pickering, the hero of Mr. McClure's novel, is a true child of American materialism. Born at the beginning of the century, the son of a millionaire automobile manufacturer, Harry grew up in a world the values of which were based wholly on pecuniary emulation, and from which almost every form of struggle and personal responsibility had been eliminated. He spent two profitless years at Yale: at the end of the first he flunked out; before the end of the second he left of his own accord—because he was losing interest in his studies and because of his fear of becoming involved with a cafe dancer. His life thereafter was a continual round of drinking parties and love affairs, interrupted by futile attempts to manage his father's plant and by two marriages which ended in complete failure.

In Henry Ormandy, the English hero of Mrs. Millin's novel, we have a glimpse of the frustrated idealism, the ineffectual groping for values which characterized the more sensitive types of British youth at a time when neither the songs of Kipling nor the fiery speeches of Cecil Rhodes could wholly conceal the lust for gain and power at the root of imperial conquest. Born toward the close of the Victorian period, and in constant touch with the patriotic fervor that was ushering in the new era, Henry grew up with an intense desire "to do good in the world"—a desire which throughout his life he was unable to realize. Like Henry Pickering, he was reared in an atmosphere of upper-class comfort which tended to atrophy his best impulses. As a young man, he was sufficiently inspired by Cecil Rhodes's speech to the youth of England to go to South Africa and take his place as one of the builders of Empire. When he got to Rhodesia, he was appalled by the brutality of his fellow-officials toward the vanquished blacks—but he lacked both the courage and the energy to do very much about this situation beyond the performance of a few individual acts of kindness toward his own native body-servants. He possessed all the idealism which

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Harry lacked; but he was himself pitifully lacking in the vital force necessary to the realization of his ideals—and he could not, moreover, find a positive frame for them in any of the institutions and activities of the world around him.

In any comparison between these two novels, on the score of technical skill and imaginative content, it will appear that Mrs. Millin is undeniably the better writer. Her firm grasp of her subject and the insight with which she develops it are evidences of a mature and subtle mind. Beside her careful and delicately shaded portrait of Henry Ormandy, Mr. McClure's study of a rich man's son has the quality of a rough and oversimplified sketch. Yet she seems to be too little aware of her leading character in his relation to the social forces of his time: she is concerned with him purely as an individual. Mr. McClure, on the other hand, is very well aware of Harry Pickering as a product of his class and generation; for this reason alone, his hero is a more solid—and even at times a more convincing—figure than Henry Ormandy. Mrs. Millin has written a better novel; but Mr. McClure has produced a more significant document.

HELEN NEVILLE

RECORDS

COLUMBIA'S new set of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony (three records, $5) offers a superb performance by Beecham with the London Philharmonic—one that is sensitively phrased without fussiness, powerful on occasion without overemphasis, and beautifully realized in orchestral terms. To say that one hears these things and almost none of the shrillness of some previous Beecham items is to characterize the quality of the recording sufficiently. Will English Columbia now give us a Beecham recording of the great C major Symphony of Schubert, of which we are in much greater need?

The same qualities of performance and recording are heard in Beecham's new version of the three excerpts from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" (two records, $3.25), and make it astoundingly superior to Koussevitzky's of a year or so ago. Also in his single ($1.50) of Sibelius's "Finlandia"; though I must add that the first side sounds clear at the beginning but gets gritty at the end. This is true of many—but not of all—Columbia records (and increasingly of Victor records, but also not of all). Sometimes, as in the case of the Schubert Unfinished, the sound gets clearer as the loose residue is dug out of the grooves; but with no amount of playing could I get clear reproduction from the end of the first "Finlandia" side, or from the ends of certain sides in the recent Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto.

Other Columbia releases include Mozart's powerful Piano Sonata K. 457 (two records, $3.25), which loses some of its power in Gieseking's sensitive performance; Dvorak's melodious "American" Quartet (three records, $5), excellently done by the Roth String Quartet; and Beethoven's "Leonore" No. 2 Overture (two records, $3.25), which you can afford to do without, well played by the Vienna Philharmonic under Weingartner, and well recorded.

Beecham also has made the recording of Sibelius's Fourth Symphony, "Lemminkäinen's Homeward Journey," and incidental music for "The Tempest" in the fifth volume of the Sibelius Society (seven records, $10.50) that Victor has released here (again without the booklet that accompanied the original subscription set in England). Considering what happened with Gershwin, or what is happening right now with Benny Goodman, one should not be surprised by the nonsense about Sibelius. And yet, rehearing the Fourth Symphony after two years I could not help being surprised; for the work so obviously carries within itself the refutation of all the hokum about it, which is based on the hokum in it: those explosive snorts of the brass, those drumrolls, those wild cries of the woodwinds, which so obviously haven't the deep significance they pretend to; that abrupt ending of the second movement, which is so ostentatious a gesture of strict matter-of-factness and unpretentiousness; that lush theme of the third movement, in its last statement, which so devastatingly reveals Sibelius's craving for champagne, while with the strangely meandering woodwinds and other such "starknesses" he pretends to a stern addiction to clear, cold water. I am not saying that the champagne is wrong, but on the contrary that it is the thing to enjoy in Sibelius, that there is less of it to enjoy in this symphony than in the Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh, and that this makes the Fourth inferior to them, not—as the Sibelius cultists would have it—the one that towers above the rest in massive strength.

The new set has the advantage over the old of enormously superior orchestral recording, and Beecham makes a better thing of the second movement than Stokowski. On the other hand, I prefer Stokowski's treatment of the first movement, because it does not attempt to inflate every mustard seed into a pumpkin; and the results, I think, justify his slowing down the end of the fourth movement rather than Beecham's adherence to the original tempo (Beecham's use of the glockenspiel in this movement is, however, an improvement over Stokowski's use of large bells). And one advantage of the old set is that it enables you to buy the symphony if you want that, without your having to take the other stuff that is in the new volume.

Of the three violin concertos recorded by Victor it is the one of which you might expect least that turns out to give most. Kreisler has not only reorchestrated the first movement of the Paganini D major but, I believe, cut it, and has made it into something very enjoyable. In addition, he plays it with excellent technique and musical taste; around his playing Ormandy builds with the Philadelphia Orchestra a fine-sounding and beautifully adjusted framework; and this remarkable ensemble performance is recorded in a way that I cannot recall having heard equaled for tonal beauty and balance between soloist and orchestra (two records, $4.50). The other two concertos—Prokofiev's new one in G minor (three records, $6.50), and the recently exhumed Schumann in D minor (3½ records, $7), I find negligible. They are well played—the one by Heifetz and the Boston Symphony under Koussevitzky, the other by Menuhin and the New York Philharmonic under Barbirolli; as for recording, the Prokofiev sounds a little harsh, the Schumann decidedly so.

Ormandy's new set of Liszt's "Les Preludes" (two records, $4.50) is excellent.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Questions for Catholic Church Leaders

Dear Sirs: The undersigned are informed that Duncan McCrea, public prosecutor of Detroit, acting at the request of a member of the Detroit Council of Catholic Organizations, has recently acted to suppress Ernest Hemingway's novel "To Have and to Have Not" in the book stores and library of that city. We are further informed that the real reason for the suppression is Mr. Hemingway's known sympathy for the Spanish government in the civil war in Spain and his activity in securing ambulances for the service of the Spanish army and the bombed population.

We are of course unable to say whether the reason ascribed is the real reason, but the suppression takes place, not at the time of publication, but many months afterward, and there is nothing whatever in the book to justify the action. The novel in question is a serious work of art which no one who pretends to an understanding of contemporary culture in this country could leave unread. And the charge of obscenity is frivolous.

Under these circumstances the incident takes on a seriousness out of all proportion to the actual injury done Mr. Hemingway and the intelligent people of Detroit. The time has come, apparently, when citizens of this republic, concerned with the preservation of democratic institutions, must ask questions they have long been reluctant to ask: Does the Catholic Church in the United States accept as its spokesmen those who would align it with Franco and Hitler and Mussolini in Spain, and with the kind of war waged in Spain by Franco and Hitler and Mussolini? Does it accept as its representatives those who seek to use the political and commercial influence of the church against American writers who detest the cause of Franco and Hitler and Mussolini and their methods of warfare in Spain? Does it, in brief, accept as its spokesmen and representatives those who attempt to present the great social and political issue raised in Spain as a religious issue with the Catholic Church actively engaged as a contestant? Does it accept as its spokesmen and representatives those who attempt to raise that same religious issue in the United States?

No one questions the right of individuals, Catholic or otherwise, to prefer the fascists to the legally elected government of Spain; or to defend, if they so desire, the fascist terror in Teruel or the fascist bombing of Alicante. Such matters are matters of conscience to be decided by each man according to his humanity. What is questioned is the right of the Catholic Church, or of persons undertaking to speak in its behalf, to make of the Spanish issue, and of comparable issues in the United States, official religious issues to be decided on grounds of official religious belief.

We believe that we are neither impertinent nor ill-advised in suggesting that the time has come for responsible leaders of the Catholic Church in this country to make its position in this matter clear. So long as there remain citizens of this republic who believe that the establishment of liberty of conscience is an establishment worth preserving; so long as there remain citizens who believe that the true separation of church and state involves not only names but things, the questions will be questions which require answers. We put this with most cogent emphasis, not only as members of the League of American Writers but as individuals; not only as writers, but as American citizens.

VAN WYCK BROOKS
ARCHIBALD MAC LEISH
THORNTON WILDER

New York, July 1

[We are informed that the above letter was first submitted to the New York *Times*, whose correspondence editor refused to print it on the ground that he was under orders not to print letters on matters pending in the courts.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

In Behalf of Gov. Winship

Dear Sirs: In your issue of June 4 Mr. Villard, commenting upon the trial of individuals involved in rioting in a Puerto Rican city some years ago, correctly pointed out that the defendants were acquitted. He was mistaken, however, in saying that the police who used their weapons in the outbreak were not brought to trial and that Governor Blanton Winship was responsible for failure to prosecute the police. Governor Winship does not attempt to dictate to the insular courts. In the case under discussion acquittal of the civilians involved in the rioting was followed by a jury trial of one of the policemen. He was acquitted.

C. LEIGH STEVENSON
Division of Commerce
Government of Puerto Rico

San Juan, P. R., July 6

Boom for Florence Allen

Dear Sirs: A group of women, of whom I am one, feel that the death of Mr. Justice Cardozo gives the President a wonderful opportunity to appoint Judge Florence E. Allen to the Supreme Court. We know of no one, man or woman, who could better take up the work laid down by the late justice. We feel sure that the President would appreciate hearing from those people who endorse Judge Allen for the Supreme Court by reason of her ability, learning, and judicial attitude.

ELISABETH GILMAN

Baltimore, July 10

CONTRIBUTORS

FRANK C. HANIGHEN, co-author with H. C. Engelbrecht of "Merchants of Death," is now traveling and studying in Europe.

JOSEPH H. FRIEND is the former executive secretary of Labor's Non-Partisan League of Indiana.

FRANZ HOELLERING had a distinguished career in Berlin as editor of the *Arbeiter Illustrierte Zeitung* and of the Ullstein publications. He is now living in this country.

MILDRED ADAMS has studied Spanish affairs over a long period. She recently translated "Invertebrate Spain" by José Ortega y Gasset.

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The Shape of Things

LET IT NOT BE FORGOTTEN IN DAYS TO come: Maury Maverick, our most useful Congressman, was beaten in his fight for renomination by a corrupt and reactionary city machine and the American Federation of Labor. Paul Anderson has sent us a story that bears on Maverick's defeat. A few days before Congress recessed Maverick went to William Green and asked whether it was true that the A. F. of L. intended to oppose him. Green said, yes. Maverick asked whether he had ever cast one vote of which Green disapproved. Green said, no, his record was perfect from the A. F. of L. point of view. Maverick said, "In the face of that record you intend to oppose me simply because I have expressed sympathy with the aims of the C. I. O.?" Green said yes, it was a fight to the death and no exceptions would be made regardless of who Maverick's opponent might be. Maverick said, "That's all I want to hear from you—or about you." The New Deal was not openly an issue in the campaign, but Paul J. Kilday, who won by the narrow margin of 548 votes, charged his opponent with radicalism and a tenderness for the C. I. O. and urged amending the Wagner Act to provide a "fair, impartial, and judicial" labor relations board. It is a relief to turn to Montana and record the renomination of Congressman Jerry J. O'Connell in a fairly close fight. O'Connell has not the bold intelligence and dynamic force that characterize Maverick, but he is a valuable member of the small band of fighting liberals in the lower house.

*

THE EXECUTIVE BOARD OF THE UNITED Automobile Workers Union is proceeding, as we go to press, with the trial of Vice Presidents Frankensteen, Mortimer, Hall, and Wells on a collection of vague charges ranging from conspiracy to "bring about a state of chaos within the membership" to "open incitation and rebellion" against the authority of the union. The vice presidents in turn are campaigning for a special convention to unseat President Homer Martin. Inexperienced leadership, mushroom growth, and irrelevant differences

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over American foreign policy appear to be the principal ingredients of the stew in which the U. A. W. now finds itself—the whole concoction over-seasoned with personal ambition and the bitters of left-wing factional politics. From the struggle between the Unity and Progressive groups which all but tore the union apart it appears that issues only remotely connected with the union as such have been introduced and permitted to dwarf completely the real business of the U. A. W.; and, second, that the die-hard antagonism stems, at least in part, from the grim determination of the Communists and Lovestoneites in the union not only to oppose each other but to force each other's expulsion from the organization. It would be possible to expel adherents of both these parties, but such a course would be next to fatal for the democracy of the American labor movement. Neither should be suppressed, but on the contrary it must be made clear to each that the other should and will be tolerated. Obviously it will take someone above the present battle to do that. Martin is clearly an interested party and his actions in suspending the officers have been high-handed in the extreme. It is no testimonial to his good faith that he resists the possibility of arbitration proceedings conducted by John L. Lewis or one of his lieutenants—proceedings which saner elements of the union, led by Walter Reuther, earnestly request.

* * *

WHEN THE UNITED STATES APPEALS TO Mexico in the name of "universally recognized rules of law and equity," as Secretary Hull does in his latest note, the invocation is likely to be greeted by a smile. One who seeks equity must come into court with clean hands, and those of the American interests below the Rio Grande are hardly immaculate. However, the note deals not with oil holdings but with moderate-sized farms taken by the Mexican government since 1927. The amount claimed, some $10,000,000, is not large; the owners involved, mostly small ranchers, are more likely to command sympathy than the great oil companies; the procedure outlined, arbitration under the 1929 Inter-American Treaty of Arbitration, is fair; the tone of the note, friendly. If the Administration's purpose is to placate those who have been demanding that it "do something" about the Cárdenas expropriations, the latest move is kind as well as shrewd. Mexico is offered the opportunity for an inexpensive beau geste. That the Mexican government will suspect an entering wedge for the claims of the oil companies is natural, and careful examination of the precedents that might flow from arbitration of these land claims would be wise. We hope the small rancher is not to play the role that the ubiquitous widows and orphans play in the propaganda of the power companies. A realistic appraisal of the situation dictates a settlement of some kind as soon as possible. But there is no reason why, in the case of the oil companies, the Mexico of Cárdenas should buy back at inflated valuations rights stolen in the Mexico of Diaz.

* * *

JAPAN HAS INDICATED ITS WILLINGNESS TO adjust the "2,400 border conflicts" which, according to ex-Premier General Hayashi, have arisen since 1931 between Japan and the Soviet Union. Domei, the official Japanese news agency, announces that Tokyo will use the Changkufeng incident as the point of departure for a general review of its relations with the U. S. S. R., to culminate in a definite plan for at least a temporary appeasement. Japan undoubtedly created the Changkufeng incident to test the present strength and temper of the Soviet Union, as a year ago it tested them on the Amur. In 1937, doubtless for internal reasons, the Russian response was conciliatory; today it is firm, even defiant. There was little danger of a serious clash in any case; Japan knew that to risk a fight with its Russian adversary would have played right into China's hands. We say this without minimizing the importance of the Changkufeng incident. The hill which is in dispute is an important strategic spot. Besides being close to Vladivostok it is one of the few places on the coast line suitable for a submarine base. If the Japanese were to succeed in crowding the Russians out of this important location on the borderline between the Soviet Far East and Japan-controlled Manchukuo and Korea, Vladivostok would be in serious danger. Should Japan's adventure in China become even more hopeless than it is at present, it may well take a less important happening than the occupation of Changkufeng to touch off the long-awaited explosion on the Russian border.

* * *

"PIX SLIPPING IN STIX" IS THE WAY THAT *Variety* heads a report on growing popular dissatisfaction with America's film diet. On the day this story appeared, the federal government filed an anti-trust suit against eight major film companies; the conditions unfolded in the government complaint help to explain why Hollywood has become so stagnant a wasteland and why its audience is becoming increasingly disconsolate. These eight companies are fundamentally one big family despite their highly publicized concern over who's got Robert Taylor. They do not merely control the production of 90 per cent of Hollywood's "quality" films; they have seized command of equally vast areas of the industry's exhibition machinery. Generously dividing up the nation's territory, they have each acquired large-scale theater holdings in which they respectively enjoy the privilege of displaying their own super-colossals. Through discriminatory film-rental arrangements they have succeeded in killing off most independent exhibitors;

through such devices as block-booking, a formula which compels the exhibitor to rent a group of mediocrities in return for one attractive offering, they have made life miserable for those independents who survive. The double feature is the monstrosity created by this union of the production and exhibition branches of the movies. Even if stripped of its theaters, the production fraternity may still wield suffocating power but this suit is an essential and vital beginning toward the emancipation of the films.

*

THERE IS PEACE IN THE CHACO AT LAST. After three years of mighty effort on the part of five leading South American countries and the United States, Paraguay and Bolivia have been persuaded to sign a treaty of peace and submit to arbitration their disputes over a piece of land the size of Arizona which cost the lives of 100,000 men in a war that raged for three years in swamp land not even fit for a battlefield. By the terms of the treaty, "Peace between the Republics of Paraguay and Bolivia is reestablished"; in subsequent arbitration the boundary line between the two countries is to be determined, within limits set in the treaty, by the Presidents of the republics of the Argentine, Chile, United States of America, United States of Brazil, Peru, and Uruguay. Though the treaty leaves Paraguay in possession of practically the entire Chaco area, Bolivia obtains an outlet to the Atlantic Ocean, receiving free port privileges at Port Casado, Paraguay's second most important port. But, as the newspaper report hastens to add, the principal value of Port Casado to Bolivians is psychological, because the Paraguay River is so far from Bolivian territory that it is not considered likely that there will be much Bolivian commerce through the new free port. Despite the intrinsic unimportance of the Chaco, the treaty is of primary importance because the quarrel had become a focus of dispute for all of South America, as well as a dangerous symbol. But while there is cause for rejoicing, the fact that so huge a mountain of persuasion should have had to labor so hard to bring forth the settlement is not exactly a hopeful commentary on the chance for peace in the greater quarrels of the day.

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WE ARE HAPPY TO BE ABLE TO TELL OUR readers that *The Nation's* ambulance, purchased with funds which they contributed, is on its way to Spain. In response to two appeals for the required $1,000, readers responded generously and the issue was quickly oversubscribed by $200. In the face of the terrific battle which the Loyalists are putting up to keep Franco from Valencia one ambulance seems a small contribution, but there will be some Loyalist soldiers to whom it will make the difference between life and death.

Hitler's Proposals

THERE was no attempt to conceal the fact that the Paris visit of the King and Queen of England was politically highly significant or that Viscount Halifax, the British Foreign Secretary, held long secret conferences with Premier Daladier on a German proposal for the peaceable adjustment of the Czechoslovakian minorities question. It is known also that this proposal was originally laid before Prime Minister Chamberlain by Chancellor Hitler's personal adjutant, Captain Fritz Wiedemann, just before the British party left for France. Everything else is conjecture. As these lines are written, definite information on what Hitler really offered and how it was received in London, Paris, and Prague is still lacking.

Two versions of the proposals come from London. The first envisages a ten-year non-aggression pact between Berlin and Prague to be guaranteed by England, France, and the Soviet Union. As compensation, it is said, the Reich demands a substantial reduction in the numerical strength of Czechoslovakia's army, no extension of its period of military service, and the scrapping of the Czech "Maginot" line, a system of highly modern fortresses, recently built along the Czech-German border with generous financial assistance from Russia and France. Hitler made a similar offer to Czechoslovakia and Poland back in 1933. At that time Poland agreed, but Czechoslovakia declined to embark on a course that would have cost her the friendship of France. The mutual assistance pact with the Soviet Union was a later development.

The second version has it that Hitler is promoting a four-power pact—England, France, Germany, and Italy—on the basis of which German-Czech differences are to be adjusted. Both versions agree that Lord Halifax insisted on arbitration and that Daladier offered no serious objections. From still another source comes the story that Daladier's heated defense of Germany's proposals provoked a near-crisis in the French cabinet. The most emphatic protests, peculiarly, came from the conservative Paul Reynaud, Finance Minister, and from Communications Minister Georges Mandel, who belongs to the right wing of the Radical Socialist Party and first became known as the secretary of Georges Clemenceau. Edouard Herriot, president of the Chamber of Deputies, according to this report, also condemned the plan. Léon Blum, leader of the French Socialist Party, declared he would insist on a special session of the Chamber if the German offer were accepted. The compromise finally adopted was to all intents a rejection of the German proposal, since it accepted arbitration only on the condition that Czechoslovakia and Russia would be included in the discussions on a basis of complete equality. The majority held that four-power negotiations, with Berlin and Rome holding the fort on one side and the strongly pro-German British Foreign Secretary in the middle, would isolate the French from the start.

The appointment of Viscount Runciman as a special "observer" at Prague may conceal dangers to Czechoslovakian independence but it assures at least a period of peaceful negotiations. Whatever the ultimate outcome of these negotiations, Hitler is checked for the time being, since aggressive action against Prague would force London to the side of France, with assistance from Italy more than doubtful.

Recent demonstrations of Anglo-French cooperation have had the effect of bringing Rumania and Jugoslavia, which for a time tended dangerously in the direction of the Rome-Berlin axis, back into the French fold. The Little Entente, wavering for several months between Rome and Paris, is showing signs of new life, and the Balkan Union, particularly Greece and Bulgaria, will think twice before it accepts the uncertain leadership of the fascist states now that Turkey has concluded its treaty with Great Britain. So for the present Berlin will have to be content to keep up friendly relations with England, knowing that they must include France as well. A putsch in Czechoslovakia is not nearly as certain as it seemed a few weeks ago. Berlin will continue to talk big, but it will do nothing deliberately to promote the consolidation of the growing understanding between the democratic and near-democratic countries.

Politics and Health

A GHOST walked through the proceedings of the National Health Conference at Washington last week, an unobtrusive specter that cast no shadow on the most notable event in the history of the American health movement. But no one could entirely forget its presence, and several mentioned it with respect. It was the ghost of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care. Nine years ago that committee made public the results of a five-year study of medical needs and the ability of the people to pay for them. Its recommendations were moderate and sane. It advocated the development of voluntary, non-profit health centers and other agencies through which people of low income could get complete medical and hospital care for small fixed fees. The language of the report was circumspect. It avoided such provocative words as "socialized medicine," and only a small minority of the committee suggested that compulsory health insurance might eventually become necessary. But these modest recommendations became a storm center around which whirled the lightning and thunder of outraged medical opinion emanating chiefly from the American Medical Association. The embattled medical politicians, forming an almost solid phalanx behind Field Marshal Fishbein, attacked the proposals as communistic, disruptive of the standards, ethics, and self-government of the profession, and looking toward "state medicine."

During the deliberations which preceded the drafting of the Social Security Act in 1935 the question of compulsory health insurance was long debated. But when the bill was finally presented health was relegated to two "titles," under which provision was made for a limited federal-state program of health work. Nothing was said or done about health insurance, and everyone close to the social-security field knew why. The President decided not to risk the general purposes of the bill by engaging in an open fight with organized medicine. The need for unemployment insurance was overwhelmingly apparent, the demand for old-age assistance was emphasized by the clamor of the Townsendites. Many persons who knew how medical needs had multiplied during the depression years were disappointed by what seemed a shocking surrender. But perhaps the President was right. Health insurance—in this benighted country if nowhere else in the world—was still in the realm of social theory. It was supported by reformers and social workers. It had not yet become one of the conscious demands of great masses of people. Thus the American Medical Association was given another chance to prove that private medicine could cope with the growing needs of the country. Instead it has demonstrated the crucial necessity for state intervention.

The battalions of Dr. Fishbein have successfully trampled down every move toward reform in each annual convention of the A. M. A., and whenever a doctor has climbed out of the trenches to take part in even the most voluntary group enterprise they have used the sharp sword of excommunication to lop off his professional head. When some four hundred physicians of standing bravely demanded an open, democratic discussion within the A. M. A. of public needs and possible reforms they were met with hostility and contempt. As for the wind of public opinion, it has not even penetrated medical tradition.

Now organized medicine is going to reap the whirlwind. By opposing every effort at reform, from both within and without the profession, the A. M. A. has not only missed the chance of a century for leadership, but it has driven those who have assumed the lead to advocate more drastic measures. In Washington last week the government took command and gave a sounding board to the clearly expressed demands of the most important organized groups in the country—the C. I. O. and the A. F. of L., the United Mine Workers and other great individual unions, the farm organizations, the fraternal societies, the women's clubs, and many more.

Almost without dissent they supported the major recommendations laid before the conference. These included a wide extension of the public-health services through increased federal participation, expansion of maternal and child-health work, expansion of hospital facilities, particularly in rural areas and for the treatment of special diseases, more adequate care of persons on relief and in the lower income groups. These rather detailed recommendations were supplemented by a proposal for a "general health program" for the entire population to be financed either by taxation or by "specific insurance contributions from the potential beneficiaries of an insurance system," while a separate recommendation was included providing for a system of insurance against loss of income during periods of sickness to be established along the lines of the present unemployment compensation.

The National Health Program will be a major issue during the next two years. No government would put such expert effort and the time and attention of more than half of its Cabinet officials into the development of such a program and then abandon it. No government would ask the support of such important sections of public opinion and then go back on them. As it stands, the program is hardly more than a working model; it will undoubtedly be subjected to a thorough overhauling. But nothing, we believe, can or should alter the basic purpose behind it—the development of a socially controlled, publicly financed system of medical care for the whole country. Organized medicine can help or hinder the necessary changes; it cannot now either accomplish or prevent them.

After Thirty Years

POWER was the issue on which the youthful Alfred E. Smith began his climb to the governorship at the New York State constitutional convention of 1915; power is the issue on which Smith remains most conspicuously silent at the constitutional convention of 1938. "Governor Smith," *The Nation* said on December 22, 1926, "has won fresh laurels in the water-power fight in that he compelled by ten days of publicity the New York State Water Power Commission, which is about to go out of existence, to forego its plans to lease the St. Lawrence River to the aluminum trust and allied interests." Who could have foretold that twelve years later the aluminum trust's foe would become its silent partner in a struggle to prevent public development of the Niagara and the St. Lawrence?

If the present constitutional convention brings into sharper relief the tragic apostasy of Alfred E. Smith, it also illustrates the patience, the pertinacity, and the craftiness with which the aluminum trust and the power trust pursue their intention to gain possession of two of our greatest sources of power. An amendment to prohibit future diversion of water from the Niagara by private interests was killed in the constitutional convention of 1894. The attempt to write public ownership and development into the constitution at the convention of 1915 was likewise defeated. At the present convention, with a Republican majority on hand, the aluminum and power interests sponsor a series of ingenious amendments that would cripple state development of water-power resources, make it more difficult for municipalities to own their own utility plants, and leave the way open for private exploitation. The state or any political subdivision would be forbidden to assume the liabilities of a public corporation. The present constitutional provision forbidding the lending of state credit to a private corporation, a relic of the days when railroad promoters bought legislatures, would be extended to public corporations. A municipal-debt commission would be set up with a veto over any item of capital expenditure by municipalities; a municipal-finance commission would be established with the right to review municipal budgets. Either could be used to block the financing of a municipal power plant. The Public Service Commission would regulate public as well as privately owned utilities, a perversion of purpose that could be used to make public operation a nightmare of entangling technicalities. The Power Authority, proposed under Smith and set up under Roosevelt to develop the St. Lawrence, would lose its present right to regulate rates by contract. Power districts, an idea particularly fruitful in rural areas, could not be established. The Power Authority would be unable to build its own generating facilities and transmission lines, as Roosevelt intended, unless it could negotiate a satisfactory contract with private companies.

These proposed amendments would undo most of the progress made toward public development of Niagara and the St. Lawrence under the governorships of Odell, Higgins, Hughes, Sulzer, Smith, Roosevelt, and Lehman. Whether most of them can be written into the state constitution, and whether a constitution containing them would be ratified at the polls, is doubtful. The aluminum trust will be satisfied if it can keep bottled up in the Republican-controlled public-utilities committee the Poletti amendment to declare the water-power resources of Niagara and the St. Lawrence inalienable. Public ownership was thought to have triumphed in 1907 when the Legislature, at the suggestion of Governor Hughes, directed an official body "to devise plans for the progressive development of the water powers of the state under state ownership, control, and maintenance for the public use and benefit and for the increase of the public revenue." That public ownership should still be in jeopardy thirty years later indicates the snail's pace of progress in a lucrative field where democratic processes are forced to wait on the pleasure of vast concentrations of moneyed power.

Where Murder Is Overlooked

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, July 25

WHEN do murder and assault cease to be punishable as criminal offenses? Answer: when committed on strikers and members of the general public for the purpose of violating a federal statute—the National Labor Relations Act. That is no rhetorical declaration; it is a plain statement of a shocking fact which has forced itself on public attention repeatedly during the last three years despite the apathy of prosecuting authorities and vast areas of the daily press. If you are on your way to consummate a business transaction which seems calculated to cut into my profits and I hire a gangster to slug or shoot you, that is a crime for which I might fry in the chair. But if you are my employee, seeking to exercise your lawful right of collective bargaining, I can have you slugged, shot, gassed, or bombed with perfect safety to myself, because I have merely acted to "protect property." The law does not say so, but that is how it works in actual practice. In an aggravated case, such as would occur if my hired gunmen mistook you for a striker when, in fact, you were only an accidental bystander, my lawyers might deem it prudent for me to compensate your surviving kin with a lump sum to avert a civil suit for damages. Under none of these circumstances, however, would I be exposed to the danger of arrest.

For the benefit of employers who may contemplate availing themselves of this immunity, I must point out that it operates in differing degrees according to locality. In Chicago the uniformed police are glad to perform the required violence free of charge, and the employer has only to relax and be comfortable until the dead and wounded are carted away. In Johnstown, Pennsylvania, and Massillon, Ohio, employers were required to furnish the necessary men and munitions, after which the city authorities took full charge and assumed all responsibility. But in Canton both the city police and the sheriff declined to assist in any way except by keeping hands off, and it was necessary for the employer not only to supply his own rifles, shotguns, gas equipment, and armored cars, but also to import the thugs who operated them. To the heavy initial cost thus involved was added a large sum for personal injuries and property damages. In these and in hundreds of localities where serious violence has not occurred but merely been anticipated, it was deemed advisable by the steel industry alone to spend more than half a million dollars in two years on newspaper advertising designed to create a "public opinion" favorable to the industry. Thus, while homicide, mayhem, and assault are quite safe for industrialists they are not always free.

The foregoing reflections and admonitions are prompted by five days of testimony before the Senate Civil Liberties Committee last week, dealing with the origin and incidents of a strike in the Berger plant of the Republic Steel Corporation in Canton in 1935, considered in conjunction with similar evidence which I have heard and seen in the last two years. How "law and order" came to South Chicago, Johnstown, and Massillon at a cost of twelve lives and many cripplings, as a result of Republic's and Bethlehem's resistance to the Wagner Act, has already been told in these pages. Canton is a new and somewhat different story. In the other three instances most of the victims were striking members of the C. I. O. steel workers' union. The Canton casualties were composed in part of A. F. of L. men and in much larger part of innocent members of the general public, including a heavy percentage of women and children. One, a pregnant housewife, received two charges of buckshot in her legs and feet while walking along a country road two miles distant from the strike scene. I am happy to report that Republic promptly dispatched a card of sympathy and a handsome bouquet to her bedside in the hospital, and subsequently paid $7,500 for permanent injuries to her feet—although not until its agent had grumbled that she "still had both her legs and a fine baby and ought to be satisfied with $1,800."

The strike, called by a local of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers, had been anticipated by the management, which had called in company guards from its plants in Youngstown, Warren, and Buffalo. Ample supplies of firearms and gas had been laid in, and trucks were armored with steel plate. Witnesses agreed that the first violence was precipitated personally by Charles M. White, Republic's vice president in charge of production, whose conduct and statements before the Senate committee were what you would expect from Girdler's right-hand man, only cruder.

For two days, according to the testimony of numerous witnesses, armored cars loaded with guards made repeated sorties into the city streets, discharging gas and buckshot indiscriminately, while guards on foot sallied from the plant gates wielding iron bars, steel bolts, and blackjacks on everyone in reach. Two uniformed city

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policemen were gassed when they attempted to halt an armored car. A dozen school-children who took refuge in a restaurant were bombarded with sickening gas shells through the windows. An elderly invalid was gassed while sitting on his doorstep and died a few days afterward, partly from gas and shock. A non-striking worker from another plant received four hundred buckshot in the back when he ran to escape from guards who were beating him. A man on the sidewalk was struck in the mouth with an exploding gas shell, his teeth knocked out, his jaw shattered. Space will not permit bare mention of all the atrocities. None of the guards was a deputized peace officer. The company halted their homicidal forays into the city streets only after the city solicitor had applied for an injunction and the sheriff had threatened to meet them with machine guns.

Vice President White explained: "Some of these incidents were regrettable. . . . Mrs. Reed [the pregnant housewife] has our sympathy. . . . I don't know how such things can be avoided unless there is law and order. . . . The workman ought to be protected in his right to come and go from work without wearing a C. I. O. button, a Masonic emblem, a Knights of Columbus button, the swastika, or anything else. . . . The American flag ought to be good enough for anyone. It's good enough for me."

It is notorious among newspaper men that instances of company violence in the steel strike went unreported until brought to light before the La Follette committee. Chicago's horrible Memorial Day Massacre, in which ten men were killed, seven by being shot in the back, had been passed off as a "riot" until the committee got possession of the newsreel which recorded the ghastly reality. Nor were the facts of Massillon and Johnstown ever disclosed until the Labor Relations Board and the Senate committee dug them out. Consequently, last week's disclosure that the steel industry was spending vast sums through the newspapers to influence public opinion, and, in Republic's case, attempting to bring direct pressure to bear on editors through advertisers and local businessmen, has a sinister significance. Were the newspapers bought or browbeaten? Let them answer and explain. Above all, let us hear what Col. McCormick, Frank Gannett, and the American Newspaper Publishers Association think of this attack on the freedom of the press. They were voluble enough when they had only Senator Minton to fear. Of course, he is not an advertiser.

Spain's Tragic Anniversary

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Paris, July 12

ON July 30, 1936, three Italian bombers landed by mistake near Oran, in French Africa. The French High Commissioner at Rabat, reporting this incident to his Paris superiors, stated that the pilots, who were en route to Spanish Morocco to aid Franco, had received their flying orders from the Italian government on July 15. The Spanish insurrection broke out on July 17.

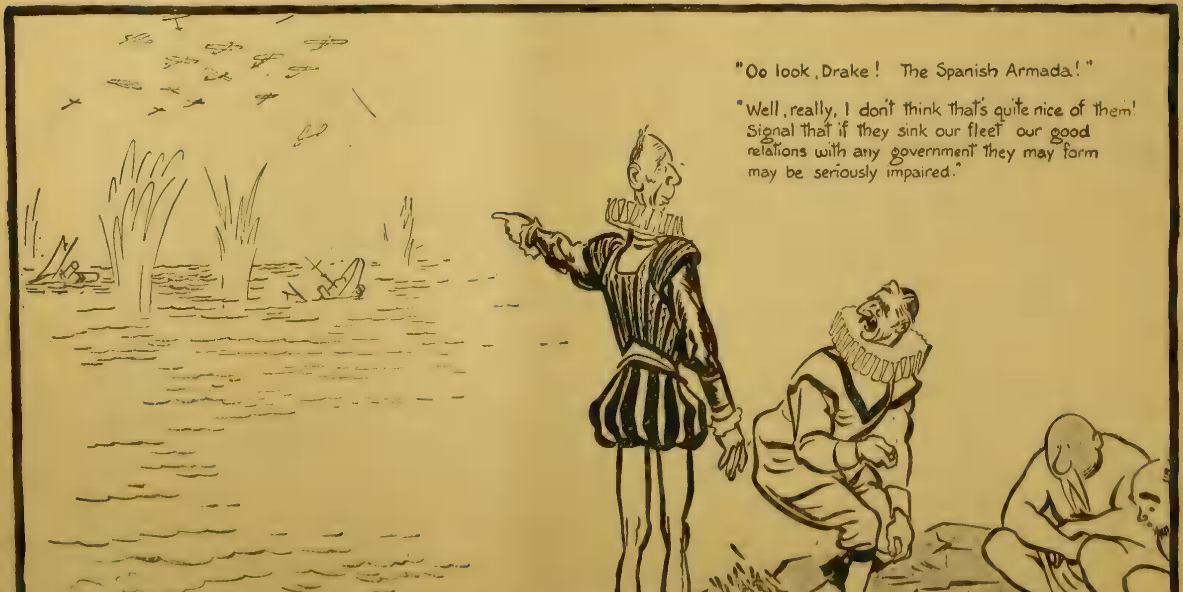
The conflict was never a pure civil war. The Italian and German governments participated in its advance preparations. From the very beginning it partook of the nature of a foreign invasion abetted by the Spanish military, whose loyalty to caste and property exceeded their love of country and progress. The war was planned and started by oath-breaking generals with the support of domestic reactionaries and in collusion with outside powers bent on acquiring raw materials, markets, and strategic positions.

This initiative has cost Spain dearly. On both sides almost a million men, women, and children have been killed in battles, homes, and prisons. Some Loyalist towns and villages have been completely pulverized by aerial bombs. Every republican city has been partially destroyed in air raids or in fighting. Three million persons, fleeing before the rebel forces, are refugees in Loyalist territory. They and the rest of the civil population in the government zone suffer from food scarcity. Life is full of torture for these ten million human beings. Bereaved and hungry, they undergo the additional trial of repeated and ubiquitous bombardments from the air. Men and women whom the blood-chilling air-raid siren may have called to the underground shelters two or three times a night for a total period of several hours are expected to work with maximum intensity the next day producing munitions and other goods. Children play air-raid games, make classroom sketches of airplanes dropping bombs, and grow accustomed to seeing flattened bodies, torsos, and limbs removed from debris by men who stand in pools of human blood. Time makes the sorrow, nervous and physical strain, and loss cumulative. When the effect was greatest, the fascists intensified their air war and sought to impose an air blockade.

The hate engendered in the surviving victims against the perpetrators of these cruelties and of the original crime of injecting war into a peaceful nation becomes a major political factor. Franco, if he should win, could never govern with these people. He would have to rule over them and despite them. There is no peace in Franco. He imported the Moors, the Germans, the Italians. He lacerated his native land. The contempt for him and his allies explains the resistance of the republicans. He stands for the old Spain of poverty and social stagnation. The fierceness of the Loyalists' opposition, against heart-breaking odds, to the fascist advance is a measure of their rejection of Spain's past and their hope for a better future. It warrants the prediction that the war will go on beyond most people's expectation. If and when Franco achieves a victory on the field of battle the struggle against the feudal land tenure, hierarchical darkness, and low living standards will continue. The republic heralded the possibility of a French revolution in Spain. The Francos demurred. Spain will never be content unless it can at least overtake Europe's nineteenth century.

On July 17, 1936, the republican government was weak and indecisive. That encouraged its enemies to strike. But the improbability of quick victory and resentment against the invader have given the republic strength and cohesion it never possessed in peacetime. Social programs which could only find permanent application after the war are relegated to the background. Fervid patriotism replaces the party feuds and ideological combats of pre-war politics. The reverse is happening in Franco's territory. When the rebels reached the coast in the March-April Aragon offensive and severed Catalonia from Central Spain, it seemed to the rebels and to their friends abroad that the end of the war impended. This belief released bitter inter-factional rivalry in the rebel camp. Monarchists, fascist Falange, and army chiefs made bids for power. Such strife, natural enough when peace follows war, cannot now be arrested, even though the war, surprisingly to some, proceeds with increasing fierceness. Falange leaders and many of their supporters are being jailed, and the Church and the other big estate owners brand them as "our Reds," probably because they evince some interest in the fate of the peasantry. The rebel zone is duplicating, roughly, the class struggle which rocked all of Spain before the war commenced.

Franco has never conscripted heavily in Castile, Andalusia, or Estremadura. For in these provinces the peasantry is land-hungry. But the manpower of Morocco is well-nigh exhausted. Franco has taken 100,000 Moors to Spain. They have borne the brunt of numerous battles. He cannot expect to recruit many more even though the frontier between Spain and France, in Africa, is open, and the rebels have been drawing French Moors into their services. Franco must get additional Italians or mobilize Spanish villagers of doubtful loyalty. The fighting in recent weeks on the Castellon-Teruel-Sagunto front is perhaps the bloodiest of the war. Losses on both


"Oo look, Drake! The Spanish Armada!"
"Well, really, I don't think that's quite nice of them! Signal that if they sink our fleet our good relations with any government they may form may be seriously impaired."
LOW

HISTORY RETOLD.

sides have been extremely heavy, but Franco's human resources are limited, whereas the republic's are only now being tapped. The Loyalists have 700,000 soldiers today and plan to have a million under arms by the autumn. There are at present approximately 9,000 foreigners in the republican army. No more than 4,000 of these are at the front. The total of non-Spaniards who enlisted in the Loyalist army (International Brigade) since hostilities started is about 36,000. Thousands were killed, incapacitated, or repatriated. There were never more than 700 Soviet Russians serving under the republican colors, and the number now is unlikely to be over 300. Franco, observers estimate, has between 6,000 and 10,000 Germans and 60,000 and 80,000 Italians. The International Brigade consists of volunteers, some of whom came to Spain despite the obstructions of their governments. The Italians and Germans were sent by their governments.

The rebels have a vast superiority in equipment. Italian and German arms were available to Franco from the first day of the insurrection. The quantity has increased and their quality improved with time. The first Soviet material, on the other hand, arrived in the fourth week of October, 1936—three months after the outbreak. Its flow, which was never as broad as the fascist munitions stream, has been interrupted by submarine piracy in the Mediterranean and by the closing of the Spanish-French border. Moreover, all fascist airplanes fly into Spain, and some of the recent bombing of coastal cities and shipping has been carried out by Italian machines which rose from airdromes in Italy or Sardinia, dropped their missiles on Loyalist cities, and then returned to their bases. But no Soviet planes have been flown into Spain. They come by long and difficult sea and land routes. Barcelona pays for and acquires title to all the arms it imports from the U. S. S. R. and other countries. This is not true of Franco's imports from fascist states.

"Non-intervention" has worked to the disadvantage of the Spanish republic because England and France, the two nations whose national and imperial interests might normally impel them to help the Loyalists, have faithfully abided by the agreement. It works to the advantage of the rebels because Germany and Italy intervene. These regimes have included Spain in their expansionist schemes. They have set themselves military, political, and economic goals in Spain. They have invested armies, arms, air armadas, and the blood of thousands of their subjects in the venture. Parliamentary declarations and legal documents will not eject them. The stake is too important. They could be deterred only by their own exhaustion, of which there are faint signs and which, if it became more serious, might prevent them from undertaking other acts of aggression, or by a clear indication, backed by peaceful deeds, that the Western powers wanted the invaders to get out of Spain. But Mussolini and Hitler are entitled to believe that the British and French governments are reconciled to a Franco victory. That victory cannot be won without further intervention. The fascists will therefore continue to intervene. Hence the skepticism about the execution of the British plan for the evacuation of foreign combatants. It is not merely that the scheme offers a thousand technical difficulties, loopholes, and opportunities for procrastination. If it were really intended to make non-intervention real it would provide for the removal of foreign arms and the interdiction of their ingress. As it is, unlimited squadrons of fascist airplanes can still be brought in by air. The cordon around the Loyalists, however, is complete. Rome and Berlin, as well as Burgos, therefore, can only conclude that the plan is not calculated to rob them of their ultimate triumph. They will behave accordingly.

What is required of the democratic powers who wish to create or sustain a reputation of opposition to aggression—America waits for such signs—is simply not to strangle Loyalist resistance, which yet has tremendous potentialities. Spain ruined Napoleon. It can ruin lesser men, both interventionists and non-interventionists. The outcome of the Spanish war is by no means certain. Between 1914 and 1918 Germany won most of the battles. So far Franco has won most of the battles. Except one—the one for the support and loyalty of the Spanish people.

Spain is a second-rate country somewhat removed from the heart of Europe. But the Spanish conflict is determining the foreign policies and plays a gigantic role in the internal affairs of most of the major powers. Spain may decide the fate of ministers, of ministries, and, equally, of countries. The fate of Spain itself is important enough. But Spain is regarded by the fascist dictators as the beginning of bigger things. It would be one more conquest for totalitarianism and thus prejudice the issue against democracy in neighboring states. More immediately, the fascist victory in Spain would pave the way to further assaults on peaceful nations. Anti-fascists have been making this assertion and it has been regarded by the naive as propaganda. Here is how the Italian fascist *Resto del Carlino* put it on June 30, 1938:

> The solution of the Czechoslovak problem and of the colonial problem will be facilitated from the day when communism and its blind auxiliary, democracy, will have suffered a bloody defeat in the Iberian peninsula. On that day, France, before mobilizing on the Rhine, will have to think of its other frontiers: that of the Alps and that of the Pyrenees.

When the fascists launch other wars the democracies will not be able to complain that they were not warned. The democracies have ears and eyes—but Spain is a test. If the Western powers allow Spain to be submerged they will invite more trouble, perhaps nearer home.

The Billion-Dollar Poolroom Racket

BY F. B. WARREN

I.

IN 1937 close to $400,000,000 was bet at the 70-odd race tracks of the United States, which rotate operations in such a fashion that there is horse racing somewhere in the country virtually every week day in the year. But this tidy sum is only one-third of the betting that is done. For something like $4,000,000 a day, a billion and a quarter a year, changes hands illegally through the medium of bookmakers operating away from the tracks. The bookmaker is the local representative of the betting empire, and his book is simply the line of odds. The mathematics of making this book—short prices against the favorites, long odds against the unknowns or the undistinguished—is as definite as the processes of calculus. No matter what happens when the race is run, the bookmaker has arranged his book in advance so that it must yield a profit of anywhere from 7 to 30 per cent.

There is no official confirmation for these figures on illicit betting because the business pays no taxes. Graft to politicians—municipal, state, and county, as well as police—is paid in staggering sums; but not a cent in taxes. Last summer, however, the extent of the industry was revealed when more than 200 poolroom operators in seven cities checked the total business handled by them in their own establishments in order to determine the average financial outlay of their regular patrons. They found a top bracket whose members phoned in bets of from $100 to $500 on a single race. But they discovered that the overwhelming preponderance of wagers were for one or two dollars, and many more for as low as fifty cents—the minimum permitted. The average fresh capital taken in by the poolroom each day proved to be a little more than four dollars per person.

For the purposes of this article I am figuring that there are 2,000 such poolrooms operating throughout the nation—only because that is the number I can personally identify. Professional operators insist that the total is closer to 10,000, and they undoubtedly know what they are talking about. The ratio, even on my conservative basis, is about five illegal bets to one legally made at the track. It should be remembered, moreover, that a patron who attends the races can bet only on those carded at the track he attends; at ten dollars a race he can lose a maximum of eighty dollars. If the same player shunned the track and spent his afternoon at a poolroom, he could—and many do—bet on from forty to seventy races in a period of five hours. While doing so, he could hear descriptions of the running of at least forty of the races taking place across the continent.

Before we consider the strings which hold together this billion-dollar empire, it might be well to have a look at the place that handles such extra-legal betting. Take the average poolroom in any city of a population above 20,000. Its owner might be anyone not burdened by too many scruples. His chief requirement as far as the betting is concerned is two or three copies of racing papers—a set for himself and his records, one or more sets for his customers' use. These are highly important and we shall examine their nature in our next article. Unless there is an epidemic of honest law enforcement in the area, he can quickly make a deal with the equally indispensable news service for a wire connection and other mechanical equipment (for which he puts up a deposit or forfeit) and begin at once to accept wagers. Of course every time he turns around the chances are he will discover a uniformed or plainclothes officer. They don't want to stop his business; they simply want their rake-off and occasionally a rake-off for an unnamed superior. The proprietor may make $200 a week, of which half as a rule will go for this kind of graft.

The typical poolroom is a bare, unadorned, disordered space in as obscure a loft or business building as the tenant can find. It must not be in a good shopping district where influential owners, paying high taxes, can make trouble. Its visible equipment is unimpressive: a table for the proprietor and his telephone clerks, plenty of chairs; other tables or shelves on which the customers can write their bets and pass them over with their cash. While some "marker," or credit, business is done with well-known customers, who settle all their transactions at the end of the day or week, by far the greatest part of the wagering is on a basis of cash with each bet, with payoff to the winners immediately after the race. Some of the business telephoned in by players is also "marker" business, the house not having the cash on hand when the race is run. The money is transferred through a minor army of collectors. If a player loses and hesitates to pay up, he goes on a blacklist of all poolrooms; he won't do any more betting. The poolroom owner himself rarely welshes. He doesn't have to—all the percentages are in his favor.

In its mechanical equipment the poolroom is far more complex than in its furnishings. There is a battery of telephones, some possessing intricate switching devices so that calls can be thrown to idle operators and message-takers when the traffic approaches peak. Hundreds, in some communities thousands, of customers know these numbers; they are listed in the directories with the principals designated as bankers or brokers. Even more important, however, is a compact, effective radio. It is the local outlet for the news-gathering and transmitting service which operates from every major race track in the United States and Canada to furnish simultaneous national distribution of information to poolrooms. The base operating point of this service is in Chicago or New York, with sub-bases or terminals in hundreds of cities. A single sending voice at the main office is heard at the same instant by hundreds of poolroom operators and thousands of customers. The poolroom instrument does not pull in its news from anything so public as an air-wave. It is connected to a purely local telephone wire rented from the local company, and that wire leads directly to the local "terminal," which in common with other city terminals receives by a nation-wide circuit of long-distance lines the day's information from track representatives and employees at the clearing and relay bases. No other material and no other client gets on these long lines or on the short local connecting lines to each poolroom outlet during the hours when they are under lease to the news service.

The telephone company and its subsidiaries have nothing to do with the operation of this racing service. Their wire facilities, maintained in working order at all times, are merely rented or leased to private corporations by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company for a set number of hours. "We do not want to deal with people who are breaking the law, whether it is race horses or anything else," said Walter S. Gifford, president of the A. T. & T., in the course of a Federal Communications Commission hearing in 1936. "This is a messy part of our business. It is difficult because we are advised on one side that we cannot legally defend refusal to give service in many cases where it would be our inclination and desire to do so, having no right to discriminate on the ground of character between subscribers, while on the other hand the Attorney General of Rhode Island has expressed the view at these hearings that we should be guided in our decisions by the character of applicants. . . . It seems to me that the matter is one for local law enforcement."

Early in the morning, when the proprietor and a few aides—but no customers—are present, the leased wire opens. This early "broadcast" states the agreed official odds that the gambling proprietors are to offer on each horse carded to run that day at any track in the nation. If Chicolorado, Transen, or Petty Paw comes out in the morning line at 6 to 1, an early-morning patron can write his ticket on any one or all three to win their respective races. For each win later in the afternoon the establishment will pay the bettor seven dollars for each dollar wagered, that is, his own dollar plus the six he has won. But these odds are not static; if the horse selected in the morning at 6 to 1 should recede at post time to 12 to 1, the morning bettor still gets his 6 to 1 and the luckier player in the poolroom who made his bet at closing prices reaps the 12-to-1 payoff. Conversely a horse that started the day at 6 to 1 may close at 6 to 5. Then the player in the room who took closing prices gets $2.20 for each dollar, including his own dollar back.

Plainly the making of the morning line is a job of grave responsibility. Betting sharpshooters all over the nation pore over each day's line, counter-checked against the split-second telegraphic reports of the workouts of horses. What they hope to find are horses of demonstrated ability against which a dangerously long price is being laid. By the time that horse is lined up for his race such morning discrepancies will have been discovered and the long price of the morning shortened. If startlingly long prices have been laid on a good horse in the morning and numerous wagers have been taken at that price before the odds shift, the bookmakers nationally stand to lose several hundred thousand dollars. And if some acutely informed owner, trainer, or friend, with advance knowledge of his horse's prowess, could in any way influence the making of a long price on the animal in a morning line, that owner or trainer could register a "killing"; he could, through agents, telegraph money to agents at all the major gambling centers of the country the night before with instructions to bet thousands of dollars at the morning odds. There is powerful machinery through which the bookmakers protect themselves against such exigencies, but for all that, "killings" do happen occasionally.

At about one o'clock the bettors in the East begin to crowd into the poolrooms. The wires are about to open for the afternoon. The establishment's runners and collectors of street and neighborhood bets have brought in their bundles of written slips with cash to cover the bets. At this juncture the proprietor sets out to protect himself. He swiftly ascertains whether there is a dangerously large amount of money being wagered on a particular horse. If so, and he fears that this horse may win, he turns to the elaborate machinery which has been fashioned to meet this situation, machinery which offers a remarkable parallel to the Federal Reserve banking system. The bookmaker puts in a long-distance telephone call to a super-bookmaker in another city. To him he "lays off" all or part of the total wagers on the horse which he fears may endanger his capital. Just as the Federal Reserve charges interest and makes money by serving the smaller banks, so the super-bookmakers have scales or service charges or interest rates for reducing the risk of the local operator. The final step in this sequence is important. If the super-books of the nation find themselves overloaded after relieving the burden on the small-fry, they hurriedly transfer money by wire to the various tracks where the horses heavily wagered on are running. This money is bet at the tracks and goes through the mutuel machines there. It is only at that point that all these transactions gain their first semblance of legality; when the money passes through the mutuel machines, the state derives a portion of the total.

When the player enters the poolroom, he has, on the average, about four dollars to work with. On a given afternoon tracks may be in operation at Narragansett in Rhode Island, Aqueduct in New York, Hawthorne in Chicago, Beulah Park near Columbus, Thorncliffe in Toronto, and Fairmount Park in Collinsville, Illinois. In the course of the afternoon a player will hear the running at six tracks with an average card of seven races at each. On the wall he sees six sets of large, white sheets bearing the names of the competing horses, a set for each track, a sheet for each race. The names are arranged in the order of their post positions at the track. Number 1 horse is next to the rail; numbers 8, 9, and 10 are on the outside. Beside the name of each horse appears the weight the horse is carrying—a figure which includes the weight of the jockey and the lead-laden saddle-pads assigned by the track handicapper to "level off" the contestants. Penciled in is the name of the jockey riding each animal. If the horse is a filly or mare and entitled to a weight allowance based on sex, an asterisk denotes that fact. Much of this extra information has come in over the leased wire in the morning and has been checked by the bookmaker's staff.

There may be three or four races in progress simultaneously at different tracks. The excited, staccato voice of the announcer, coming over the leased wire, slices these into each other. He gives the quarter call at Hawthorne, the quarter call at Narragansett, Beulah, and so on. Since everyone in the room has placed bets at several or all the tracks, he distributes his excitement impartially to each contest.

The player in Elkhart, Indiana, gets his first action out of the opening race at Narragansett a few minutes after 1:30 P.M. central time and an hour later in the East. Rain is falling and the track is muddy. Stone Martin has a mud marking in the racing sheets and is a favorite at 8 to 5 in the last run-down. (The run-down is the shift in odds. It reflects actual betting at the tracks by spectators there and money dumped at the tracks by super-bookmakers who are transferring some dangerous risks into the lap of the management.) In the same race Lotafun, boasting an impressive recent record, is 4 to 1 to win. So the player bets $1 to win on Stone Martin and $1 to place on Lotafun; this is half of his total capital. If he loses two such ventures, he is through for the afternoon.

Having written his ticket on these two horses at Narragansett, he glances at the charts for the first race at Aqueduct in New York, to be run fifteen minutes later. He discovers that Bright News, running there, opened in the betting at 6 to 1 and is now quoted in the later run-down at 4 to 1. Thereupon the player writes on his same ticket, "If coming, $1 to win, $1 to place on Bright News, first Aqueduct," which means that the Aqueduct bet is contingent on his winning at Narragansett. He hands the cashier his ticket and two of his four dollars and waits for the running of the two races.

Let's be benevolent and say that Stone Martin did win and Lotafun did come in second, the former paying $1.60 as the winner, the latter paying $1 for running second, or even money. The bookmaker therefore owed the player $4.60, including his own $2; he had doubled his money. But he isn't paid off until the fate of his "if" bet on Bright News is decided.

Fifteen minutes later it is reported that Bright News won the first race at Aqueduct. The country poolroom, on races at New York tracks, takes the first and the last run-down odds, 6 to 1 and 3 to 1 in this case, and splits the difference, paying off at 4½ to 1. (This "settlement" bears only on odds listed in the afternoon; the morning line previously discussed remains unaffected.) The bookmaker hands the player $10.10 on his double ticket. Added to the $2 still in his pocket, he now has $12.10. He has trebled his capital, made a 200 per cent profit in thirty minutes. He should now leave and never return. But instead he figures that there are forty more races to be run, that he can bet a dollar on twelve of these without facing bankruptcy. Each additional victory from then on lengthens the time he can play; he may win a long shot at 10 to 1 or 15 to 1—but the overwhelming likelihood is that he won't. He is likely to depart, at the end of a tense and crowded afternoon, with a few dimes received in ragged change—and minus his capital of $4.

He can win a single race. He can triumph for an afternoon. But he can't beat the races. That is the one universal about poolrooms. For he has more than odds against him. There is an elaborate system designed to protect the bookie and impose limitations upon the "killing." Our player, for example, received 4½ to 1 on the winning horse. At the track, as the odds indicated, he would have received 6 to 1. Why? Simply because the poolrooms protect themselves by limiting the odds they will pay—no matter what the payoff is at the track. Some poolrooms have a maximum scale of 20, 8, and 4; the average scale for all poolrooms is closer to 15, 7, and 3, that is, 15 to 1 on a bet to win, 7 to 1 on a bet that the horse will place second, 3 to 1 on a bet that the horse will run third.

Thus the poolroom bettor suffers under far heavier handicaps than the man who wagers at a track where the mutuel system prevails. Not that the mutuels are above criticism. They cannot "lay off" bets elsewhere when these pile in from track patrons and over the wire; what they can do, however, is to dump some of the track's own

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funds through the mutuel windows on the favorite or favorites just before race time and thus reduce the size of the winning price, winners thereby getting less than they should and the track management retaining more. There are tracks where this is a familiar practice, but no one explores the subject any further "for the good of racing in general."

A more effective—and more dishonest—method of doctoring the mutuels reaps even greater savings for the track management and defrauds all bettors, at the track or in distant poolrooms. The management holds out the "come-back money" received by wire or through agents from the poolroom and gambling clearing houses until the race for which the money was sent has been run. Suppose that Teakettle, Chutney, and A la King are entered in a race about to be run, along with nine other entries; only three of the twelve can finish in the money. In the overnight or morning line sent out to poolrooms the odds against Teakettle are 15 to 1. This would indicate 4 to 1 or 5 to 1 to place and 2 to 1 even to show. It also indicates that Teakettle possesses little or no "form" on past records. But in the course of the day let us assume that bettors throughout America have illogically determined—by "hunch"—that Teakettle has a chance and have made wagers accordingly. By the time the animal goes to the post the odds have narrowed to 5 to 1. In the running Teakettle wins the race easily and at his closing price of 5 to 1 would pay $12 for each $2 wagered to win, $6 for place, $4 for show. But back in the mutuel cage, a corrupt management is holding out, say, $10,000 that has been wired by the nation's poolrooms and betting commissioners, some of it to be wagered on Teakettle. At the moment Teakettle wins, the "inside" representative of the management dumps every penny of the outside money, which has been held in suspense, on Teakettle, except for those portions which had been bet on the horses that had finished second or third. What happens? It is thus made to appear that, at post time, Teakettle had become the actual favorite. Because of this illicit contribution to the pool, Teakettle pays off 7 to 5 ($4.80) to win, 4 to 5 ($3.60) to place, and 2 to 5 ($2.80) to show. Every person who bet on Teakettle has been robbed wholesale.

The bettor's life is destined to be an unhappy one—whether he bets at a reputable track, at a manipulated track, or in one of the thousands of poolrooms which constitute a vast illegal American industry. At best he faces artificial, criminal, and natural hazards, but of the whole species the poolroom bettor is easily the worst victim.

[In an early issue Mr. Warren will describe the Annenberg racing chart system and the use to which it is put in the operation of the billion-dollar poolroom betting racket.]

In the Wind

UNDER A Moscow date line the United Press recently issued a sensational report that Soviet Russia had declared a "state-of-war" emergency in Eastern Siberia. The dispatch was carried in newspapers throughout the nation Two hours after its issuance, the U. P. sent out a bulletin killing the story. What really happened was that the dispatch had been filed from the Berlin bureau, as is frequently done in such crises; but its source was a mysterious phone message, delivered in a Russian accent, and purporting to come from the U. P. office in Moscow. It now appears that the "tip" was a gift from an agent of the Nazi government.

FRANK B. NOYES was for thirty years head of the Associated Press; his paper, the Washington *Evening Star,* recently carried this headline on the current La Follette probe: "Republic Spent $667,000 on Peace." What the story meant by peace was the fund spent by Republic Steel in smashing strikes, including $11,000 for munitions and gas.

GERMAN GENERALS in China, relates an American journalist just returned from there, do not appreciate the Chinese concept of "face." A Chinese soldier was recently riding on horseback beside a German officer at the head of a detachment. Passing through a private orchard the Chinese reached up and snatched a peach from a low-hanging branch of a tree. The German casually indicated his disapproval He had no notion that the Chinese soldier would commit suicide that night—because he had been reprimanded in public.

CATHOLIC AGENCIES have launched a concerted attack against the coming World Youth Congress, although almost all religious and political groups are participating in it Reflecting this attack, the New York *Times* ran this headline when Mayor La Guardia greeted spokesmen of the Congress: "Mayor Welcomes 'Red' Youth Congress." Perhaps the head line writer and author of the story didn't know that Mrs John Finley, wife of the editor of the *Times,* is a member of the Congress's sponsoring committee.

ITALIAN ACADEMICIANS have recently discovered that Italians are really as noble Aryans as the Germans. This disclosure may startle German experts on the same subject; for years they have relied on H. S. Chamberlain's "The Foundations of the 19th Century" as the theoretical source of the pure-Aryan doctrine. This volume asserts that "their [the Italians'] genealogy goes back to the countless thousands of liberated slaves from Africa and Asia, to the jumble of various Italic peoples, to the military colonies settled among them from all countries of the world, in short the chaos of peoples which the empire so ingeniously manufactured."

[We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind. The $5 prize for the best item submitted during July goes to Dr. Otto Peyser of Jamaica, Long Island, for the citation from H. S. Chamberlain printed above.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THIS is an article that I have written before—not once but several times—and I am afraid that I shall have to write it again and again. My text is the words President Roosevelt used at San Francisco on July 14, when he declared that 1939 would be a year of "world-wide rejoicing" if it saw "definite steps toward permanent world peace. That is the hope and the prayer of the overwhelming number of men and women and children in all the earth today." And then he said significantly enough that money spent on armaments would not create permanent wealth and that "we fervently hope for the day when the other leading nations of the world will realize that their present course must inevitably lead them to disaster." And then he added his usual remark that we stand ready to meet the nations and "encourage them in any effort they may make toward a definite reduction in world armaments."

The very next day on the other side of the water Sir John Simon, Chancellor of the Exchequer, said in Parliament, July 15, these pregnant words: "There have been other civilizations than ours. Tutankhamen was forgotten until he was dug up, and it is quite possible that the things that are protecting our civilization are more slender than they are sometimes thought to be. This country has resources, character, courage, and history, which will see it through; but make no mistake—if we do not succeed and the world does not succeed in finding some way to end the folly of this everlasting expenditure on armaments, then indeed the future we shall be preparing for our children is one at which we may shudder." Precisely. Yet Sir John Simon is but stating in another way what Stanley Baldwin said just before he became Prime Minister the last time: that if an armament race starts in Europe it will lead *not to peace but to war.*

Finally, we have another and a startling witness in Dr. Raymond Buell of the Foreign Policy Association, who has just returned from two months of intensive study of conditions in Poland and Central Europe to report that the huge expenditures for armaments will drive the democracies into becoming totalitarian states in order to gear their economic life to the necessity of steadily increasing expenditures for military and naval purposes. I take it that his thesis is that just as we should immediately have to adopt their methods and practices in order to defeat them if we went to war with them, so we shall soon have to resort to all the economic devices and stratagems to which they resort today in order to be able to devote perhaps as much as 50 per cent of our income to armaments.

So there is this old problem, about which I have written so often, restated in its latest aspects, and everybody says, "After you, Alphonse." Sir John Simon's government knows the peril of what it is doing but has nothing to suggest and will take no lead in moving toward disarmament until it has built its armaments up to that impossible point—never yet reached—when the nation will feel that it has all the armament it needs to protect itself and frighten its enemies. Mr. Roosevelt characteristically speaks of his hope that the year 1939 will bring a change, but he proposes nothing for either 1938 or 1939 in the way of leadership on our part. It is the most complete bankruptcy of statesmanship in the history of the modern world. All the national leaders agree on the inevitable disaster which will come from the continuance of this policy, and yet not one of them can see that the way to disarm is to disarm. Everybody says, "Why, of course we should like to disarm, but look at that fellow across our frontier and see with what he threatens us." They are even willing to admit—some of them—that the present impasse is solely due to the fact that the Allies and the United States failed to keep their promises made at Versailles to disarm. Then they continue to arm in order to make the horrible blundering and treachery of the Allies more costly than ever. And when you ask them to do something they say, "Why, we can't do anything until everybody is willing to disarm, and somebody else must take the lead."

So what, Mr. Roosevelt? Those are sound words that you spoke, and truthful. So what? Are you just going to stand by and do nothing? Are you content to admit that the world is headed for destruction and to do nothing about it? If so, you won't expect us to regard you as a constructive statesman, because it is, or used to be, the duty of statesmen to find a way out of the messes into which they got the nations. The way to disarm is to disarm, and the one great nation that can safely do it is the United States, which cannot be invaded, and—I defy anybody to disprove this—is beyond danger of attack. If I were the President I should ask for an immediate disarmament conference, and I should call one conference after another until something was achieved—or inevitable world suicide admitted.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

M. Sylvestre

MONDAY NIGHT. By Kay Boyle. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

ROUGHER in texture than Miss Boyle's other novels, "Monday Night" shows a like interest in technique, in the handling of a technical problem. If the problem is not new, it is one that must always fascinate novelist and reader alike, for it consists of portraying character at second-hand, and a not too trustworthy second-hand at that. Specifically, there is M. Sylvestre, whom we never meet, an expert whose testimony at poisoning trials is final; and there is Wilt, a drink-pickled, down-at-the-heel American writer in Paris who gets on Sylvestre's track and starts wondering about his grisly, implacable profession.

Wilt gets on the track casually—by running across a young American medical student who has come to Paris hoping to meet the celebrated expert. Their first problem is simply how to get hold of the man. But inquiries soon lead to revelations: from Sylvestre's servants and others, Wilt and Bernie hear tales of Sylvestre pacing the floor for hours, of Sylvestre throwing over the mistress he loved for a useful marriage with a cold Englishwoman. At first Wilt has thought of Sylvestre as a divided man—a man of feeling made heartsick by the lives he has to condemn, a man of science forced by an incorruptible integrity to condemn them. But slowly he begins to visualize a man who forfeited youth and happiness to ambition and who, thereafter, sought revenge from life by destroying youth and happiness in others.

Up to this point the story unwinds with great ingenuity. We, like Wilt, are gathering and weighing evidence, building up a picture of Sylvestre. We are also building up a picture of Wilt, crediting him with some highly imaginative inferences yet wondering whether they may not be too imaginative, whether his drink-disordered brain and novelist's cleverness can be trusted. At this point, however, when suspense and curiosity have been exploited for all they are worth, the story must either conclude on a teasing lady-or-the-tiger note, or take a further turn. What one looks forward to is a meeting between Wilt and Sylvestre which, without being too pat a give-away, would yet give us, by some clue, a sure sense of the truth. But Miss Boyle goes at the matter much more bluntly: she abruptly ends the book with a newspaper announcement concerning Sylvestre which seems out of key with the psychological method by which the rest of the story has been built up. This piece of editorializing is on a par with the conventional wind-up of a detective story, whereas the whole charm of "Monday Night" is that it is not a matter of absolute knowledge but a case of circumstantial evidence. A Henry James, manipulating his testimony, weaving his ambiguous motivations, juggling his personalities, would never have betrayed his situation with a banal exposure; and James might well be considered a model for such a story as "Monday Night."

Miss Boyle's blunder seems to me unfortunate, for, though her book is so pitched as not to be capable of more than a certain level of achievement, it might have been perfect of its kind. It is full of astute touches and sly descriptions and it seems to me a step forward from the often too delicate and attenuated studies in sensibility which Miss Boyle has written in the past. Wilt in particular, with his physical filth, his personal demoralization, his erratic night-mind, is brilliantly realized: to have chosen to probe a more conventionally baffling person like Sylvestre through a person like Wilt was an inspired idea. But once having pinned her faith on Wilt, Miss Boyle ought not have wavered and sent herself in to pinch-hit for him.

Miss Boyle is torn, in "Monday Night," between a literary and a colloquial style; the latter is newer with her and, I think, better; the former sometimes achieves strong and even beautiful effects, but shows too little restraint and has some of Faulkner's and Wolfe's tendency to overwrite. Occasionally, too, Miss Boyle fails to subsist within the limits of the English language: "buttons missing since a long time" is, I suppose, the price one must pay for living since a long time in Paris.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

The Hidden Stream

FURTHER LETTERS OF GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS, INCLUDING HIS CORRESPONDENCE WITH COVENTRY PATMORE. Edited with Notes and an Introduction by Claude Colleer Abbott. Oxford University Press. $6.

"IT has always seemed to me that poetry is unprofessional," Hopkins wrote when he was twenty. Because he held, throughout his life, to the practice of his belief, his prose works come to the modern reader singularly pure: in the form of letters to intimate friends and notebooks. The present collection, under the same reverent editorship of Professor Abbott, contains "all further letters which have come to light" since 1935, when Hopkins's letters to Bridges and the Hopkins-Dixon correspondence appeared. The Notebooks, edited by Humphrey House, were published in 1937. The letters in this volume are divided into three sections: miscellaneous letters to family and friends; a long-continued (1863-1888) series of letters to A. W. M. Baillie; and, at last, the Hopkins-Patmore correspondence in full.

Casual letters are at once a touchstone and a give-away. They are certain to show all the cheapness and attitudinizing of a writer; rant, seedy thinking, sentiment, and obstinate prejudices come to the surface in such documents to be seen with great clearness. In the case of Hopkins, his letters prove, as his editor says, that the man was all of a piece; the letters "bear the imprint of the same rare mind and spirit, they have the same disciplined honesty and intensity of conviction" as the poems. So there is now disclosed to us for the first time the hidden stream of scholarly discussion which ran steadily beneath the public literary scene of the '70's and '80's. And here are the simply expressed but profound and hard-bitten conclusions reached by a man who had shut himself away from life—a man who feared his own nature, and, admitting his fear, took every precaution that that nature should not function freely.

Hopkins's remarkable scholastic record has not been fully emphasized. He was a prize pupil of Jowett's at Balliol, a fact which his superiors in the Jesuit order took into account when they appointed him lecturer and examiner in Greek to the University College in Dublin. His interest in metrics never flagged, and his technical theories, as well as his technical practice, have opened, and will continue to open, new doors into poetic richness and freedom. Even more impressive, in these letters, than his scholarship are his unfailing curiosity and poetic insight. He was a man "for whom the visible world triumphantly existed." His eye microscopically took in every detail of the objects upon which he fixed his attention. His love for appearance was so great that the worst penance he could impose upon himself was to turn his eyes away from nature. His ear, sharp and interested, picked up turns of speech peculiar to a countryside. He was excited by ecclesiastical architecture no more than by the architecture of swallows.

In the field of the arts his musical interest ranged from Purcell to Wagner (about whose works, since he had no opportunity to hear them, he desired detailed accounts). His remarks on painting are often profound ("I have *invented* a Canaletto with genius: his name is Guardi"). And his critical insight into literature flashes out in a comparison, anticipating many like comparisons made in recent years, between what Keats might have lived to be with what Shakespeare was. And again, his ideas about the "overthought and underthought" in Greek tragic poets ("underthought conveyed by choice of metaphors, etc., and only half-realized by the poet himself") foreshadow recent ideas of scholars concerning the underlying symbolism in Shakespeare's plays.

Baillie was not a poet, but his learning and sensitiveness and his interest in what Hopkins had to say often brought, from Hopkins, a full rush of explanation and exposition. Hopkins's theories concerning the kinds of poetry—an account which proves him to have been, at twenty, a critic of the first order—were sent to Baillie.

The Patmore correspondence, which occurred during the last six years of Hopkins's life, when he was thirty-nine and Patmore sixty, has been published in part elsewhere—in Basil Champneys's "Life of Patmore" and by Father Lahey in his "Life of Hopkins." Champneys hesitated to publish the letters in full, on the ground that they were too technical for the general reader. Patmore during this time was preparing the revised (third collected) edition of his Poetical Works (1887). Patmore's reputation had gone into eclipse. "The Angel in the House," a generation earlier, had been second only to Tennyson's poems in popularity. Since Hopkins had expressed his admiration for the later Odes—attracted by the free form and intense emotion in them—Patmore asked his advice on revisions. The younger man's comments, in every case, go straight to the heart of Patmore's basic faults of style and tone. Hopkins's respect for Patmore (who, like himself, was "curious and learned in prosody") kept him from delivering a criticism in the bald manner of Tennyson, who once said that some of Patmore's lines seemed to be hammered up out of old nails. But Hopkins not only points out Patmore's ambiguities, incomplete sense, and bad phrasing, but attacks his lack of true ear, frequent lack of taste, his affectation, insincerity, and Tory tub-thumping. Patmore took all this, it must be said, in good part. He saw, as might be expected, nothing but "strangeness" in Hopkins's poems. But he wrote to Bridges, after the death of Hopkins:

> . . . there was something in all his words and manners that was at once a rebuke and attraction to all who could only aspire to be like him. . . .

and added that Hopkins's genius was unmistakable.

These letters bring out, finally, the tormented plans—almost amounting to manias—of Hopkins's later years. His discussion, with Baillie, of the probable derivation of Greek words from Egyptian (which led nowhere) and his determination to write music show the beating about of a rich nature against the rigidity of the rule it worked under. Much sympathy has been poured out concerning the conflict between Hopkins's character and the severity of the Jesuit life. But where could this fiery spirit, these delicate sensibilities have fitted in the Victorian world, big as it was with ideas of optimism and progress, and punctuated as it was by the suicides of sensitive young men? "Great from the hard forming hand" Hopkins had chosen in youth "he triumphs, utterly defeated." Seen from our time, the design, the "instress," of Hopkins's life is so clear that it seems not only that life's best, but indeed its only possible, pattern.

LOUISE BOGAN

Trials on Trial

NOT GUILTY, Report of the Commission of Inquiry Into the Charges Against Leon Trotsky in the Moscow Trials. Harper and Brothers. $2.75.

WE are living in a day in which the sneer of the man of power: "What is truth?" has achieved a new relevance. Truth has never been so completely in the service of power as today. Truth is what Dr. Goebbels manufactures in his propaganda ministry. Truth is what the Italian censor admits and what General Llano, recently canonized by Ellery Sedgwick as "Saint of Andalusia," shouts forth from the radio station of Burgos. In such a day, in which plebiscites are used to kill democracy, it is not surprising that courts have become the instruments of obscuring justice. Everyone who has his face set toward the new day would like to believe that all this corruption is merely the characteristic of a dying civilization (fascism) and that the symbols and forces of the new day are free of it. But alas and alack! Power in the hands of the advancing forces, particularly power which is not under democratic control, seems to be the same source of corruption, whether on the right or the wrong side.

That is why the report of the commission of inquiry into the Moscow trials, under the chairmanship of Dr. John Dewey, is important and why, despite the diligent labors of the committee in the interest of truth, the report will be received with incredulity and derision by all simple devotees of the cause which it supposedly imperils.

The commission has obviously pursued its task of inquiry with remarkable diligence. It gathered depositions and affidavits in the four corners of the world and held hearings in Mexico, New York, and France. Its report is roughly divided into two parts. One deals with the evidence which it adduced in refutation of specific accusations against Trotsky in the Moscow trials. The other analyzes the general credibility of the inclusive indictment of Trotsky as an instrument of capitalistic and fascist reaction.

The evidence adduced in the first part proves pretty conclusively: that Piatakov's visit to Trotsky via airplane could not have taken place; that Trotsky's son could not have been in Copenhagen; that relations between Trotsky's son and the German Nazis, including an alleged "kick-back" arrangement with German industrialists working on Russian orders, were highly improbable; that all the alleged meetings and letters between Trotsky and the defendants are subject to suspicion; that Trotsky's alleged relation to the Kirov murder is a very unconvincing indictment for many reasons, including the failure of the court to call eleven G. P. U. agents who were sentenced in 1935 to from two to ten years at hard labor because they "possessed information concerning preparations for the attempts on Kirov—and failed to take necessary measures"; that the indictment charging Trotsky with attempts on Stalin's life rests solely upon the prosecutor's misinterpretation of Trotsky's use of Lenin's phrase, "I propose to the comrades to find a way to remove Stalin from that position and appoint another man"; that Trotsky has consistently followed the Marxian line of opposition to individual terrorism. In dealing with the charges of sabotage the commission took evidence from foreign experts, who had been active in Russian industry as advisers, tending to prove that the regime was using some of the defendants in the trial as scapegoats to hide the bureaucratic inefficiency of the leadership in some industries and that the scapegoats were frequently the men who sought to help the foreign experts in their attack upon the bureaucrats; and that the charges of "Trotskyism" against these foreign experts were wholly without foundation. The charges of agreements with foreign powers by the Trotskyites are proved to be very flimsy and to rest mainly upon the prosecutor's mutilation of an open letter by Trotsky to his adherents in Russia which begins with the words: "The immediate tactical task is to retreat from the position of adventurism."

The second part of the report is concerned to prove the inherent improbability of the whole charge against Trotsky as a fountain source of wrecking, terrorism, and treasonable activities. One chapter analyzes the charge of a "historical connection" between Trotsky's present treason and his early heresies. The prosecutor charged that: "In 1915 Trotsky came out in opposition to Lenin's doctrine of the possibility of victory of socialism in one country. Thus he completely capitulated to capitalism over twenty years ago." The report makes a careful comparison of Lenin's, Stalin's, and Trotsky's statements on the relation of revolution in one country to the necessity of a world revolution and comes to the obvious conclusion that Trotsky's position and Lenin's were essentially identical. They both believed in the importance of the initial victory in Russia but in the ultimate necessity of a world revolution. Stalin's present position may be more correct than either Lenin's or Trotsky's. The commission rightly disavows interest in that question but its analysis proves the incredibility of the charge of early treason.

It must be added that the report throws little light on just how much truth there is in the charges of the Moscow trials and by what method the defendants were caught in the toils of the G. P. U. It has a chapter upon the use of torture in Russia in securing confessions but comes to the conclusion that "it is impossible for any honest person, on the basis of records so full of contradictions and deliberate falsifications as the records of both trials, to come to any conclusions concerning their guilt or innocence of other charges or the nature of their crimes, if any."

There, probably, "any honest person" will have to let the matter rest until history discloses now hidden secrets. Dr. Dewey's commission meanwhile deserves a vote of gratitude for a task well done in the interest of truth. Some of us who regard Trotsky's political theories as fantastic, his messianic ego as pathetic, and his present political influence as confusing will be willing to be regarded as "Trotskyites" while we stand up for that vote. REINHOLD NIEBUHR

Political Almanac

OUR COUNTRY, OUR PEOPLE, AND THEIRS. By M. E. Tracy. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

THE conception of this new political almanac is striking, but its execution is disappointing. Mr. Tracy is endeavoring to show that person for person and institution for institution life in the United States is incomparably better than in the three "dictatorship" countries—Germany, Italy, and Russia. The idea of contrasting American life—from steel production to medical facilities—with life in other countries undoubtedly offers the most effective means of making propaganda for our democracy, which is what Mr. Tracy is interested in doing. But after wading through his statistical Baedeker, it is doubtful that the lay reader for whom the book is intended will really understand how well off he is.

For Mr. Tracy's painstaking method has defeated his own end. What matters is not that the United States has so many million automobiles, while other countries have fewer. All that need be shown is that the United States has mastered the technique of mass production, for peaceful prosperity—and for war. A German—or an English—engineering shop can build tailor-made metal products which, for accuracy and strength, are superior to any metal products which can be made by hand in this country. But in terms of mass-production items the tables are turned. We don't make Rolls-Royces, but what is more important to John Smith and the infantry, *they* can't make Fords. Their economies are still operating on an artisan, instead of a mass-production, basis.

This is the reason why Mr. Tracy's three dictatorships make a false comparison with the United States. Presumably he has thrown Russia into the pot because of the free-speech situation. But for American foreign policy, the issue is economic, not social. And, on economic grounds, the comparison that should be made is not between the United States and three dictatorships, but between the United States and the rest of the world. Mr. Tracy's thesis about the American standard of living certainly holds up in comparison to the rest of the world lumped together: you can add British and German margarine to Japanese seaweed, and you still don't get butter. And most important of all is a reason for contrasting the rest of the world with the United States, which Mr. Tracy does not consider. Democracies and dictatorships alike, the five continents over, are recognizing our enormous economic and technological superiority over them by coming here for our aid in their armament programs. If our economic power is to be used as a force for world peace, as Mr. Tracy desires, is it not fair to ask how far foreign armament schedules could be carried without American help? And this is why I object to his inclusion of Russia in the picture, for, free speech or no free speech, here is a point at which Russia stands on her own feet. What we should know is how far the real fascist axis, which includes Japan instead of Russia, and how far the embryonic Chamberlain-Hitler axis would get without economic assistance from America.

The illuminating chapters at the end on general social and cultural conditions are excellent, although they tell nothing new about the countries in question. On the other hand, the make-up of the book makes reading it an ordeal. Each page must be read four times, once for each country. If the book goes into a second edition, I hope the publishers print it in the ordinary way, keeping the pictorial graphs, but running the copy consecutively instead of in parallel columns.

ELIOT JANEWAY

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Radio Rules the Waves

TELEVISION, A STRUGGLE FOR POWER. By Frank Waldrop and Joseph Borkin. William Morrow & Co. $2.75.

TO what uses should available radio frequencies be allocated? Who should be allowed to own or control those frequencies? What are the effects of the control of the means of mass communication by powerful financial interests, motivated by profits and self-preservation? What role should government play to encourage and improve the economical and socially desirable uses of the ethereal channels? These and other vital questions of public policy have until recently received little public expression and discussion. The reason for this neglect was, of course, the comparative novelty and the complexities of radio.

During the past two years the problems that beset radio broadcasting and other newer uses of wireless have become public issues. Resolutions in both houses of Congress have been pressed for an investigation of the radio industry. The one in the House even came to a vote, only to be killed in the last hectic days of the session. The Communications Commission has shown signs of belated awakening to the existence of serious defects in the present organization of the radio industry and in the allocation of wireless frequencies for different uses. And the press has become more and more conscious of the vital role of wireless communication in the political arena.

Joseph Borkin and Frank Waldrop render a public service in attempting to define some of these issues for the lay reader. Although the book is entitled "Television," the authors really cover a wide range of subjects dealing with many other uses of wireless. They raise many questions of national policy, but "the authors of this book propose no answer." Consequently, the reader has the pleasant experience of witnessing, as in a Translux theater, an exciting series of newsreels on radio history dramatized by an imaginative script.

It would be a mistake, however, to take the book as anything but journalism, because in many places it sacrifices accuracy to dramatic writing. The present reviewer is particularly touchy upon this point because the original sources cited for many of the facts badly garbled by the authors consist of reports which he wrote for the Telephone Investigation. A few of the misstatements will be pointed out here in the hope that the authors may reconsider them in any future revision of the book. For instance, the authors state (pp. 145-146) that former President Fish of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company "put the A. T. & T. in a dominant position though in so doing he threatened its whole existence." This statement is questionable. If anything, F. P. Fish left the company in 1907 in a storm of trouble, with tens of millions of bonds then issued remaining unsold, and the independent telephone companies, which reached their peak of strength in 1907, seriously challenging the supremacy of the Bell telephone system. Again the authors say (p. 146), "Under Fish's management it was determined that the Bell system's ownership should be sown, like oats before an October gale, across the fields of America." This is completely inaccurate; the widespread distribution of Bell system securities throughout the United States did not begin in earnest until 1922 when H. P. Thayer and W. S. Gifford had come into the leadership of the system.

The parenthetical remarks made by the authors for dramatic effect are often misleading, such as (p. 147) "For on Christmas Eve, 1906, even as the bankers were preparing for the new stock issue, etc."—a statement completely confused, as it was not a stock issue but a large convertible bond issue that the bankers were considering, and it was not on Christmas Eve, 1906, but during 1905 that the issuance of these bonds was discussed and determined upon, and they were not distributed "like oats before an October gale, across the fields of America," but the bankers actually were stuck with nearly one hundred and forty million dollars of these convertible bonds until nearly 1909.

Coming nearer home to the problem of radio, particularly the Radio Patent Pool, we find still more serious inaccuracies. The authors conclude (p. 197) that neither the R. C. A. nor the telephone company will license the other to use its patents for radio telephone communications with trains. This is not true, because the use of the patents of all parties to the Radio Pool in two-way *public service telephone communication* (wire and wireless) is a province of the telephone company, according to the cross-licensing agreements. Again, and this is vital to the theme of the book, the authors state (p. 198) "But broadcast television, the amusement, the public service in its own right, the great new frontier in industry, is assigned specifically to neither in the treaty." A careful reading of the 1926, as well as the 1932, cross-licensing agreements will show that so far as broadcasting of television by wireless is concerned, the use of the patents is given to R. C. A. On the other hand, when transmission over wires is involved, it is in the hands of the A. T. & T. Again, in discussing the relative positions of R. C. A. and Columbia Broadcasting Company with the telephone system, the authors state (pp. 221-222) that according to the provisions of the "treaty of 1932" R. C. A. stands favored and can use Bell system facilities for television programs, whereas Columbia's contract is more limited. It must be stated that the relations of R. C. A. (and N. B. C.) with the Bell system in the use of wires is regulated by the Service Agreement of 1926 and not the treaty of 1932. Some of these errors are minor, others are serious, since they affect the control of television in the future, a major problem in this book.

Perhaps it is a little pedantic to quarrel with such factual inaccuracies, because the book is useful not as a compendium of facts, not as a reference book on the history of communications, but as an attempt to popularize important issues of public policy which must be faced and resolved in the near future.

N. R. DANIELIAN

Sea Going

THE MAKING OF A SAILOR. By Alan J. Villiers. William Morrow and Company. $4.

THIS book might be described as a photographic companion to the "Cruise of the Conrad" by the same author. To leave it at that, however, would be to miss the spirit that guided the selection of the photographs and to forget the trenchant introduction. Villiers is interested in the sea and the training of seamen. Like many before him he feels that a sailing ship provides the best start for a nautical career. He points out that only the United States and England fail to supply this manner of training. He might also have added that most of the yachts and even small trading schooners in American service are manned by Scandinavians.

The book is made up of some two hundred excellent photographs of the "Joseph Conrad" under sail, with cadets doing the work. A few of the photographs are of the Danish training ship, the "Georg Stage." The selections are uniformly good, and even in today's camera-conscious world some are unique. They speak volumes for the discipline and team work that are necessary to run a big sailing ship successfully.

The Danish government does not operate the ship; it is supported entirely by contributions from shipowners and philanthropic Danish citizens. The small sum paid by the cadets is waived in some cases. American shipowners and millionaires who are tired of government interference might well find an outlet of great value in the founding of a schoolship in which young Americans might learn the fundamentals of seamanship.

HUGH H. DARBY

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Letters to the Editors

Tragic Odyssey

Dear Sirs: Girolamo Peduzzi, anti-fascist stone mason and coal miner, is on Ellis Island, in imminent danger of deportation. Peduzzi has been unable to return to Italy (where he had been a Socialist), since 1925, when the Italian consul in Cannes, France, denounced him for anti-fascist work. He participated in the great Cannes Sacco-Vanzetti demonstration in August, 1927. The French government deported him to Belgium, which redeported him for selling a Communist paper. He has also been barred from Luxemburg and sentenced *in absentia* by an Italian court to eighteen years' hard labor for having, on Communist Party orders in 1932, shot a pistol into the air to confuse fascist demonstrators at Esch.

Finally, Peduzzi has been deported from Russia; he fled there in 1933, worked on the new Lenin Library, joined the Communist Party, and was rewarded for his construction work with a private room. But because at the Italian Political Exiles Club in Moscow he criticized what he thought unfair inequalities of living standards, he was expelled from the Communist Party and, in 1937, put into Lubianka Prison. He testifies that efforts were made to make him confess, by means of tricks, torture, and beatings, to being a "Trotskyist-anarchist-Bordigist organizer of bourgeois anti-Soviet agitation, terror, and intervention." He denied and still denies these charges. In January, 1938, he was dumped into Poland, possessed of an Italian passport and a few rags of clothing.

He made his way to Paris, entering France illegally. Fearing deportation to Italy, he stowed away on the steamship Washington, to wind up at Ellis Island asking asylum as a political refugee. He is represented by Isaac Shorr, an attorney who has handled many political and labor cases, and who entered this one after Peduzzi's record and character were vouched for by reliable persons in New York as well as by G. A. Modigliani, leader of the Italian Socialist Party in Paris, M. Abramovitch, the Russian Menshevik, and Henri Poulaille, French novelist.

Authority to admit Peduzzi permanently or for ninety days, during which he could arrange voluntary departure to a safe country, rests with the Secretary of Labor, who could base favorable action both on statute and on the President's declaration that his pro-refugee policy covers refugees from Italy and Russia as well as from Hitler's terror. Unless pressure is brought to bear on Secretary Perkins to reverse the deportation order, Peduzzi will be sent to France, where the police are likely to deliver him to Italy and eighteen years on the penal islands.

JAMES ONEAL, Editor, *New Leader*
CARLO TRESCA, Editor, *Il Martello*
New York, July 20

Harvard Needs Frankfurter

Dear Sirs: I disagree strongly with your editorial suggesting the appointment of Felix Frankfurter to the Supreme Court. Professor Frankfurter is too valuable in the Harvard Law School to be taken away. Hard as it will be to replace Justice Cardozo, it will be harder to replace Felix Frankfurter at Harvard. Socially important as the work of a Supreme Court Justice is, the work of a teacher of hundreds of law students is far more so.

LUTON ACKERSON
Chicago, July 18

Dinner Manners

Dear Sirs: Leo Huberman's article, Insurance Agents Are Human, was very welcome to insurance agents. They are really putting up a heroic fight against fabulously wealthy corporations.

Recently the Metropolitan Insurance Company held a dinner for its agents in New Jersey. For the first time in the history of the company they subdivided the territory into small groups. Each man wore a badge with a different colored ribbon. On the badge was the agent's name and debit number. Officials of the company had a book listing the men's names and their relation to the C. I. O. The executives invited questions (good old espionage) but the men were too scared for the most part to ask any. When one of them did venture to ask why the Metropolitan does not recognize the union, since the Supreme Court has ruled on the constitutionality of the NLRB, and since accountants, newspaper men, engineers, government and civil service employees, teachers, college professors, etc., belong to unions, Leroy A. Lincoln, president of the Metropolitan, hemmed and hawed and stalked out of the room. Later, Mr. Wilkes, vice president of the company, spoke at length about an insignificant minority which had migrated from foreign countries and was trying to upset our American way. He neglected to state that he himself is an immigrant from good old England.

It may be worth noting that in the brief filed in the New York Supreme Court by the Metropolitan in its fight against the union, the company's counsel, Samuel Seabury, quotes at length from Stalin and Lenin in his attempt to tie the Wagner Act and the New York State labor act with the Soviet system.

INDUSTRIAL INSURANCE AGENT
New York City, July 19

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The Shape of Things

WE HAVE NOW BEFORE OUR EYES THE CLEAR outlines of Hitler's latest plot in Central Europe. Let us set them down without shadings so that we may see how things stand. Hitler has again prepared a "push" against Czechoslovakia. He let it be understood that it would be launched about the middle of this month. He gave the necessary substance to his threat by definite military preparations. According to *The Week* (London), fortifications along the Czechoslovak frontier of Austria have been all but completed; the Austrian end of the Vienna-Prague railway is under military control; great quantities of war materials have been pushed up to strategic points between Vienna and the frontier; several towns near the border are packed with troops. These reports, partly corroborated in the general press, should be considered in the light of the proclamation just issued by the German government declaring the entire western border of the greater Reich a "closed," which means a fortified, area. They go far to suggest an imminent thrust to the east, and an attempt to discourage attack from the west. (And is it wholly incredible that Japan's aggressive behavior on the Siberian frontier is intended to divert the Soviet Union from possible engagements in Western Europe?) Simultaneously the peripatetic Herr Wiedemann has been scuttling from Berlin to London to Paris to Berlin to London and back home again. The air around him has been thick with rumors of terms and pacts—even an air pact to quiet Britain's worst fears. But a quick and satisfactory settlement of the Sudeten issue is the price of any sort of Nazi "appeasement."

* * *

SO VISCOUNT RUNCIMAN HAS GONE TO Prague to carry out the toughest assignment in recent European diplomacy. His duty is to persuade the Czechoslovak government to yield to the major demands of the Sudeten Nazis and so, for the moment, to dull the appetite of Hitler. He is, in other words, the man in the back seat who throws out the baby just before the wolves catch up with the sleigh. The difficulty with the plan lies in the obvious fact that Czechoslovakia is a very tough

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baby—and will not willingly play the martyr's role, even if the idea is to dismember it bit by bit under the benevolent supervision of a British viscount. In these circumstances anything may happen. Germany may march in. Or Czechoslovakia may be forced to yield. But the chances seem to favor less drastic developments, at least in the next month. Negotiations over the nationalities statute will get under way, the accumulated grievances of the minorities will be laid at Runciman's feet, and a final show-down will probably again be postponed. After all, no one wants war.

*

THE PROMISED BATTLE OF THE CENTURY between Arthur A. Morgan, the TVA's deposed director, and his former associates—Harcourt A. Morgan and David Lilienthal—has produced no crushing blows. Dr. Morgan has wilted into the featherweight ranks; his "revelations" before the Congressional committee investigating the TVA are for the most part the wretched details of life in a government bureau where divergent philosophies and perspectives are steadily at war. Yet beneath the layers of personal animus, of technical disagreement, of lost tempers and imagined grievances, one can detect recurrent and vital issues. Dr. Morgan's serious charge affects the whole structure of power policy. His contention is that in fixing "yardstick" rates for the sale of TVA power Mr. Lilienthal was bureaucratic, extravagant, and uninformed. He points disapprovingly to the fact that the TVA is still "in the red." He denounces what he regards as the TVA's inequitably low rates. To the extent that he failed to notify his codirectors when he finally established the rates, we believe that Mr. Lilienthal was guilty of a serious administrative blunder; but we share his conviction that his critics care less about the manner of fixing rates than about the rates themselves. And that brings us close to the heart of the controversy. Mr. Lilienthal's vision is of power sold ever more widely at decreasing rates; Dr. Morgan's allegiance is to "economy" and "fair competition" with private interests—even if this means higher rates. The first road leads toward expanding government ownership; the second leads toward a restricted program executed with meticulous regard for the feelings—and pressure—of the private utilities. We do not pretend that this is the single issue at stake in the TVA investigation but certainly it is fundamental.

*

THE LOYALISTS' MILITARY OBJECTIVES IN their smashing drive on the sixty-mile Ebro front are twofold: to relieve pressure on Valencia and on Barcelona. The forced withdrawal of about 20,000 troops from General Franco's Valencia front is an indication of the initial success of the surprise attack. So far more than 25,000 rebel soldiers have been taken prisoner in the Ebro drive and the Loyalists have gained 386 square miles of territory. When Franco's troops finally rallied, the Loyalist forces were able to maintain their positions and even to continue their gains, though at a slower pace. As we write, the Loyalists are surrounding Gandesa, across the Ebro, and have seized large deposits of arms and munitions, for this small city, which was seized by Franco last April, had become the main basis of supplies for the rebel army in that important sector. This Loyalist offensive bears witness again to the efficiency of the government's military leaders. It appears to have been a thoroughly worked out plan by which the rebels were to be forced into the defensive. Valencia and Barcelona have in fact been relieved, and Franco has had to give up large and valuable territory. The attacking army consists of some of the government's best troops, which had been withdrawn into Catalonia when the fascists cut through to the sea at Vinaros. The sudden Loyalist advance toward Teruel, launched as we go to press, is the newest thrust in this rejuvenated campaign and may fatally divert Franco's troops from their defense of Gandesa.

*

WHEN WILL THE VATICAN RESIGN ITSELF to the prospect of having to fight fascism as a last-ditch enemy, an enemy more implacable today than communism, that inveterate bugbear of the church? Reading the Pope's undiplomatically forthright attacks on Italy's new Aryanism, one might think the final breach imminent. But bitter as the Pope may feel, we cannot see him heading a crusade against the fascist threat to the Faith. For the Vatican has swallowed fascism, aside from its race intoxication, with little gagging; it has yielded much to Hitler, extolled the corporatism of Mussolini, and blessed the bombs of Franco. It has no quarrel with their social doctrine and asks at their hands only the right to continue teaching the young and the security of its possessions, hoping perhaps to ride out the storm of an era of dictatorships rather than court a social change that might doom it to slow decay. That Mussolini likewise takes the Pope's challenge lightly is indicated by the headlong manner in which he has flung back the gauntlet. Indeed, Il Duce seems more concerned about courting the intellectual opinion of the world than in humoring the Pope. Unlike Mad Adolf, he is sufficiently aware of the outrageousness of what he is doing to offer rationalizations, such as the remarkable citations of "racism" in the democracies published by his spokesman Virginio Gayda. Particularly Signor Gayda mentions "the ferocious Lynch Law" as an example of the rabid racism "in force in the whole territory of the Star-Spangled Republic." Thus what is in this country the most vicious and depraved form of lawlessness has become in Italy as well as in Germany a standard for judging official government policy.

AT LAST THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION with its affiliated local societies has been effectively revealed to the public as a monopolistic trade association which seeks, in the supposed economic interest of its members, to dictate the conditions under which they shall do business. The charges brought by the Department of Justice against the society and its District of Columbia affiliate for attempting to ruin the cooperative medical service organized by federal employees will be warmly welcomed. Those who have tried to set up cooperative group-payment agencies know from bitter experience the methods used by the medical societies to frustrate them. Assistant Attorney General Arnold has done a great service by telling every newspaper reader in the country just what those methods are. The refusal of a Washington hospital to allow a Group Health Association surgeon to operate on a member who had been taken to the hospital with acute appendicitis is a sample of what has gone on. This exposure will greatly increase the already widespread resentment against the A. M. A. and encourage the public to insist on its right to devise the best ways of paying doctors of its own choice.

* * *

WHAT A FEW MONTHS AGO WAS CHIEFLY a campaign of terrorism against the Jews in Palestine is now war in the full sense of the word. The total failure of Britain's attempts to subdue Arab unrest was due in no small measure to its real fear of a pan-Arab revolt. Now the situation is completely out of hand. Retaliatory bombing by militant Jewish Revisionists has had the unfortunate effect of rallying the saner and more responsible elements among the Arabs to the support of their countrymen. Instead of a relatively small group of Arab terrorists, many of them tools of German and Italian propaganda, Palestine and Great Britain will now have to contend with the whole Arab race. The immediate effect will be a laming of Britain's influence in continental affairs through the necessity of keeping some of its ships and a considerable portion of its army outside of Europe. London's intervention in Czechoslovakia made it entirely too much the center of things in Europe to suit its fascist friends. Now Palestine opens up new possibilities. If London finds that it cannot carry out its plan of tripartite division of that turbulent country it may have no choice but to bow to the Arabs and stop further Jewish immigration. If so, it is the price Britain will have to pay for showing itself too weak and too vacillating to control the mandates entrusted to it.

* * *

WHEN HOLLYWOOD THROWS ITS ARMS around its critics, as Will Hays did in welcoming the government's anti-trust suit, it is probably looking for a likely spot to plant a knife. Evidence is accumulating to support this suspicion. Shortly after Mr. Hays had bestowed his blessing on the suit, the Hollywood *Reporter* and other journals closely identified with the industry indiscreetly shouted what the producers were really thinking; in truculent front-page editorials they assailed the government, applauded the film magnates, and expressed Hollywood's satisfaction with itself. Now 300 producers, distributors, and exhibitors are launching a more amiable and deceptive phase of the same attack. They will spend $1,000,000 to remind a faithless public that "Movies Are Your Best Entertainment." This campaign will stud the advertising columns of newspapers throughout the country; but its potentialities are a good deal more ominous than the usual air-attack unleashed by industries under fire. For the fate of Hollywood's product is intimately and uniquely dependent upon the congeniality of the press. This advertising outlay is not merely a covert demand for sympathetic editorial treatment of the industry and for detailed news accounts of the onset of Shirley Temple's adolescence. It is a subtle warning to independent movie critics that they are no longer to call a super-colossal a bore.

1914 and Today

WHETHER for better or worse, the world in 1938 is well supplied with prophets of disaster. *The Nation* itself may be counted among this gloomy company, though we find ourselves searching, along with omens of war and chaos, for small portents of sanity. Such, we believe, is the prevailing pessimism itself; the awareness of peril that prevails throughout the world. Fear may not be among the nobler emotions, but it induces ordinary men to keep a wary eye on their rulers, to ask inconvenient questions in their legislatures, to threaten reprisals at the polls. And if, in the end, they are led to the slaughter, they go with their eyes open and their minds relatively free of hokum.

In 1914, pessimism and suspicion were not common possessions. The causes of war piled higher and higher, plots and counterplots were hatched in diplomatic darkness, and war broke on an unprepared world. Not only were the people taken unaware but so were the leading journalists and even many of the statesmen of the countries chiefly concerned. An editorial in *The Nation* for July 2, 1914, on the murder of the Austrian Archduke at Sarajevo points out that "the real concern of the European chancelleries" was more with the "personal and dynastic changes which may follow in Vienna than with any possibility that Austria will be shaken out of her orbit. . . ." In the issue of July 16, one week before Austria's ultimatum to Serbia, not a word appears concerning the growing European tension. Two editorial paragraphs discussed Bryan's "peace treaties" with a wide range of countries, including France and Great

Britain; a news note mentioned the difficulties experienced by Prince William of Wied as the Mpret of Albania. And that is all.

The issue of July 23 carried several comments and news notes on Europe which indicate what events seemed journalistically important just two weeks before the Continent blew up. Ambassador Jusserand laid before President Wilson the view of the French government on the Mexican situation; Mme. Caillaux went on trial for the murder of the editor of *Figaro;* President Poincaré paid a state visit to the Czar; the British King "commanded" a conference on the Ulster question; and a French correspondent is said to have described Albania as the last remaining *enfant terrible* in Europe, playing the role previously taken by Bulgaria and by Greece.

When the war broke it washed over successive walls of disbelief and ignorance. *The Nation* noted first the indications that Austria-Hungary had long harbored aggressive intentions against Serbia; it noted next that the failure of the German Emperor to prevent the war when he could have done so proved his intention to seize the moment and make his great try for the hegemony of Europe; it noted Sir Edward Grey's belated revelation in Parliament of the Anglo-French agreement which committed Britain to the support of France. Week by week new facts emerged and were put into the record, facts previously unknown to the most informed persons.

Today the situation is different. We know far more than we knew in July, 1914; and what we do not know, we suspect. The maneuvers of the powers are reported at length and honestly, at least in the countries that enjoy a free press. The experience of 1914 is still fresh enough to provide a background of disillusionment. Millions of people have learned to greet with contempt the shameless pretenses of "non-intervention" in Spain, and to understand the unavowed purposes of the Anglo-Italian pact. They know, too, that behind these obvious stratagems lie other less conspicuous plans and arrangements; but it is something to know that much is being concealed. With the worst intentions in the world, the statesmen and diplomats are forced to take into account the attitude of a public that demands reasons and information.

But mere knowing is not enough. We may know that "non-intervention" in Spain is a sham, but such knowledge does not force an honest policy; we may suspect that Chamberlain has up his sleeve a formula of evasion in case he needs to put the pact with Italy into operation before a "settlement" is made in Spain, but it takes more than suspicion to prevent his carrying out his purposes. And in this critical moment we may know that Viscount Runciman has gone to Prague to try to bring about suicidal concessions to Hitler, but only the Czechs can thwart his plans. Insight alone will not prevent war. Only if we can translate our knowledge into power and our suspicions into action is there hope of checking the advance of fatal events. Even today British labor could convince Chamberlain that a tolerable peace is not to be won by sacrificing Europe to fascism. French labor could still make it impossible for Daladier to tie the fortunes of France to the pro-Nazi maneuvers of the British right. If they fail to do so in time, disaster will come not as the result of a lack of knowledge, as in 1914, but because those who know are divided and morally disarmed.

Two Herald Tribunes

BY THIS time it is probably laboring the point to demonstrate that the effect of advertising on a free press is frequently unhealthy if not downright lethal. Nevertheless, when we come across a spectacular display of the phenomenon it is hard to resist mentioning it. The case in point is that of the European edition of the New York *Herald Tribune,* published in Paris. As the only American journalistic fare to be had on the continent, the *Herald* is addressed primarily to tourists, and its advertising columns abound in glamorous invitations to visiting Iowans and New Yorkers to move on to the gay spas of Naziland and the hot spots of Rome.

We believe we are not leaning over backward when we say that the New York *Herald Tribune* is anti-fascist, that it sees little good in Mussolini and still less in Adolf Hitler. But that is New York, where anti-fascist feeling runs high, and where advertisers lose no sleep over what a paper's readers think of those two gentlemen or whether they fear there will be a war. Europe is another story—and the contrast between the Ogden Reid of New York and the Ogden Reid of Paris on the subject of fascismo is remarkable to behold.

Consider the case of Hitler's annexation of Austria. Out of the American corner of his mouth on March 16 Publisher Reid let out this blast:

> Nations don't change their souls so swiftly. . . . But Hitlerism is the one perfect symbol of that Devil which Democracy rose in its might to slay. In his train marches every narrow prejudice, of race against race, religion against religion.

But out of the French corner came soft words:

> Dr. Schuschnigg far underestimated the sentiment for Nazism. His hastily called plebiscite undoubtedly would have led to scenes of great disorder which might have defeated its very purpose.

Similarly while the New York paper's own correspondent, Ralph Barnes, virtually broke the story of the German army purge, its Paris counterpart blandly denounced as "criminals" the reporters who had indulged in "these falsehoods" about Germany, whose "Propaganda Ministry has now given the lie to every one of these rumors."

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But it took the Nazi program for popularizing cheap automobiles to extract from the Paris *Herald* its full measure of eloquence and to show how far it has strayed from even that libertarianism which the New York paper affects in its war on Roosevelt "regimentation":

> It is the realization of a government plan of this kind for the welfare and happiness of a nation which ultimately will tell in favor of a political regime. . . . When every German family . . . will have its automobile, thanks to the enterprise of the Nazi government, it is conceivable that even the most democratic in the democratic countries will find it hard to resist the doubt whether liberty is the only boon to be desired in this world.

This from an adjunct of the paper which shudders lest a materialistic America sell its birthright for a mess of New Deal pottage, the paper which has given us those liberty-loving, security-spurning, individualistic twins, Dorothy Thompson and Walter Lippmann!

Bloody Harlan Reforms

AFTER nearly three months and an expenditure of more than $300,000 the farmer jury in the Harlan conspiracy trial reported itself in hopeless deadlock, the evidence of ears and eyes apparently offset by class bias, appeals to prejudice, fear of the C. I. O., and warnings of "Rooshian" influence. However disappointing the mistrial, and however appalling the government's prospect of having to reassemble its hundreds of witnesses and to rebuild its case for a new trial, much good has been accomplished. Harlan will never be quite the same again.

In the Kentucky coal country the Roosevelt Revolution is more than journalistic hyperbole. Harlan has seen its coal barons in the prisoner's dock. Harlan in 1938 is a revelation of how far, for all the twistings and turnings, the United States has traveled under the New Deal. Bloody Harlan won its name in 1931. In February of that year a 10 per cent pay cut was ordered. Angry miners struck and marched from mine to mine "for the speakin'." The United Mine Workers sent organizers into the county. The response of the Harlan County Coal Operators' Association was swift and brutal. In May deputies fought a battle with striking miners in the streets of Evarts. There were mass meetings, publicity, and protest, but nothing came of them. A dozen miners were killed, two reporters shot, a strikers' relief kitchen blown up; a department-store owner who gave a truck-load of food for hungry miners' children was forced to flee from a charge of criminal syndicalism. Seven union leaders were sentenced to life imprisonment as a result of the Battle of Evarts; four of them are still in jail.

But 1938 is not 1931. During the last few years the operators rather than the miners have been on the defensive. Since 1936 three separate governmental agencies in turn have kept the story of capital's lawlessness in Harlan County almost continuously before the public. The eleven weeks of trial in London, Kentucky, under the threat of severe penalties, with the Department of Justice and its famous Federal Bureau of Investigation laying the groundwork for a new method of enforcing the Wagner Act, were only the culmination of months of hearings by the La Follette committee and the National Labor Relations Board. The revelations have evoked so much horror that one has tended to forget the cardinal fact that this time the operators were in the prisoner's dock, a government friendly to labor in power. While the trial was under way the Circuit Court of Appeals at Cincinnati upheld the Labor Board decision ordering the Clover Fork Coal Company to reinstate sixty miners discharged for union activity and pay them $100,000 in back wages. Last month the board handed down a decision against the Harlan Fuel Company whose president distinguished himself by personally leading the armed band which drove union organizers out of company-owned Yancey, Kentucky, some years ago. The continuous barrage of publicity and punitive action has had its effect. In Harlan County, where the coal operators own the government, where tear gas, dynamite, and guns spitting death from ambush so long kept out the union organizer, the U. M. W. A. now has an office. Ten of the forty-two mines in the county have signed contracts with the union. Its field workers travel in comparative safety. The spectacle of sixteen corporations, eighteen mine executives, and twenty-two deputies on trial is one that Harlan will not soon forget. That the charge should be conspiracy to deprive miners of their right to organize is little less than revolutionary change in Harlan.

The setting of the Harlan trial was as lawless as the deeds placed on the record. One defendant was killed, a government witness shot, the home of another witness dynamited. The deputies that went "thuggin'," the night fusillade that killed Bennett Musick, the woman who was offered $100 a head to lure union men into the woods do not seem as bizarre in Harlan as elsewhere. But the miner who might have had medical care to save his baby if he hadn't joined the union is no extraordinary figure. Conditions in Harlan can be duplicated, though perhaps in less sensational form, wherever worker or tenant in field or factory is at the mercy of great landed or industrial interests. The absentee capitalists—U. S. Steel, Mellon, Ford, International Harvester, Peabody—that provide the background of the Harlan picture are familiar obstacles to social reform. The New Deal, by reviving the 1870 Civil Rights Act, is welding a new weapon against them, and though the Supreme Court once declared the act unconstitutional it is not likely to do so again. Like Harlan's coal operators, the justices, too, have been chastened.

California's Blackshirts

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, August 1

MY attention has been called to a shocking condition in the San Joaquin Valley of California, where more than 150,000 migratory farm workers and fruit pickers are held in a state of virtual peonage seven months of the year, housed in shacks which hogs would disdain to occupy, paid incredibly low wages, robbed at company stores, and cheated and exploited in just about every way that a combination of greed and ingenuity can devise. On numerous occasions during the last three summers, including this one, when these workers attempted to organize and strike for better treatment they were brutally beaten by deputy sheriffs and town hoodlums armed with pick handles and billiard cues, their leaders jailed on "open" charges and systematically harried from town to town by accommodating policemen, district attorneys, and judges. The employers' organization responsible for these outrages is the Farmers Alliance, dominated by Italian-American grape growers.

If this picture bears a fascist color it is no mere coincidence. There is a film in existence which shows the beating of a crowd of farm workers near Bakersfield, and the assailants are led by three men wearing the fascist blackshirt uniform. That isn't all. There are dozens of photographs showing similar scenes around Fresno and other towns, and in them can be identified members of the Italian consular service in California. That still isn't all. There is other documentary evidence which appears on its face to link the Italian consul's office in San Francisco with the activities of the Farmers Alliance, and there is almost unlimited evidence to show that members of the alliance have been systematically impressed with the advantages of fascist methods in breaking up labor organization among the farm workers. I only mention in passing that on one vast grape farm the sole adornment on the wall of each worker's shack is a poster picture of Mussolini.

Another aspect of the matter seems especially grave and disturbing. I am informed that all the foregoing evidence was duly tendered to officials of the Federal Bureau of Investigation in San Francisco and Los Angeles and that exactly nothing resulted from the offer. I have no means of knowing whether J. Edgar Hoover was told about it, but he would be well advised to busy himself before the evidence gets into the hands of the Senate Civil Liberties Committee—otherwise he might find his uninterrupted succession of glorious triumphs sullied by what could turn out to be an extremely unpleasant scandal.

The San Joaquin Valley is about 275 miles long and averages some forty miles in width. The big crops are grapes, peaches, apricots, nectarines, and cotton. Probably 90 per cent of the work of harvesting these crops is performed by migratory workers. At least half of these people are former farm owners who, along with their farms, were blown out of the Oklahoma, Arkansas, and Texas dust bowls. They travel in ten-dollar jalopies, carting their women and children along. Because three weeks is a long spell of work to find in one place, they have no homes. Hence they have no votes and are ineligible for relief. No home, no vote, and no money means another thing—no friends. Before someone rises to remark that they are lucky to find enough work in the San Joaquin and Imperial Valleys to support themselves, let me point out that without them those lush valleys would soon revert to desert. Absolutely no other type of labor is available to harvest those valuable crops. The Mexicans and Filipinos fled from the San Joaquin three years ago: couldn't endure the low standard of living. Only a 100 per cent American can stand the gaff there.

Fruit pickers and cotton pickers are paid by quantity. Grapes pay the best. A good grape picker can make $1.25 a day. Earnings in the other crops range from seventy-five cents to a dollar a day. Out of this comes twenty-five cents a day for rent. A "model cabin" can be erected for $18.75, but practically none exist. The typical migratory worker's accommodation consists of a tar-paper shanty with no plumbing and no floor. He must furnish his own blankets and rustle his own firewood. At the very large ranches he buys his groceries from the company store, and the prices are high. Thinning peaches is another important job, for which top pay on all ranches but one is $1.25 a day—from which ninety-five cents is subtracted for board. The children in these wretched families seldom are able to obtain any schooling, and their mortality rate is appalling.

Self-organization is the inevitable answer to such conditions, and in the summer of 1936 the Migratory Workers Protective Union was formed. It is a very loose body, affiliated with neither the C. I. O. nor the A. F. of L. and levying no dues. Indeed, it practically exists as an underground organization similar to those in Italy and Germany. Its governing body is a Committee of One Hundred whose members keep in touch by mail. The appearance and activities of the union provoked

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the Farmers Alliance to drastic measures. It has an "Action Committee," headed by Anthony Guasti, wealthy grape grower, and in virtually every county in the San Joaquin Valley this committee is able to command the immediate services of numerous deputy sheriffs. Between July and October of last year a remarkable series of traffic accidents befell members of the union's Committee of One Hundred. I am told that exactly thirty-six of them were run down and killed by automobiles on the road! In the case of one member, Alexander Templeton, peace officers explained that he was lying in the road drunk. This was strange to his fellow unionists, who knew him as a Baptist lay preacher from Oklahoma and a rabid prohibitionist. Gordon Brett, a fellow member, demanded that an autopsy be performed. Brett was arrested and lodged in the county jail at Fresno. Four days later he was released and informed that the authorities, moved by a Christian determination to give Templeton decent burial, had cremated the body.

Judges in the San Joaquin Valley have a tidy little device for keeping the migratory worker on the move the minute he is no longer needed. If the picking in a certain region is finished and the workers are slow in clearing out of their miserable camps on the ranches they are arrested and charged with vagrancy. The judge gives each "a floater." That is, he imposes a fine and suspends it on condition that they leave town for a fixed period of time. The period is made to expire with the opening of the next picking season. Otherwise the migratory workers might make a nuisance of themselves by starving to death and cluttering up those beautiful fruit farms with their carcasses.

Why the Department of Justice and the State Department should be interested in the documentary and photographic evidence to which I have alluded seems plain enough. But if they want another incentive they may have it. The members of the Farmers Alliance have been thoroughly indoctrinated against the New Deal. It is no accident that the shacks are decorated with a picture of Il Duce—not Roosevelt. Finally, when the investigators get started they might do well to inquire into the banking relationships of the Farmers Alliance.

The Annenberg Race Tip Empire

BY F. B. WARREN

II

IN my preceding article I described the workings of the poolroom betting game, a billion-dollar industry with more than a million steady participants and with roots sunk in hundreds of communities in every part of the United States. What integrates and makes possible this far-flung empire of profits? The answer lies for the most part in the services of one agency—an agency which, whatever the uses to which it is put, breaks no laws, is in itself completely legal. At its head is Moses L. Annenberg. He is the man who was far-sighted enough to make an arrangement with all the major tracks in the country whereby all their information service became the exclusive property of his racing-news distribution service. He is also the man who developed that mass of minutiae which is known as the "racing journal" and which is indispensable to poolroom betting.

Annenberg is both a man and a series of companies or corporations. His companies operate directly or by relays in all states of the Union. He is a quiet, soft-spoken man in his middle fifties, owner of the powerful Philadelphia *Inquirer,* a daily and Sunday newspaper, for which on August 1, 1936, he paid $15,000,000 in cash. It is the unit of his holdings in which Annenberg has made his largest single investment. Until November, 1937, he was owner of the Miami, Florida, daily and Sunday *Tribune,* for which he had but recently completed a new $300,000 plant equipped with more than $500,000 worth of new machinery and color presses. It had been reported for some time that he was interested in buying out his rival daily, the Miami *Herald,* for purposes of consolidation. Frustrated in this, he disposed of his Miami *Tribune* overnight to publishers from Akron, Ohio, for an undisclosed amount, apparently taking as partial consideration one of the Akron buyer's chain, the daily *Independent,* in Massillon, Ohio. Philadelphia and Massillon, therefore, are now the only two cities in which he operates the conventional type of daily newspaper. His magazines are the multi-colored *Radio Guide, Screen Guide, Official Detective Stories,* and *Click*—all produced in a Chicago plant. They have large circulations, and, as all but the last title indicate, are designed for specific reader-groups.

None of them, however, are an index of the Annenberg importance. None of them as yet have made any real contribution to the vast Annenberg fortune. That fortune stems largely from the publication of racing journals and the maintenance of a national leased wire service which furnishes information as to betting odds and pay-off prices, widely used by operators of poolrooms. Annenberg neither owns nor operates poolrooms, but his publications and other services having to do with racing and betting are sold, licensed, and otherwise offered to poolrooms, making it possible for such places to operate more effectively; and for gathering, collating, and distributing such service the Annenberg ventures have reaped and continue to reap a fabulous income. This racing-publishing network has a multiplicity of remarkable functions and objectives.

First, there is the New York *Morning Telegraph,* a seven-day morning publication. Counting its various incarnations, it is more than 100 years old. The Annenberg-owned *Telegraph* of today, selling at a quarter a copy, prints twelve or more pages of complex, copyrighted racing charts, tipster and handicapper selections, and a scant two pages of news. Since all racing and gambling addicts may not be able to afford a 25-cent daily there is a skimpier 10-cent daily called the *Racing Guide,* which is issued from the *Telegraph's* plant. It contains an abridged type of chart, betting odds, and tipster selections, but lacks the voluminous data on the "past performances" of the horses scheduled to run. The player or bettor has to turn to other publications for that.

Racing Form is the major Annenberg track publication. It is not one newspaper; it is *seven.* In identical format, and without the aid of matrices or electrotypes supplied from any central source, it is produced in its entirety six days each week in six cities of the United States and one in Canada. New York, Chicago, Miami, Houston, Los Angeles, Seattle, and Toronto each has its own building, plant, and mechanical and editorial equipment and personnel. At each point of publication the advertised price per copy is 25 cents, but at more distant points it sells often for as high as 50 cents per copy. So carefully is its distribution guarded and controlled that its retail outlets usually could sell a few more copies than are supplied. This has the effect of making the hydra-headed publication virtually a sell-out, which means immunity from the huge waste and loss which other publishers incur by the acceptance and crediting of returned unsold copies. The income of the seven-edition, seven-city *Racing Form* is such as to stir the dreams and whet the envy of the publishers of conventional newspapers. But their dreams are futile. They could not compete with the Annenberg chain singly or in coalition. It would cost millions, and they could not duplicate Annenberg's copyrighted charts. Usage over more than two decades has established the eye-acceptance as well as the content of Annenberg's charts, so that no other type of record could or would serve the racing addicts' requirements.

Paralleling the 25-cent *Form* in Chicago is the Annenberg-owned, pink-paper daily Chicago *Telegraph* at 10 cents a copy, similar to his *Guide* in Manhattan. In Los Angeles his local *Telegraph* at 10 cents a copy is the running mate of his 25-cent *Form.* Thus in three centers of mass population, Annenberg has discouraged competition by serving each grade or class of reader-addict.

Supplementing all of the dailies so far mentioned there is a large format six-day daily published in Cincinnati under the name *Daily Racing Record.* It is published by the Cecelia Company. This is the same company that on August 1, 1936, was revealed as the corporate structure through which Annenberg purchased the Philadelphia *Inquirer.* Included in this property are twelve daily publications advantageously spotted over the map to solve the problem of swift, effective, and timely distribution. These papers, or at least one unit thereof, reach every town or area where there are bettors patronizing local poolrooms in ample time to enrich the prospective player's track knowledge for the day and to give him tips, advice, handicaps, weights, and riders.

A substantial percentage of the poolrooms' habitual patrons are too poor to pay, or are simply averse to paying, for the Annenberg publications. This element expects the poolrooms to maintain a supply of these dailies for them just as saloons in the old days supplied free lunch to their "regulars." Therefore the poolroom operator must put in a supply of "house copies." Without them the volume of play in his poolroom might be reduced by as much as a third. The players who read these papers have several hours to study and absorb all the "dope" and reach decisions as to which tips to take.

There are millions of American men and women who have never seen a professional racing paper and to whom the textual and tabular content of such journals would be as unfathomable as are Babylonian or Chaldean hieroglyphs. The *Racing Form,* most representative of the Annenberg daily journals, is five columns wide, a bit larger than the conventional two-cent news tabloid. It averages from 28 to 40 pages, depending on the number of race tracks in operation on a given day. Its major front-page dispatches concern races that are being held on the date of issue, with less space devoted to those races that were run the preceding day. In a 28-page paper of 140 total columns such news content may occupy an aggregate of 12 to 16 columns, leaving the remaining 124 columns for tipster selections and charts.

These give the results of the previous day's races at all tracks, and then list for each race the entrants that will go to the post that day at every track throughout the nation. "Past performances" for all the horses in their last six to ten races follow, providing the bettors with a picture that is almost photographic as to the qualifications and achievements of every entrant. The addict learns from this for what distances his personally fancied contestant seems to run best, how well or how badly he performs under varying weights, what horses he has run in front of or behind in preceding races, what jockeys, good or bad, have ridden him, and whether they finished first, second, third, or eleventh. He reads what the track conditions were in past races—fast, dull, muddy, or heavy. He can determine thereby whether the animal is a good or indifferent runner on a muddy or dry track. He can see whether he is a quick or a slow starter, whether he is a good stretch runner and finisher, or tires and drops out of the running.

From the charts the bettor can tell where his horse was at every stage of the running in previous races. These positions are noted at the track, called and recorded by a crew of trained observers, and worked into the charts. Chief of the crew is the expert with field glasses who watches every phase of the running. As the barrier is sprung he calls to his sheet-writing clerk or aide which horses got away first, second, third, etc. He repeats this "call" at the various stages or fractional mile posts. From his post he cannot possibly identify all the horses running at the far side of the track by any physical characteristics or markings of the animals. He distinguishes each horse by the colors of the owning stable, which are worn by the jockey, and with lightning rapidity and uncanny memory converts a color into a name for his clerk. Of the current crop of such "calling" experts, men like C. J. ("Chuck") Conners and Lincoln Plaut, to name but two of the Annenberg employees, and David Leighton, who performs a similar service at certain tracks for the Associated Press, rate among the miracle men of their craft. All important tracks today utilize one type or another of high-speed cameras with which the result at the finish line is photographed. This has not supplanted and will not supplant the professional "caller." Racing patrons do not concede after several years of the use of cameras in recording finishes that they equal or excel the work of these living observers.

Thousands upon thousands of races run in America have been observed under field glass and "called" only by Annenberg experts. For twenty years his men have been making this highly technical and completely individualistic tabular record of races. Each chart is individually copyrighted, and violation of these copyrights is dangerous. If any rival printed a chart of a race showing horses exactly the same distance apart and running the same distances from each other at various stages of the race as an Annenberg chart, it could only be because the newcomer or his employees had filched the chart called and made by an Annenberg employee. No two pairs of human eyes could ever see a horse race with precisely the same distances between contenders.

Even this statistical material is not all there is to the racing paper. At every track trainers and owners hold early morning workouts of their horses. An effort is made always to cloak these workouts with as much secrecy as possible. An owner or trainer does not want the public to know that he has a particularly swift horse that has not yet proved itself in public tests; he may not want anyone to know that one of his proved horses that went stale is again rounding to top form. A surprise or unexpected win means a long price. An important person in the racing field is the "clocker," whose job it is to be present at any and all hours after daybreak, to sit at a point of vantage, split-second stopwatch in hand, and clock and record all workouts. His reports are dispatched by telegraph to the Annenberg base points and rewired over the leased network to all the chain's publications.

All of this informative material is compiled, grouped, and transmitted by telephonic and telegraphic circuits with amazing speed and accuracy between noon (Eastern Standard Time) and five or five-thirty (Pacific Coast Time) each afternoon so that the next day's racing journals may go to press by seven in the evening, be on the streets locally by eight, and rushed by motor trucks to railway stations and post offices for zonal distribution. Failure of these bundles to arrive in a major city such as Cleveland, Pittsburgh, or Kansas City is a calamitous event. Fortified with "the dope," the bettor possesses confidence; denied it, he is pitting ignorance against the minutely informed bookmaking brotherhood.

In no Annenberg-owned publication is any reference ever made to the leased-wire news and poolroom news transmission system embracing in different areas the General News Bureau in Chicago, Nationwide News Service, operated also from Chicago, but with important base and news-disseminating facilities in New York, and the Ohio Nationwide News Service, which supplies service to poolrooms and other outlets within that state and adjacent areas. Their activities are never the subject of publicity. The youngest member of the Annenberg wire-service family is a wired-radio organization known as Teleflash, and it is something of an exception on this score. It is liberally advertised in his New York *Telegraph* as a disseminator and distributor of sporting news and bulletins for restaurants, cafes, saloons, and even for private offices, homes, clubs, etc. The records of the New York Police Department show dozens of seizures of Teleflash machines and of their ultimate return to the telephone company from which the Annenberg interests lease or rent them. No records exist outside the Teleflash organization to indicate how many of these instruments are in service in Greater New York. Apparently there are hundreds of them, but energetic police measures are now driving them out of barrooms.

The weekly rentals paid by bookmakers to Nationwide and Ohio Nationwide News Services reach an aggregate that would not be looked upon disdainfully by the Maharajahs of the richer native states of India. My own extended inquiries in all parts of the nation indicate service being supplied from these sources to more than 2,000 poolrooms at weekly fees running from $300 or $400 each to as high as $800. An average of $500 weekly per station for 2,000 such outlets would point to an annual income of more than $50,000,000. As I have indicated in my first article there are probably many more than 2,000 such outlets.

The Federal Communications Commission at a hearing on March 18, 1936, reached the point where it was ready to delve into the national dissemination of racing news by wire. It had before it a large number of informed persons, including officers, counsel, and the president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, Mr. Walter S. Gifford. Mr. T. G. Miller, a vice president of A. T. & T., testified that the company as of that date was serving two such horse-race services, "the Nationwide News Service and the Interstate News Service, the latter a subsidiary of the former." His evidence indicated that Interstate operated in twenty-three cities in six states, while Nationwide was then functioning in 200 cities in thirty-five states and three provinces of Canada. Mr. Miller testified that between April 1, 1931, and December 1, 1935, these and other sporting news services paid $2,841,071 for wire rentals and that "total revenues of the phone company from horse-racing services now run about $43,000 a month." Mr. Samuel Becker, counsel to the commission, produced records showing that Nationwide then had under lease "11 private long-distance lines, 13 telegraph sending machines, 151 receiving machines, 105 Morse terminals, and 58 telephones." He said, "Nationwide paid the A. T. & T. more than $555,000 for 1935." At no time in the course of the investigation was the telephone company held responsible for the use to which its equipment was put.

Statistics brought out in the investigation showed poolroom service supplied to more than 200 cities, but that means much more than merely 200 customers. A wire service to Fort Wayne, or Nashville, or New Orleans, or any city of more than 15,000 population is directed to a "terminal" where a local employee ties it in through local telephone connections to every account or customer in the community and possibly to outlying suburbs. Andrew W. Kavanaugh, Director of Public Safety for Miami, Florida, testified that his city had 200 poolrooms. This figure for a community of 150,000 normal population substantiates the professional estimates of 800 such places in Chicago, 350 in Kansas City, an equal number in New Orleans, and 1,200 in New York. Each point of "reception" means a weekly toll to the empire that gives to Moses Annenberg an income that would satisfy any captain of American industry.

[*The first section of this article appeared in the last issue of* The Nation *under the title The Billion-Dollar Poolroom Racket.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Hope for Refugees

BY ROBERT DELL

Evian-les-Bains, July 15

THE conference on the refugee problem, which concluded its sessions here on July 14, achieved a certain measure of success. No solution of the vast international problem that the representatives of thirty-two countries met to consider issued from the deliberations, no scheme for mass settlement of refugees was formulated, nor was it even possible to obtain from all the governments represented specific undertakings to accept a definite number of refugees in their respective territories; nevertheless a good beginning was made. President Roosevelt secured his main object in convening the conference—the creation of a permanent committee on which the governments of countries able and willing to receive political refugees will collaborate, and which will have an office in a European capital. It is improbable that he expected to secure much more than that in the few days at Evian. Indeed, Myron Taylor's speech at the opening meeting on July 6 showed that he did not.

Although there are already two organizations for dealing with political refugees under the auspices of the League of Nations, President Roosevelt's initiative was fully justified. The Nansen Office, which is nearly as old as the League itself, has done valuable work, but its scope is limited to Armenians and refugees from Russia. Until 1933 the Russians were far more numerous than all the other refugees together, but the others needed help as much as those who fled the Soviet, and they never got any from the League of Nations. The reason was that the governments of the countries from which they came were members of the League and successfully opposed their inclusion in the scope of the Nansen Office. Mussolini's government, in particular, owing to the fact that Italy was a permanent member of the League Council, was able to veto any assistance by the League to Italian refugees.

One of the worst of the many disabilities from which political refugees suffer is their lack of any legal status. Without passports and in many cases without any nationality, they are admitted into a country only on sufferance, if at all, and are liable to be expelled at any moment. They are tossed to and fro across frontiers and when they are sent back to the country from which they have been driven, they are imprisoned for disobeying the

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expulsion order. Some of them spend most of their lives in prison. One of the most shocking incidents in the tragic end of Austria was a case in which hundreds of Austrian refugees, refused admission into Czechoslovakia, were left huddled together on an island between the two countries. The closing of frontiers against Austrian refugees was a crime of which no government claiming to be civilized would have been capable until recently. This problem of documenting political refugees was mentioned by Myron Taylor on July 6 as one of the most important that had to be considered.

In 1933 the League of Nations established a commission for political refugees from Germany. The consent of the German government was obtained with great difficulty and with the proviso that the commission would not be directly an organ of the League and would not have its headquarters in Geneva. It established itself first in Lausanne and afterward in London. The present High Commissioner for German Refugees is Sir Neill Malcolm, who succeeded James G. McDonald. By a recent decision of the League Council, refugees from Austria have been put under his jurisdiction. The provisional arrangement of 1936 and the convention of 1938 provide a legal status for German refugees in those countries that have agreed to them. By a resolution adopted on May 14 of this year, the League Council has decided to propose to the Assembly in September the creation of a single organization for dealing with refugees. This is to take the place of the Nansen Office and the commission for German refugees, and is intended to deal only with the categories of refugees now cared for by these two organizations. For that reason Litvinov abstained from voting on May 14, and it is hoped that when the matter comes before the Assembly an attempt will be made to widen the scope of the organization to include all refugees.

If, as is understood to be the case, President Roosevelt believes that the work of the League of Nations for refugees has been too much hampered in the past by political considerations and may be so hampered in the future, his belief is justified. By restricting the intergovernmental committee to receiving countries he hoped no doubt to avoid the opposition of any of its members to the inclusion of any particular category of refugees, but he reckoned without the British government. The British delegation at Evian strongly opposed the inclusion in the scope of the intergovernmental committee of any refugees other than those from Germany and Austria. The sole reason for this opposition is that Neville Chamberlain fears that the inclusion of Italian refugees would annoy his friend Mussolini. He would not object to the inclusion of all refugees other than Italian, but it was clearly impossible to propose such an exception, so all the others are to be sacrificed to satisfy Il Duce.

The British delegation pretended that the draft resolution which the American, British, and French delegations submitted on July 12 to a private meeting of the conference limited the scope of the intergovernmental committee to German and Austrian refugees, but this was not the case. It is true that the resolution said that the scope of the Evian meeting was limited on this score, but it also said that the permanent intergovernmental committee would "continue and develop" the work begun at Evian. The word "develop" was inserted on the initiative of the American delegation, which held to the declaration that Myron Taylor made on July 6 that the permanent organization should "concern itself with all refugees, wherever governmental intolerance shall have created a refugee problem," and it will raise the question again when the intergovernmental committee meets in London. Taylor proposed to limit the scope of the conference to refugees from Germany and Austria only "for the purposes of this initial meeting, and without wishing to set up a precedent for future meetings." It is to be hoped that President Roosevelt will stand firm on this point. If he does, the opposition of the British government to the inclusion of all refugees will no doubt be overcome with the aid of British public opinion.

The British delegation also objected to the creation of any new international organization for dealing with refugees, and it was necessary to make concessions to overcome this opposition. The concessions, however, are not of great importance. The intergovernmental committee will elect, not an executive committee, but a chairman and four vice chairmen, who will in fact form an executive committee. The director is not to have an office or secretariat, but will have a small staff of expert advisers. The British delegation insists that there will be no new international organization. If it comforts them to think so, nobody need complain. In any case, the director will be a very important person. No doubt he will be the direct representative of President Roosevelt. It will be his task to negotiate with the German government and, if necessary, bring pressure on it, with the view of converting the present chaotic emigration into an orderly one, as the draft resolution puts it.

Myron Taylor's solemn warning to Germany in his speech on July 6 has had an excellent effect in Berlin, and the Evian meeting has made the German government begin to think. The strongest justification of President Roosevelt's initiative is the way in which the League of Nations has tamely and without even a protest accepted the action of the German government in tossing large sections of its population, to quote Myron Taylor, upon a distressed and unprepared world. As Yepes, the Colombian delegate, said, the right of a government to act in this way ought to have been challenged long ago; if it had been, the question of refugees would not now be the terrible problem it is. If President Roosevelt succeeds in bringing the German government to reason, he will render an immense service to the world, as well as to the refugees—a service which only he is in a position to render.

The crux of the problem is of course the settlement of the refugees. It cannot be said that most of the declarations made at Evian on that point have been encouraging. All the governments are ready to receive refugees with money, but few are ready to accept any large number without any money. The attitude of Australia—a huge continent with a population smaller than that of London—is one of the worst examples of narrow exclusiveness. The Australian delegate declared that his country wanted only British subjects, and it is prepared to take very few even of them. This is certainly a short-sighted policy. It has been generally assumed by the delegates here that the existence of unemployment is a sufficient reason for discouraging immigration, but that is by no means a self-evident proposition. Many economists would deny it. Evidently some scheme of mass settlement is necessary for the enormous number of Jewish refugees, for they cannot all be absorbed by Palestine, and the place or places for such settlement have to be found. Count Coudenhove-Kalergi has suggested Northern Rhodesia, but I am not in a position to form an opinion as to the practicability of the suggestion.

The American delegation at Evian had no easy task in view of the British attitude and also that of the French. Not that the French delegation objected to the American proposals. The difficulty is that it had had no policy of its own and was so anxious to keep on good terms with both British and American delegations that it tried to support both points of view alternately. The fact that the French government did not send a stronger delegation is the more to be regretted because the record of France in the matter of refugees is a splendid one. No country has had so liberal and generous a policy. Myron Taylor was a great success as head of the American delegation and made an excellent impression. The delegates present at a dinner given by Henri Bérenger were particularly impressed by a quite impromptu speech made by Mr. Taylor in the course of which he is reported to have said that the American government stood for justice and liberty and thought that the time had come to check those who were outraging both. The profound sincerity of his feeling on the question of refugees was patent to everybody.

Einstein in Hollywood

BY GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

Warner Brothers have cabled Sigmund Freud, in London, asking him to come to Hollywood to assist in the preparation of the new Bette Davis picture, Dark Victory.—*News item.*

SIGMUND FREUD had been in Hollywood about a year, and was engaged to marry Merle Oberon, when the studio got another great idea. Louella Parsons broke the story, and her papers gave it a two-column head:

WARNER BROS. TO FILM
THEORY OF RELATIVITY

Prof. Einstein Signed to Write Screen
Treatment of Own Story—Arrives
in Hollywood Next Month

Einstein's arrival in Hollywood, of course, was the signal for a gay round of dinners and cocktail parties. The Basil Rathbones, who had given a party in Freud's honor to which everyone came as his favorite neurosis, gave one for Einstein in which the guests were got up as their favorite numbers. Needless to say, there were some pretty hot numbers.

The climax, however, was a dinner at the Trocadero, given by the film colony as a whole, at which Will H. Hays was the principal speaker. "The signing of Professor Einstein for pictures," said Mr. Hays, "is the greatest forward step that the industry has ever taken. American motion pictures appeal to people all over the world. I will be happy to okay Professor Einstein's contract just as soon as we get permission from Germany."

Next morning, on the Warner lot, Professor Einstein was assigned an office in the writers' building and a stenographer named Goldie. Promptly at twelve o'clock he was summoned to a conference. The producer received him with a flourish.

"Professor," he said, "allow me to introduce Sol Bergen and Al Jenkins, who are going to work with you on the picture. Now, I've been thinking this thing over, and we want this to be absolutely *your* picture. What you say goes. But of course we all want a hit, and I'm sure you're willing to play ball with us. Now, I've got some great news for you. I've decided to put Joan Blondell in it."

Sol Bergen let out a war whoop. "Gee, Boss, that's great. Her name alone will put it over."

"I want the Professor to have the best," said the producer, "because I'm sure he's going to give us a great picture. Now, Professor, here's the problem: how can we treat this theory of yours so as to keep it just as you wrote it—because this has got to be *your* picture—and still make it entertainment? Because first and foremost a motion picture has got to be entertainment. But of course we want your theory in it too."

"I'm not sure that I've got the Professor's theory exactly straight," said Al Jenkins. "Would you mind, Professor, giving me just a quick summary of it, in a sort of non-technical way?"

"I don't think we have to bother the Professor about that," said the producer. "I've been thinking it over, and I've got a great way to work it in. And here it is." He leaned back and looked at them. "The scene is a college where they *teach* this theory of the Professor's. Only it's a very *tough* theory, and there's never been a *girl* that's been able to understand it. Of course it's a co-ed college. And finally along comes a girl, attractive, of course, and says, '*I* am going to understand it.' "

"Blondell!" said Sol Bergen.

"Right!" said the producer. "So she pitches in and goes to work. She won't go to parties or dances or anything, and she wears horn-rimmed glasses, and the boys think she's a grind and hasn't got any sex appeal. Underneath, of course, she's a regular girl."

"There's got to be one guy in particular that falls for her," said Jenkins.

"Sure!" said the producer, "and I'll tell you who'd be great in the part. Wayne Morris. How's that, Professor? How'd you like to have Wayne Morris in your picture?"

"Let's make him the captain of the football team," said Bergen. "It'll give us a great finale."

"Fine!" said the producer. "Now, Blondell has got a girl friend that goes to college with her, only she's a different type. Flighty, and never does any studying, but a smart little kid when it comes to handling the boys. Knows 'em from A to Z. Now, there's a millionaire, an old grad that's just presented the college with a stadium, and his son is going to the college. Lots of money, and a racing car, and this kid sets her cap for him. We could have a crack-up on his way back from the roadhouse."

"Or else he could lead the college band," said Bergen. "That way you get your music in."

"Great! And we have a kid playing the girl that can handle a couple of numbers. Here's an idea, Professor. How about Warren and Dubin for the score? How would you like that, huh?"

"And how's this?" asked Jenkins. "She has another girl friend that sort of likes the older boys—with dough, see? And she sets out after the rich father."

"I've got it!" said the producer. "I've got the title! 'Gold Diggers at College.' Yes, sir, 'Gold Diggers at College,' by Albert Einstein, Sol Bergen, and Al Jenkins, based on the Theory of Relativity, by Albert Einstein. Professor, you've done a great picture!"

In the Wind

SPURRED BY anxiety for a better "press" in the United States, the British Foreign Office has quietly instituted a daily press conference—for Americans only. Correspondents are received by Rex Lepper, chief press officer, who has been virtually inaccessible in the past. The arrangement is supposed to be secret—nothing revealed at the sessions can be quoted or even linked to an "official spokesman"—but it gives the American pressmen facilities often better than those afforded the British.

TO VICE PRESIDENT Garner a private meeting that took place in Seattle recently should be of interest. The speaker was Roy Zachery, chief of the Silver Shirts; he told his cohorts that "Jack Garner is a real man and if he were in the White House, certain big Jews would be fleeing across the border within twenty-four hours."

RELIGIOUS NOTE: French building firms have recently received letters from right-wing sympathizers announcing that French capitalists are proposing to contribute to the rebuilding of Spanish churches. The letters assert that "a German diplomat who visited Spain declares that there is enough work to last fifty years." They also disclose that an Italo-Spanish syndicate has been formed to prepare plans for repair of the churches. For all capital invested in the restoration of the churches, French capitalists are promised a 20 per cent profit—if they set up limited companies with headquarters in Insurgent Spain.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST ran a blurb about Charles R. Hook, president of American Rolling Mill and a member of the President's labor commission to Britain. The *Post* lauded his labor record and berated the C. I. O. for summoning his firm to an NLRB hearing. In his testimony before the La Follette committee, public-relations man Donald Knowlton disclosed that six firms had contributed $75,000 for anti-labor publicity. One of them was American Rolling Mill.

INFLUENTIAL PITTSBURGH business men and women have started a "stockholders revolt" to prevent Pittsburgh corporations from sending shipments to Japan. The move was launched at a meeting at the Yale-Harvard-Princeton club sponsored by the "Boycott Japan" committee; the plan is to circulate petitions among stockholders to force abandonment of Japanese sales.

FROM *BOX-OFFICE,* the moving-picture trade journal:

> BERLIN—"Inside Democratic America, 1938," will not be shown in German theaters. Condemned by Minister of Propaganda Goebbels as "liberal propaganda." The reel shows an American eating butter and two workmen smiling. "Subversive," says Goebbels.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

IN a war-torn, depression-mad world, important things are often overlooked. This is the thought with which I excuse to myself my not having learned until lately of a tremendously promising happening in our own country. The men's shops in the great cities are showing a new kind of sport shirt—to be worn *outside and over the trousers!* Perhaps the reader does not catch the vital significance of this. It is that at last a conscious effort is being made by those who control our sartorial destinies to overthrow a prejudice inbred in Americans since long before the days when we wrested our liberties from hireling Hessians and ruthless Redcoats. As long as there have been white settlements in America, we have had nothing but contempt—or worse—for those benighted men who wear their shirt-tails outside their trousers, once known as pants. That was a badge of inferiority to which no self-respecting freeman would lower himself.

Why have we despised and feared the heathen Chinese? Chiefly for this very reason. He did not know enough to know that the place for the shirt-tails is within your trousers, behind a belt or below suspenders. That is the fundamental of all decency and respectability. You are either a worthy member of the human family or not, and your shirt-tails are the—well, if not the acid, at least the surest—test of your belonging or not belonging to the society of civilized humans. As to that there could be no dispute at all, so the American citizen for generations has sweltered in summer in obedience to the dictates of this cast-iron requirement of fashion and decency, until now. Today subversive elements are, it appears, at work not to submerge but to liberate the shirt-tail. Plainly this is an entering wedge for the introduction of the Russian blouse, and we believe that every patriotic American, especially if he or she had ancestors in the Revolution, will arise in his or her wrath to protect our country's shirt-tails. The evidence is complete. Near-pinks like myself have been to Russia and come back converted to the blouse for men. We insist that it is cool, sensible, economical, and extremely becoming to men free from superfluous fat. It does away with suspenders, vests, coats, and collars, and leaves one entirely presentable. It even brings back colors into the garb of man, something that untold generations have fruitlessly hoped for.

To this the patriotic reply is that that is all very well, but that the real purpose of making all American men cool and comfortable in this way in summer is to undermine their resistance to bolshevism and to render them more than anti-religious, especially on summer Sundays. The insidious workings of this propaganda move are plain. You like your Russian blouse? Yes, that's fine. Then you think better of the Soviets, don't you, for sticking to as sensible and rational an article of wear as this? Well, now let us assure you that there are other fine things about Moscow, too. You don't have to bother with a bathing suit. You can't profiteer, and, by the way, you can't exploit the people, or grind down the working man—and there you are. There you are at the undermining of our American institutions. So let us call a halt at once. Americans must and shall be free—but not to expose their shirt-tails. That would not be liberty but license, and as every good patriot knows there *is* a point at which liberty degenerates into license.

Well, it is the women who can sit back and laugh at this dilemma. Was there ever such a reversal of custom in all history as has taken place in the attire of women? Queen Elizabeth is supposed to have worn sixteen starched skirts at one time, perhaps as a defense for the Virgin Queen. The women of my boyhood were certainly badly off. Their bathing suits comprised long stockings, bloomers below the knees, a tight blouse with long sleeves over a stout bathing corset, and the heavy woolen skirt was actually weighted down with pieces of lead so that it would not float upward on entering the water. The victim was then ready to drown. Today with her shorts, her bare legs, and backless sun dresses, woman has wisely turned the tables completely on man who so long subjected her to such sartorial tortures. One sees along the roadside men at work bare above the waist, and fortunately the bathing shirt for men has gone for good. Still, the thraldom of men to their conventional clothes continues. They are the heavily clothed. Years ago, Madge Blair Barnwell started a crusade to rescue men—in vain. She declared that "the lists of prostrations and deaths from heat in the summer show men are the victims, and seldom women." "Men," she insisted, "should wear blouses made of lawn, voile, silk, dimity, organdie, etc., with low sailor or round collars." That's going pretty far—beyond the serviceable. The Russian blouse of linen with its lovely colors is the cure-all. I am praying that I shall live long enough to see it universally adopted. Let us hope that the new sport shirt over the trousers means that redemption is at hand.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

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No Room for a Rebel?

MY LIFE AS A REBEL. By Angelica Balabanoff. Harper and Brothers. $3.75.

HAVE people like Angelica Balabanoff, the author of "My Life as a Rebel," a place in the revolutionary labor movement? Do kindness, sentiment, and a religious devotion to the cause of the proletariat hamper the ruthless struggle of class against class for political and economic power? Is there room in the proletarian state for the "rebels" who helped to create it? The answers to these questions each reader of this autobiography will have to find for himself.

To those who know its author only from her reputation as a tireless worker and fighter for working-class liberation, this book will be a revelation. Somehow one expects a woman to be made of sterner stuff who spurned the comforts of a middle-class Russian home, who spent three-quarters of her life in exile rather than bow to autocracy and dictatorship, who was the associate of Mussolini up to the beginning of the World War and of Lenin in the first years of the Russian Revolution, to whom want and deprivation were the price one paid, and paid proudly, for the joy of working for an ideal.

Angelica Balabanoff was born near Kiev into a well-to-do, cultivated bourgeois family. Since young women of her day were excluded from Russian universities, she studied in Zurich, in Brussels, in Berlin, and in Leipzig, and finally completed work on the dissertation for her doctor's degree in the British Museum. Wherever she went she came in contact with Russian exiles, among them Krupskaya, Plekhanov, Lenin, and many others—leaders of Europe's up and coming labor movement.

Her peculiar ability as a linguist—she writes and speaks seven languages—made her especially valuable in Switzerland, which had become a haven for political refugees from every part of Europe. Since she could address meetings in French, German, English, Italian, Russian, Spanish, and Polish with equal fluency she soon became one of the best-known speakers in that polyglot country. It was at a meeting arranged by the Italian Socialists in Lausanne that she first noticed the man who was to play an important part in her later life.

> He was a young man [she writes] and his agitated manner and unkempt clothes set him apart from the other workers in the hall. The émigré audiences were always poorly dressed but this man was extremely dirty. I had never seen a more wretched-looking human being. In spite of his large jaw, the bitterness and restlessness in his black eyes, he gave the impression of extreme timidity. Even as he listened, his nervous hands clutching at his big black hat, he seemed more concerned with his own inner turmoil than with what I was saying.

She learned that the stranger was a refugee from military service in Italy and had been introduced by one of the members who knew him as the son of a Socialist in Romagna. It did not take her long to discover that he was a youth of more than ordinary ability. With the patience that has always been one of her outstanding qualities, she nursed the broken-spirited young man back to mental health and usefulness. It is true her Swiss comrades were not particularly delighted with this new recruit. His terroristic speeches and methods were a discordant note in the Social Democracy of those days, and one imagines that there was secret relief when he finally returned to his Italian home town, Forli in Romagna, to become the editor of a small Socialist newspaper *Lotta di Classe (Class Struggle)* there, after several Swiss cantons had rid themselves of his unwelcome presence.

Excerpts from these early writings show that the bloody Duce lived, even then, in the shabby garments and muddled enthusiasms of this young rebel. One of the most interesting portions of the book is the part which deals with Mussolini's break with, and expulsion from, the Socialist Party in 1915, and his activities up to and during the first years of fascist rule. Angelica Balabanoff, who emigrated to Italy before the war, became associate editor with Mussolini of the Italian *Avanti* and enjoyed great popularity there until Mussolini's defection and Italy's entry into the conflict on the side of the Allies put a temporary end to her activities. Italy was the first real home she had ever had, and to this day she calls the Italian workers "my people."

She returned to Switzerland, where a small group of anti-war Socialists were trying to reconstruct the shattered remnants of their International. They made her secretary of the Zimmerwald and Kienthal Conferences (1915-1916), the first organized attempts to bring the Socialist minorities of Europe together on an anti-war program. In this capacity she not only acted as interpreter but also directed such preparatory work as the drawing up of theses and proclamations.

When the Russian Revolution came she was in Zurich. She was one of that famous group, including Lenin, Radek, and Zinoviev, that returned to Russia by way of Germany. The glory of that return, the gradual destruction of her high hopes, the deepening disillusionment, her departure from the Soviet Union and from her post as first secretary of the Third (Communist) International, and finally her efforts to find her place in the world labor movement while she eked out a bare existence as teacher of languages in Vienna and in Paris—these make up the second part of this moving story. There are dozens of books dealing with the early years of the Soviet Union, but one phase of that historic period has never found a historian—the story of the inside workings of the Third International and its direction of the "world revolution" in those dynamic years.

Those who have followed the Trotsky-Stalin controversy will be interested in her evaluation of the characters of this drama. Of the leaders of revolutionary Russia, Lenin appeared to her much the greater man, yet she discloses his human frailties with a woman's canny insight. Her picture of Trotsky may not entirely please his devoted admirers, but it is impartial and condemns the injustice that led to his banishment. Her disdain of Zinoviev is second only to that she feels for Mussolini, yet him, too, she defends against Stalin's charges.

The outstanding characteristic of the whole book is its author's naive charity toward the weaknesses and failings of her associates and an equally astounding frankness in discussing her own shortcomings. "My Life as a Rebel" is a great book that should, and, I do not doubt, will be read by many thousands of the men and women looking for truth and enlightenment. They will find in it not only the history of an important period of our times but also the life story of one of the finest human beings I have had the good fortune to meet.

LUDWIG LORE

Dickens—in the Flat

CHARLES DICKENS. THE PROGRESS OF A RADICAL.
By T. A. Jackson. International Publishers. $2.25.

MR. JACKSON'S thesis is that Dickens was a frustrated revolutionary. "Dickens's radicalism . . . stiffened, hardened, and deepened into something that with a little outside aid might easily have emerged as positive socialism or communism." There is a value in such a thesis, for the critical line on Dickens, basing itself on the "eccentricity" of his creations, has often stressed his powers of imagination above his realism. In the pleasure of a unique entertainment we may lose sight of the Dickens who was a bitter commentator—perhaps the only Victorian novelist to be compared in the vigor of his attacks on social evils with such a writer as Zola. Mr. Jackson's book reminds us of this, brings in some interesting personal utterances of Dickens on his England, and compels our fresh interest and admiration for this part of Dickens's work. And relating the work with the historical events which lie behind it, Mr. Jackson presents a fine study in violence as he traces the industrial functioning of Victorian virtue. It is indeed a strange comment on our nineteenth-century writers that so polite a literature should express such a barbarous social arrangement; perhaps now we are compensating.

Mr. Jackson's study has these merits, and it is unfortunate he will not rest with them. In an excess of zeal he is not content with explaining what is obviously a large part of Dickens. Like the daring Oliver Twist himself he "wants some more." Mr. Jackson arrives at his larger destination via an intellectual one-way thoroughfare. Discussing evidence which might lead to a variety of conclusions, Mr. Jackson always concludes that Dickens is always a revolutionary. Does the fact that Dickens attacked the tyranny of Victorian parents necessarily imply that he stood for the destruction of the bourgeois institution of the family? Parents can be educated as well as abolished. Reading a specific brand of political faith into an author's work, and especially reading it backward into history, is a dangerous activity. Samuel Butler also attacked the bourgeois family, and Butler, as we know, was a political conservative. D. H. Lawrence is communist or fascist depending on which part of his thought you wish to use. Mr. Jackson again attributes the growing bitterness of Dickens to his realization that the only remedy for Victorian social evils was "complete social revolution," and this at that time seemed unattainable. But Mr. Jackson does not mention the other possible causes of this bitterness—the financial troubles, the domestic relationship, the continual fears, as Dickens tells us, of "failing health or failing popularity," the recurrent sense of being "sick, bothered, and depressed" which we must attribute to psychic and physical illness in Dickens as well as in his age.

And Mr. Jackson sometimes swallows his gnats as well as his camel. Dickens created his characters "in the flat," he says, not for the reasons given by the pseudo-analytical psychologists, but because the "constitution of society had flattened them, past repair." Yet we can after all accept such imperfections in a critic's work because of its larger value. My real complaint is that Mr. Jackson himself creates in the flat. Giving evidence of good scholarship, he unhappily restricts his imagination and intelligence to the pursuit of a logical abstraction. Such reticent and conventional biographers as Forster and Ralph Straus, and even Mr. Chesterton with his plague of paradoxes, are closer to the truth than Mr. Jackson. Relating the Victorian times so well to Dickens's work, he does not relate to it the Victorian life of Dickens himself and the personal conflicts it engendered. If he had done this, if he had treated the conventional as well as the rebellious part of Dickens, the sanctities he espoused as well as the abuses he opposed, Mr. Jackson would have had an incomplete radical rather than a complete revolutionary. But he would have given us a more valuable study.

MAXWELL GEISMAR

Seventh Avenue

BY MURIEL RUKEYSER

This is the cripples' hour on Seventh Avenue
when they emerge, the two o'clock night-walkers,
the cane, the crutch, and the black suit.

Oblique early mirages send the eyes:
light dramatized in puddles, the animal glare
that makes indignity, makes the brute.

Not enough effort in the sky for morning.
No color, pantomime of blackness, landscape
where the third layer back is always phantom.

Here come the fat man, the attractive dog-chested
legless—and the wounded infirm king
with nobody to use him as a saint.

Now they parade in the dark, the cripples' hour
to the drugstore, the bar, the newspaper stand,
past kissing shadows on a windowshade to

colors of alcohol, reflectors, light.
So fancy O God fancy when all that's wished
is the straight simple look:

the look to set this avenue in its colors—
two o'clock on a black street instead of
wounds, mysteries, fables, kings
in a kingdom of cripples.

Poet, Hunter, and King

JAMES I OF ENGLAND, THE WISEST FOOL IN CHRISTENDOM. By Clara and Hardy Steeholm. Covici-Friede. $3.75.

THE spirit of Clara and Hardy Steeholm's study of James I may be gauged by their apparent agreement with the author of the blurb. The latter's statement that it is "almost unbelievable that there has appeared no full modern biography" of James is confirmed by the authors through their failure to list in their bibliography "James I" by Charles Williams (1934) and "King James I" by Hugh R. Williamson (1936).

In simple fact the book is a historical novel with James as hero and the events of his life, in chronological sequence, as plot. The reader feels that had the authors realized this fact they would have produced a better book. In passages of simple narrative, such as the account of James's progress to England, and in dramatic scenes embellished with vivid conversation they offer genuine entertainment. The psychological method used in the interpretation of motives and deeds gives occasional vitality to the personality of James, and makes him a credible character of historical fiction. The very qualities that make the volume a readable novel, however, render it unsuitable for consideration as a scholarly work of history or biography. The clairvoyancy the authors show in giving the reader James's thoughts on his deathbed, and the accuracy with which they report the conversation between the King and Bothwell when the latter and his followers invaded the King's bedchamber with drawn swords, hardly give a sense of historical substance. Moreover, the characterizations of important personages are uncritical, sometimes to an amazing degree. Mary receives the benefit of every historical doubt, and the puzzles concerning her character and her actions are dismissed casually; Elizabeth is a monster of deceit and treachery, and once is contemptuously called "the barren Virgin Queen" (if she was barren her virginity was academic, and if she was a virgin the matter of her sterility is hardly of record!); John Knox is called "the prodigiously venomous Knox" and "the most cantankerous zealot who ever stirred up religious intolerance"; the Presbyterians in general appear invariably as bigots with no equal emphasis on the intolerance in other religious groups; the witch-hunting of James and other unenlightened activities of the period are the subject of naive observations on the state of civilization and culture in Elizabethan and Jacobean times, observations that reveal no thorough understanding of the interplay between the new learning and surviving elements of mediaevalism; Shakespeare is ostentatiously mentioned as an important background figure but the references to him are of dubious value, particularly when he is mentioned as the author of a Playe of Robin Goodefellow, and when Tycho Brahe is portrayed as the prototype of Prospero (the passage used to show this relationship derived its imagery from the stage settings of the masques as Allardyce Nicoll indicates in his recent study); and finally theological debates on matters of ritual which occupied some of the great intellects of the day are referred to as "nothing short of absurd."

Uncritical and naive comments jostle inaccuracies of fact. Darnley is called "His Grace the King"; he was never king, and if he had been he would not have been styled his grace. George Gascoigne is called "the Frenchman"; he was born in England of a family that had been English for generations. The statement is made that Elizabeth gave Queen Anne "a clock . . . a horologe, and a tablet and chain," apparently in ignorance of the fact that a clock and a horologe are the same thing. It is stated that James "appears to have known nothing" of Donne when, as a matter of fact, James caused Donne to become a priest and appointed him Dean of St. Paul's. James is said to have forecast the idea of a league of nations and of economic sanctions merely because he attempted to create an offensive alliance designed to force Spain out of Bohemia and the Palatinate.

Francis Bacon, who is mentioned too seldom in this volume, would have used his teeth on it less for chewing than for gnashing.

DONALD A. ROBERTS

The Noble Savage

THE BRIDGE IN THE JUNGLE. By B. Traven. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

JUNGLEFOLK—their attitude toward life, their warm and simple humanity—have an irresistible attraction for B. Traven, and in this novel he sketches an incident which reveals them at their best. The narrator, wandering through some southern republic (the place is never actually named, but the reader may imagine Mexico), comes upon an Indian village in the heart of a jungle and takes part in a native festival. During this festival a child disappears. The natives rally to the support of the grief-stricken mother, the men organizing searching parties, the women tendering consolation. Hours afterward the child's body is fished from a stagnant river and placed in the mother's arms. The narrator is invited to the funeral, at which the musicians play, not religious hymns or savage melodies, but such specimens of American jazz as *Taintgonnarainnomore* and *Yeswehavenobananas*. Mr. Traven points to these and other banalities from the white man's world which have found their way into this remote region as so many evidences of the fact that our corrupt society has done no more for these people than load its rubbish upon them—in the midst of which, however, they retain all their native innocence. Sanitary laws are unknown; dwelling-places lack every modern convenience; modern business methods and modern systems of government alike have failed to penetrate this Eden. Yet the womenfolk attend the child's funeral in job-lot dresses manufactured in New York sweatshops, and both the men and the women march to the songs of Tin Pan Alley. And what one remembers of them are the flowers in their hair, their grief and their laughter, and their exquisite politeness, which derives not from man-made rules of etiquette but from the natural impulses of the heart.

It is through his genuine feeling for these people, plus a style which is compounded of economy of phrasing and a certain lyric quality, that Mr. Traven is able to develop the tragic possibilities of his major theme. The mother's grief, rising to a crescendo of rage and hysteria or subsiding into that fatalistic acceptance of death which is characteristic of her race, is rendered with a degree of insight which does credit both to the author's knowledge of female nature and to his understanding of the savage temperament. Yet there is perhaps too much detachment in Mr. Traven's approach to this subject: he remains at all times the intelligent traveler, with an eye to see and a story to tell, a story which, for all its tragic implications and the skill with which he evokes them, somehow fails to move the reader as it should.

HELEN NEVILLE

Safe Water

MARK TWAIN: A PORTRAIT. By Edgar Lee Masters. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.

STALKING into the stormy region that is recent Mark Twain interpretation—straight past DeVoto, Brooks, Parrington, Lewisohn, Grattan, Van Doren, et al.—comes Edgar Lee Masters with determination in his eye and a bludgeon under his arm. He opens his study in the conventional biography manner, but after several flimsy chapters on Twain's early life abandons this, takes to his bludgeon, and in a series of fulminant attacks charges that Mark turned his back on his own genius and instead of becoming the great satirist for which the corruption and hypocrisy of his age cried out became its clown; that he may have hated cruelty and superstition but never rose to momentous issues or large moral devotions; that he made fun of small frauds and petty cheats while playing ball with the most rapacious forces that gutted America after the Civil War; that several of his most famous characters are simply outrageous travesties on human nature; and that he chose his pseudonym with fatal accuracy, for "mark twain" means safe water.

Masters, in short, criticizes Twain because he was not a Swift, a Voltaire, or a Balzac. Although this may sound at first like the superfluous kind of criticism which complains of Swinburne that he was not Hardy, it is in this case validated by the fact that Twain's reputation as social critic and mirror of his times has been advancing in certain quarters at a dangerous pace. So aggressive, however, does Masters's attack become that it finally betrays him into asserting that because Twain never attained social satire his writings are "pure nonsense"—even as if pure nonsense were not one of the things that made Twain's reputation in the first place.

In the final analysis, however, any set of criteria which calls a writer to account for social blindness is, to my mind, vital; and although Masters may pursue his point almost fanatically, provide little or no documentation, and use a style that bounces bewilderingly from the slipshod to the eloquent, his approach is sharp with challenge and tonic in its demand for social conscience.

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Shorter Notices

LITERATURE AS EXPLORATION. By Louise M. Rosenblatt. A Publication of the Progressive Education Association. D. Appleton-Century Company. $2.25.

If education, as Pope remarked, forms the common mind—"Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined"—it is a strange matter that in a nation which has so much schooling, the effects of it should be so little noticeable. "Literature as Exploration" indicates where the trouble lies in the teaching of secondary-school and college literature. Miss Rosenblatt examines our faulty educational procedures, she clarifies the relation between the sciences and the arts, she discusses the social influences and psychological stresses of the adolescent student. Some educators in their desire to be profound become only polysyllabic. Miss Rosenblatt is intelligent as well as learned. Although her book is an argument for the progressive teaching of literature, she combines the more valid objectives of both progressive and formal education. She wants to adjust the complexities of literature to the student, but she wants also to adjust the student to the complexities of modern life. "Literature as Exploration" is a valuable text for teachers who are interested in their craft, and for those who are concerned with the problems and directions of education in a democracy.

SIGNING OFF. By John T. McIntyre. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

In his own language, McIntyre is no literary tyro, he knows his way around the craft, and he has contacts at some spiritual City Hall. Although the Tough School has something in its favor as an indigenous art form, its novels are usually as sensational and slick as their heroes. In his present book, however, Mr. McIntyre puts his violence to work. Tying the love story of the racketeer Sam and the devout Jane Dolan to an eloquent discussion of the church in a period of social crisis, he creates a novel that is thoughtful as well as turbulent. As a popular tale "Signing Off" is less effective than "Steps Going Down"; as a panoramic novel of streamlined gangsterism and religious aspirations it introduces more than it can cope with, but for all that, it is worth your attention. Mr. McIntyre is not indulging in bigger and better sensations. In picturesque language, with a good satiric sense of human eccentricity, with a sense of social justice that, however much it condemns the church, draws its inspiration from it, he is elaborating a valid documentation of the poor and the corrupt. Through the exploits of punks and sagas of bird-houses he is in fact analyzing the values of a materialistic society. If Mr. McIntyre develops this at greater length, he will be using the hard-boiled novel more fruitfully than his fellow delineators of the rape and the ride. Kick him in the guts—but why do you have to?

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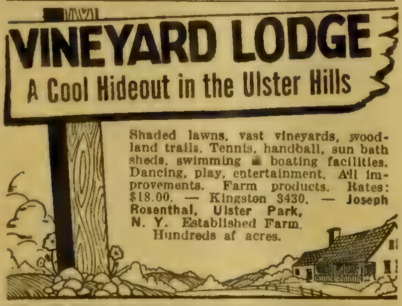
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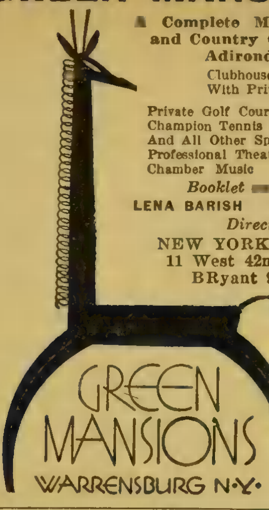
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RECORDS

EVER since it was announced I have been looking forward to the Columbia set of Mozart's exquisite Symphony K. 201 (three records, $5), only to be appalled, when it arrived, by what the work is made to sound like in Beecham's perversely slow and ponderous performance with the London Philharmonic. The recording of the symphony is excellent.

Nor is this the only disappointment. Victor offers one of the great symphonies of Mozart's last years—the Symphony K. 504, known as the "Prague" (three records, $5)—in an excellent performance by Bruno Walter with the Vienna Philharmonic, but one that is recorded with excessive reverberation and with lack of clarity—the older H. M. V. recording of the Kleiber performance being much better in both respects. And the new Victor set of Haydn's Symphony No. 88 (three records, $6.50) gives us what is—from general outline and character—recognizably a Toscanini performance, but a Toscanini performance without the miraculous subtleties of inflection and coloring in the "Semiramide" recording, since the N. B. C. Orchestra is not the instrument in his hands that the Philharmonic-Symphony was; and a Toscanini performance made to sound very harsh by the way it was recorded.

Another Victor set offers a superb performance, by Casals with the Czech Philharmonic under Szell, of Dvorak's 'Cello Concerto (five records, $10), a work which I do not find as good as the "New World" Symphony or the "American" Quartet. And on single records Lotte Lehmann sings "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes" very beautifully, with Gretchaninov's "My Native Land" and a bit of inanity called "Midsummer" by Amy Worth on the reverse side ($1.50); while Arthur Rubinstein does a good job with Brahms's Rhapsody, Opus 76, No. 2, and Schumann's Romance, Opus 28, No. 2 ($2).

From Columbia we get on a single disc Beethoven's "Egmont" Overture in a powerful performance by Weingartner with the Vienna Philharmonic that is well recorded ($1.50); the charming String Quartet, Opus 6, No. 1, of Boccherini, well played by the Poltronieri Quartet (two records, $3.25); Tartini's "Devil's Trill" Sonata, which I think only a violinist would care about, very well done by Milstein (two records, $3.25); Liszt's Ballade in B minor, which I think only a pianist would care about, brilliantly played by Louis Kentner (two records, $3.25); an album of American songs (four records, $4.50), some of them very enjoyable, and for once enjoyably sung by the Madrigal Singers under Lehman Engel; and on another single ($1.50), a selection of music from the Rossini-Respighi "Boutique Fantasque," well played by the London Philharmonic under Goehr, and well recorded. I must add that on my records of "Egmont" and "Boutique Fantasque" the sound becomes unbearably gritty as the needle approaches the ends of the sides (this is true of some of the sides in the set of the Mozart Symphony K. 201); and that on the other hand my records of the Tartini Sonata are free of this affliction, but the first three sides are extremely noisy. Since the records vary in these respects, different pressings of the same work probably vary also.

The National Council of Teachers of English has issued a record ($1.50) of Vachel Lindsay's reading of "The Congo," which may be obtained from Miss Eleanor Boykin, 246 Waverley Place. The recording is clear; as for the reading, it is Lindsay's, and I do not feel qualified to dispute it with him. Under the council's auspices Erpi Classroom Films, 35-11 Thirty-fifth Avenue, Long Island City, N. Y., has issued records ($2.50 each) made by Gertrude Stein and Robert Frost. The Frost records are extremely clear; Miss Stein's will be clear enough for someone who knows the texts she is reading.

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The Shape of Things

*

MEXICO HAS A MUCH STRONGER CASE IN rejecting Hull's thesis that "universally recognized rules of law and equity" require immediate payment for expropriated property than the State Department will like to admit. There are few countries that have not at one time or another applied measures of expropriation of a general and impersonal character, such as Mexico's, without paying compensation. Perhaps the closest parallel is the action of the Soviet Union in confiscating all land and productive properties in 1918. While the Soviet government has made financial adjustments with some countries, it has never conceded that it was obligated to pay compensation; no payment has ever been made to American claimants. But it is not necessary to go to a revolutionary government for a precedent. The United States did not compensate the foreign holders of distillery and brewery stocks when it prohibited the manufacture of alcoholic beverages. Nor did it pay compensation to foreign slaveholders after the Civil War. Several European countries have put through agrarian-reform laws comparable to those of Mexico without making financial restitution to the landowners. It would be difficult to find any reason, legal or moral, why American capital should not accept the same risks as native capital in any country in which investments are made. Americans have no compunction about accepting the high profits usually associated with these risks.

*

NEW YORK'S CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION cynically emphasizes the hidden pressures which fashion momentous documents. While the next fortnight will determine the character of the convention's product, there are already numerous signs of disaster. The Poletti amendment to declare the resources of the Niagara and St. Lawrence rivers inalienable was almost buried in committee and still faces serious opposition from the power trust. Real-estate interests have made headway in sabotaging an admittedly inadequate housing amendment. Approving an admirable collective-bargaining guaranty, the delegates shouted down an anti-injunction

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law in the same breath. Even health insurance has suffered a defeat. What should most arouse the rest of the country, however, is the so-called "anti-bureaucracy" article advanced for final vote. This article is designed to nullify the decisions of administrative agencies—such as the Labor Relations Board—by placing detailed questions of fact as well as serious issues of law at the mercy of judicial review. It represents the newest phase of the attack on the structure of administrative government. Conservatives first insisted that the Wagner Act was unconstitutional; they found they were wrong. They then launched a furious campaign of defamation against the labor boards—national and state; it has failed. They now propose that the courts shall not merely determine infringements of law in quasi-judicial decisions but become an arbiter of the facts in dispute. If the courts take over the job for which the administrative boards were established, the boards themselves might just as well be abolished. That, it need scarcely be added, is what the leaders of the holy war against "bureaucracy" are after.

*

THE SUMMER MEETING OF THE REPUBLICAN program committee was distinguished by the birth of a streamlined, charging elephant as the party's new emblem; it replaces the drooping, listless figure which had become too apt a symbol of party lethargy. The delegates also sought stimulation in the rallying cry: "Let's G. O. Places," but they encountered painful difficulty in getting under way. At least one section of the leadership was visibly weary of blanket attacks on the New Deal, of frontal assaults on an unprecedentedly popular President; the diehards favored mid-term affirmation of the principles which swept Maine and Vermont. Because everyone had his own plan, the session produced nothing more virile than a general statement which was almost soothing in tone and scrupulous in its avoidance of Mr. Roosevelt's name. As for a specific program, the committee apparently felt that silence best described the party's position. It is difficult to recall any time at which political opposition was so frail and blundering, so removed from the temper of the people. If this meeting is symptomatic of the great Republican comeback, the Democrats will not need Mr. Roosevelt in 1940; Charlie McCarthy could win hands down.

*

LORD RUNCIMAN'S ACTIVITIES DURING HIS first week in Czechoslovakia have not been such as to inspire confidence in him as an astute or unbiased adviser. After perfunctory calls on President Benes, Prime Minister Hodza, and Foreign Minister Krofta lasting not more than twenty minutes, he immediately had two long interviews with Henleinist representatives. On the following day he received, too briefly, the representatives of the German democrats. The week-end he spent in the Sudeten region at the home of a wealthy German landowner. He has now begun conversations with delegates from the other minorities and evidently proposes to take his time about his whole investigation. So far, his visit has served to delay rather than alleviate the crisis. Backed by a fresh anti-Czech press campaign in Germany, the Sudetens have been encouraged to intensify their demands. The nationalities statute, which was in shape for consideration by Parliament, has been set aside. Thus, an issue which the Czech government was attempting to settle, fairly and peacefully, has been reopened—with consequences which no one can foretell but for which Mr. Chamberlain must shoulder full responsibility.

*

AMERICAN DELEGATES RETURNING FROM the World Conference for Action on the Bombardment of Open Towns, which was held in Paris at the end of July under the chairmanship of Viscount Cecil, report the discussions to have been grim but realistic. The conference took steps to set up an international commission to aid the victims of aggression—whether in Spain, China, or Central Europe. It voted to open an International Peace Hospital in China by October 12. Recognizing, however, that relief is meaningless without positive action to check aggression, it called on peace organizations throughout the world to intensify the boycott on the purchase of Japanese goods and to seek an embargo on the shipment of war materials. It asked that these measures be extended to all countries guilty of bombing civil populations. It called for complete freedom of trade for the government of Spain, and urged financial assistance to China. In order to launch this program, the peace organizations of Europe are calling national conferences prior to the September meeting of the League of Nations. At the moment the American peace organizations are the only ones not actively at work. It is impossible to believe, however, in view of this country's magnificent record of generosity in the period following the World War, that it can long remain indifferent to the great tragedies of our times.

*

ONE YEAR AGO THE BARONS OF "LITTLE Steel" were waging a desperate struggle against the C. I. O. to protect what was loftily called the American way of life. The La Follette committee is now unfolding the intimate details of this good life as conceived by Tom Girdler. Its formula included soup and nuts for clergymen, who were thereupon expected to announce that God was rooting for "Little Steel"; it embraced generous financial nuggets for newspaper publishers, who would presumably add the blessings of the press; it involved a more rough and virile diet for workers who tried to behave as free men. As Paul Anderson empha-

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sized in a recent dispatch, murder was committed and condoned in the name of law and order; the pattern of terror was systematic and far-flung. Ray L. Thomas, attorney for two "independent unions" in Youngstown, has admitted that company thugs were armed before entering the struck plant and told to "go in shooting if necessary"; employees of Youngstown Sheet and Tube were cheerfully designated as special deputies by an amiable sheriff; Republic Steel spent $50,000 on munitions alone. These items do not merely add up to violations of the Wagner Act; they involve criminal acts and should be treated as such. While the mere impact of these revelations will curb some employer lawlessness, we doubt that they will touch the conscience of the Tom Girdlers; neither can we rely upon local authorities to punish crimes in which they were in some cases active partners. What is needed is permanent federal authority to deal with industrial gangsterism. If the old civil-rights statute invoked in the Harlan trial can be constitutionally applied in such cases, a useful weapon is at hand; if not, other legal sanction must be obtained to smash the reign of corporate terror over thousands of American workers.

* * *

ALTHOUGH AN IMMIGRANT SHIP, THE Mayflower, provides one of our national symbols, our immigration laws have come to be noteworthy chiefly for their xenophobia. When the late Daniel W. MacCormack was Commissioner of Immigration he sought to apply the laws with a modicum of good sense and human feeling. We had hoped that his successor, James L. Houghteling, would carry on in the same spirit, but the increased volume of complaint from social and welfare agencies indicates the contrary. In the past, when good character was proved and illegal entry was the only offense, voluntary departure and reentry from Canada or Cuba have been allowed. Commissioner Houghteling insists on deportations or on voluntary departure to non-adjacent countries, putting aliens of this category and their families to much expense and hardship. A recent example is the case of Athanasios Vassiliades, who entered the United States illegally more than ten years ago and has an American wife and two American children; a third child is on the way. New York social agencies attest to his good character. He has a job. He was arrested on the afternoon of June 17 for deportation to Greece at noon the next day, although he came from Turkey and has no friends or relatives in Greece. A writ postponed deportation at the last moment, but the Commissioner feels that "the interests of good administration require this man's deportation." Thus the government prepares to tear a man from his family and throw the family on relief—all in the name of "good administration."

New Deal Round-up

IT IS easy to understand why the anti-Roosevelt press pretends to find the Democratic primaries pregnant with disaster for the New Deal. It is not so easy to see what real comfort they can derive from the results so far, particularly since Kentucky demonstrated the efficacy of the Roosevelt benediction by overwhelmingly returning Alben Barkley to the Senate in what was undeniably a test of strength between Barkley's opponent and the President. The Republican New York *Herald Tribune*, which evinces a morbid interest in the internal struggles of the Democrats, finds that "the President has lost battle after battle," but it contents itself with citing the nominations of Senators Van Nuys of Indiana and Clark of Missouri, both of whom had death-grips on their state machines and were unopposed by New Deal candidates.

Actually the various state primaries have offered a host of local issues, involving clashes between intra-party factions, and except for Kentucky they have not presented the New Deal as an issue. Yet the trend in these polls should justify Roosevelt in feeling that the rank and file of his party is still behind him. Let's look at the record.

Allowing the victories of Clark and Van Nuys in clear fields, we may add to the triumphs of the anti-New Dealers the defeat of Representative Wearin in Iowa, although his only real claim to Administration support was a personal indorsement from Harry Hopkins; the defeat of William E. Dodd, Jr., who admittedly ran for Congress in Virginia as a Roosevelt man; and finally the serious though extremely narrow victory of Paul Kilday over Maury Maverick in Texas, with the aid of the A. F. of L. bureaucracy and the abysmally corrupt San Antonio machine.

Against these accomplishments we have the early triumph of Lister Hill in Alabama over the ferocious Tom Heflin; the Florida victory of Claude Pepper, who ran for reelection to the Senate as a thoroughgoing Roosevelt supporter; and the clear-cut New Deal victory of Henry L. Hess in Oregon over Governor Martin, who had gained notoriety by his attempts to smash the C. I. O. and by the repertory of invective which he had used against Secretaries Perkins and Ickes. Then there was the victory of Senator Reynolds of North Carolina, who, while no bright light as a progressive, had campaigned as a "red-hot Rooseveltian." Pennsylvania Democrats, although they defeated Tom Kennedy, the C. I. O. candidate for the governorship, chose for the Senate Governor Earle, whose ardor for the New Deal had made him a favorite for the Roosevelt succession. Oklahoma reelected Elmer Thomas to the Senate with Roosevelt's blessing, although everybody expected a victory for Gomer Smith, whom the President had not too inferentially called a crackpot. Montana returned that doughty

Roosevelt champion Jerry O'Connell to the House soon after his fracas in Jersey City. Tennessee decisively defeated George L. Berry, who in his short period in the Senate had voted against the most important bills in the Roosevelt program. And West Virginia reelected two New Dealers to Congress against a field of nondescript anti-Roosevelt candidates. Perhaps the most eloquent comment on the defeat of Governor A. B. ("Happy") Chandler at the hands of Senator Barkley in Kentucky was the dialogue reported from Chandler headquarters on the day after the election: "We oughta known we couldn't beat Roosevelt," said one Chandler worker, according to the New York *Times*. "That's right, Ab," replied a colleague, "I tried to tell 'em that but Hap thought better."

The anti-Administration press is fond of pointing out that in at least some of these cases the candidates who were defeated had not campaigned as opponents of the New Deal. That is true—and it is perhaps the most significant aspect of the primaries. So great was the President's popularity and that of the New Deal that such rabid foes as Senators Tydings of Maryland and George of Georgia felt obliged to go before the electorate as friends and admirers of Roosevelt.

If the Republicans can get any comfort out of that, they deserve it. Unfortunately for them it cannot be a lasting one, for when November rolls around they will find themselves facing opponents who, whatever their innermost beliefs, will appeal to the electorate in the magic name of the New Deal. Or will the Republicans, like the Copperheads they admire in the primaries, pretend that they too have always been for Roosevelt?

Russia's Border Conflict

CLASHES between Soviet and Japanese troops along the Siberian-Manchurian frontier have been so frequent in recent years that it is difficult to know how much significance to attach to the latest outbreaks. Literally thousands of pitched battles have been fought by detachments of the two armies since Japan first invaded northern Manchuria in 1931. A few of these may have arisen out of uncertainty as to the true location of the frontier, but the majority of them are known to have been launched by the Japanese for the purpose of testing the Soviet defenses. These attacks, like that on the Panay, were also utilized by the military extremists to create the war psychology needed for the attainment of their ambitions at home.

As during previous incidents, the dispatches from the two sides in the present crisis have been contradictory. It is impossible for anyone to be certain which side took the initiative or what has been the outcome of the fighting. Although Japan has an unbroken record of aggression along this border, as well as in China, it is difficult to see what it can hope to achieve from a showdown with Russia at the present time. The Japanese militarists may have been egged on by Hitler in order to prevent the Soviets from coming to the aid of Czechoslovakia in the approaching crisis in Central Europe. Or they may have found it necessary to create a distraction to cover up the slow progress of their drive on Hankow. But in either case they would be courting disaster. Russia is better prepared and much less passive than it was even a year ago.

It is not impossible that the Soviets have seized upon the moment when Japan was most occupied in China to reestablish their lines along the border. While the ownership of the strategic Changkufeng area may be open to some doubt, pending final demarcation of the frontier, there is a strong presumption in favor of the Soviets. They have produced the Hunchow treaty of 1886 with its attached maps showing the Changkufeng hills to be Russian territory. Whether their claim under the treaty is substantiated or not, Japan has certainly no legal or moral rights in the area. It is either Russian or Chinese, and China has never claimed the disputed region.

In spite of the continued fighting and the sharp tone of the diplomatic exchanges, the danger of a major war developing from these border incidents is probably less today than it was between 1934 and 1937. In those years a strong war party in Japan favored an immediate attack on the Soviet Union. That group, led by Araki, the Minister of Education, still exists, but it can hardly look upon the present moment as especially propitious. The Soviets also have every reason to avoid large-scale hostilities. Each month of war in China has seen Japan becoming progressively less of a menace. If an attack on Japan were contemplated, it would undoubtedly have been launched before Japanese reinforcements could be sent to Manchuria. And the Soviet record, in contrast to that of the Japanese, has yet to be marred by aggressive or provocative behavior. If we are to judge by past experience, local collisions are likely to continue, but they will stop short of actual war.

Meanwhile, whether there be war or merely a succession of incidents, China stands to benefit materially from the rising tension on the Manchurian border. After the Japanese setbacks at Taierhchwang and Chengchow, substantial reinforcements were withdrawn from Manchuria for the drive on Hankow. Part of these have now been returned, with the result that the Japanese drive on Hankow, hampered by floods and desperate Chinese resistance, has been checked. Seasonal factors have also played into China's hands. The floods on the Yellow and Yangtze rivers are at their height. It is the season when malaria, cholera, and dysentery are most virulent. In the north, where the temperature is somewhat more moderate, the *kaoliang* has attained nearly its full growth, thus providing excellent cover for guerrilla operations. Thus

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the Japanese find themselves at least temporarily caught in a trap of their own making. To take on Russia at a time when they cannot make headway in China would seem an act of madness.

Labor's Power Politics

ALL signs point to a sharpening of the factional struggle within the American labor movement, particularly in the C. I. O. In many unions and in every corner of the country the immediate economic interests of the workers are being submerged under or confused with a bewildering conglomeration of political and theoretical issues crystallizing in a bitter fight for power. Every day brings new charges, new evidences of division. War rages in the maritime unions; a revolt against the leadership of Harry Bridges on the West Coast has been organized by four important organizations in the Los Angeles area. And the United Automobile Workers, most militant and lustiest offspring of the C. I. O., is threatened with disruption as the result of the internal struggle which has just culminated in the ousting of three vice-presidents and the suspension of a fourth.

It is too easy merely to blame the Communists for this destructive development. It is too easy even to blame factionalism in general. The political issues raised by Communists and Lovestonites and other political groups are valid and have a place in the trade-union movement. It is true that to the average worker on the assembly line the question of lifting the embargo on Spain may sound irrelevant; that what he wants is security in his job, better wages, shorter hours. But also, whether he knows it or not, he wants the defeat of fascism; and it is one of the proper functions of an enlightened labor movement to demonstrate the relationship of Spain to working-class advance. The man on the assembly line, however, has a right to demand, first, that the job in hand—the economic betterment of the membership—be tackled with a zeal and ability undiminished by other less intimate issues, and second that any conflict over these issues be conducted by methods that offer no threat to the strength and integrity of the union.

On both scores he has grounds for complaint today. In the U. A. W. his immediate economic interests have been almost lost sight of in the battle over large political issues waged above his head; and those issues themselves have faded before the naked bid for power by factional groups. He has seen his organization turned into a labor Tammany Hall; no holds have been barred in the struggle to dominate the union. The Communists in their effort to put members or sympathizers into key positions and to undermine the prestige of Homer Martin, international president, have used thoroughly discreditable tactics. But factionalism is not a Stalinist monopoly. Martin himself has worked in close alliance with Jay Lovestone, head of the Independent Labor League and violent left opponent of the Communist Party. Martin's principal lieutenants are "Lovestonites." If the Communist Party urged support of "collective security" upon the automobile workers, Martin openly supported "isolation" and is known to have asked Lovestone's advice as to whether he should support an appeal to lift the embargo against Spain. And Martin's supporters have vied with the Communists in using the techniques of *Machtpolitik*.

A large share of the trouble that has afflicted the automobile workers lies in a raw rank and file and in officials hardly more experienced. Martin is an ex-preacher whose forte is oratory; certainly it is not either administration or strategy. A strong, tempered union leader, like Hillman or Murray, might have guided even this turbulent and overgrown union through the rip tides of factional dispute. He would doubtless have tried to minimize political issues until the period of growth and consolidation of power was safely passed, and would have directed the energies of the leaders and members alike to their most pressing organizational and economic problems. Martin was hopelessly unable to accomplish this task and it should not have been given to him. But the situation in the union made it impossible, after the C. I. O. was formed, to shift control to an outsider, no matter how well qualified.

At this late hour intervention by John L. Lewis or one of his ablest lieutenants probably offers the only hope of pulling together the shattered fragments of the organization. The ousted vice-presidents demand a convention before which their case will be reopened. The Martin faction, now in complete control of the executive board, flatly opposes both solutions. Martin prefers to govern by purge, obviously believing that compromise is impossible. The one group in the union that offers any hope of orderly and disinterested administration is that headed by Walter Reuther. In the present controversy Reuther has sided with the accused officials. But he seems to be an honest advocate of unity—a badly distorted word in the U. A. W.—and an opponent of the skullduggery that has characterized both major factions. Reuther and a committee of thirteen local union presidents almost a month ago asked John L. Lewis to intervene to straighten out the affairs of the U. A. W. Although the effort temporarily failed, Reuther's counsels must prevail in the end if the union is to be saved. A strong and steady hand is needed until the U. A. W. has had time to mature its own leadership and develop those democratic procedures which offer the only ultimate defense against disruptive tactics. The purge is a horse doctor's remedy for the evils of factionalism.

The Greatest Managing Editor

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, August 8

OLIVER K. BOVARD, the legendary "O. K. B." of a thousand newspaper shop yarns, has resigned as managing editor of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* and American journalism has lost a commanding figure and a fascinating personality. In their time there were but two giants—Carr V. Van Anda of the New York *Times* and Bovard. Between them they almost succeeded in making the gathering, writing, and editing of news a noble profession. If they failed, it was because they could not overcome the law whereby base currency tends to drive out good. I never knew Van Anda except through his towering achievements, but I worked under Bovard for nearly a quarter of a century.

In the same sense that the late Justice Cardozo was known as "a judges' judge," Bovard was known as a newspapermen's newspaperman. That is, he was revered inside his own craft because of his lofty standards and superb competence. The folklore of the trade is rich with stories illustrating his matchless judgment of news and men, his sure instinct for the genuine as against the spurious in both, the sixth sense by which he detected events unseen, and his inhuman detachment and decisiveness in the midst of confusion and uncertainty. When rival extras hit the streets with Roy Howard's false report of the Armistice and ten thousand celebrating St. Louisans danced insanely in the rain before the *Post-Dispatch* building, he calmly got out the regular edition announcing that American troops had entered Stenay. Afterward he said quietly: "A comparison of the news with the map made it perfectly apparent that the German plenipotentiaries could not possibly have reached the French border, much less Foch's headquarters." Next day proved he was exactly correct.

Bovard's professional standing and ability made a strange contrast with his personal self-effacement. His passion for anonymity was an obsession. For twenty years he was the most influential individual in St. Louis, but to the city's public his name was unknown. It never appeared in "Who's Who." The exploits of many men who performed them under Bovard's guidance are recorded in that volume, but not his. Other editors made the after-dinner speeches and served on the reception committees; "O. K. B." was content to run the paper. He shunned society and never joined a club. Yet in the narrow circle where he chose to move outside the office he was prized as a rare and delightful companion. He deliberately cloistered his private life to avoid associations which might embarrass him in his single-minded determination to get and print all the news. In that implacable resolve, God knows, he never wavered.

The feelings entertained toward him by his subordinates and office associates usually were in direct ratio to their own competence. Careless reporters, slovenly writers, and oafish sub-editors lived in terror of his questions. To those who met his tests he gave encouragement, inspiration, and unflagging personal solicitude. They gave him in return an idolatry so blind and heedless that it failed to distinguish between his objectives and those of the paper's owners—an omission which some of them have lived to regret. Yet I doubt there is one who is not thankful for the privilege of having learned his trade under Bovard. He was the best friend of every good man who ever worked for him.

In this space I cannot hope to describe his singular abilities or indicate the range of his sinewy, searching mind. Through one rule which he laid down for reporters he may be glimpsed. This was the rule: "Never be satisfied with the surface of the news." If he considered the pupil worth while he would explain: "There is a formal and superficial aspect of every story. It may be a police report, a lawyer's brief, an application for a trolley franchise, or a President's message to Congress. As such it may have a proper place in your story. But to print that alone may result in misleading the reader partially or completely. A vital part of your function is to supply the additional facts which gives the reader the true picture. Between the reporter and the reader a direct and independent relationship exists. Your responsibility to the reader cannot be shifted. If through his reliance on you the reader is misinformed or inadequately informed, you have failed in your professional duty."

What journalistic crimes would be prevented by the observance of that rule! When unoffending men and women are murdered in cold blood by professional thugs imported by corporations to break strikes, the public would not be told that they died in "labor riots." When a functionary of the State Department tries to turn the heat on Mexico in behalf of his friends, the oil companies, the public would not be blandly informed that "friendly relations between the two countries are being endangered by complications arising from . . ." There would be fewer papers like the Chicago *Tribune* and the Los Angeles *Times,* and journalism would bear a less humiliating resemblance to a certain profession.

Bovard's insistence upon the *real story* as against the

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surface of the news is responsible for the popular myth that the *Post-Dispatch* is a "crusading" newspaper which produces "crusading" reporters. Actually it is nothing of the kind. Except for the lamentably brief period when the late Clark McAdams conducted its editorial page, it would not even qualify as a liberal newspaper. In recent years it has shifted so far to the right that the masthead bearing its founder's "platform" is virtually suspended in space. The only consistent strain of liberalism on its editorial page will be found in Fitzpatrick's incomparable cartoons, and he has been in disfavor more than once because of them. What made the *Post-Dispatch* famous was the extraordinary diligence, daring, and fine disregard of convention with which it went after the news, got it, and printed it. That was the hand of Bovard. The press associations, with their constant search for the lowest common denominator of editorial tastes, were his despair and detestation. Given the men and money he would have covered every important and accessible story in the world with a staff correspondent. Experience had taught him that in no other way could he be sure of having *the real story*. The frequency with which he had it is the basis of the paper's reputation.

When he had finished his work at the *Times*, Van Anda retired, covered with the blessings of a grateful publisher. Bovard, a younger man, quits the *Post-Dispatch* at the very pinnacle of his surpassing powers "because of irreconcilable differences of opinion with Mr. Pulitzer over the conduct of the paper." Having some knowledge of the opinions of the second Joseph Pulitzer I can readily understand why they would conflict with those of the greatest managing editor in the business. Many will marvel that he would venture so far to assert them, but there was a family precedent for it. His brothers, Ralph and Herbert Pulitzer, eventually asserted themselves in the management of the New York *World* and *Evening World*, with consequences which have not been forgotten. What a misfortune that the transmission of acquired properties has no rigid parallel in the transmission of acquired characteristics!

Will Japan Hold Out?

BY JOHN GUNTHER

On the surface it seems that the Chinese struggle is reaching some sort of climax in the present battles in the Yangtze Valley. If the Japanese take Hankow, as they probably will, despite the heroic quality of Chinese resistance, they will hope that the Chinese will surrender. But the Chinese won't, any more than they surrendered after the loss of Nanking in December. On the other hand, I think it highly unlikely that the Japanese will blow up, fade away, or otherwise make a Chinese victory possible in the near future. More and more it looks like a stalemate, a deadlock, with both armies pinioned together in indecisive conflict. If this stalemate should persist, the eventual result will almost certainly depend on two things—morale and supplies. Therefore it is useful to summarize the position of both China and Japan with regard to these factors.

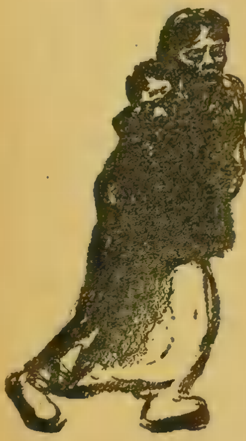
I must admit that I have been a little shocked, on returning to America after visiting Hankow and Tokyo, the two war capitals, at the amount of wishful thinking here. Almost everywhere people hope that China will win—so do I—and because they hope so they proceed to *assume* that China will win. China may very well win if the war lasts long enough and if a given set of circumstances occurs, but it is sheer blindness, ostrichism of the most dangerous sort, to think in terms of a complete Chinese victory soon. I don't like wishful thinking. And I think it is bad tactics and bad strategy to underestimate your enemy. Even if it sounds like defeatism, it may be worth while to outline some of the Chinese difficulties.

People say that 60 million people cannot conquer 400 million people. That is dubious. Sixty million people can easily conquer 400 million people, provided that the 60 million have arms and supplies, and the 400 million haven't. People say that the Japanese are hopelessly bogged down in China. They are certainly facing greater difficulties than they anticipated, and they are certainly months behind their schedule, but I don't think that they are really bogged down. And people say that there will be a severe economic crisis in Japan, with possible consequent social revolution, if the war lasts much longer. This is possible, but I do not think it is likely for a year or two. The catch is, how much longer is "much"?

A few months ago in Hankow the man who is as much entitled to an opinion as anyone in China told me that the result of the war depended on supplies. At present the Chinese have four possible routes of supply:

1. The railway from Hongkong (Kowloon, to be precise) and Canton up to Hankow. This is the main route. I believe that at least 80 per cent of Chinese munitions come by this route. Of this 80 per cent, incidentally, a very considerable proportion comes from Germany. This is a totalitarian paradox of a most peculiar species. Other providers are, in the main, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, and, to a limited extent, the United States. If you

ask why the Germans, the allies of the Japanese in the anti-Comintern (which means anti-Russian) pact, should sell to Japan's enemy, the answer apparently is that the Germans, even for the sake of politics, cannot afford to give up their thriving Chinese export trade. This enormously important Canton-Hankow route will, of course, be severely diminished in value if the Japanese take Hankow. Doubtless the Chinese, at least for a time, will keep the line as far as Changsha, but loss of Hankow will in effect mean that China is deprived of its last important railroad as a carrier of supplies. The Japanese have bombed it unmercifully. But the Chinese manage to keep it open.



2. The French-owned and operated railway from the coast of Indo-China up to Yunnanfu, to which town in remote southwestern China the Chinese government may move. This route is a valuable one, though the French have tried to check munitions shipments. Unfortunately Yunnanfu is not connected by railway with any other Chinese center, so that supplies, once they reach that city, would have to be transferred to the front by road. And Chinese roads are not good.

3. A new road, built at the cost of incredible labor, from the Burmese frontier to Yunnanfu. This road is not yet officially open to heavy traffic, but it will be operating soon. Obviously it suffers from the disadvantages of any overland route in an underdeveloped country, but it may turn out to be of great importance.

4. The arduously long and difficult land route from the Soviet Union through northern Sinkiang or Outer Mongolia to the nearest convenient Chinese entrepôt, say Lanchow or Sian. This route is being used, and some Russian trucks have got in. But it is expensive and very difficult. For instance, the trucks have to carry all their own gas, oil, and water for at least an eight-day trip, which does not leave much room for pay load.

China has a currency problem too. Not many countries are giving China credit, even though they may know that wars are, of course, traditionally paid for by the next generation. The Chinese dollar has fallen about 40 per cent in the last year, though it is at the moment remaining remarkably steady. Chinese export trade has suffered deeply, and the richest tax-paying provinces of China are the battlefield. Also Japan holds the great treaty ports except Canton, which means that it is seizing all but a fraction of the Chinese maritime customs that formerly provided almost 50 per cent of Chinese revenue. Perhaps "seizing" is technically an incorrect word; the customs money goes, I believe, into blocked accounts in the Yokohama Specie Bank. However, the Japanese have the use of it, and China isn't getting any.

The great Chinese weakness is artillery. Chinese munitions plants can manufacture small arms and machine-guns, but not precision instruments of quality and not much artillery. Nor have the Chinese anywhere near enough aircraft. The Russians have sent in a few pilots and planes, but not many. An air raid in China is apt to be a pitiable experience. The Japanese no longer bomb with impunity, as they once did, and almost always they lose planes in dog fights, but the Chinese anti-aircraft equipment is insufficient and relatively ineffective, with the result that the enemy usually inflicts severe material damage.

Japan, on the other hand, has pretty much all the supplies it needs. We in the United States bear partial responsibility for this. It goes without saying that Japan feels some drain. Petrol is carefully rationed, and building construction has been stopped in order to conserve supplies. In a recent issue of the *Japan Advertiser* new measures are reported to limit the use of materials like cotton and leather. Japanese exports, on which the island lives, are down about 20 per cent according to figures in the latest issue of the *China Weekly Review*. The value of exports from January to May 10 of last year was 1,100,000,000 yen (the yen is currently quoted at approximately 28 cents); in the corresponding period of this year the figure is 906,000,000 yen. The Japanese national debt has increased from roughly 12,000,000,000 yen to about 17,000,000,000 yen in a single year (in 1930, before the Manchoukuoan incident, it was only about 6,000,000,000). The banks, the insurance companies, the great financial establishments, are flooded with red-ink bonds.

Yet it would be risky to say that Japan is going broke. Totalitarian states—Japan has been a totalitarian state since about the sixteenth century—can perform incredible juggleries with money, especially in time of war. The thing to watch is the export trade, because the best-informed people in Japan think that the country's supply of crucial raw materials—steel, petroleum, etc.—can last only about eighteen months more. There is no currency crisis or inflation as yet, though currency control is very strict, and some gold has been sold. The gold cover is high, at almost 40 per cent. Prices, however, are generally rising.

As to morale, it is almost always easy to have good morale when you have good machine-guns. The Japanese, a tough and determined people, facing what they freely concede to be a titanic job, are not showing much sign of weakening, at least on the surface. I don't know what is going on, if anything, underneath the surface. I doubt if anyone does. The war is not popular. There is no doubt of that, even though war-time economy has given a fillip to both patriotism and business. But revolution will never be easy in Japan, unless the army itself makes it, or unless there should be a sudden, spectacular, and complete defeat.

Chinese morale is magnificent. There is no other word. The war *is* popular with them. The Chinese may lack money and supplies, they may lack even primitively efficient munitions, but they have put up a fight against the enormously better-equipped Japanese that staggers the imagination. The Japanese thought it would be all over in three months. But it may—it *may*—last three more years. All over China, from the most competent and experienced observers, I heard the same story: that the Japanese, fighting to keep China from becoming united and strong, have, up to the present at least, produced just what they sought to prevent—a strong, united China. Japanese bombs have brought the menace of Japan to villages which had scarcely ever heard of Japan. Refugees have carried their tale of woe and renascent nationalism to the remotest parts of the interior. Boys are drilling with broomsticks for service in a national army in provinces where the very idea of a national army would have been scoffed at two years ago. A new China has been born. If only it survives!

There are two dangers to China in the way of morale. One is the possibility that the Japanese may conceivably succeed in buying some of the provincial leaders. The second, only a very remote possibility at present, is a split between the Red Army and the Kuomintang. But the Japanese themselves have served to minimize these possibilities, because they have so aroused the country that everyone hates them more than he hates rival Chinese. Japanese cement has unified China.

If you ask me what I think the next stage of the war will be—how, in other words, the deadlock will shape up—I hesitantly offer the following idea: I think that, following an undeclared war, there may eventually be an undeclared peace.

Drawings by John Groth

The Japanese will probably intrench themselves behind the Lunghai railway and the Tientsin-Pukow railway. In that way they would have rail maneuverability and, if they built concrete and steel fortifications, they would probably be impregnable to frontal attack, since the Chinese are so weak in artillery. The Chinese are wonderfully stubborn in retreat; they shrewdly base their tactics on making any Japanese advance extremely expensive. But they have, as yet, only small attacking power. Therefore if the Japanese dig in they may have a fair chance of holding this vast region. They are already beginning to exploit it, that is, make the Chinese population itself pay for the rest of the war.

I don't think that the Japanese have any zest to proceed beyond Hankow, and I don't think they would attempt to pursue Chiang Kai-shek to Chungking or Yunnanfu. Nor would it be necessary to negotiate with him. They could adopt their favorite tactics of ignoring his regime, pretending that it isn't there; in fact, as things are at present, negotiations are impossible technically, since the Japanese do not recognize that he exists. This sounds odd, but the decision to withdraw recognition was taken with the Emperor's sanction, and it will not be too easy to revive Chiang if such a move indicates that the Emperor, by inference, was wrong. The Japanese can dismiss Chiang as a bandit, dare him to attack them, retire behind a steel wall, and wait. Undeclared peace.

The obstacle to this Japanese plan of a long deadlock, a fraying out of hostilities, and an eventual undeclared peace is the Red or Eighth Route Army. I am inclined to believe that the key to the outcome is this army (which isn't, strictly speaking, as much a "Communist" army as most people believe) and its subsidiary armies, more than any other factor. I think that the Red Army, if it continues to receive supplies—it must have some supplies, even though its prowess is formidable in living off the country and off the Japanese—is more vital to the Chinese cause than any economic drain in Tokyo. If the guerrillas trained by the Eighth Route Army can continue to harass Japanese communications, raid Japanese-occupied territory, and in general make havoc behind the Japanese lines, it may take years for the Japanese to consolidate their gains. The present campaigns seem to show that the Chinese cannot beat the Japanese front-to-front. You cannot fight an artillery barrage with a whistle. But you can fight it by tackling it from behind, which is what the guerrillas are trying to do. I have seen nicely shaded maps showing the territory the Japanese have "occupied." Half of this is in reality guerrilla territory, though it is far behind the lines. On the other hand, in order to keep up their sensationally stimulating struggle, the guerrillas need close liaison with the rest of China, which the fall of Hankow and a further Japanese advance might imperil.

Of course the border squabble this week in the no man's land between Manchoukuo and Siberia may develop into something very dangerous for Japan, and thus helpful to China. One school of thought in the East says that Japan, rather than suffer the alleged ignominy of being forced to a stalemate by China, will prefer to tackle the U. S. S. R. and anybody else in sight and take the chance of perishing in a volcano of so-called glory. But a more rational view is that Japan, with one hand full of Chinese dragons, can hardly be eager to mix it with a Russian bear with the other. Thus—at the moment of writing—the apparent Japanese willingness to give way to Russian demands, provided face is saved. What the Japanese seem to want is a formula whereby they can wriggle out of the scrape with "honor." If Russia carries on the present frontier incidents with a full-fledged invasion of Manchoukuo or Korea, then obviously the Japanese will have to divert troops from China to the north and the Chinese position will be infinitely improved.

If I have seemed unduly pessimistic in some passages of this article, let me end on another note. One of the best military men in China told me that this war, if it has accomplished nothing else, has at least indicated that the Japanese are not quite so invulnerable as many experts thought. "Any first-class European army, with proper equipment, even the Italian army," he said, "could drive the Japanese into the sea in six months."

Murder in a Texas Prison Camp

BY MATT SLAY

CEDEL LAMBERT, a native of Waco, Texas, was taken off a Southern Pacific freight train one day last spring in the suburbs of Waxahachie, sixty-nine miles north of Waco. Along with three other Negroes he was arrested at the request of members of the crew who had telephoned ahead to the sheriff that the train was "loaded with bad Niggers." They were not ordered to leave the train but were greeted by a fusillade from the revolvers of several wildly shooting officers. One Negro was shot, but not fatally. A bullet from Sheriff Joe Roy's pistol accidentally entered a home near the scene of the shooting.

The wounded Negro was subsequently released when his parents came and paid a fine of $28, and two of the others similarly won their freedom when money for their fines was wired to the sheriff's office by friends or relatives. Lambert, unable to pay a fine, was taken to the Ellis County Farm, three miles east of Waxahachie.

On Saturday, April 30, Lambert, with a detachment of other County Farm prisoners, white and colored, was taken to a rock pit near the town of Italy, where, along with the others, he was ordered to break rock in a six-foot pit. At eleven o'clock in the forenoon Lambert slacked off work. Hobb McCullough, forty-year-old guard, with more than two years of service at the County Farm, ordered him to "Get to work, Nigger."

"Boss, I'm too sick; I can't work," the Negro protested.

Whereupon McCullough, as he afterward admitted at his trial, entered the pit, slapped Lambert "three or four times," and said, "Get to work, Nigger, or I'll whip you."

Lambert, according to witnesses, tried to work, and McCullough did not further molest him until about two o'clock that afternoon. During the lunch period, from twelve to twelve-thirty, witnesses unanimously stated, Lambert left his food untouched. At two o'clock he quit work and stood idle in the rock pit. When McCullough again ordered him to get to work, the Negro once more complained that he was too sick. McCullough then ordered him to come out of the pit and to lie face down on the ground. The guard then placed one foot upon the Negro's shoulder, and with a heavy gun-belt which he had borrowed from a fellow guard he inflicted between "thirty and forty" lashes upon Lambert's back, rump, and legs. After this whipping, Lambert was again ordered to go to work.

The Negro, in the words of witnesses, "tried to work again," and did so until he "fell out." McCullough then ordered two other Negro prisoners, George Jones and Bozo Bonner, to bring him out of the pit and at the same time ordered Edward Culton, another Negro prisoner, to cut and bring him a stick. Jones and Bonner held Lambert at McCullough's command. Witnesses testified that McCullough beat Lambert all over his body until the stick was "worn to a nub"; then the guard, according to further sworn testimony, hit Lambert on the head with the "nub" of the stick, and once more ordered him to get to work.

Upon the dazed Negro's continued failure to resume work, McCullough again ordered Jones and Bonner to bring him out of the pit and hold him as before. This time McCullough is said to have ordered a larger and heavier stick, and while the prisoners held Lambert, McCullough beat him until he himself "give out."

Witnesses testified that McCullough whipped and beat Lambert "five or six different times," and that all the Negro ever did was feebly to "reach his hand back where he was whipping him at," and that once or twice he said, "O Lord, have mercy." Nevertheless, McCullough climaxed his brutal performance by drawing his pistol on Lambert, with the words: "Get down on your knees and start praying, I am going to kill you; run, you black bastard, I will empty these bullets out of this gun."

Lambert is reported to have pleaded, "Please don't kill me, Captain; please don't kill me." When McCullough continued to menace him, Lambert feebly threw a rock at the gun in McCullough's hand, and then darted behind a Negro prisoner, crying out in terror: "Don't let him kill me!" Commanding the sheltering Negro to get out of the way, McCullough ordered Jones and Bonner to hold Lambert again, and beat the Negro until, according to witnesses, Lambert "had a call of nature" in his clothes.

McCullough then ordered the Negro to get back to the pit and "go to work, you damn nigger," and while the Negro was "on his all-fours" trying to get to his feet, the guard gave him "two or three" blows on the back of the head with "brass knucks," knocking him back into the pit, where he lay until the trucks came to take the prisoners back to the County Farm at the close of the day's work, some fifty minutes later.

McCullough himself testified that he "walked over in the pit and picked up a clod and throwed it at him and hit him on his body, but that didn't do no good, so I throwed at him about five or six times: three clods, two rocks, and one stick about ten or twelve inches long."

When the trucks arrived to haul the prisoners back to the County Farm, Lambert was lifted up and placed in a truck that had board seats in it, but he kept slumping down as though unable to sit up, so the guards ordered him placed on the floor of the gravel dump-truck. Four prisoners lifted him out at the County Farm, and laid him on the grass, where he lay "kicking," and his eyes were "walled back in his head." McCullough attempted to make him get up, remarking that Lambert was just "sulking." Unable to arouse the Negro, McCullough ordered him taken into the washhouse. Hot water was first poured on him, then cold. Failing to arouse the Negro by this method, McCullough placed a lighted match under his arm, but, according to Bonner, "the hairs under there being so wet, the match went out"; then McCullough placed another lighted match under Lambert's nose. When he still failed to show signs of activity, other than "kicking like a dying chicken," as one witness graphically testified, McCullough went into the guard house and returned with a familiar County Farm object, the dreaded "bat." The "bat" is a piece of leather about three feet long and about two and one-half inches wide, attached to a wooden handle. McCullough admitted at his subsequent trial that he struck Lambert's naked body "two or three times" with this weapon.

Lambert was then dressed in clean clothes, taken out of the washhouse, and again placed upon the grass. There County Farm Superintendent J. M. Maggart, who happened along, saw the apparently lifeless form and drove at once to Waxahachie in search of a doctor. In his absence supper was announced and Lambert was carried into the combination kitchen and eating-room, where he lay on the floor. He neither talked nor moved, except for the groans and the spasmodic jerking already mentioned.

When Captain Ben B. Black, burly sixty-one-year-old guard, came downstairs after locking the prisoners in the cell block he proceeded to "work on" Lambert, demanding that he "get up and go on to bed." When the Negro did not move, Black began beating his feet, legs, and body with a broom handle. Still unsuccessful, he yelled at one of the Negro cooks to bring him a bucket of water, and, according to the cook, poured water into the Negro's mouth, all the time cursing him and saying he hoped it would drown him.

After ordering a few Negro prisoners to come down and carry Lambert upstairs, Black gave his victim "ten or twelve kicks" on the side of the head with a heavy, thick-soled work brogan, with sufficient force, as one of the white witnesses testified, to "make it pop."

The Negroes placed Lambert on his bunk at about seven o'clock. At half-past seven Dr. W. F. West, county health officer, sent by Maggart, arrived to examine the Negro. Dr. West testified that because he had no light except a flash by which to examine the Negro he "could not properly diagnose the case," but he did find that Lambert's pulse was weak and his respiration slow. Soon after he left, Dr. W. B. Jackson, also of Waxahachie, came to "see about" the Negro. He reported that the man was dying. After the doctors left, according to one of the Negro prisoners, Lambert "suffered on for about an hour—and then he died."

Early Sunday morning the guards with several of the convicts went out and started digging the grave to bury Lambert. Maggart asked permission of County Judge C. C. Randle to bury the Negro, but Randle refused permission until after he had investigated the cause of death, because "there seemed to be quite a hurry for burial."

On Monday a post-mortem was performed on the body of the Negro by three physicians. They found that Lambert was "beaten all over his body—front, back, feet, legs, and head." The skull bore external evidence of three severe bruises, one in the front, one in the back, and one on the right side in the temporal region above the right ear. When the skull was removed, the doctors found that the brain was bloodshot, swollen, bruised, and congested, and on the right side a piece of the brain had been torn loose. They agreed that any one of three blows, separately, *could* and *would* have killed Lambert; and that all together they *did* kill Lambert, and that the whippings and beatings, by shock, had materially contributed to his death. Dr. Jackson specifically testified that either one of the several skull-crushing blows on the Negro's head inflicted that Saturday would have paralyzed him and robbed him of speech and the power of locomotion.

On May 20 a jury selected from a special venire of two hundred men found McCullough "guilty of murder with malice aforethought"—and assessed his punishment at fifteen years in the state penitentiary. A little more than a month later another jury found Black "guilty of murder without malice aforethought," and gave him five years.

Pending appeal to a higher court McCullough is out on bond of $5,000. Black's attorneys made a formal application for new trial, but the motion has not yet been ruled upon. He also is out on $5,000 bond.

The unprovoked torture and murder of Cedel Lambert, a penniless transient, shocked responsible Texas citizens. The great majority of the community's population condemn not only the gruesome act, but also the penal system that perpetuates such barbaric methods of prison treatment. With both perpetrators of the murder of Lambert at liberty, it remains to be seen whether the temporary indignation will serve to bring about a change.

Can a Jew Be a Fascist?

BY LUDWIG LORE

NOT long ago an exhibit of Spanish Loyalist posters by a Jewish organization gave rise to a heated discussion as to the propriety of Jews "taking sides." There was a strong feeling that while as a racial group they must fight Hitlerism in self-defense, fascism in other countries should be judged on its own merits, without racial or religious prejudice.

The vigor with which Jewish organizations in this and other countries fight German Nazism has made fascism and anti-Semitism almost synonymous concepts in the public mind. The Jews themselves have almost forgotten that as a racial unit they were for a long time indifferent to, even tolerant of, the horrors with which Mussolini brought fascism into the world back in 1922. Up to the coming of Hitler opinion on fascism was clearly divided along class lines. Labor was violently anti-fascist, while capitalist and middle-class elements either lauded the Duce's "new order" or ignored it as a specifically Italian manifestation. That was true of Jew and Gentile alike.

In line with this attitude certain Jewish financiers and industrialists in Germany contributed to Hitler's campaigns in the early thirties with the idea of checking the growth of Communist and Socialist strength. A small group of German Jewish Nationalists supporting Hitler even condoned his fight against the "Eastern Jews" at a time when thousands of Jews were fleeing across Germany's borders from the Nazi scourge. Austrian Jews, in so far as they did not belong to the labor movement, looked to Mussolini to save them from Nazi anti-Semitism, and many Italian Jews for years gave undivided devotion to the fascist regime.

That period is definitely past. Recent events leave the Jew no choice, now that Italy, the last of the fascist and semi-fascist countries to hold out against official anti-Semitism, has accepted a "race credo" placing the Italian Jew beyond the pale.

Fascist anti-Semitism will differ from country to country. It will be fundamental to fascist practice in all those countries whose fascist movements derive from the National Socialism of Hitler—in Czechoslovakia, the Netherlands, Rumania, where the Iron Guard is ferociously anti-Semitic, the Scandinavian, the Baltic, and most of the Balkan countries. In France, Austria, Portugal, Hungary, and Spain, in all of which the fascist movements are spiritual children of Mussolini, anti-Semitism will be incidental and subject to political and economic influences. In the Austria of Dollfuss and Schuschnigg, for instance, restrictions were imposed on Jews as a matter of economic policy, that is, Jews were removed from public and private office and driven out of professional life because there were Aryans who needed jobs. In near-authoritarian Hungary Bela Imredy reduced the employment of Jews to a minimum without imposing political or social restrictions. In France the program adopted by the Parti Populaire Français of the ex-Communist Jacques Doriot on May 6 of this year calls for a special code of citizenship for French Jews, who "as aliens in our nation have shown a persistent unwillingness to assimilate," while Colonel de la Rocque's Parti Social calls for the "elimination of Jewish competition in business" but without prejudice to political equality. In fascist Portugal, with barely 10,000 Jews, anti-Semitism has been purely economic, though of late a strong movement against Jewish immigration has produced a marked tendency toward political discrimination against the Portuguese Jew as well. In Spain Franco, who not so long ago sharply disclaimed racial aims, has become increasingly receptive to anti-Semitic influences.

In the early years of his movement Mussolini denied that fascism was based on a definite theoretical concept. Unlike socialism and communism, in which hypothesis preceded action, Italian fascism was a spontaneous reaction to momentary conditions. It was not until after he had seized power that Mussolini pretended he was following a definite political theory. In his contribution to the "Encyclopaedia Italiana," which appeared in 1932, the Duce describes this inverted development of the fascist idea as follows: "When the Fascist Revolutionary Party was created, I had no specific doctrinal attitude in mind. Not until later did I endeavor to invent a theory in order to justify its existence. Fascism developed as a movement of practice, in the conditions of threatening proletarian revolution. . . ."

Having no basic philosophy, fascism appeared in different guises in the various states where it gained control. But certain characteristics are common and fundamental to fascism in every country: the principle of dictatorship and consequently the negation of democracy; the suppression of trade unionism; extreme militarism; supernationalism; and strong imperialistic tendencies.

Much as these attributes may outrage our democratic sensibilities, there is no reason why Jews especially should resent and fight them—and in general they have not. The Jews of Italy followed the birth and development of the fascist movement with outspoken sympathy. Italy's 40,000 Semitic citizens belonged almost exclusively to the upper and middle classes. They were intellectuals, merchants, and executives in large Italian business houses. There were numerous Jews in public service—among them Fulvio Suvich, now ambassador to the United States—and there are still several Jewish generals in the Italian army. Jews in other countries often bemoaned the fact that Italian Semites made no contribution to a specific Jewish culture, that they were totally lacking in the sense of "Jewish responsibility." There seemed, therefore, not the slightest reason for apprehension of possible anti-Semitic developments in Italy, where there had been no anti-Semitism worthy of the name for more than half a century.

Nevertheless, there were attacks on Jewish citizens during the days of the fascist "revolution"—not serious, but sufficient to move Mussolini to the declaration that such manifestations were to cease. In 1923 he again warned his followers that he "would not tolerate insane race persecution and ludicrous race 'principles' as long as he was head of the country," and he had occasion to repeat this warning in 1925 and 1926. When the party excluded Jews from the governing majority in the Chamber of Deputies, he appointed two Jews to his Council of Advisers, the "Solons" of fascist Italy, and he opened the doors of the Italian universities to foreign Jews who were refused a higher education in their own fatherlands. In 1932 Mussolini, referring to an article in which the Italo-Jewish *Israel* complained that twenty-seven out of every hundred Jewish girls had married Catholic men in the preceding four years, remarked: "These figures are proof that Italy has no anti-Semitic movement. Every Italian will welcome this increasing frequency of mixed marriages as a favorable indication of the absolute, legal, juridical, political, and moral equality of the Italian people."

But even dictators are sometimes victims of their own movements. Il Duce closed his eyes when his Minister of Public Education imposed restrictions on Jewish students; when influential Jews objected, he told them to "make their own schools." He remained passive while the Jews were crowded out of one position after another in the public service. New difficulties arose in the spring of 1929, when Mussolini finally made his peace with the Holy See in the Lateran Accord. Italy once more became a "Catholic nation" with "education to be thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Catholicism." This practically eliminated Jews from the teaching profession, though as taxpayers they had to contribute to the maintenance of the Catholic church.

But it was not until Hitler's coming to power in Germany that anti-Semitic elements in Italy really became menacing. In 1932 and 1933 there were mob attacks on Jews in a number of Italian towns, but neither the Fascist Party nor the Duce paid any attention to them. By 1936 the movement was under way in real earnest. On September 13 of that year the International News Service cabled from Rome:

> The Italian press suddenly launched an anti-Jewish campaign on Saturday. In the first openly anti-Semitic declaration to appear in the official Italian press in years, the newspaper *Regime Fascista,* edited by former Secretary General of the Fascist Party and at present member of the Fascist Grand Council Roberto Farinacci, called upon all Italian Jews to "prove their loyalty to the Fascist Party by openly supporting our friends in the Nazi Party of Germany. We must confess that the Jews of Italy, who are a minority, have intrigued in a thousand ways to gain posts in the world of Italian finance, economics, and schools. . . . Why have they not uttered a single word which might persuade Italians they are fulfilling their duties as citizens for love, not for profit or fear? Why do they not demonstrate in some tangible way that they desire to break away from all the rest of the Jews in the world whose ideal is the triumph of the Jewish International? Why do they attack our friend Adolf Hitler and his great organization? There is a growing impression that Europe will be in the fever of a war of religion. Are they not aware of this? We are certain many will cry: 'We are fascist Jews.' This is insufficient until they have given mathematical proof they are first fascists and then Jews."

During the Anglo-Italian negotiations there was a marked increase in Italian anti-Jewish propaganda. *Il Popolo d'Italia,* Mussolini's mouthpiece and property, printed vicious attacks on "the Jew" Léon Blum and other Jewish statesmen. On March 30, 1937, *Il Tevere* of Rome attacked the Jews as being "in conflict with Italy's destiny" and accused them of showing an attitude of revolt in the intellectual world and of usurping the arts and professions. On April 10 a special dispatch to the New York *Times* reported:

> The newspaper *Tevere,* which has always occupied a prominent place in the anti-Jewish campaigns, gives a whole page to what purports to be the completest existing list of Italian Jewish surnames. . . . This move does not stand as an isolated instance of animosity against Jews, but must be judged in relation to other attacks for which the Italian press has been responsible. . . . It is noticeable that even newspapers that have not actively attacked Jews recently have adopted the practice of using such headlines for news dispatches as the "Jew Stalin" or the "Jew Trotsky" does this or the other thing. . . . It cannot be denied that Jewish communities in Italy are beginning to be seriously worried. . . .

On May 25 *Il Popolo d'Italia* published an article by Oreste Gregorian which called upon the Jews of Italy to declare their enmity toward international Hebrewism and to give their manifestations a simple and religious character, or to renounce their Italian citizenship. On June 2 *La Stampa* of Turin demanded the dissolution or radical transformation of Jewish settlements within the Italian Empire as being too sympathetic to England. On November 3, 1937, the Jewish Telegraphic Agency reported:

> A new and popular-priced edition of the "Protocols of the Elders of Zion," discredited record of a purported Jewish plot for world domination, was published here today. In a foreword the claim is asserted that the "Protocols" are genuine and prove the Jews planned to dominate the world.

On February 9, 1938, the United Press reported from Rome:

> Italy's anti-Semitic movement, which has been making rapid progress since the conclusion of the Italo-German alliance, will assume an even more official character tomorrow with the appearance of the first issue of a weekly *Giornalissimo,* dedicated to an anti-Jewish policy.

And on the same day a staff correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor* cabled:

> Signs that fascism seriously contemplates following in the footsteps of German National Socialism in a purge of Jewish elements in Italy are seen in certain measures recently directed against Jews by Fascist authorities. Italian publishers have been strictly forbidden to publish in book form the translations of any work written by foreign Jews. No books by Italian-Jewish authors may be published in Italy without special permission from the authorities. Moreover, no Jew, whether Italian or foreign, will be allowed to radiocast from Italian radio stations. No plays by foreign or Italian Jews will be given in Italian theaters. . . . These measures have not been made public, but have been in force for some time. Other measures of even sterner character are believed to be in preparation.

On March 7, 1938, the International News Service released a cable from Rome which said that an "alliance of the Nazi and Fascist parties—not the German and Italian states—is expected to be proclaimed. The working agreement will represent the spiritual and political activity announced to the world by der Führer and Il Duce. The difference of opinion on the attitude toward anti-Semitism will, the leaders believe, be overcome easily. . . ."

Italian Jewry tried to combat this wave of hostility by demonstrating its loyalty to the fascist government in every possible way. Jewish leaders urged their co-religionists to abstain from all semblance of political activity. They pointed to the fact that large numbers of Jews had volunteered in the Ethiopian war, that the Union of Jewish Committees had appealed to all Jews to offer their gold and silver for the country's war needs. The Chief Rabbi of Rome delivered the golden key of the Ark of the Covenant and a large silver candlestick from the Roman synagogue to the secretary of the Fascist Party as an expression of Jewish loyalty. The Union of Jewish Committees sent a delegation to Ethiopia to investigate conditions and organize Jewish communities. They called the attention of the government to the fact that thousands of Italy's Jewish subjects in its Mediterranean colonial dominions are solid props of its colonial power and an important factor in the program of imperial defense. On June 14, 1937, a conference called at Florence to discuss measures to be taken against the anti-Jewish campaign pledged allegiance to fascism, renounced Zionism as a political faith, and condemned the "transformation of Palestine into a British stronghold."

The question of Zionism has become an important factor in Italy's attitude toward its Jewish citizens. Fascist leaders look askance at Zionist activities. They resent them as enhancing British prestige and insist that Zionism must bring those who advocate it into conflict with Italy's interests on the African continent. It is a moot question, indeed, whether the necessity of bolstering up the Rome-Berlin axis could have influenced Mussolini's attitude toward the Jew as much as it unquestionably did if these Anglo-Italian antagonisms had not paved the way.

It has been said that Italian anti-Semitism is a gesture of defiance in the direction of the anti-fascist democracies. There may be something in this contention. Far more important is the fact that Hitler's inhuman persecution of the Jews of Germany and Austria has brought with it an awakening of Jewish nationalism in all parts of the world. Italy's Jews are finding it difficult to conceal their condemnation of German racialism and their accord with anti-Nazi opinion, and they were anything but enthusiastic when it became apparent that Mussolini was veering toward an Italo-German alliance. From this secret rebellion against Mussolini's foreign policy to rebellion against all fascist oppression was a natural step. Italian intellectuals have been growing increasingly critical. The Italian press complains that they are leaving Italy in large numbers and are attacking their native land in foreign publications.

Can the Jews in fascist states be relied upon to stand by fascism in the coming struggle against world democracy? Fascism and super-nationalism are inseparable concepts. Fascist policies are aggressive, imperialist politics, and there is always the danger that they will lead to war. A dictatorship at war, however, demands a high degree of national homogeneity and instinctively resents the alien. It is inevitable that he will be expelled from the composite body of the nation's citizenship when the force of nationalist madness begins to do its work.

Recent happenings in Italy bear out this contention. Economic conditions have reached a serious crisis, and Italy's part in the Spanish war has brought much latent dissatisfaction to the surface. In the last two years thirty-two intellectuals have been sentenced for plotting against the state, of whom seven were Jews. Pope Pius points to the danger that is inherent in all fascist relationships in his sharp attacks on the "exaggerated nationalism" involved in the new Italian "racism." Fascism must destroy the church, the labor movement, and the Jew because each represents a force outside its control. Sooner or later every fascist dictator must face the fact that international loyalties, in whatever guise they may present themselves, are incompatible with the existence of the authoritarian state.

Italian anti-Semitism will differ somewhat from the anti-Semitism of the Germans. It will not be as thorough. The wealthy Jew will probably escape many of the restrictions that will be imposed on other members of his race. For the intellectual, the professional, and the small business man, on the other hand, Italian fascism holds out no hope. They will be crushed under the wheels of the great authoritarian regime.

On the Jews in democratic states Italy's treachery imposes a solemn obligation. They must abandon all pretense of neutrality. They must recognize that there can be no truce with fascist nationalism and must accept the consequences of this recognition. There is no place for the Jew in a fascist world.

A Cigarette by Any Name—

BY HELEN WOODWARD

THE most desperate copywriters in the advertising business are those who have to write about cigarettes. What can they say? Tests have shown that hardly anyone can distinguish one brand of cigarette from another.

A few years ago there was a lively campaign advertising Old Gold cigarettes. It was hugely successful for a while, because it gave the public a chance to play a game. The customer did not merely read about the cigarette. He played a part. The theme was that, blindfolded, you could distinguish an Old Gold from other cigarettes. Everywhere people tied handkerchiefs over their eyes while they took puffs of Chesterfields, Old Golds, Luckies, and Camels. But there was a queer kickback. Most smokers were surprised to find that they couldn't recognize their own favorite brand and couldn't tell it from any of the others. John B. Watson, the psychologist, then with the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency, made tests and said that it was impossible for people to distinguish one cigarette from another. *Fortune* says you can't win a cigarette market on taste alone—that no brand ever has. The chief reason why even tobacco experts have the greatest difficulty in recognizing the popular brands is that it isn't the tobacco that is static in popular cigarettes but the flavoring, which in most cases is so strong that it kills the taste of the tobacco used.

But though the campaign had this kickback, it enormously increased the number of users of Old Gold cigarettes. Anyway, the public forgets fast, and once again nearly everybody thinks he can smoke only one brand of cigarette. A few brands are union-made, but many people of ardent union sympathies don't smoke them because of this illusion about pet brands.

In 1935 the American Tobacco Company spent $12,115,180 advertising Lucký Strike cigarettes. Liggett and Myers Tobacco Company, advertising Chesterfields, spent $21,103,290, and R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, on Camels, $16,801,448. With the exception of the General Motors Company, these are the biggest advertisers in America. Add Old Gold, and the four companies spent about $52,000,000 in 1936 in newspapers, magazines, the radio. Now imagine yourself a copywriter trying to think up ideas good enough to spend fifty million dollars on, and with nothing whatever to say. Naturally some of the most ridiculous advertising of the last few years has been that of cigarettes.

Nevertheless, we must not underestimate the importance of the copywriter's work in the cigarette business, which grew huge almost altogether through advertising. The war helped of course. After all wars there has been a great increase in smoking. But advertising clinched what the war began, and did one of its biggest jobs in building up cigarette sales.

In the beginning of this century "real men" smoked cigars; only sissies, foreigners, and an occasional fast woman smoked cigarettes. All cigarettes, except Fatimas, were either American or Turkish. It was about 1913 that it occurred to the R. J. Reynolds Company to mix Turkish and domestic tobacco, and the result was a Camel. The taste of this mixed cigarette pleased the public and has become the basis of most American popular cigarettes. This typical blend is: bright tobacco from Virginia, Georgia, and the Carolinas, 55 per cent; burley from Kentucky, 25 per cent; Turkish, 15 per cent; fast-burning Maryland, 5 per cent. To this mixture are added licorice, brown sugar, herbs, maple sugar, and honey. But these pleasant ingredients do not flavor the cigarette. They are used for treating the tobacco. The flavor is added afterward. The basis of flavoring is rum, but it may also contain chocolate, vanilla, tonka, coumarin, sherry, peach, orange, geranium, and angelica. There are, however, several brands of unflavored cigarettes.

Up to 1913 America consumed about four billion cigarettes a year. In 1915, when Camels appeared, sales jumped to fifteen billion. By 1936 the figure had reached 163 billion. This is about sixty-five packages a year for every man, woman, and child in the United States. By 1917, when the United States went into the war, Camels were the largest-selling cigarette in the United States. During the war they won literally an army of new customers. The government made a ruling that cigarette purchases for the army should be in proportion to the already existing sale of a brand. That sent plenty of Camels to Europe and turned the army into Camel smokers. After the war millions kept it up, if only as a sentimental memory of those lovely days in the trenches. "I'd Walk a Mile for a Camel" became a national catchword.

The first Camel advertising showed pictures of camels on the desert with the slogan, "The Camels are coming." This was to indicate the Turkish content. Both the name and the pictures of camels have become old-fashioned. At the present time the advertising emphasizes Camels' "costlier tobaccos" and says that they are made from more expensive tobaccos than any other popular brand. But how can we tell and why should we care, when the flavoring drowns the taste of the tobacco?

For several years Camels have been advertised as something of a patent medicine. They "give you a lift," or "they don't get your wind," or you smoke them "for digestion's sake." It has worked. In the year 1936 Camels sold 30 per cent of the 163 billion cigarettes smoked in the United States. I defy anybody to prove that any cigarette improves digestion, except, of course, that the cigarette you smoke after a meal may make you sit still for a few minutes instead of dashing off immediately. But you do "get a lift with a Camel." Of course you also get it with any other cigarette. What happens is that the first cigarette you smoke irritates the adrenal glands. They shoot adrenalin into the system and cause an increase of blood sugar, which makes you feel more lively. Each succeeding cigarette has less of the same effect until you get the natural reaction in that familiar leaden feeling which comes from smoking too much.

Women seem to like Lucky Strikes better than other brands. Perhaps "Reach for a Lucky Instead of a Sweet" had something to do with the preference, or perhaps the toasting idea appeals to women because they understand it. Or can it be because Lucky Strike advertising has been louder than that of any other cigarette? "Lucky Strike advertising," reported *Fortune* in March, 1930, "has certainly been the most alarming, sensational—and most subversive. The advertising has been divided into four copy angles—'Toasting'; 'Anti-Sweet'; 'Ancient Prejudice'; 'Double-Chin.' "

The idea behind the first was that through toasting, the cigarette was freed of throat-irritating qualities. As the result of this appeared the rash of testimonials. Yet I wonder if any reader believes that Lauritz Melchior finds a Lucky gentle on his throat because "it's toasted." It's fantastic. All cigarette tobacco has to be toasted. But the toasting idea caught on.

The anti-sweet campaign, however, was the best Luckies seller. George Washington Hill, president of the company, saw a fat woman eating candy and got the idea for "Reach for a Lucky Instead of a Sweet." This was a deplorable idea if a perfectly honest one, because cigarettes destroy the appetite for food. The same chemical reaction which gives you a lift from a Camel by increasing your blood sugar also decreases your hunger. As the blood sugar increases, you need less food. Many busy men and more busy women smoke a hasty cigarette when they are hungry and can't get food, and find temporary satisfaction.

According to *Fortune* for March, 1935, "sugar men, candy men, and Senator Smoot protested. The campaign was made a focal point for an attack on testimonials in general, and accusations that youth was being misled. Mr. Hill had the curious notion that by stirring up so much discussion of sweets, he was really aiding the sale and distribution of sugar products." About that time the Federal Trade Commission "persuaded an unnamed

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tobacco manufacturer to 'cease and desist' from unfair competitive methods, and particularly from testimonials in their more artificial form and from two specific statements regarding cigarettes and avoirdupois." Since the public could no longer "Reach for a Lucky," another slant had to be thought up, and a campaign about double chins followed, also based on weight reduction.

Luckies were the first to use testimonials, but the others followed suit. Most testimonials are silly, and apparently an amazing number of them come from people who never smoke at all. But Luckies got perhaps the biggest bag when they signed up ten Senators. You've seen photographs of Senator Reynolds of North Carolina and others boasting that Luckies are good for their throats. The Lucky Strike people paid $1,000 apiece for these boosts from Senators. For movie stars they pay six times as much, $5,000 to the actor and $1,000 to the studio.

The Chesterfield advertising with its simple statement, "They Satisfy," may seem pretty pointless, but it has also sold its billions and it is much the most dignified of the four. Everything about Chesterfield is kept looking pure and neutral. The white package looks cool. The advertising is spacious and quiet. Of course there are nonsensical commendations.

The best-remembered Old Gold slogan is "Not a Cough in a Carload." This is really a masterpiece of a slogan—it has rhythm and ring and bulk. In 1936 Old Gold offered prizes of $40,000 to those who could put a name to a series of pictures. This caused so much excitement that they followed it in 1937 with a $250,000 contest, this one merely for some amateur advertising copy. In the first contest two million people sent in 90,000,000 Old Gold wrappers. Thousands of correct solutions were sent in. These solvers were given a second contest. So many got the second right that they were put through a third, and then at last the prizes were distributed for an essay. You can imagine how many soreheads there were among these people. The suits of disgruntled solvers are still in the courts. This did not do Old Gold much good in 1938. The actual number of extra packages sold was almost the same as the number of wrappers turned in at the contest—about 90,000,000. Altogether this first contest cost $2,000,000. In short, it didn't pay. In the trade it is believed that in 1937 Old Gold spent half as much as Camels for advertising and selling, yet sold only one-sixth as many cigarettes.

In Spud cigarettes menthol is used as a flavoring. This use of menthol made Spuds almost a new cigarette, and a popular one. There was considerable advertising with a steady increase in sales. But for some reason the advertising stopped for a while, and Kool, a similar cigarette, began to advertise. Immediately the sales of Spuds dropped and those of Kools climbed up. Since then the Spud campaign has grown steadily smaller while Kool's has grown larger, and the sales have gone along with the advertising. There seems to be no difference between these two cigarettes; the one that advertises most gets the business.

And now we come to a sad disappointment—the diethylene-glycol notion which burst in the face of Philip Morris. One of the toughest problems in cigarettes is trying to keep them fresh and moist. Even in the sealed package they get stale and dry on the dealers' shelves. A cigarette, by the way, is moister at the beginning of a smoke than at the end. Glycerine is the agent used to help keep cigarettes fresh. But glycerine is drying to the throat. Philip Morris, with the help of a number of chemists, got hold of a substitute—diethylene-glycol, which when smoked is less drying to the throat than glycerine.

Philip Morris was so convinced about this that it advertised its new ingredient, not to the public, but to doctors and chemists. Ads in the *Journal of the American Dental Association,* in the *Journal of the American Medical Association,* in *Engineering Chemistry,* told the story. These reached about half the doctors and dentists in the country, and the company handed out as many free packages as the doctors would take. Papers and charts prepared by its own chemists were also sent out.

And then after all this scientific folderol had been going on for a year or so, a story broke in the newspapers about deaths from diethylene mixed with sulfanilamide. The public memory for names, especially such long technical names, is weak. It might easily have jumped on diethylene-glycol used in Philip Morris cigarettes and forgotten the fact that it had not been mixed with sulfanilamide; also that the medicine had been taken internally, not smoked. The diethylene really did the cigarettes no harm, nor did it hurt the people who smoked them. But the advertising might have done Philip Morris considerable damage. Its one good break in the whole affair was that it had never advertised the diethylene-glycol idea to the public. Whatever the doctors thought of all this, the customers knew nothing of it, and sales went up, partly because of shrewd merchandising and partly because Philip Morris has a dwarf on the pay roll who keeps telling radio audiences to "Call for Philip Morris."

The stupendous rise in cigarette sales is gratifying to advertising men. But less pleasing is that of the ten-cent brands, which have galloped along with practically no advertising at all. In 1931 the president of R. J. Reynolds had said, "Camels will not be disconcerted by the advance of a competitor so long as advertising is mainly responsible for it; but when a cigarette moves up without a maximum of advertising we will take serious notice." I imagine they were thoroughly disconcerted by the next year's developments.

For a long time there had been ten-cent brands, but they hadn't cut any figure. In 1931, in the depths of the depression, the price of raw tobacco declined to its lowest since 1914. Although the price of tobacco was so low, Lucky Strike, Camel, Chesterfield, and Old Gold, all raised their prices 45 cents a hundred, wholesale. This was followed by an immediate decrease in sales. Nobody had any money, tobacco was cheap, and yet the Big Four raised their prices.

Some of the smaller manufacturers began to push a ten-cent package. The sale of cigarette papers and "makings" went up, but people not quite up against it preferred the ten-cent package. Among the leaders were Paul Jones, Wings ("Cut out ballyhoo and fancy packing and let the public have what it wants . . . a good smoke"), and Twenty Grand (by the makers of Spuds).

On Big Four cigarettes the jobber and the dealer split a profit of less than two cents a package. But the ten-centers made a lower price to the dealer, so he came out all right. The ten-centers went zooming along. And then in 1933 the Big Four started a tremendous price-slashing campaign, and the big chains like the A. and P. were selling Luckies, Camels, Chesterfields, and Old Golds at ten cents a package. No doubt that hurt the ten-centers, but it left the dealer without any profit on the Big Four cigarettes.

Since then, thinking that the ten-centers have been pushed back a bit or perhaps finding that the dealer has to have a little profit, the Big Four have raised their prices again until their cigarettes sell for thirteen cents a package in the big chains. But the sale of ten-cent cigarettes keeps right on. *Barron's* financial weekly estimates that their production runs as high as 18 billion a year, which would be about 11 per cent of 1937 cigarette production.

From the point of view of what pays in advertising, it is interesting to look at these figures of sales in the United States, published by the Chicago *Tribune* from Media Records, Inc.:

	Per Cent 1935	*Per Cent 1931*
Lucky Strike	23.8	39.3
Camel	27.5	29.1
Chesterfield	26.7	21.7
Old Gold	4.3	6.7
All others	17.7	3.2

If nothing influences these returns except advertising, it would seem that Lucky Strike and Old Gold advertising hasn't been so effective, Camel has been good enough, Chesterfield has been excellent. But it would be a mistake to draw any such conclusion, because all these figures may be changed this year or next. And there is another fact which upsets everything: Wings, which does no advertising, but sells for ten cents a package, has fifth place in cigarette sales.

In the Wind

WHEN HERBERT HOOVER visited Germany last winter he was a guest at Goering's hunting lodge. The setting was lavish and ostentatious, and on the center of the dining-room table Mr. Hoover saw a bizarre figure of a woman's head. It was life-size, gold in color, and adorned with a necklace and earrings. As Hoover stared at the figure, Goering announced with pride: "That necklace is of real pearls; those earrings are real rubies; the whole head is solid gold." He concluded: "That was my first wife."

THE CONCEALED link between the "Committee on Mexican Relations" and the anti-Mexican American oil companies has been previously described here. But several weeks ago newspaper editors received Volume I, Number 1 of a bitterly anti-Mexican bulletin issued by the pseudo-committee from Rockefeller Center and called *Looking at Mexico*. The same source and heading appeared on the next two issues. When Volume I, Number 4 of *Looking at Mexico* appeared, it had abandoned the "committee's" sponsorship and listed "Northrop Clary" as its source—with its office address unchanged. The following week appeared Volume I, Number 5. This time neither the "committee" nor Northrop Clarey was mentioned; the source was boldly stated as the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey.

THE ROCKEFELLER FOUNDATION gave Japan $2,000,000 to build a medical center. Recently the foundation received a note from the Japanese government complaining that the sum was inadequate because costs had risen. The letter asked for an additional $200,000, as a gesture of "American friendship for Japan."

THE PRESS missed a vital story contained in a recent report from the United States consul at Milan to the Department of the Interior. According to this report, Italy faces a critical power shortage because of a prolonged drought. A secret warning was sent in May to large consumers of electricity advising them to cut their consumption by 25 per cent; meanwhile increased use of coal and oil to produce electric power requires large-scale imports of these fuels and threatens Italy's whole autarchy program. Wide sections of industrial production may be undermined.

A RECENTLY established "Bureau of Race Research" in Berlin is empowered to grant the title and privileges of "Honorary Aryan" to certain non-Aryans whose services are valuable to the German economy. When a candidate appears, the board studies the length of his nose, breadth of his face, quality of his hair, and shape of his hands; it probes his views on philosophy, love, and other matters. Unless he proves flagrantly ineligible, he is then proclaimed an "Honorary Aryan." One of the bureau's subsidiary functions is to silence whispering campaigns.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

WRITING in the *Saturday Evening Post,* Demaree Bess declares that what we are facing in Manchuria today is "the concealed war." This is the latest device of the nations. We have had the undeclared war for some time in China. In Spain we have the unadmitted war, an international war that is not an international war but just happens to include some 100,000 or more troops of some foreign countries accidentally dropping in merely to oblige a good friend. But in this article of Mr. Bess's we learn that the concealed war is on. Never was there a more timely publication, since the fighting between the Russians and Japanese on the Manchoukuoan frontier is the big news of the day. Mr. Bess says:

> This is only one of several new and novel types of war which have been presented recently by ingenious designers. It is an improvement on the earlier types of undeclared wars which ushered in a new era in international conflicts. Its appearance, like other revolutionary innovations, has upset earlier techniques and thrown into confusion all those concerned with the making of war and peace, including statesmen, politicians, reformers, and newspaper correspondents.

Mr. Bess insists that Russia has been fighting Japan since the summer of 1936, if not longer. He believes that this streamlined war has created a new type of successful reporter who goes around "collecting trivial bits of information here and there, sorts them out and fits them together like a picture puzzle, and suddenly announces triumphantly: 'Yes, a war exists!' That's the way to make scoops nowadays." Mr. Bess thinks that some historians will probably decide that the second Russo-Japanese war started in 1931, when the Japanese took Manchuria, but that a few may fix on 1935 as the beginning. He himself, after watching the affair for the past fourteen years, at first in the Far East and then in Moscow, believes that the war started in the late summer of 1936. He thinks that the German-Japanese agreement, which developed into the Berlin-Tokyo-Rome axis, and the first public trial of prominent Communists in Russia on charges of treason marked the beginning of the war. What is happening now is merely another phase of the struggle, which certainly looks like war when one reads of Russian bombers flying over Manchuria and being shot down by Japanese guns.

Yet the press of the world is so far unwilling to concede that a full-dress war is at hand. In the first place there is the greatest doubt as to the condition of the Russian army as a result of the purges. Some time ago I wrote to a German officer of considerable rank whose friendship I have enjoyed all my life, to ask him what he felt was the situation in the Russian army as a result of the purges. He replied that it seemed to them in Berlin that the western Russian army was badly shaken in its morale by the loss of its favorite generals, but that it appeared at that time as if the Siberian army of Blücher had not been affected by what had happened in Moscow. Mr. Bess seems to take a different view. If he is right, if the Siberian army is somewhat demoralized, that would be another reason why Russia, even at the risk of losing face, might well afford to let the Japanese encroach on its territory for a while. As for the Japanese, it is hard to understand how they can contemplate taking on Russia unless they are bent on national suicide, unless they feel that they are defeated in China and prefer to go down fighting against overwhelming odds so as to save as much of their face as they can in that way.

That is not impossible. I knew quite well Baron Kantaro Kaneko, the Japanese financial representative in the United States during the first Russo-Japanese war. When it was over I asked him whether the Japanese had any idea that the Russian fleet was so absolutely incompetent, and whether they had expected that they would defeat the great Russian armies. He replied that they had not known the weakness of the Russian fleet or had any idea that they could defeat the Russian army. "Then why did you go to war with Russia?" "Because under Bushido, our Japanese code of honor, we could do nothing else but fight whether we were to conquer or be conquered." It is quite possible that something of the same spirit might drive the Japanese into the folly of taking on Russia at this time. It seems as if it would be suicide unless they believe that the Russian army is totally demoralized. All military men, however, believe that the Russian air corps is the finest in Europe, and it is hard to see how Japan could possibly court an attack on Tokyo from the base at Vladivostok, about 500 miles away.

It is true that a high Russian authority assured me some time ago that in the event of war the Russians would not strike at Tokyo but at cities like Osaka, where there are great munitions factories. He added grimly: "If Japan forces us to go to war we shall not stop until there is a soviet in every Japanese city." It would certainly seem as if the Japanese ought to be absolutely certain of success before they take on Russia, provided they are sincere in their desire to stop communism.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

PURGING THE VIENNA STAGE

BY HENRY B. KRANZ

WHAT might have been expected actually happened. Hardly had the German troops marched into Vienna when the ignoramuses marched into the theaters in mass formation. They had no other claim than their long secret membership in the Nazi Party. Yet they preened themselves as though they alone had the mystic power to put new life into a stage which had dry-rotted under Schuschnigg's pseudo-dictatorship.

Their success was to be foreseen. In five years the Nazis in Germany had run its 250 theaters into the ground so thoroughly that only 141 municipal and state theaters and thirty-two privately owned theaters were able to raise a curtain. The others had gone gently to their eternal rest. Even these 173 theaters went on living only because of a public subsidy which accounted for three-fifths of their income. In other words, out of every thousand marks which these theaters took in, only four hundred came from the box office; the other six hundred were handed them out of tax money. It is obvious that without this government assistance there would not now be fifty theaters open in Germany.

Austria, which is now being called "Ostmark," is facing the same theatrical doom. Everything points to it. In the middle of March Hermann Roebbeling, the capable and successful director of the Burgtheater in Vienna, was dismissed even though he was born in Hamburg and was a full-blooded Aryan. His place was taken by Mirko Jelusich. The name is Croat, not German, and the man had proved his fitness for running a theater by writing novels which have not the remotest connection with literature, but which do purport to be his confession of faith in a "heroic, national philosophy."

What plans did the new field marshal of the Austrian stage unfold? He said:

> The theater will once more become an ensemble theater. We can have no more stars in such a fount of the great tradition of universal German culture. The emphasis in the production of the great classicists as well as modern authors will no longer be on technical tricks, lighting effects, exaggerated scenic display, but on the things the actor does. He, the author's mouthpiece, will dominate the scene with word and gesture. I have also canceled two-thirds of the plays scheduled by my predecessor. The audiences of German Vienna will become acquainted with authors many of whose names they will not know. In spite of their success in the Reich they were rejected by the former government. I will mention only Blunck, Forster, Eberl, Wolf, Kolbenheyer, Moeller, and Bethge among others. I will watch over the destinies of the Burgtheater as steward for the entire German people, and bring it back to the theater it once was, as the representative guardian of the German dramatic art in German Vienna.

Magnificent words! The Nazis think they can commandeer authors and the stage as though they were soldiers. Above all, they thought that the Viennese were accustomed to go to the theater at the word of command. But this time they were mistaken. Only a month later, on April 17, the Viennese were astounded to read in all their newspapers the following "edict" by the vice-burgomaster of Vienna, Hans Blaschke:

> VIENNESE! COME TO THE THEATER!
>
> The great cultural mission which Vienna will once more fulfil in the German hegemony requires the remodeling of the Viennese stage whose great past looms as a legacy and a duty in these modern times. To bridge over the difficult transition from the aborted stage to the stage of the people, I beg the people of Vienna to heed the call of the theater and to give us a shining example of active racial cooperation in this field as well.

What had happened? The theatergoers saw that the Germans were forcing the Viennese out of all their positions, even in the theater. The plays they saw were completely unappetizing works by Berlin propagandists. So they began a strike. They stopped going to the theater. And there's no point in playing the most glorious "national masterpieces" to empty houses. So the Nazis descended from commanding to pleading.

But this also proved to be vain. Now, three months later, all the private theaters are closed. Only the state theaters are open. And it costs a pretty penny to keep them open. Art is notoriously hard to commandeer anywhere; in Vienna, which has mothered so many immortal composers and authors, it has proved to be quite impossible.

The saddest casualty of all is the decay of Reinhardt's theater in Josefstadt. The party installed there a certain Robert Valberg to succeed the great director. He is a second-rate actor who previously had tried to sing and dance in operetta with such complete failure that he had to be content with playing valets and secretaries on the speaking stage. Even there he proved that in spite of his gray hair he had not yet learned to talk.

Valberg's first act as director of the most famous theater in Europe was a new production of "Minna von Barnhelm." In spite of outstanding performances by Paula Wessely and Attila Hoerbiger it was a financial failure. No wonder, for the play is dusty and outmoded and has no connection with our exciting times.

He then reluctantly put on a French play, "The Journey," by Henri Bernstein. What did the press say? "This is a play which avoids all important problems, but can be tolerated in a transition period." Such criticism indicates what amounts to a state of revolution among the Vienna critics, since they are daring to voice an opinion of their own. (A law was passed in Germany November 26, 1936, prohibiting art criticism. The fact that a play has been permitted by the Ministry of Propaganda is held to be sufficient proof of its worth.)

Shortly after this, the Vienna People's Opera, which had played to standing room for two years, was in grave danger. Once more one was privileged to read a "heart-rending cry," this time from the "Leader of the National Socialist Industrial Cell," party member Hans Frauendienst.

> FELLOW GERMANS!
>
> The Vienna People's Opera has finally become the German People's Opera again. Consider it a national cultural duty to help, by your presence, this fount of art, from now on directed along National Socialist lines, and assure it a happy and prosperous future so that it may be preserved as one of your national treasures. Heil Hitler!

Once again the Viennese had refused to go on command to a theater where they were so bored they went to sleep. Once again the pleas of the party were in vain, and there was no response even when the theaters, on orders, reduced their prices to half, or even to a third or a quarter, of what they had been. The Viennese preferred the movies at thirty cents to the legitimate theaters at any price.

Neither Buch's harmless comedy "A Real Guy" nor the Ivers' crime comedy, "13 Park Street," availed to lure paying customers into the Deutsches Volkstheater. And Valberg, the dictator of Reinhardt's theater, was forced to close it as early as May 31. His discovery, "Treaty on Karakat," a piece of colonial propaganda, had failed dismally. The only play which had an audience in these days was the musical comedy, "The Ministry Is Insulted." The program was tactfully silent about its having been written by three Jewish writers, Fred Heller, Tisch, and Lengsfelder.

Today the theatrical productions of Vienna, the cultural hub of Central Europe, hardly equal those of a second-rate Balkan town.

New Communist Presbyter

WHAT ARE WE TO DO? By John Strachey. Random House. $3.

RE-ASKING the famous question that Lenin posed in 1902, John Strachey, who is rapidly qualifying as the Paul of the Communist church, answers with a powerful appeal to the labor movement to put on the whole armor of Marx that it may withstand the wiles of a decaying, and therefore desperate, capitalism. His epistle is addressed both to British and American labor but especially to the latter, which he thinks may still avoid the errors committed by the former—errors now only retrievable at heavy cost.

The book falls into three parts. In the first Strachey considers not so much the history of British and American labor as the morphology of labor movements; how and why they are conceived, their development in embryo, their infantile diseases such as syndicalism, and their susceptibility to the germ of Fabianism as manhood approaches. The second part describes how immunity to this germ may be achieved by the injection of "scientific socialism" with the hypodermic aid of a "new model party"—the Communist Party. Finally a diet is prescribed: "Peace, democracy, and a national standard of life above the subsistence level." Steadily absorbed, this should bring that rude health necessary for a successful struggle against the demon capitalism.

In other words, Strachey has written the most elaborate rationalization of the new party line that has yet appeared. No one familiar with his mastery of material and his ability to develop a thesis logically needs to be told he has made a supremely good job of it. He is well aware that the line appears all too much like an opportunist swerve, and he is at great pains to show that it is absolutely according to Marx and Lenin and represents the logical development toward which the class struggle has led from the beginning.

Without going so far as to indorse the whole argument—which would involve acceptance of Strachey's belief in the scientific exactitude of his socialist ideology—an agnostic reviewer can adhere to some of the conclusions of this book. It is possible, for instance, to agree to the value, at this time, of a united front of all democratic forces; to the concentration by that front on a simple program of defense of peace, democracy, and the standard of living; and even to the utility of a closely knit party, aware of its ultimate purposes and energetic in their pursuit, to act as the spearhead of that front. But it is also possible to question whether in fact the Communist Party is the new model required.

The question of democracy is the vital test. According to Strachey, capitalism has now reached such a state of decay that it is compelled to turn to imperialist wars and the undermining of the workers' standard of life; equally it must attack the democratic institutions which to some extent hamper its freedom of action. Hence democracy, of which the Communists were scornful enough not so long ago, has now become a fort to be defended at all costs. Naturally, when the war is over, its walls may be razed. As Strachey says, it would be criminal "to preserve *for the capitalist class* [his italics] their existing democratic rights during the process of the transference of the means of production." But this begs the question. It is the democratic rights not merely of a tiny minority but of the whole people which still appear to be in abeyance in Russia, long after the transference of the means of production has been accomplished.

Aware that divergence of ultimate aims is a severe obstacle to the sort of united front he seeks, Strachey says in effect to the non-Communist progressives: We have adopted a threefold program which is equally yours. True, we think if it is carried out steadfastly it will produce a breakdown of the capitalist system and allow us to seize power on behalf of the workers, while you hold that it is possible by these means to control and modify capitalism without upsetting the whole applecart. Very well, then: since we are agreed on immediate issues, let us leave the outcome to the test of events.

Reasonable as this sounds, the argument is specious. Successful strategy in defense of the three principles is dependent on ultimate objectives. Genuine believers in democracy will want to conduct the campaign so as to produce the maximum progress in reform of the system consistent with the avoidance of a catastrophic breakdown of the economic machine. For if breakdown comes we shall get dictatorship. Provided it is the left that comes out on top, Strachey and his friends will be perfectly satisfied, but for the workers and lower middle classes, whom they are so assiduously wooing, will it prove other than the lesser of two evils?

Uninstructed as the masses may be, they have perhaps grasped a psychological fact of which "socialist science" has failed to take account—the fact that power is a poison for which democracy is the only known antidote; that dictators, no matter how sound their ideology, inevitably tend to confuse the welfare of society with their own welfare. The comparison this book makes between the new model party and Cromwell's Ironsides thus sounds ominous. True, those earlier "saints" were enormously effective in seizing their primary objectives, but let us remember the verdict of their contemporaries: "New presbyter is but old priest writ large."

KEITH HUTCHISON

Brilliant and Demoralizing

DANA AND THE SUN. By Candace Stone. Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.50.

MISS STONE has undertaken with success "a careful and consecutive analysis of the *Sun's* editorial policies as they were shaped by Dana from 1868 to 1897." Her volume, together with the friendly life of Dana by General James H. Wilson, Frank M. O'Brien's history of the *Sun*, and the autobiography of Edward P. Mitchell, so long Dana's right-hand man, certainly gives us about all the necessary factual information as to one of the most brilliant and perhaps most misleading and demoralizing editors who ever wielded great influence in New York City. If there is room for another volume it should be a merciless critical analysis of the man who published the best-edited and best-written daily newspaper, so far as its news columns were concerned, we have perhaps ever seen—but who was himself wholly destitute of principle or sound character.

Miss Stone has let the record speak for itself. It shows Dana's twistings and turnings, his total lack of consistency or loyalty, his persistent knifing of almost everyone in public life. He was for Grant and against him; for Hayes until he was nominated; for Tammany and against it; for Cleveland and bitterly and vindictively against him; for free silver and intensely opposed to it, and so on all down the line. There was not a bad cause which he did not at some time support, or a good one, like civil service reform, which he did not attack. He was as unpredictable as he was mordant and often amusing. He dressed up his editorials with such diabolical cleverness that he became the foremost disillusioner and misleader of youth, tainting with his cynicism the natural aspirations of young men to better the political conditions of his day. On the other hand, he made the *Sun* the darling of the newspaper world. When the writer of this review entered journalism it was still the height of the average newspaperman's ambition to have a job on the *Sun.* And Dana was a great journalist in his sense of news values, his welding of his paper into a whole, and his frequent exclusive stories and sensational exposures, of which, as Miss Stone points out, that of the Credit Mobilier was the most important.

Miss Stone's volume does not throw any light on the great mystery of Dana—why he became what he did—and it is to be feared that no one ever will. He began life as a resident of Brook Farm, as an ardent social reformer with profoundest sympathy for labor and radicalism. On his first visit to France, as Miss Stone says, "he swung farther and farther to the left." He was for the underdog with all the finest idealism of New England, "but . . . age, wealth, power, and disillusionment combined to turn idealism into cynicism and liberalism into reactionary dogmatism." Even that does not explain Dana's complete metamorphosis. He apparently enjoyed domestic happiness and he rendered extremely valuable service as Assistant Secretary of War during the Civil War. He was often at the front and, as at Chickamauga, proved himself a most competent observer. Apparently he could have been an extremely valuable public official, but on January 27, 1868, he purchased the *Sun,* and from that moment the other Dana appeared—with all his real interest in the masses, in labor, and reform gone. Thereafter his greatest joy seemed to be in attacking individuals with a violence of language which would be impossible in the press today.

Miss Stone's book has the defects of its qualities. It is not always easy reading because of the copious citations, but they again give the book its chief value. When one has produced a storehouse of material the reader faces a big task and will doubtless nibble where it seems most attractive. But the record is there; it has been compiled with intelligence, understanding, and courage and it will stand.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Liberal Among Fascists

SAINTS IN SUMMERTIME. By Brinckerhoff Jackson. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50.

A LIBERAL caught between the advancing barrages of the fascists and the militant leftists is the pivotal character in "Saints in Summertime." The position of such a man is certainly one of the most interesting on the con-

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temporary scene; but Mr. Jackson has chosen for that character an editor of a small-town newspaper, a sedate, respected journalist who maintains his liberalism with something between Olympian calm and sluggish passivity—a figure who has, as I see it, the misfortune to follow a little too closely (whether consciously or not) in the fictional footsteps of the Doremus Jessup of Lewis's "It Can't Happen Here." Mr. Jackson's Anton Westerling lives in a Central European city somewhat closer to fascism than any in Vermont, he has an even more naive faith in Reason and Right, and he leads a private life as dull as it is normal, but it all adds up to much the same kind of social picture. Mr. Jackson, however, has only a modicum of the Lewis ability to catch the face and spirit of contemporary movements and the types who represent them.

When Westerling takes his wife to the country for a summer vacation, he finds himself caught in a mire of provincial relatives led by a domineering, fanatically religious mother-in-law, and, after that, in the local struggle between the liberals and the fascist "Black Hammers." Westerling is so tolerant, so ideally objective, and so meek that he offers only a Gandhi-like resistance as his in-laws dump their Dark Age notions of society on his head, as the liberals practically throw away the local election, and as his idly, vaguely dissatisfied wife decides that a local fascist swaggerer is a more exciting companion. What it lacks in the way of an adequate presentation of political philosophies and groups, "Saints in Summertime" is always on the verge of compensating for by its characterizations of the in-laws and the politicians or by the near-tension of Westerling's struggle with his wife. It remains, however, only on the verge.

MILTON RUGOFF

Can Czechoslovakia Survive?

CZECHS AND GERMANS. By Elizabeth Wiskemann. Oxford University Press. $5.

THIS brilliant analysis of one of the most crucial problems of today, issued under the auspices of the British Royal Institute of International Affairs as part of its series of studies on the territorial problems of the peace settlement, is indispensable to every student of international affairs. It not only gives the historical background of the centuries-old struggle between Germans and Czechs in Bohemia and Moravia, but it also demonstrates convincingly that no solution compatible with the maintenance of peace in Europe and the independence of Czechoslovakia can be found along the lines of Henlein's demands. Viscount Runciman would be well advised to study this book.

The "historic provinces," Bohemia and Moravia, have been the cradle of all the basic ideas of modern national socialism and racism. Hitler had little to add to what the Pan-Germans in Bohemia advocated in the eighties and nineties of the last century. Even Hitler's hatred for old Austria with her nationally mixed population is but a repetition of Schönerer's fury against the "racial impurities" of the Hapsburg Empire. Anti-Semitism, anti-Catholicism, and the profound conviction that there is a hierarchy of races in which Germans shall rule over Slavs was an article of the Pan-German political creed long before Adolf Hitler was born.

Most of the mistakes which Czechoslovakia made in dealing with the Germans after 1918 can be explained psychologically by the immediate past. Some were the result of the effort to make amends to the Czechs for their suffering under German rule. However modest, the agrarian reform, indispensable from the point of view of the small Czech peasant, was bound to hurt the German big landowners. National frontiers very often coincided with social frontiers and the predominance of progressive and labor forces in Czechoslovakia implied social reforms at the expense, very often, of the formerly dominant Germans. Still, nothing that the Germans have complained of has been as offensive as the notices that used to be posted in some German hotels and cafes in Bohemia not long before the war: "Czechs, Jews, dogs not allowed here." The fact that until Hitler a large majority of the Germans were "activists," i. e., cooperated with the Czechs on the basis of the existing democratic constitution, trying to use it as a means of redress for their national grievances, and that the Germans were even represented in the government, proves that the Germans were and still are far better off than any other national minority in Central or Eastern Europe. He who does not consider racial values higher than human and civic values may justifiably think that a German's fate under Czechoslovakian democratic rule is a much better one than the German citizen's in the Third Reich. It is, as Miss Wiskemann demonstrates, not so much the claim for national justice—and no one has less moral right to be the mouthpiece of minorities—as Germany's drive to the southeast that makes Hitler and Henlein force this problem into the forefront of European diplomacy.

Miss Wiskemann, in discussing the different solutions put forward by Henlein, shows that the transformation of Czechoslovakia into a federation of its component nationalities after the Swiss model would in fact make the country "the helpless prey of any powerful and unscrupulous neighbor—no one decentralizes when war is in sight." Actually this plan bears no resemblance to the Swiss system, where cantonal frontiers pass across the language divisions. Further, even the Swiss constitution would prove unworkable under present conditions in Czechoslovakia. Federalism and totalitarian principles are mutually exclusive. Territorial autonomy for the roughly 2,000,000 Sudeten Germans—out of some 3,000,000 Sudeten Germans living in Czechoslovakia—who alone, for geographical reasons, could be united under autonomous rule or a national organization on a personal principle (National Kataster), as advocated by Henlein, would hand over either the democratic Germans or about 700,000 Czechs living scattered on mainly German territory to a Nazi dictatorship. A fascist state inside a democracy is obvious nonsense.

Anschluss between Sudeten Germans and the Reich Germans would not only leave democratic and national minorities at the mercy of Nazi rule, but also make Czechoslovakia so vulnerable, from a strategic point of view, that her independence would in fact be non-existent. The small-scale German industrialist and the Czech peasant in the interior parts of Bohemia who are economically interdependent

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would, if a frontier separated them, be hit by customs and currency barriers which in Central Europe imply complete divorce.

Any of these solutions would be in practice a transition toward German domination over the whole of Southeastern Europe. "The more one examines the Czech-German problem the more evident it becomes that there is no very clear distinction to be made between the cession of the mainly German-speaking territories of Czechoslovakia and the complete domination of Central Europe—Czech-speaking territory included—by the Germans." It is easy to imagine how much—or how little—would be left of European democracy if the Nazis should succeed where the Kaiser failed. Thus, Miss Wiskemann concludes, the least unsatisfactory program that can be found is for Czechoslovakia to "continue within her peace-treaty frontiers and to pursue the conciliatory policy which President Benes has sponsored."

The main question involved, therefore, is which is the lesser evil—that 10,000,000 Czechs and Slovaks should live in a German and fascist state or that 3,000,000 Germans should live in a non-German and democratic state; or, put in a different way, whether Czech democracy and the independence of the small nations of southeastern Europe shall be sacrificed in order to enable Germany to get the raw materials and manpower she needs for her self-appointed messianic mission. ADOLF STURMTHAL

Poetry in the Modern World

THE WORLD'S BODY. By John Crowe Ransom. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

MR. RANSOM speaks of these papers as "preparations" for criticism—not so much, I should think, because he distrusts his present capacities as because he foresees the distance that any thorough modern analysis of poetry has still to travel. The essays, in one sense, are fairly miscellaneous: some are small in scope and technical in treatment, others bring into play much that has to do with philosophy, psychology, and science; but all together they provide a clear esthetic attitude and point of view. If the point of view is largely familiar, it is modified in places by Mr. Ransom's temperament and independence of thought.

Being a poet, but also a man of modern education, Mr. Ransom wants to determine the function of poetry in the modern world. But he does not want to determine it by compromise or fraud, by artificially reconciling the forces that tend to defeat poetry with the impulses that tend to keep it alive. Nor would he make poetry a substitute for something else; for him it must survive through its own unique powers of revelation and its own unique æsthetic rewards. Aware that "efficiency has outdistanced sensibility" in modern life, Mr. Ransom continues the old view of Coleridge that poetry stands opposed to science, and insists that it must remedy the quantitative findings of science with its own qualitative truths.

All this was fought out in the nineteenth century; but Mr. Ransom would assuredly not reach the nineteenth-century conclusion of Arnold and ask ethical and religious dividends of poetry, though he might, with strong reservations, see something in the nineteenth-century conclusion of Pater, that "art comes to you proposing frankly to give nothing but the highest quality to your moments as they pass, and simply for those moments' sake." But Mr. Ransom would deprecate the escapism in Pater quite as much as the didacticism in Arnold. For his own attitude demands that poetry must be realistic, must not exist in a wishful "state of innocence" which has no correspondence in life.

With this unadulterated view of poetry most of the good critical minds of a generation ago would certainly have been in accord. True, Mr. Ransom sometimes perverts his own view. "The tense of poetry," he remarks, "is the past. More accurately, it is the pluperfect—the apodosis of a contrary-to-fact condition." This sounds dangerously escapist; it turns poetry into a voice for our frustrated desires. But it is more important to examine Mr. Ransom's central thesis: "True poetry has no great interest in improving or idealizing the world, which does well enough." So truistic is this dictum in one sense that we must take care to note how, in another sense, it is much too sweeping. True poetry, to be sure, has no vulgar notions of uplift and, by and large, no ability—whatever its inclinations—to improve the world. On the other hand, true poetry can certainly create emotions (of rebellion or defiance or compassion) which bend back into life; and again, though poetry cannot usurp the functions of science or economics or history, neither can it kindle its hottest fires in a vacuum. Can we, indeed, come up against the poet without also coming up against the man behind the poet, and that part of the man who is a citizen of the world? But granting for the sake of argument that we might, what of the added remark that "the world does well enough"? This seems to me a purely personal, and not at all a critical, statement. And it seems to me that by subscribing to it Mr. Ransom frees himself from all obligations of world-citizenship, and consents to surround poetry with a high protective tariff while abandoning life itself to the most piratical laissez faire. But though Mr. Ransom, speaking for himself, may dismiss the world as doing "well enough," he unfortunately leaves unsettled for others the most pressing artistic problem of the day, which is what the role of the artist is to be in contemporary life. We know how difficult a one it is, for even when its precise nature has been determined its working technique will still remain to be formulated. During the '30's most artists have sweated to defend the principles on which art and culture rest without, simultaneously, destroying the objectivity by which art and culture are attained. Most artists have seen causes and credos take a heavy toll of their artistic production, yet been forced to see that the world of art cannot long bring light if the world of action is more and more rapidly bringing darkness. This dilemma Mr. Ransom has complacently ignored.

Mr. Ransom, like Allen Tate, with whom he acknowledges a close affinity of ideas, comes through as a kind of enlightened reactionary. He is too well informed to be lumped with the ivory-tower school and too cynical to be identified with any liberal one. To think that the world "does well enough" is either to be satisfied with it or to have philosophically despaired of it. This reactionary insouciance is to be deplored, the more so because in the matter of poetry itself Mr. Ransom is a very penetrating and witty critic. To

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read his criticism is to encounter a high type of mind, capable of demolishing both the sloppy sensibility of dilettantes and the wooden insensibility of academicians. Whether Mr. Ransom is dissecting "Lycidas" (and psychologically accounting for those deviations from form which led Dr. Johnson, accounting for them æsthetically, to pass his monstrous judgment on the poem), or whether he is showing that when Aristotle spoke of a katharsis he meant a very genteel purge and not some nobly spiritual shower bath, or whether he is slaughtering the university professors for doing a narrow job with English literature, he has qualities of acumen and wit to which not very many critics of today can lay claim. But the problem of poetry today can hardly not be linked to the problem of human culture, which is plainly being menaced; and Mr. Ransom's theoretical formulations will neither diminish that menace nor keep it from going on to prevail.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Shorter Notices

THE WORLD IS MINE: THE STORY OF A MODERN MONTE CRISTO. By William Blake. Simon and Schuster. $3.

A number of novelists have been toying with astronomical financial figures, a pastime popular since the days of Midas and Croesus. Now they say the golden game of speculation is played by cynics and radicals who know that capitalism is going to hell. An admirable conceit, but as this novel by William Blake indicates, the game is nothing more than a new type of escapism. "The World Is Mine" flits off to a Never-Never Land of tired radicalism as misty as the romantic pastures of the true-love magazines. Its hero, Don Cristobal Pinzon, is an anarchist with a deep hatred for the tyrants of Spain. But because four shady English promoters finagled the family copper mine from his father and left the Pinzons destitute, Cristobal determines to accomplish the revenge of which he is sworn with the methods of the crooks themselves rather than continue as a revolutionary. He learns the tricks of capitalism well—indeed, too well. Once Cristobal is off on his gigantic, perfectly executed, and always successful speculations he becomes a mechanism instead of a man. From the eminence of ten billion dollars he exterminates the Englishmen with silly ease. Then he turns his sweet attentions to the system at large. But suddenly and unaccountably (or rather, because Mr. Blake had to end a novel already much too long), he grows stupid; in the Spanish civil war he buys arms for the peasantry instead of buying Franco off with a billion or so. Distrusted by both sides, he is killed in a guerrilla skirmish. This novel is merely a pretty personification of recent history. It is the work of a man of such hurried and hungry intellectual curiosity that he can never descend from convenient abstractions to human beings.

WIND OVER WISCONSIN. By August Derleth. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

It is a pity Glenway Westcott said "Good-by, Wisconsin," for the fictional history of his native state which August Derleth is writing, of which "Wind Over Wisconsin" is the second volume, cries out for Mr. Westcott's incisive clarity and distinction of expression, his great gifts for evoking living characters from the past. With all its conscientious documentation, local color, descriptions of nature, and introduction of actual historical personages, Mr. Derleth's novel of the Black Hawk War has about as much life as a series of Cecil B. DeMille stills. One reads on the blurb that Mr. Derleth has also written "Still Is the Summer Night," a novel of Wisconsin in the '80's, but one turns instead to Glenway Westcott's "The Grandmothers," a book which in its simple dignity, economy, and insight shows how few props are needed to make the past live if it is perceived in terms of the human heart and mind rather than as a taxidermist's pageant.

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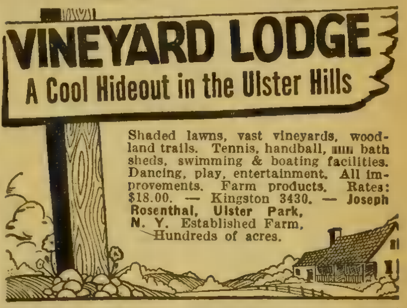

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Letters to the Editors

Minority Report

Dear Sirs: Although it is our belief that intra-union difficulties should be thrashed out within the union, since Morris Yanoff has seen fit publicly to take exception to an article by Edward Levinson, we feel that the readers of *The Nation* should know that Yanoff's statement presents only one side of the story, and includes some startling inaccuracies.

"Local 16 is not dominated by any political group," writes Brother Yanoff. Let us examine the record. Local 16's present administration has consistently supported known Communist Party organizations and ignored other organizations in the same field which were not controlled by the C. P. It supported the American League for Peace and Democracy, not any other recognized peace movement; the International Labor Defense, not the Civil Liberties Union or the Workers' Defense League; the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, not any other fighting section; the North American Committee for Spain, not Trade Union Relief for Spain. All these were indorsed in spite of the opposition of a considerable portion of the membership of the local who objected to this obvious political partisanship.

"Every opportunity exists in Local 16 for full expression of differences of opinion," asserts Yanoff, who from his seat on the floor actually controls the meeting by a nod of the head or the passing of a note to the chair. The spirit of "democratic discussion" which has been fostered in our union was illustrated by a statement of one of the "comrades" on the floor recently: "Why do you people take up so much of our time with your ideas? You know if you propose something we will vote against it." An even more glaring example was the resolution introduced by Yanoff:

> The membership of Local 16 hereby goes on record as opposing publication and distribution, directly or indirectly, of points of view relating to the instruction to our delegates to the U. O. P. W. A. convention which are in opposition to the action taken by this membership. Any violation of this ruling will be considered a serious breach of trade-union responsibility, subject to appropriate action by the Local.

Mr. Yanoff in defense of his resolution maintained that the opposition is only a small minority. (Apparently, therefore, it may readily be suppressed.) The fact is that this "tiny bloc" comprises over 30 per cent of the membership, as demonstrated by union elections. This is the type of unionism which Edward Levinson described in his article and which we "disrupters" are fighting against.

LEA FASINELLA
SARA GOULD
Executive Board Members, Local 16,
United Office and Professional
Workers of America
New York, August 3

Violent Holy Land

Dear Sirs: The following data may be of interest in clarifying figures cited in my recent article, Coming Revolt in the Desert. From January 1, 1936, to October 31, 1937, there were 411 killings in Palestine; from November 1, 1937, to July 26, 1938, there were at least 496, a rate three times as great as that for the preceding year. In the twenty days from July 6 to 26 of this year there were 187 violent deaths, a rate fifteen times that for the year before the announcement of the Partition Plan. During the post-plan period cited deaths were as follows: Jews killed: by Arabs 79, by the government 2, total 81; Arabs killed: by the government 221, by unclassified parties (including Arabs) 180, total 401; British killed (police and military): by Arabs 13; miscellaneous killed: by Arabs, one Russian nun. We can no longer say, therefore, that most victims are Jews, although Jews still do the least killing. The result of British policy in the twentieth year of the League's Mandate is that the government killed almost one Palestinian daily. The policy of "keeping the ring" (modern English usage for *divide et impera*) is not Mr. Chamberlain's invention: the 1937 Ormsby-Gore White Paper is the extension of the 1931 Webb White Paper, the 1922 Churchill White Paper, and the war-time papers of Messrs. Balfour, Macmahon, Lawrence, Shakespeare, Philby, and Cox.

HERBERT SOLOW
New York, July 27

Investigation Needed

Dear Sirs: Permit me to make the following suggestion about Mexican oil. Send down an investigation committee composed of Professors Ross, Ripley of Harvard, and Davis, formerly of Yale, along with others to be named later. Let them investigate both oil and our State Department and report to the American public.

T. A. MC KAY
South Range, Wis., July 14.

CONTRIBUTORS

JOHN GUNTHER, author of "Inside Europe," has recently completed a trip around the world and is now writing a new book, "Outside Asia."

MATT SLAY, a native of Texas, has made a first-hand study of the conditions he describes.

LUDWIG LORE conducts a column called "Behind the Cables" in the New York *Post*.

HELEN WOODWARD is writing a book on the advertising business entitled "O Paradise."

HENRY B. KRANZ is a Viennese newspaperman, playwright, and novelist now living in New York.

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ADOLF STURMTHAL was for many years head of the Research and Publications Department of the Labor and Socialist International. He has served as London correspondent of Czech newspapers.

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THE *Nation*

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The Shape of Things

THE WEEK-END OF AUGUST 13, MARKED BY advance rumor as the beginning of the Second World War, passed peacefully enough although not without its moments of anxiety. With his usual flair for the provocative, Hitler began the mobilization of more than a million reservists for autumn military maneuvers. Private automobiles, trucks, furniture vans, and even municipal buses were requisitioned to play a role in the demonstration. It may be assumed that Hitler chose this strategic moment to stage his big show in order to bring maximum pressure on the negotiations in Czechoslovakia. Since experience has shown that the Czechs are not likely to be intimidated, it was presumably intended primarily to impress Runciman and Chamberlain with the urgency of the German claims against Prague. Economically, Britain and Germany could strangle Czechoslovakia unless the United States chose to come to its aid. Meanwhile, any satisfaction we may feel that another "crucial" week-end has passed without war is tempered by the fact that no steps have been taken to make the next week-end less crucial.

*

EVEN IF NOTHING ELSE HAD HAPPENED politically last week, the shellacking that Ohio Democrats gave to Governor Martin L. Davey would have been enough to make it an invigorating one for the country. Here was a man who fought Little Steel's battles with state troops and whose campaign was one long blast about the Moscow menace of the C. I. O.; he will shortly return to the tree-doctoring business. But a good deal more than that happened. In two out of three senatorial primaries the New Deal scored again. The same Ohioans who uprooted Davey sent Robert J. Bulkley back to the Senate with the support of Labor's Non-Partisan League, to the gratification of President Roosevelt, who had bestowed an O. F. ("old friend") on Bulkley during the campaign. Arkansas came through with a victory for Senator Hattie W. Caraway, an unfailing supporter of the Administration, although the New Deal was hardly an issue in the primary. The Roosevelt forces undoubtedly came a cropper in Idaho, where the Administration

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lost a stalwart supporter in the defeat of Senator James P. Pope, the first New Deal senatorial incumbent to fall in this year's primaries. The vote was extremely close, however, and there is a widespread belief, even among Republicans, that many of their number took advantage of a weakness in the Idaho law to register as Democrats in order to effect the nomination of a weaker candidate.

*

PERHAPS MORE SIGNIFICANT THAN ANY OF the primary results themselves was the tonic effect which the Ohio victory and the Barkley triumph in Kentucky a week before seem to have had on the President. He has given up the conciliatory approach which for a time threatened to substitute watchful (and costly) waiting for vigorous social campaigning. The free-hitting way he has gone after Senator Walter F. George of Georgia is notice to the country that he has the New Deal program much in mind, and that his personal friendship for conservative "gentlemen and scholars" does not extend to the point of offering them a free ride on his coat-tails.

*

THE DIES COMMITTEE ON UN-AMERICAN activities is living up to the Texas representative's past performances, and has itself become an un-American menace of serious proportions. It has hardly begun its work, but it has made plain its intention of muffing its chance to do anything substantial about Nazi activities in America, and of turning the investigation into another red-hunt. The amazing report of Edward Sullivan, the committee's chief investigator on the West Coast, goes out of its way to whitewash the Nazis there, explaining their anti-Semitic activities as the natural reaction to the Jewish boycott of Germany; and while Mr. Dies took a potshot at George Sylvester Viereck, discredited pro-German propagandist of long standing, he has shown what game he is really stalking by the testimony introduced about the Communists and the C. I. O. What is most interesting about this testimony—and John P. Frey's attempt to pin the Communist label upon John Brophy is an indication of its quality—is that it synchronizes so perfectly with the anti-C. I. O. drive on other fronts. There is the split in the U. A. W. and Homer Martin's dictatorial ousting of a section of the union's executive board as Communist. There are the charges of negotiations between Martin (still presumably a C. I. O. leader) and Mr. Frey. There is the attack by the committee's Mr. Sullivan upon Harry Bridges, coinciding with the withdrawal of five unions from the West Coast C. I. O. Industrial Council. And there are the persistent reports that David Dubinsky will soon lead his I. L. G. W. U. out of the C. I. O. What we are witnessing in America today, in short, is not just one of the recurrent red-hunts but one designed to break the back of the strongest progressive labor movement America has seen.

IT IS HARD TO SEE WHAT EXTENUATING evidence Senator George L. Berry can offer to blunt the indictment leveled against him in the TVA investigation. His discredited marble claims appear to have been not only an isolated act of bad faith; they might have wrought irreparable damage to the New Deal's most promising social adventure. And the incident has thus far provided effective artillery for critics of David A. Lilienthal and Harcourt Morgan. According to testimony before the committee, Mr. Berry acquired marble lands in the Tennessee Valley in 1932. When construction of the Norris Dam required flooding of that area, Berry promptly sought compensation from the government. It becomes increasingly clear that this was an attempt to get something for nothing, with the integrity of TVA jeopardized by the effort. What must be explained is the seeming tenderness with which these claims were treated. As early as 1934 the chief geologist of TVA suggested that the claims represented a "hold up"; similar warnings were current from time to time while the negotiations ensued. Yet in 1936, by signing a conciliation agreement with Mr. Berry, TVA's directors implicitly rebuked the rumors of bad faith. It was not until the following year that this proceeding was abandoned and a condemnation suit vigorously launched; last March Senator Berry's properties were pronounced commercially worthless by a three-man commission. The three-year delay has not yet been plausibly explained; why did TVA's directors fail to press a swift and merciless inquiry of these rumors as soon as they were heard? We are suspending judgment on that question until Mr. Lilienthal, Harcourt Morgan, and Mr. Berry himself take the stand; but the issue cannot be avoided if those who hate TVA and all its works are to be effectively challenged.

*

THE FIRST CHANGKUFENG INCIDENT ENDED when Japan backed down on its long-standing demand for two-thirds' control of the commission which is to demarcate the Soviet-Manchurian frontier. Although further disputes have arisen over the truce, and another incident occurred the following day on Sakhalin Island, the threat of a Soviet-Japanese war has definitely diminished. In choosing to yield despite a serious loss of "face," Japan bowed to the inevitable. A war against the Soviet Union under present circumstances would undoubtedly lead to the destruction of the military clique which has dominated Japanese foreign policy since 1931, and what is true today will be even truer six months from now. The Changkufeng incident has already held up the attack on Hankow by at least a fortnight and has resulted in the collapse of the Japanese drive in southern Shansi. With its gold reserve down to approximately $200,000,000, Japan must deal a knockout blow by the end of the year if it is to win at all in China.

EASTERN EUROPE, IF WE ARE TO JUDGE BY a number of recent developments, is definitely shying away from the Berlin-Rome axis. The most striking deviation has occurred in Rumania. Frightened by the fate of Austria, King Carol's government has yielded to the Soviet Union on the question of permitting the Russian military to cross Rumanian territory in going to the aid of Czechoslovakia. Three railway links have been completed in recent weeks, as well as an excellent military highway. In line with this general shift in policy, the Rumanian government has enacted a new statute granting unprecedented rights to its minorities. Poland, though leaning toward Berlin in its foreign policy, has announced its intention of withdrawing from the League Council, thus clearing the way for unanimous Council action against the aggressor in the event of an attack on Czechoslovakia. The recent agreement permitting the rearmament of Bulgaria, signed July 31, strengthens the anti-fascist forces of Eastern Europe. Officially, Yugoslavia is still inclined toward the axis. But the presence and extreme cordiality of some 10,000 Yugoslavs, including several hundred army men, at the Sokol Sports Carnival at Prague has convinced the Czechs of the deep-seated friendship of the Yugoslav population. Straws pointing disquietingly in the opposite direction may also be found, such as the recent Polish and Hungarian press attacks on the Czechs; but the tide seems definitely to have turned against a supine acceptance of German hegemony in Southeastern Europe.

* * *

SACCO and VANZETTI: died August 23, 1927.

Anti-Semitism Is Here

ANTI-SEMITISM is growing in the United States. As tangible as a heavy fog, it is spreading through new areas of our social life and carrying with it the threat of unspeakable future ills. We say these words with reluctance, but without any question of their truth. Nor will they be disputed by any person sensitive to currents of popular feeling. Like a fog, too, this prejudice is hard to fight, hard even to get hold of and analyze. You know it is there, but you are at a loss to describe its exact shape or substance or dimensions.

In Europe anti-Semitism has been on the increase ever since the Great War. It has followed in the wake of political and economic disturbances throughout Central and Eastern Europe, culminating in the obscenities of the Hitler terror. But Americans have considered themselves relatively immune to anti-Semitism in its cruder forms. Basically we are ashamed of the race prejudice that exists: colleges may establish Jewish quotas, hotels exclude Jewish patrons, clubs and fraternities refuse Jewish members, but we drape such discriminations in euphemisms or bury them in unwritten laws. And in either case we recognize them as flagrant offenses against the democratic tradition that serves as our social conscience if not as a rule of action.

Until recently we regarded with considerable contempt the excesses of the Old World. Even people who may have felt some inner sympathy for Hitler were forced to express it apologetically; they gave "reasons" why his treatment of the Jews, regrettable though it was, had been inevitable. Anti-Semitism remained pretty well confined within its upper-class pale. And when an upstart American fascist group like the Silver Shirts or a fanatic like Robert Edmondson would sow a crop of "Protocols" or indecent anti-Jewish leaflets, their behavior was dismissed as a product of reaction's lunatic fringe.

Today the situation has definitely changed. Yet the change is subtle. Race feeling is on the increase, but it has not emerged in overt acts or new restrictions nor is it discussed in the press. Jews seem to be less aware of it than Gentiles; a fact that may explain how, in Germany, so many Jews were able to remain relatively unsuspecting until the blow fell. In lieu of real standards of measurement—for no one can measure what is still a subjective attitude—we can only cite random indications of the change. One major sign is the tendency among Gentile opponents of the Administration to damn the Jews for Roosevelt's alleged sins. The name of Felix Frankfurter has come to symbolize Jewish radicalism in the New Deal—with no regard to the fact that Frankfurter is an uncompromising constitutionalist and a moderate liberal in his political views. The influence of Benjamin V. Cohen is chalked up against the Jews; but as far as we have heard, the parallel influence of Thomas Corcoran is held against Corcoran alone. The admirable freedom from race discrimination which characterizes the whole Roosevelt regime is itself held as a reproach to the Administration. Those scurrilous appeals to prejudice that provided ammunition for the embattled reactionaries of the 1936 campaign have been the accepted attitude of the same group ever since.

In business the growth of intolerance is just as marked. We have heard business men express their whole sense of insecurity and economic frustration in terms of the "Jewish menace"; Jews "dominate" industry and finance on the one hand, while on the other they are responsible for labor's new militancy. Dubinsky and Hillman are considered significant and typical names—even in an organization that is headed by a Lewis and a Brophy and a Murray. An important business man with a reputation for liberalism said recently: "The Jews are the cause of all our troubles in this country and I wish that every one of them could be deported." He suggested South America as a suitable asylum.

This attitude is, of course, no more than a single manifestation of the dangerous bitterness of the reactionary forces in America today both in business and politics. The man who hates the New Deal, who calls the C. I. O. a "Marxist" organization, who is looking for an "American" solution of our industrial ills, and who blames the Jews for his troubles is not different in kind from his counterpart in pre-Nazi Germany who drew his fears and prejudices into a similar pattern and welcomed the man—social upstart though he was—who embodied the whole complex. Soon after he came to power Hitler told an American correspondent who had expressed disapproval of the Nazi *Judenhass* that within a very few years the same feeling would sweep the United States. He may prove a true prophet.

One of the most serious effects of the new anti-Semitism in America is its effect upon the Jews themselves. As in Germany, Jews of the business world by and large share the attitudes of their Gentile counterparts. Why should they not? They similarly oppose Roosevelt and fear the New Deal and denounce the C. I. O. They share everything but the Gentiles' anti-Semitism, and their emotions force them to a defensive position that is hardly less dangerous—that is, in fact, a sort of inverted anti-Semitism. It can be summed up in the opinion expressed by a Jewish broker last spring. He said, "Morris Ernst, by his fight against Hague, has done more to hurt the Jews than anyone else in the United States." Why? Because Morris Ernst was defending the constitutional right of workers to assemble and speak even under the dictatorship of Frank Hague? That was the fact, but this critic put it differently: Morris Ernst was taking the side of Communists and members of the C. I. O. and thus identifying a Jew—and, by implication, all Jews—with subversive and disreputable ideas. Conservative Jews, faced with the insanity of anti-Semitism, are tempted to abandon rationality themselves and accept as their own criteria of behavior the prejudices that operate against them. A radical Jewish labor leader or public official is looked upon not merely as a wrong-headed fellow but as a menace to the race; a Jew who militantly espouses even the cause of free speech is considered a person of dubious judgment.

But conservative Jews are, of course, impaled upon a grim dilemma. They cannot serve what they believe to be their economic interests without encouraging the growth of anti-Semitism at the same time, for race prejudice is a by-product of industrial and political reaction. Nothing can alter this, least of all a policy of well-bred discretion on the part of the Jews. The only hope of burning through the fog of race hatred or of halting its spread is to strengthen every democratic force in the country. The future of the Jew in America is tied tight to the future of democracy, and that in turn depends upon a successful resistance to reaction, whether it appears in the guise of Wall Street Republicanism or the primitive fascism of Frank Hague. Both are riddled with anti-Semitic feeling. Both must be overcome if the American ideal of tolerance and the equality of races is to survive.

Beyond the Ebro

THE third year of the Spanish revolt has thus far been the hardest for Franco. The government's offensive across the Ebro has proved, with the possible exception of the attack on Teruel, the most successful military maneuver carried out by the Republican troops in the twenty-five months of the war. It not only succeeded in adding several hundred square miles to the government's territory, but completely checked Franco's drive against Sagunto and Valencia. At the moment Franco finally succeeded in stopping the drive on the outskirts of Gandesa, the Loyalists struck again, this time toward Albaracin. A week later, just as the rebels were poised for a strong counter-offensive on the Gandesa front, government troops crossed the Serge near Lerida, diverting troops to that sector.

The government's conspicuous success has completely altered world opinion regarding the probable final outcome in Spain. Three months ago the foreign offices of the world were convinced of the certainty of a rebel victory. Some, including the American State Department, declared it to be only a matter of weeks. The refusal of the United States to raise the embargo and the closing of the French frontier late in May appeared even to many who are friendly to Spain to seal its fate. It was a foregone conclusion that German and Italian aid would continue to flow unchecked into rebel territory, while at the same time the British government offered no resistance to the repeated sinking of food ships destined for Loyalist ports. The ability of the Spanish government to sustain an offensive calling for great technical skill and reserve strength has upset all these calculations. In crossing the Ebro and the Serge, the government did what the rebels, with their vastly superior equipment, had been unable to do for months. As a result, observers who previously thought that Franco would win within thirty days are now talking about a stalemate. There is even some discussion of an eventual government victory. For unless they are entirely cut off from supplies, the Loyalists will be stronger six months from now than they are at present.

As always, the decisive factor remains the extent of foreign intervention. Here, too, the picture has been changed by the recent government victories. The left parties in France have become extremely antagonistic to the sealing of the Franco-Spanish frontier. Daladier is said to have served notice on the British that the border cannot be kept closed much longer unless definite

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progress is made toward withdrawal of the Italian "volunteers." Prodded by France, the British government has brought pressure on both Franco and Mussolini for action on the withdrawal plan. While no one takes British pressure very seriously these days, Mussolini is presented with the embarrassing choice of limiting the flow of men and materials to Spain, and thus risking a Franco defeat, or of having France reopen its border, coupled with the added risk of a collapse of the Anglo-Italian agreement.

France's restiveness under the non-intervention policy imposed by Britain may also have important effects on the Czechoslovakian situation. Many sectors of French opinion are as suspicious as the Czechs of the sincerity of Runciman's visit. They see in the recent reports of German mobilization rather convincing evidence of the folly of trying to meet Hitler half way. If Chamberlain is to keep France under his thumb, he will have to make concessions—possibly with respect to Czechoslovakia as well as Spain. In any event it is clear that the fascists have overplayed their hands, and in so doing have greatly weakened the position of their London friend. This does not mean that Chamberlain is likely to be overthrown, or that he will cease his efforts to play with the dictators. But it is difficult to see how he can avoid making concessions to the reviving democratic forces of Europe.

Southern Waste Land

NOTHING could make clearer that Mr. Roosevelt's current concern with Southern politics has genuine economic and social roots than the report on the South's condition just released by the National Emergency Council. It is a report that cuts deep, and its effect is enhanced by its being factual, concise, almost terrifying in the simplicity with which it exposes the poverty and economic brutality of the South. It is one of the most moving and disturbing analyses that have come out of the New Deal.

Northerners need not feel condescending about it, nor need Southerners feel singled out for censure. Northerners have tended to regard the South as a cultured European might feel about some primitive and backward people; but here is proof that the South is what it is largely because of the financial imperialism of Northern big business. The South, on the other hand, has always resented prying New York intellectuals and New England welfare workers; but here is a study of the South made entirely by Southerners, and sponsored by an advisory committee of representative Southern leaders. We have to thank the continuing work, during the last few years, of the Southern Policy Committee, which has brought to the problems of that region the best economic realism the South itself provides. There has been in the past a whole stream of reports on various phases of Southern economic life. But this is the first comprehensive analysis that has not been hushed up through a false sense of political discretion; it bids fair to become the spearpoint of legislative and administrative policy toward the South.

Have you wondered why Senators are reactionary in the South, why workers are backward, why lynchings are frequent and intolerance widespread, why the South has thus far been almost impermeable to labor organization? Read this report. It is richer, more important, more absorbing than the current best-seller you have just bought about the European impasse or the dangers of planned economics. For if the South is culturally a waste land, one does not have to resort to mystical vaporings about regional character and historical traditions to explain it. Here are the facts that condition the impact of the South upon our national life today—the facts about the wasting of the South's splendid natural and human resources, the erosion of its soil, the crowding of its rural slums, the draining of its youngest blood and best talent, its ramshackle housing, its starvation wages, its monopoly of pellagra and its subjection to syphilis and malaria, its sparse schooling, its exploitation of the labor of women and children, its dependent farm tenantry and brutalized and impoverished landowners, its untaxed industries and its tax-burdened common people—in short, the grotesque paradox it presents of a land that "is blessed by nature with immense wealth," yet whose "people as a whole are the poorest in the country."

The roots of what is wrong with the South are not sectional but national. The South is tributary to the utilities and banks and lumber companies and textile companies and big industries of the North. It has become a satrapy of the corporate oligarchs that dominate the economic destinies of all of us. The enemies of the South are the enemies of the common man throughout the country. The difference is that in the South it is not only a class but an entire region that has been victimized by the chaotic conduct of our industry and the concentration of its power.

It is little wonder that the Southern intellectual and literary movement that has attracted most notice is reactionary and pessimistic. The South's plight has made its intellectuals bitter; and without the economic clarity that this report represents, bitterness may lead only to a more drastic reaction. But despite the program of the agrarian traditionalists, the path of the South does not lead backward to the simpler economy of the past. And despite the Southern Senators, it does not lead to a coalition with the G. O. P. It merges with the broad highway of a planned and collective control of the resources of the whole nation. What the Melett report implies is that such a program must be not only inter-industrial but inter-regional as well.

La Follette Pulls His Punches

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, August 15

THE well-advertised duel between Tom Girdler and Bob La Follette turned out to be pretty much of a flop. One reason was that both parties had decided that discretion would be the better part of valor. "Terrible Tom" did none of the roaring and table-pounding in which he indulged before another Senate committee a year earlier. Forewarned that La Follette's aides had uncovered a series of discrepancies between the testimony given by Girdler last summer and the evidence taken from his company's files in recent weeks, he made haste to confess his "mistakes." He had been "mistaken" about the number and character of the weapons carried in Republic Steel's arsenal. He had been "mistaken" about the exchange of information between his spies and those employed by other corporations. In fact, he had known virtually nothing about the elaborate espionage system maintained in Republic plants with his stockholders' money. La Follette, on the other hand, treated Girdler with elaborate courtesy and consideration, and failed to confront him with a number of facts that were calculated to embarrass him. Bob has got into the habit of leaning over backward so far that he is constantly losing his balance. Moreover, for some strange reason, he has become imbued with the notion that the most important purpose of his investigation is to "make a record." Of course, the record which chiefly matters is the one which appears in the daily newspapers, and it is not improved by feeding salt-water taffy to such characters as Tom Girdler. La Follette seemed surprised when he learned that Girdler had not read the transcript of previous testimony. He may as well resign himself to the fact that virtually nobody has read it, or ever will, except a few writers digging for book material.

Meantime the Dies committee of the House—commissioned to inquire into "un-American activities"—has fulfilled expectations by permitting itself to be used as a sounding board for John P. Frey's slanderous attack on the C. I. O. On the long list of union executives whom Frey named as Communists are many men whom I know intimately, and they are no more Communists than the Archbishop of Canterbury is. Justly or otherwise, to call a man a Communist in this country is to apply an opprobrious term. It would be a salutary step, in my judgment, if a few loose-tongued demagogues of the Frey type were required to answer charges of libel. There is nothing more calculated to bridle a reckless tongue than a resounding verdict for damages. Since I am not a lawyer I cannot be accused of ambulance-chasing in making the suggestion. I hope it will fall on fertile ground. Character assassination has become a fixed practice of the little clique of labor politicians who run the American Federation of Labor, but it can still be discouraged.

As a matter of fact, if the Dies committee wished to do something useful—a hypothesis unsupported by any evidence at this date—it might ask Frey, Bill Green, and their associates to explain the curious coincidence whereby their efforts to discourage the unionization of workers in the mass-production industries are almost indistinguishable from those employed by the National Association of Manufacturers. Whether it is anything more than coincidence I cannot say. If I had evidence of actual collaboration I would publish it. Probably it doesn't exist. The probability is that the A. F. of L. bosses are simply emulating the tactics of an organization which has had much experience in opposing the organization of workers. However, the facts should be impressed on the public, especially on the rank and file of the A. F. of L. It is no exaggeration to say that the cause of union labor has no more dangerous enemy today than the governing group of the federation. When it comes to gross, deliberate misrepresentation of the record of the Labor Relations Board, Green has out-Girdlered Girdler.

A week ago nearly all the tory editors and columnists were solemnly explaining that the projected purge had been abandoned because Roosevelt had lost his nerve. What he saw and heard on the Western trip convinced him, they said, that purging is a hazardous business, likely to backfire. How many columns of this ineffable tripe were printed, heaven only knows. Then the President landed in Georgia—with both feet—on Senator George. It was a much bolder and riskier step than his indorsement of Barkley in Kentucky, and at once it was incumbent on the tory editors and columnists to explain.

From *l'Humanité*

This was a tough assignment. To tell a doting public why you crawled out on a limb and carefully sawed it off, is embarrassing, and many of the writers didn't even attempt it. They simply proceeded to throw fits.

For example, the editorial page of the Washington *Post*, generally recognized in the capital as a sure cure for insomnia, hauled off with an excited leader printed in two-column measure. It contained the customary bunk about Roosevelt wishing to be a dictator, and concluded with the question: "Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed?" In the effort to get themselves right side up other writers resorted to various devices. Some employed the solemn, censorious tone, and expatiated on the theme that Georgia Democrats would "resent" outside interference, although that theme had not proved sound when applied to the Kentucky situation. The lowest note was struck, I believe, by Dave Lawrence, who remarked that the introduction of a political subject at Warm Springs might cause some people to cancel their subscriptions to the fund for crippled children! Doubtless Dave would be the first to deny that he intended to suggest such a thing, but he is a grown man, and it is difficult to perceive how he can escape his responsibility in the matter. It is a responsibility which few would wish to share with him.

Roosevelt did in Georgia exactly what every sensible observer should have expected. That he will repeat the performance in Maryland for the purpose of replacing the frivolous and reactionary Millard Tydings with David Lewis is a foregone conclusion. Why would he do otherwise? The primaries have demonstrated thus far that the voters are still with him. The only major setback he has suffered was in Idaho, and there seems to be no dispute about the fact that Senator Pope was defeated by Republicans who entered the Democratic primary. Incidentally, that fact illustrates rather strikingly how completely the Republican Party is the tool of vested interests. It can even be used to defeat a progressive Democrat with one who is reactionary. Instead of furnishing a respectable opposition it is content to serve as a stooge.

The Breakdown of Relief

BY SAMUEL LUBELL AND WALTER EVERETT

Chicago, August 9

RELIEF in a good part of the United States is crumbling under the impact of the recession like a town rocked by a series of earthquakes. In some cities relief agencies have already slammed their doors against thousands in dire need. Akron's reliefers must keep body and soul together on twelve cents a person for a day's food. Cleveland's poor are still begging from door to door and foraging in garbage cans. Detroit's jobless sick must trust to God or nature if their illnesses require any but the cheapest drugs. Evictions have become a daily routine in Chicago. Distress and suffering are spreading like the plague.

For five weeks we have been touring industrial cities in western Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, and Illinois—places where the recession hit the hardest. Everywhere unemployment is almost as great as during the blackest days of the depression, and relief loads are even heavier. One out of every six families in Pittsburgh either is receiving direct relief or is on the WPA; one out of five in Chicago; one out of four in Akron; more than one out of four in Detroit; one out of three in Cleveland; one out of two in Flint. Most of the cities and some of the states have plunged neck-deep into debt to provide even miserable handouts. Many communities are on the brink of default. Virtually none have funds to last longer than the next few months.

Food, clothing, and shelter budgets for families receiving direct relief have been lopped so drastically and so generally that it is impossible to measure the results in human suffering. After the first few days of traveling through "dole slums," we came to expect that children six, seven, and eight years old would have legs as spindly as the starving Armenians for whom we used to contribute our pennies. Regional WPA officials estimate that in Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, and Illinois budgets have been slashed on the average 20 to 50 per cent. And that cut has been made since the start of the recession, when "economy" had already lowered relief standards below the level of adequacy set by private charities.

Wilfred S. Reynolds, director of the Council of Social Agencies in Chicago, estimates the city's standard relief budget to be 15 per cent below his agency's definition of adequacy. In the last six months that already inadequate budget has been reduced by something like half. Even now, with fresh funds appropriated by the special session of the legislature in May, there is no allotment for electricity or gas. Food allotments have been maintained at "par," but those getting aid must do their purchasing in daily dribbles, for ice is not included. Medical care is furnished "when required," half-rent "when necessary." The "when required" generally means in an emergency; the "when necessary" could be translated "when evicted."

Chicago, like many other cities, has adopted the intriguing policy of letting rent payments run behind until the landlord's patience is exhausted and the family evicted. Only when the client comes into the district office with a court order to move in forty-eight hours will relief authorities give him a month's rent for a new flat. Housing conditions of relief families are indescribable. Some landlords refuse to rent to persons without a job. Those who accept them generally offer lodgings that no regular rent-payer would take. Joel D. Hunter, head of Chicago's United Charities, told us of one house into which sixteen Negro families had moved. Separated by beaverboards, sixty persons lived in that one-family dwelling, some of the smaller children sleeping in wardrobe drawers.

Leo Hart, an organizer for the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee in South Chicago, said hardly a day passed without some union member being put out on the street. As many non-unionists must be behind in rent. Hart took us to see Louis Carillo, a steel worker, who had been evicted a week before with his eight children. The Carillos had found temporary lodgings in a friend's home. We entered through a smelly alley and a yard formed of cinder dumpings and rubbish. The Illinois Central tracks ran beside the house; across the tracks was a bookie establishment. Carillo's furniture was still in the truck. In the driver's seat, sprawled over two pillows, without sheets, was one of the Carillo children. That driver's seat was the boy's bed at night.

Carillo is a Mexican who came to Chicago in 1924. We found him wearing a battered hat, soiled shirt, torn trousers, and suspenders with one snapper gone. He hadn't shaved for two days, and the graying tips of his whiskers stood out against his dark skin. He spoke with an accent. "I jus' found myself a shack. I'll move later today. I bin stayin' here as long as I could get away with it. This my first time bin evicted. My girl got sick in 1936—her lungs," he went on. "We took her to the hospital. It did her good! Then, they told me they didn't have enough money to keep her. We had to take her home. It was cold in our house. She got worse." Carillo's thirteen-year-old daughter was spared the ordeal of the eviction, though. She died last May.

It is a mistake to think that the Illinois legislature solved Chicago's relief ills. It is even more of an error to speak of the relief crises of cities like Cleveland, Toledo, Dayton, and Columbus in the past tense. The law passed by the Ohio Assembly will go about as far in meeting the relief problems of these and other Ohio cities as a cup of coffee and a flop for the night would go in making a new man out of a panhandler. These cities already are several million dollars in the red. All the new law does is allow them to go deeper into debt by mortgaging tax receipts for the next three years. When we left Cleveland late in June enough money had been scraped together for food orders for ten days. Last week a relief worker whom we had befriended there wrote us in Chicago. "Things remain in the same general state as in June. The city has borrowed some money from the bankers. Four-day orders are being issued but only for the most urgent cases. The others beg and forage as they did in the spring."

Relief Administrator Frank E. Bubna described conditions in Cleveland as "about the same as in the worst part of the depression, if anything a little worse." Cleveland's movie houses are crowded; its ball park is packed. But for weeks the authorities were unable even to provide milk for needy children, and the WPA's supplies of skimmed milk, dried beans, flour, and vegetables were all the poor had to eat. It was the Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation that made good Mayor Harold Burton's promise that "no one will starve." The WPA has stretched its definition of "employable" so that every man who can so much as hold a tool and sign a time-sheet has been certified. WPA rolls have leaped from 20,000 last fall to almost 75,000 in mid-July. Only about 18,000 families are on direct relief, fewer than the city has cared for at any other time since the crash. Cleveland's total industrial pay roll has been estimated as around $2,600,000 a week. The WPA is spending upward of $1,250,000 weekly.

What the WPA has done in Cleveland it is doing throughout this area on a smaller scale. Hundreds of cities have taken advantage of surplus commodities and the clothing turned out at WPA sewing centers to restrict direct relief grants. In Chicago many a relief recipient sits at home staring at his toes because the WPA can't fit him with shoes and the city relief administration won't. WPA nursery kitchens in Akron have learned to cook double portions on Mondays, the children return so hungry after a week-end at home. In Flint, where schools had to be closed early in May, the WPA has multiplied the number on its rolls almost ten times since December 8. In Pontiac, in that same period, WPA employment has increased more than nine times; in Gary, Indiana, three times; throughout Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, and Illinois about twice. You can talk of boondoggling and shovel-leaning, but if it were not for the WPA many a city in this area would now be boarded up, its bonds defaulted, its relief stations closed, its people starving.

Even with Uncle Sam bearing more than his share of the load, cities and states have been sorely pressed to do their part. The Illinois Emergency Relief Commission estimates that only about 80 per cent of the state's relief needs are being met; before the May special session it was only about 50 per cent. In the first year of the recession 370 Illinois townships went more than $3,000,000 in debt trying to maintain relief standards. Such deficits have since been forbidden by the legislature. Communities now have the alternative of floating bonds or

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"balancing the budget" by relief slashes. A few, like Rockford, are planning bond issues. Most of the cities are cutting relief.

The state of Indiana thus far has turned a deaf ear to the pleas of hard-hit communities. Ohio cities are expected to exhaust their fresh borrowings before long—perhaps in the fall, perhaps not until after election. But the most immediate relief crisis is brewing in Michigan. Detroit grocers, holding more than $1,000,000 of unpaid food orders, have told the city to "pay up or else." For months the automobile capital has been unable to meet medical, dental, and nursing relief bills. In the middle of July Flint reduced its direct-relief food budgets 10 per cent. Incidentals like clothing, rent, and utilities had been eliminated months before. A few days later Shiawassee County, which borders on Flint, shut its relief stations "until August funds are available." Despite the eagerness with which they are seeking WPA help, many cities can't even raise their sponsor's share for WPA projects.

In Detroit we sat in at a grievance conference with WPA and United Automobile Workers' representatives. One automobile worker on WPA was insistent on being reclassified from an unskilled laborer to a landscaper. In great detail and with much fervor he explained how he did all the work a landscaper did—dug holes, planted trees, pruned the shrubs. After the conference we asked him why he was so anxious to be reclassified. "You know I may never get back into the auto industry," he replied. "I may be on WPA for an awful long time. A man likes to make a better job for himself wherever he is."

It sounds funny—the idea of working up in the WPA. Yes, it sounds funny until you sense the tragedy of those, not one man but thousands, who have nothing better to look forward to than a career on relief. In ten years more men may be employed in the automobile factories than now, but thousands of today's automobile workers will never regain their jobs. Of 600,000 men employed in the steel industry last summer at least 100,000, according to the estimate of Clinton S. Golden, Pittsburgh regional director of the S. W. O. C., are out for good because of the introduction of continuous hot-strip mills. In South Chicago we were told of a process Carnegie-Illinois has developed which will displace more than half of the company's "chippers"—perhaps 2,000 men. Louis Carillo is a "chipper" and he's growing old. The odds are he'll be one of the 2,000.

Even bleaker are the prospects of southern Illinois miners and Akron rubber workers. Throughout Franklin, Williamson, and Saline counties slag piles mark the abandoned mines. Entire communities are on the dole—Johnson City, for example, where the last operating mine was flooded several years ago. Seventy per cent of Williamson County's mining population are receiving relief. One relief official told us that if two-thirds of the miners in the area could be evacuated, the remaining one-third would have partial, seasonal employment—when industry boomed. As it is, 100,000 families are stranded in a common poverty. Ironically the relief they are getting discourages them from moving on (though where would they go?) and is miring them deeper in their ghost cities.

Akron relief officials estimate that 12,000 rubber workers—with their dependents, 50,000 persons—will never return to the factories. Fearing that a general rubber strike might tie up operations, the automobile manufacturers have forced the "Big Three"—Goodyear, Firestone, and Goodrich—to shift some of their plants. Mechanization and the unemployment-insurance laws are doing the rest. To avoid the insurance penalties on employers with large labor turnovers, companies are staggering employment, permanently squeezing out thousands of laborers. Even United Rubber Workers officials seem reconciled to the situation. Virtually all these stranded families were brought in from the South—cheap, strong labor—when rubber was booming. Today Akron citizens are grumbling, "Why don't they go back where they came from?"

Unemployment and relief obviously are permanent problems. But still state legislatures won't admit it. The Ohio General Assembly, dominated by the rural members, has persistently refused to allot relief funds for more than six months in advance. Rural prejudices have been fanned by Governor Martin L. Davey and a powerful business lobby, the Inter-Organization Conference. Ohio's cities can solve their relief problems only by obtaining the power to raise funds through taxes. The sole purpose of the Inter-Organization Conference has been to defeat any and all tax proposals. Since 1935, when the conference was set up, no new tax laws have been enacted. The Illinois Manufacturers' Association, which has fought relief appropriations as consistently, seems animated by the same type of reasoning. At a conference called by Governor Henry Horner to discuss the need for a special session last spring, a representative of the association heatedly argued: "We can't keep feeding these bums forever."

Nine years of depression and widespread unemployment, five years of relief administration by government agencies, and still there isn't a city in this entire area that has anything resembling a sound relief policy! The mental bankruptcy of public officials is evidenced by their frantic "purges." Cleveland hired a private agency to make "credit investigations" of sample relief clients at $3 a head, only to net "savings" that weren't sufficient to meet the investigators' bills. In Cincinnati relief authorities abruptly dropped all clients and had them reapply. Perhaps they hoped some of the needy would lose the address of relief headquarters in the shuffle.

Illinois is administering its relief program in truly medieval fashion through townships. The townships raise their own funds, set their own standards. There are more than 1,400 of them—townships and standards. Relief taxes are levied on real property, which means that the richer townships can do without state assistance, while the poorer communities, where the need is greatest, collect so little that even with state aid essential items have to be restricted.

Illinois, Michigan, and Ohio have no income tax. Instead of financing their relief programs in this way, they have resorted to sales taxes—levies which take their toll even out of relief checks.

Millions of dollars are being spent on relief—expenditures have soared to a new high and still are mounting—but to no one's satisfaction: not to those on relief, who are getting barely enough to keep them alive; not to officials administering relief, who are powerless to stop the deterioration, physical, mental, and moral, that is going on among relief clients; not to the taxpayer, who wonders where it will all end and what lasting good is being accomplished. And all because the country refuses to recognize that relief is a permanent problem, that bare subsistence handouts cannot take the place of rehabilitation.

Czech Suicide—London's Solution

BY ROBERT DELL

Geneva, August 11

HITLER has scored again, thanks to his faithful friend, Neville Chamberlain. Lord Runciman has been to Prague to try to persuade the Czechoslovaks to commit national suicide by yielding to the demands of the Sudeten Germans, that is to say, of Hitler. This, of course, is not the view of the matter presented to a gullible public by a docile press in England and France. On the contrary, Runciman's mission is hailed as a great contribution to a just and peaceful settlement of the Sudeten German question. So far as I have seen, only three papers in England—the Manchester *Guardian*, the *News-Chronicle*, and the *Daily Herald*—and two in Paris—*l'Ordre* and *l'Humanité*—have struck a discordant note. These two Paris papers are poles apart in politics, but Emile Buré, editor of the Nationalist *Ordre*, and Gabriel Péri, foreign editor of the Communist *Humanité*, are men of great intelligence, who know what is going on behind the scenes and have the courage to face realities, however unpleasant they may be. On international questions they are usually, as in the present case, substantially in agreement with each other and with Pertinax, who had two remarkable articles on the subject—one in *l'Ordre* and one in the current *l'Europe Nouvelle*.

It was in the *l'Europe Nouvelle* article that Pertinax revealed for the first time the origin of Runciman's mission, which was imposed by the British government both on France and on Czechoslovakia. About the middle of June a note from the London Foreign Office was received in Paris proposing the dispatch of a British mediator to Prague. The French government objected on the ground that such a course would only encourage Henlein and his friends to be even more exacting in their demands. Nevertheless, Chamberlain decided to send Runciman, and on July 20 Halifax in Paris simply informed Daladier and Bonnet of what amounted to a *fait accompli.* Instructions had been sent the day before to Sir Basil Newton, the British minister to Czechoslovakia, to see Benes personally and inform him of the decision to send Runciman. If Benes had refused to take part in the arrangement his published refusal would have ranged British public opinion against Czechoslovakia and made French support of Czechoslovakia difficult. From that moment the "primary fact" in the situation was no longer the declaration of the French government that it would execute all its obligations under the treaty of alliance of 1925 with Czechoslovakia, but Runciman's expected report. His recommendations—unless they patently involve the disruption of the Czechoslovak state—will impose themselves on the Czechs with almost irresistible force.

Pertinax with his habitual perspicacity sees through the mist of official optimism. Once more a French government has capitulated to British pressure and sacrificed the interests of France, Czechoslovakia, and Europe. During the crisis of May 20-21 the French government for once took the lead instead of waiting for a lead from London. It is true that the Czechoslovak government forced Daladier's hands by mobilizing. When Daladier threatened to mobilize in his turn, Chamberlain was obliged to act in accordance with the undertaking that he had given to Daladier and Bonnet during their conversations in London at the end of April. The British action in Berlin was successful, and Hitler abandoned his intended invasion of Czechoslovakia. One would have thought that Chamberlain would have been encouraged by this success to maintain a firm attitude toward Germany. Not a bit of it. The action that Chamberlain was obliged to take on May 21 was naturally resented both in Berlin and in Rome and compromised Chamberlain's agreement with Italy and his policy of an understanding with the fascist powers. He was determined never to be put in the same position again.

Early in July the British and French governments had information about military measures in Germany that looked like preparation for an attack on Czechoslovakia in August. The situation was similar to that in May, but it was not dealt with in the same way. It is probable that Hitler wished again to test the willingness of the British government to go to the aid of Czechoslovakia. At any rate he sent Wiedemann to London on the eve of the royal visit to Paris for the purpose of initiating Anglo-German negotiations. Exactly what Wiedemann said to Halifax we do not know, but it is likely that he gave on Hitler's behalf an assurance that Germany would not use force against Czechoslovakia in August if the British government would bring pressure on the Czechoslovak government to make further concessions to the demands of the Sudeten German Nazis. Immediately after Wiedemann's conversation with Halifax the German Ambassador to London, before leaving for Germany on vacation, saw Chamberlain—Halifax being already in Paris—and according to an official communiqué issued after the conversation, Chamberlain gave him "certain assurances" to the effect that the British government was exercising a restraining influence on the Czechoslovak government.

No such influence is needed, for the Czechoslovak government has already gone to the extreme limit of concessions, if not beyond it. For a long time past the British and French governments have been bringing pressure on the Czechs to make concessions, but they have brought no pressure on Hitler and the Sudeten Germans to make concessions by modifying their demands, which, if granted, would mean the end of Czechoslovakia as an independent sovereign state.

The demands of the Sudeten Germans were set forth by Henlein in his speech at Karlsbad on April 24. They were so extreme that when he went to London soon afterward and stated the claims of the Sudeten Germans with great moderation, he was asked by Churchill and others whom he saw how he reconciled his statement with his Karlsbad speech. Henlein replied that the speech was made for tactical reasons and was not to be taken literally and that the real demands of the Sudeten Germans were, as he had explained, quite reasonable. On July 7, at the request of the Czechoslovak government, the Sudeten German Party submitted a memorandum in which its demands were stated in fourteen points. The memorandum contained all the demands made at Karlsbad by Henlein on April 24. This procedure is characteristic of the methods adopted by Germany. In London the German government breathes peace and reconciliation, in Germany it makes military preparations for attacking Czechoslovakia if necessary, and in Prague it takes an uncompromising and menacing attitude.

One of the demands made in the memorandum of July 7, which has been declared by the whole German press to be essential, is clearly incompatible with the existence of the Czechoslovak state. Hitler demands through the Sudeten Germans that, in whatever part of Czechoslovakia they live, they should be grouped in a "national corporation," to which they will be forced to belong whether they like it or not. This corporate body would have complete jurisdiction over all German citizens of Czechoslovakia, who would have no rights except such as the corporate body chose to give them and no redress against intolerance and persecution. The corporation would be under the control of a "Führer" and would in effect be a Nazi state inside the Czechoslovak state. The Sudeten Germans propose that all the national minorities should be organized in the same way, including the Slovaks, who refuse to be considered a national minority.

Thus what the Sudeten Nazis, at Hitler's instigation, demand is not provincial autonomy but racial autonomy, which cannot be realized territorially because the districts in which Germans predominate have a mixed population and are separated from one another by predominantly Czech districts. Nevertheless, the Sudeten memorandum of July 7 implicitly claims the whole of northern Bohemia, where the Czech minority is very large. This system has no resemblance to the Swiss system, about which we have heard so much from the Sudeten Germans and their partisans in other countries. On the other hand, the proverbial autonomy proposed by the Czechoslovak government, which the memorandum of July 7 rejects, does resemble the Swiss system. The proposed provincial diets would have much the same legislative powers as the parliaments of the Swiss cantons, and the National Assembly, the central parliament, would be left with little more than questions of finance, foreign policy, and national defense. Moreover, within the provincial diets, there are to be sectional units of the large racial groups to control matters that concern only their own people.

According to the Hitler-Henlein system, Czechoslovakia would be divided into five racial groups or corporations, each of which would have a national diet and a national cabinet. The deputies in each group would choose a Führer, who would be ex officio a member of the Czechoslovak Cabinet, which would not be responsible to the National Assembly. Thus the Sudeten German, Hungarian, and Polish groups, composing about one-third of the population of the country, would have more representatives in the Cabinet than the Czech and Slovak groups, composing about two-thirds. Such a system would mean the end of democracy and representative government and the disintegration of the Czechoslovak state; and that is the aim of its authors.

On this point, which is the crucial one, there can be no compromise. Hitherto the principle of the British and French governments has been that the Czechoslovak government should make every possible concession that would not endanger the existence of the democratic Czechoslovak state. By sending Runciman to Prague they have in effect abandoned that principle, for what purpose can his visit serve if not that of bringing pressure on the Czechoslovak government to make concessions on this vital point? If, before sending him, they had told Hitler and the Sudeten Nazis that the demand for racial autonomy could not even be discussed, the demand might have been abandoned.

Neville Chamberlain's opinion on the Sudeten German question is known. He told the American journalists who met him at Lady Astor's famous luncheon party that he was in favor of a modification of the frontier between Germany and Czechoslovakia by the annexation to Germany of the Czechoslovak territory near the frontier in which Germans are the majority. It would be a pleasing prospect for the Czech minority, to say nothing of the Germans opposed to Hitlerism, who are more numerous than is generally supposed and are already the victims of intimidation and persecution. Moreover, it would leave Czechoslovakia with a frontier strategically indefensible. One of Chamberlain's ideas is the neutralization of Czechoslovakia, which would thus be obliged to abandon the alliance with France and the pact with Russia and the Little Entente and would become an easy prey for Germany. In short, Chamberlain wishes to sacrifice Czechoslovakia to get an understanding with Germany.

He is now almost in the position of a dictator so far as foreign policy is concerned. In everything but name he is Foreign Secretary. Halifax's real position is that of an Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Behind and through Chamberlain the Cliveden group directs British foreign policy. The Chief Diplomatic Adviser of the government, Sir Robert Vansittart, who is strongly opposed to Chamberlain's policy, is entirely set aside. Lady Astor has more influence on foreign policy than he has. Even the Foreign Office is hardly consulted

It must indeed be clear to most people that if Hitler gets hold of Czechoslovakia he will be the master of Central Europe. Hungary will inevitably come under his control, and it will be easy for him to dominate the Baltic States, Rumania, and Yugoslavia. Ultimately he will reach the Dardanelles, and then British interests will be seriously and directly threatened. Czechoslovakia is the key position. And we are being told by supporters of Runciman's mission that the most that can be hoped from it is a provisional arrangement which will postpone a German attack on Czechoslovakia until the spring. To such shifts is the diplomacy of the great Western democracies reduced.

Germany Shocked Me

BY WILLIAM E. DODD

THE black tide of anti-Semitism sweeps east and south; Nazi Vienna now vies with Berlin in terrorizing and persecuting its native citizens who happen to be Jews. According to Vincent Sheean, no fewer than 20,000 Jews have been arrested and placed in concentration camps since the Nazis vaulted into the Austrian saddle five months ago. Their property has been confiscated, their persons subjected to the grossest physical indignities. But to one already familiar with the extremés to which anti-Semitic fury can go, the Austrian situation presents nothing new or different. It is merely another chapter in the book of horror that is being written today in Middle Europe.

Unless one has been an eyewitness of the atrocities inflicted upon the Jewish population of Germany and Austria it is almost impossible to realize the extent and violence of Nazi persecution. An entire race is being broken by methodical torture, perpetrated not by isolated individuals but by the state itself. Never in modern times has a sovereign power bent itself so savagely upon the extinction of its own inhabitants, or so deliberately transgressed every tradition of culture and humanity.

I cannot undertake to explain these transgressions; I merely wish to set down some of the shocking incidents which took place in Germany during my ambassadorship. Many of these atrocities came to my personal attention; some have documentary support, while others were gathered from unimpeachable sources. Altogether the catalogue is a striking example of the extremes to which mass hysteria and blood-hungry official propaganda can drive a people.

The keynote to the whirlwind of persecution which now thunders over Mittel Europa is struck by Julius Streicher's newspaper the *Stürmer.* Across the front page of this journal snarls a fixed headline, THE JEWS ARE OUR DESTRUCTION. Beneath this sensational streamer the news columns reek with stories of atrocious Jew-baiting, ranging from the castration of a Jewish clerk who sought to "defile" the Aryan race* by marrying a Christian girl to the latest arrests of prominent Jewish scientists and scholars. This journal fairly spits

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* An Aryan is defined as a person who has had no Jewish ancestor since January 1, 1800. If such an ancestor is discovered, the Jew loses his citizenship and may not marry an Aryan or employ Aryan help.

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Judenhass (Jew-hatred). At the bottom of the page streams a huge banner in blood-colored ink, THE JEWS ARE OUR MISFORTUNE. Everyone who opposes or dissents from the Nazi program, every class or creed that nurses a dream of liberty, is labeled a Jew or a "tool of international Jewry." Streicher sneers at our Western democracy as "Jewish decadence." According to him the Dawes plan was a Jewish plot; Dawes's real name is Davidsohn. Because J. P. Morgan helped finance Germany's enemies his name is "proved to be Morgenstern." Streicher has even demonstrated that the Pope is a Jew and that his real name is Finkelstein.

In every German city today the Jew is a defenseless target of abuse. Large signs hang in cafe and shop windows—"Only traitors talk or deal with Jews"; "Jews visit this place at the risk of their lives"; "Israel, there is no room for you here." Last year during the height of anti-Semitic fury storm troopers marched into cafes, seized Jews on no pretext, and dragged them through the streets to jail. Aged men were beaten by mobs, their beards torn and defiled. One Jewish lady of high social position was dragged from her limousine, given a brush and a pail of water, and forced to scrub the streets, "in order to demonstrate to the world that no Jew is beyond the power of the German government." Jews are thrown from moving trains, are whipped or shot down in front of their children, and are molested with taunts and physical violence when they appear on the streets. One Jewish friend of mine told me that he prays for drenching rains so that he can go unannoyed on outside errands.

District leaders of the Nazi Party now have authority to rule over the Jews in their area. In the exercise of this power they frequently summon Jewish men and women of all ages to police headquarters for questioning and search. The "questioning" is accompanied by brutal physical beatings; the "search" is a pretext for stripping the Jews of whatever money or valuables they may have on their person. While awaiting their ordeal they are ordered to stand facing a blank wall for hours at a time, often until they collapse. For the slightest "offense"—such as speaking to Aryans or "touching food that an Aryan afterward ate"—they are heavily fined or imprisoned.

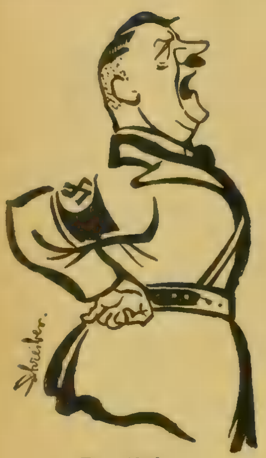
The courts offer little or no redress; one merchant whose store was looted of goods to the value of 1,600 marks by storm troopers was given a verdict of 12 pfennigs. In Magdeburg a Jewish youth was sentenced to four weeks' imprisonment for inviting an Aryan girl to a motion-picture show. The court found that he had "too closely approached the honor of this young maiden." A Jewish lawyer seeking refuge in a police station from his attackers was forced to walk barefooted and trouserless through the streets of Breslau bearing a placard, "I will never ask for police protection again." It was in protest against this type of atrocity that Stefan Lux, exiled Jewish writer, shot himself before the League of Nations Assembly in 1936.

If the persecutions were confined to persons who might conceivably be dangerous to the Hitler regime, some measure of justification might be found. But the Nazis do not require such justification; no child, no aged or infirm person is spared. On April 22, 1937, the Gestapo (Nazi secret police) evicted hundreds of inmates from thirty-three Jewish orphanages, sanatoriums, and homes for the aged; these institutions were all supported by the B'nai B'rith, a Jewish fraternal society. The evictions were a prelude to the confiscation of the B'nai B'rith properties and the "suppression" of the society. The suddenness of the evictions caught the Jewish community by surprise; several hundred children were turned into the streets utterly homeless. Two hundred aged Jews who had contracted with the fraternal order for support during the rest of their lives were reduced to a condition of wandering beggary. At about the same time 250 Jewish working girls were ousted from the Krugerheim Home, which was taken over for sleeping quarters for storm troopers; no provision was made for the evicted young women.

Ghetto benches, painted yellow, are placed in parks all over Germany "for the use of Jews only." In the public schools only the children of Jewish war veterans are allowed to attend; these children also sit on ghetto benches and are shamefully addressed only as "Du, Jude" (You, Jew). Today, by law, no Jew can send his child to the university; all the learned professions are closed to Jews. German music teachers are forbidden to instruct Jewish students by a decree of the Reich Music Chamber; the purpose is to prevent Jewish competition in the musical profession. Mendelssohn's time-honored incidental music to Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" is barred because of the composer's Jewish blood. Theo Knobel, a Nazi composer, has written substitute music, which will henceforth supplant Mendelssohn's throughout Germany. Books of Jewish writers are burned in public bonfires. Hundreds of world-famous scientists and artists are in exile.

In provincial towns of Germany and Poland the shops and homes of Jews are stoned, robbed, and burned. Their children are emaciated by hunger. These persons are wholly dependent upon money received from relatives or friends in America; yet unless rigid technicalities are observed in the transmission of such funds the amount actually obtained by the recipient is greatly reduced.

A far-flung and systematic drive is being made to exterminate Jewish merchants. This drive, sometimes called the "cold pogrom," is less spectacular but much more effective than the sporadic attacks upon individual Jews. It carries the force of law and frankly aims to drive Jewish business men from the Reich. In Nürnberg signs are posted in front of every Jewish store: "The Jew agitates for a boycott. He will have it. Whoever still puts his foot in a Jewish shop, whoever still carries one pfennig into a Jewish store, proves that he is no National Socialist; he is no decent German but only a Jewish knave." Bank deposits of Jewish merchants amounting to $500,000 were confiscated last November by the Danzig police, with the explanation that it was done to prevent the flight of Jewish capital abroad.


Der Führer

Another device of the cold pogrom is the "tax examination." Since the amount of business done is subject to tax, Nazi agents are empowered to enter a business and examine it. This process may easily last several weeks or months, during which time the merchandise lots under "inspection" are not permitted to be moved, sold, or altered in any way. If a business is "examined" long enough, the merchant can be ruined.

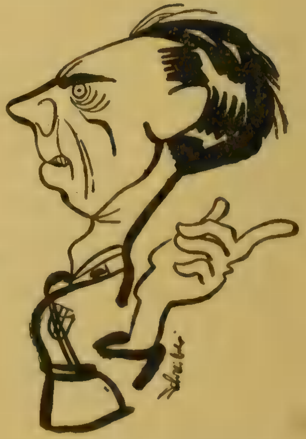
Trains to the border are packed with fugitive Jews, who must pay a "flight tax." In everyday practice these fugitives are taken to police headquarters en masse and searched to the skin for contraband currency. Nazi searchers at the former Austrian border claimed a haul of 20,000,000 schillings in one day.

Refugee Jews who have expressed opposition to the regime in Germany are not safe even in the asylum of another country. Professor Theodore Lessing of Hanover, one of the outstanding philosophers and pacifists of Germany, took refuge in Czechoslovakia. He was hunted down and murdered by Nazis, who thus violated one of the most sacred principles of public law and morality—the right of a state to grant asylum. In 1935 one Rudolf Formys, a radio official, fled to Prague; the Nazis placed a price upon his head, attempted five times to abduct him, and finally shot him dead.

Nazi persecutions reached a peak of horror in April of this year when fifty-one Austrian Jews were abandoned by Brown Shirts on a narrow breakwater in the Danube River without food, money, or identification. After a frightful ordeal of exposure they were picked up by a Czechoslovakian patrol and brought ashore, but their troubles then began all over. The Czechoslovakian authorities would not permit them to remain in the country and drove them across the border into Hungary. Here they were hunted like wild beasts and finally seized by Hungarian soldiers, who promptly thrust them back upon Austrian territory. Again they were arrested and flung into prison, having been hounded through three countries in their vain attempt to escape from relentless persecution.

When Hitler came to power there were only about 500,000 Jews in Germany, less than 1 per cent of the population. Of this number nearly 100,000 had fought in the World War; 12,000 Jews were killed in the war, and 35,000 were decorated for bravery; in the face of Junker military traditions, 2,000 Jews won their way to being commissioned officers. Baron Mannfried von Richthofen, famed "Red Knight of Germany," leader of the Flying Circus and Goering's predecessor as prime ace of Germany, had Jewish blood in his veins. I mention these facts to prove that there is no basis for the Nazi claim that Jews are a race of unpatriotic traitors. Nor are they "overwhelming" the Aryan element. Today there are less than 400,000 Jews in Germany. The persecutions to which this unfortunate people is subjected have no basis in logic or necessity; yet they continue in crescendo.

Naturally the American people ask, "What is the cause and meaning of these persecutions?" In other countries and in other centuries alien Jews, like other foreigners, have been the object of a certain amount of distrust. But the German Jews are not foreigners; they have lived in Germany for hundreds of years. The fact is that anti-Semitism in Germany today is not a rational movement; nor has it the unanimous consent of the German people. Anti-Semitism is a program instigated by the National Socialist government and carried on by the most powerful propaganda machine I have ever witnessed in action.


Minister of Propaganda Goebbels

It all stems from Hitler himself and from the philosophy explicitly stated in his book, "Mein Kampf." Hitler saw a prostrate and humiliated post-war Germany, bewildered by defeat. With a debt of 156 billion marks and regular payments demanded by France under threat of military occupation, Germany needed an internal scapegoat to drain off thwarted nationalistic emotions. Hitler tossed in the oldest political trump card, the Jews. He revived the old ghetto hatreds, long-smoldering and almost extinguished, and used *Judenhass* both as a lubricant and a fuel for his Nazi machine. He predicts that by 1950 no Jew will be living within the boundaries of Germany, that they all will have been killed or driven into exile.

Ave Atque Vale!

BY FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

THE *Gazette,* after fifty-two years of independent, crusading journalism, sold out. You might say, with justice, that it paid a terrific price for sentimentality. It was a *Gazette* tradition that nobody, in the editorial or business department, ever had been fired. It was the only paper in town that guaranteed the jobs of men who left the paper to enter the war—the Spanish-American War, and the World War. It did more than that. It paid the difference between the soldier's pay and the staff-man's salary. Prosperity was the *Gazette's* for fifty years; it was sincerely independent, and advertisers needed it even more than the *Gazette* needed them. It weathered the depression of 1929; and no cuts came, and nobody was fired.

Now, it so happened that the business office was peopled with dozens of old gentlemen; men who had been hired by Benjamin Wetherell himself, who had made the *Gazette* soar from the puny thing it was when he bought it in 1882 to the glorious heritage it was at his death in 1920.

The momentum of success or failure in a newspaper is a terrific force. A paper deservedly popular and successful may suddenly become unworthy of popularity and success; it takes years before the public, habituated to a paper it likes, becomes conscious that the clay of its idol's feet has permeated the whole body; just as, when a paper, long unpopular and unsuccessful, takes a sudden turn toward high standards of independent excellence, it takes years for the public to take it to its purchasing bosom.

The *Gazette,* then, developed business-office paralysis first; long accustomed to advertisers who begged for space, it was hard—it was impossible—for the relics of the easy prosperity of a dozen and more years ago to go after business. If it didn't surge in, something was the matter with business and business men. And it surged out, in droves. And the business office grew trembly when, for the first time, the expense exceeded the income. So—it couldn't do anything to the unionized composing room—editors and reporters, especially if hired since the Old Man's death, took salary slashes or got fired. The standards of the paper drooped; the advertising fell to a pitiful shadow. And then an enterprising young publisher offered to buy the name and the good-will—for three years after its toboggan the reading public, unaware or incredulous or hopeful, continued; circulation was almost normal, even at the end. The night the *Gazette* died was unforgettable; weeping there was, not only among the staff but all over town, for the paper had the admiration and affection of the whole nation.

Suddenly hundreds of men were out of work—reporters, editors, advertising solicitors, printers. Among those suddenly unemployed was Robert Bannerman, as uncompromising a critic of the stage as he was the ablest, soundest, and most entertaining writer among the critics. Yet, because of or in spite of this excellence, none was so poor to do him the reverence of offering him a job. All the papers had their critics; and monstrously unfair as newspapers often are, they seldom fire a competent department man in order to hire a conspicuously abler man. But when all looked darkest for Bannerman, James Spencer, the *Courier's* critic, youngest of the aisle-seaters, was killed by a taxi as he was hurrying from the theater to the *Courier* office. It so happened that before Bannerman joined the *Gazette* staff he had been successively reporter, editorial writer, and dramatic critic for the *Courier.* Fourteen years he had worked for the *Courier* when he left it, eighteen years before, for the larger wage the *Gazette* offered. When the *Gazette* folded, he went to see his first boss, the *Courier's* editor. Nothing in his line. Copy desk? Reporting? No, the staff was full up, but if anything turned up, etc. Bannerman, for thirty-two years, had heard editors tell aspirants that, and he couldn't remember that anybody ever had been let know.

And yet, in less than a week, here was Bannerman being let know. Let know by telephone. Spencer had stepped in front of a cab, rushing to the office from the theater, dashing out as the curtain was about to fall.

So Bannerman got the job, his old job. Elated at re-employment after his first panicky week of fear, he said nothing about salary. In fact, he arrived at the office at eight o'clock in the evening, saw the managing editor, who said, "Welcome home, Bob. Go over and cover the 'Why Not?' opening. We have a new deadline: 11:50 for the second edition." So Bannerman slipped into the well-known groove; he wrote his review, an excellent one, and at a little after midnight, after greeting some of his old friends on the city staff, went home, happy.

Next morning he went to the *Courier* office at ten. He went to see the editor-in-chief, Edgar Allen, an old friend. "Welcome home, Bob," he said. "Your stuff is better than ever." "Thanks, Ed. It's wonderful to be back again." "Now about salary," began Allen, "of course, you know the depression hit us pretty hard."

"I know it must have," said Bannerman, "it put the *Gazette* out of business, and lots of good men out of jobs." "So," said Allen, "naturally, you've been in the game long enough to know that, we can't pay what you're used to. We'll pay you what you were getting when you left." "But, Ed," said Bannerman, "Spencer got three times that, I know." "He was with us eighteen years," said Allen, "and he would have had to take a big cut at the expiration of his contract. We aren't making any more contracts right now," he added quickly. "Who knows what's going to happen in Washington? So go on and get out a Sunday piece. Might stick in something about how much Spencer'll be missed in the theater, and so on. O. K.? Of course, if things get better you'll benefit with the rest of us."

Bannerman had been in the newspaper business too long to begin doing anything else; he was nearly sixty. So he said, "O. K., Ed." And, on an old typewriter in the city room he wrote 1,500 words on the current stage offerings, including a tribute to his much-respected and loved predecessor. His stuff, as Allen said, never had been better; it improved.

The Bannermans, with an income reduced to a third, moved to a cheaper apartment. The three children were married; two were not liabilities, but Bannerman had always had to take care of Grace and her husband, who seemed never to get into a paying business. On the contrary, Bannerman in seven years had lent him $11,000, which he never would get back, and supported the couple.

Yet the *Courier* job was better than nothing, which had ghostily stared at him for an interminable week, and except for the money it was a happy and important job. But after a year of it Allen sent for him. "Bob," he said, "I told you that if things got better, we'd see that you'd be the first to benefit. Well, they're worse." "They're better in my department," said Bannerman. "I know that theater advertising has almost doubled in a year." "There has been a slight increase in that department," said Allen, "but it's the only one. And we've got to play ball together. Or else," said Allen; "we don't want to stand in your way if you think you can do better elsewhere." So Bannerman, disheartened at what he knew for injustice and despotism—for he knew that Allen knew that he couldn't get another dramatic job, regardless of his ability—took the 20 per cent cut offered. It took the lightness and the bite out of his stuff; for a strong sense of futility overcame him, knowing that for years his work had been not only brilliant but also conscientious. He tried not to let the "What's-the-use?" feeling affect his work; it did affect it.

"I'm afraid," said Allen, sending for him again, after a few preliminaries, "we'll have to make a change in the department. Some of the managers have been complaining, and I'm afraid your heart isn't in it any more." "Whose would be," he asked, "after being chiseled down to a measly salary? You folks ought to be ashamed to look me in the face." "See here, Bob, that's no way to talk," said Allen. "We gave you the job because we were sorry for you, and we're giving young Stevenson a try at it now. Of course, we'll see that you get a month's salary. Got your Sunday piece up?" "Yes," said Bannerman, and walked out, indignant, dejected. He had $20 in his pocket, his assets after thirty-two years of successful journalism. He went to Webb's, the saloon across the street, the meeting-place of the town's solvent, for a day at any rate, newspapermen. Six or seven men greeted him warmly. "Well, well," was the burden of their hails, "glad to see you, Bob. Don't remember ever seeing you in here. Drink?" So back and forth the treating went. Five hours later, with 75 cents in his pocket, and more drinks than he had had in the entire past decade, he took a cab home—50 cents, tip included.

It was past midnight; Mrs. Bannerman was asleep, she went to bed early on nights she didn't go to the theater with Bannerman. Bannerman sank into bed, drunk, tired, full of hatred for Allen, the *Courier,* the whole newspaper business that he had given his life to, as indeed it had given life to him; it was his life, and he looked at it, and it was no good.

At noon Mrs. Bannerman opened his door quietly, slowly. Still asleep. She closed the door, went to the kitchen and scrambled an egg for her lunch, washed the dish and the pan, and went back to the sleeper. Still asleep. "Robert," she called. She went to him and touched him gently. She shook him, first a little, then vigorously. No response. She felt his face; it was cold.

"Hello," said Mrs. Bannerman, "I want Mr. Edgar Allen, the editor." "He's in an editorial conference," said his secretary. "I don't care what he's in or out of," said Mrs. Bannerman, "tell him it's important news about Bob Bannerman." The switch to the conference room was made. "This is Mrs. Bannerman," she said. "Yes, Mrs. Bannerman," said Allen, dreading a talk with a woman whose husband had been fired. Usually he refused to talk to them. "And how are you?" "I'm just fine," she said. "Listen. Bob died in his sleep last night. He came in late, and I didn't see him till I found him. I thought you ought to know so as to get somebody to do the opening tonight."

"Thank you," said Allen, relieved, and feeling the guiltiest he had felt since he had been a boy. "Can we do anything? For you, I mean. You must know how we all feel, Mrs. Bannerman." But there was no response. Mrs. Bannerman, having done her duty as a reporter to her husband, had hung up.

Allen spoke to the other editorial writers. "Bob Bannerman died in his sleep last night. I'll tell the city desk to send somebody up to get a good obit. I'll do the editorial myself."

Allen went to his office and closed the door. "Anybody telephones," he told his secretary in an adjacent cubicle, "I'm not in."

Allen worked a long time; he wrote in pencil and threw sheet after sheet away. He walked to the city room and by discreet inquiry learned that nobody but himself knew that Bannerman had lost his job. Allen, putting himself in Bannerman's place, knew that he wouldn't have told his wife, not while he still had a dollar.

After a considerable time Allen finished. Marking it "brev edit turn rule," he sent it to the composing room. Then he put on his hat, told Miss Bernard that he wouldn't be back, and went directly home. "You're home early," said Mrs. Allen. "I felt a little tired," said Allen.

And in next morning's *Courier* appeared:

ROBERT BANNERMAN

In the ineffably sad and untimely death of Robert Bannerman the *Courier* loses not only a close and warm friend but as loyal and unsparing an associate as any newspaper possibly could have. The *Courier* was Bob Bannerman's first and, as it turned out to be, his last love. Thirty-two years ago he came here as a reporter; he became, through sheer ability that often mounted to genius, dramatic critic, and save for a few years on the late *Gazette,* he was our dramatic critic to the end. When the *Gazette* came to an end, the *Courier* hailed him back home with joy, for the *Courier* was home to him.

As a critic there was nobody to approach him; in style, in the sanity of his views, and in the ripeness of his experience. He was held in deep affection by all his coworkers, and the stage—actors, playwrights, and managers—respected his critiques and enjoyed his light touch, though his deep sense of justice often caused him, so high were his standards, to be bitter.

A Bannermanless *Courier,* a Bannermanless first night, and a Bannermanless world are hard to imagine.

Bob, *ave atque vale!*

In the Wind

THE MAJOR oil companies are waging an undercover war against the cooperative filling stations which are doing business in Oakland, California. The success of similar cooperatives in the Middle West has spurred the attack; salesmen have told the operators that the oil magnates are determined to prevent such success in California. The Oakland operators were first urged to remove their "Co-op" signs. They were told: "If you take down the signs and run this thing as a private business we won't bother you." When they refused to yield, their source of supply was abruptly cut off, but they have thus far survived by means of a deal with one of the minor independents.

BRITISH FINANCIAL interests are privately alarmed over Nazi economic penetration in rebel Spain. A permanent German economic commission has been quietly established at Franco's headquarters—its influence is being exerted to squeeze out Italian financiers—and a Reichsbank commission is setting up a central bank in Burgos. Although British and other financial groups had previously expressed interest in this venture the Germans are now seeking to eliminate "foreign" participants from the project.

FROM SOURCES inside *Ken* come reports of growing reader protest against the disciplining of union employees and the suppression of Meyer Levin's film column because of his pro-labor attitude. The latest phase of this protest has especially angered the publishers: readers are tearing out subscription blanks from the magazine and sending in protests on them without the subscription fee. And *Ken* pays the postage.

A YEAR AGO the World Peace Conference was compelled to shift its annual congress from Geneva, the "City of Peace," to Brussels because of the Swiss government's hostility. Recently the conference encountered difficulty in obtaining permission to set up permanent headquarters at Geneva. But local Geneva officials are increasingly reluctant to echo the government's opposition to liberal and radical tenants. With "peace" at a low ebb Geneva apartments are being deserted, while the supply of apartments is increasing because French capitalists, fearing encroachments of the Popular Front, have invested money in Geneva real estate. Result: the Peace Conference has obtained quarters.

IN CIGAR-STORE windows throughout the nation signs have appeared offering rewards for the apprehension of those spreading "malicious rumors" against makers of Chesterfield cigarettes. Behind these rumors is the resurgence of a discredited racket—"whispering campaigns for sale." This time the campaign has whispered (1) that Chesterfield owners contribute to the Nazi cause; (2) that they do not hire Jewish employees; (3) that Walter Winchell and Boake Carter said so in their radio broadcasts. All three rumors are false; but they are spread at parties, in crowds, on subway platforms. Employees of a "whispering-campaign" agency drop the rumors; once under way, the drive is almost uncontrollable.

NOT WIDELY published but appearing in the Labor Charter for General Franco's government is this ambiguous pledge: "The minimum basis of payment for work shall be sufficient to provide the worker and his family with a worthy *moral* living." (Italics ours.)

FRITZ MANDL, Austrian arms magnate, who left Vienna with the Nazis' arrival, is in London launching a new arms ring with vast ramifications in Europe and South America. Administrative headquarters will be London; the center of production will be Argentina. And Prince Starhemberg, ex-leader of the Heimwehr, will head the European section of the venture.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

A FRIEND who is as deeply distressed as I by the defeat for Congress of Maury Maverick begs me to urge in this column the need of proportional representation in Congressional elections. Since Mr. Maverick was defeated in a primary contest and not in a regular election, the principle of P. R. could not have been applied in his case, but I am convinced that if the regular Congressional elections were on the proportional-representation basis we should have a much juster and fairer election and a much more representative House.

I have not before me the figures for the 1934 election, but George H. Hallett, Jr., one of the secretaries of the National Municipal League, made a study of the 1932 Congressional elections which is extremely illuminating. In Indiana in 1930 the Democrats polled 53 per cent of the votes cast and elected nine representatives out of thirteen. In 1932 they polled 55 per cent, yet elected all twelve of the Congressmen to whom Indiana was then entitled. A change of 2 per cent in votes gave the Democrats a change of 31 per cent in this state's representation. There was no Republican in Congress to speak for the 45 per cent minority of Indiana Republicans. In West Virginia the result was similarly striking. There the Democrats polled just over 50 per cent of the votes in 1932 and elected only two of the six Congressmen. In 1934 they increased their vote by less than 4 per cent and yet elected the entire delegation. In Iowa a 14 per cent gain in Democratic votes resulted in a 58 per cent gain in representation. In Colorado the result was even more lopsided. There a Democratic gain of only 9 per cent brought about a gain of 75 per cent in Congress! As Mr. Hallett writes:

> It is of such stuff that the Democratic landslide was made. In 1930 and for several years previously the Democratic Party was underrepresented. Now suddenly it is overrepresented. It is well known, of course, that violent swings of the pendulum have characterized the majority system of election wherever it has been used.

Analyzing the 1932 election, in which 313 Democrats, 117 Republicans, and 5 representing other parties were chosen, Mr. Hallett shows that under proportional representation the voters would have chosen about 268 Democrats, 159 Republicans, and 8 representing other parties. That certainly would have been a much fairer House and would adequately have represented the minority parties. Today votes are in effect valueless unless they are cast for the majority candidates. As Mr. Hallett also points out:

> One and one-half million Republican votes in Pennsylvania elect twenty-three Congressmen, but the same number in Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky, and Indiana elect none at all. Three-quarters of a million Democratic votes in New Jersey elect four Congressmen; half a million in North Carolina elect eleven. Because votes have such different values depending on where they are cast, the representation of the American people in their supreme legislative body becomes a veritable gamble. We cannot hope to have true representative government until we give all votes approximately equal value regardless of where they are polled, and this can only be accomplished through proportional representation.

I suppose Mr. Maverick could run independently—I have received letters expressing the hope that he may do this—but that would be a hopeless undertaking; the official candidate of the overwhelming majority would certainly be returned. If we had the British system of shifting candidates to any election district without regard to their place of residence, a wise party management would try to find a seat for Maury Maverick in some Democratic district in which the people had better judgment and were not affected by the charges of undue liberalism brought against him. Even in such a district the hostile influence of the American Federation of Labor would make itself felt against him. I was not aware when I wrote my article in the issue of July 23 that that influence had been so important and had been thrown against him so determinedly as to constitute another serious indictment of the federation leadership. Maury Maverick is one of the most valuable men that labor could have in Congress; he voted for every bill favoring labor that came to a vote in the House, and nothing could have been more shortsighted than to defeat him in his fight for reelection because he looked favorably upon the C. I. O.

I know there has been much criticism of P. R. in New York City because of the long delay in the counting of votes in the last election and the chicanery of which Tammany was accused during the counting. It must be remembered, however, that this was the first election of the kind ever held in New York City, and that the officials had had no experience with this new type of ballot. The machinery is bound to work more smoothly next time, and the officials will be on their guard against any further effort of Tammany to distort the result. The principle is sound and must not be abandoned because of the necessarily slow count.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Krupp Goes On Forever

BLOOD AND STEEL. THE RISE OF THE HOUSE OF KRUPP. By Bernhard Menne. Lee Furman. $3.

DURING the spring of 1866 Prussia prepared the war against Austria which was to culminate in the battle of Königgrätz and bring about the exclusion of Austria from the German Empire. To make their victory certain the Prussian authorities gave a big order to the cannon factory of Krupp in Essen. Seventy-two years later, in the spring of 1938, the Prussian army again made war on Austria, and this time also the German army of invasion was equipped with Krupp guns.

Much has been changed in Germany during these seventy-two years, but Krupp has remained Krupp. The house of Krupp shared the splendor of imperial Germany, survived the revolution of 1918, and entered on a new period of formidable expansion when Hitler inaugurated the Third Reich. The eternal Krupp is perhaps the best symbol of the continuity of German big capitalism and profit-making nationalism during the last century.

Bernhard Menne, the author of "Blood and Steel," is a former employee of Krupp. He has made a careful study of the most important armament firm in Germany, and he proves that Krupp has always been a worthy member of the bloody international. During the spring of 1866 Austria as well as Prussia was compelled to buy armaments, and Krupp took orders from both German powers. On April 9, 1866, the Prussian Minister of War wrote a confidential letter to Krupp asking him to deliver no more guns to Austria without the approval of the Prussian government. Krupp answered that he could not give such a promise as it would involve a breach of contract. But he would notify the Prussian government of any future delivery of guns to Austria so that it could make its own arrangements for intercepting these guns. A wonderful little example of Krupp's business morality!

During the following generations Krupp's standards remained at the same high level. Before 1870, although a war between Prussia and France seemed imminent, Krupp offered his guns to the French army. Napoleon III did not give an order to Essen but as a friendly compensation he sent a French decoration, the Cross of the Legion of Honor, to the German industrialist. In the years before 1914, when tension between Germany and the Entente was growing, Krupp continued to do business with the English, Russians, and French. When the Great War began, the British artillery was equipped with the Krupp patent fuse, for which licenses were acquired by Vickers and other British armament firms. The English had to pay thirty cents to Krupp for every fuse. Menne shows how during the war British metal merchants indirectly sold iron ore, copper, and nickel to Krupp via Holland and Sweden. And at the same time Krupp sent many freight trains carrying high-grade steel to Switzerland, and from Switzerland the steel bars came to France. The American publishers of "Blood and Steel" declare that they have restored to the American edition of Menne's book all the passages which had been deleted "for reasons of policy" from the English edition!

In 1861 Prince William of Prussia, the future Emperor William I of Germany, visited Krupp's factory in Essen and praised the patriotic achievements of Herr Alfred Krupp. In 1936 Adolf Hitler, the Führer of Germany, came to Essen as a guest of Herr Krupp von Bohlen and inspected the biggest center of German rearmament. Readers of Menne's book will acquire from it a better understanding not only of the changes but also of the more constant elements in the German state.

ARTHUR ROSENBERG

Twentieth-Century Poetry

A NEW ANTHOLOGY OF MODERN POETRY. Edited by Selden Rodman. Random House. $3.

AN ANTHOLOGIST of contemporary verse must be primarily, I suppose, a missionary to the Philistines. The public resistance to any new manifestation of art is in this case uncommonly stubborn, since, in the words of an author quoted by Mr. Rodman, the publication of a book of poems nowadays is like dropping a petal into the Grand Canyon and waiting for the echo.

Although Mr. Rodman's success as a missionary must be judged finally by the number of converts that he makes, it appears now that he is well equipped for the task. His introduction indicates succinctly what twentieth-century poets have been trying to do, gives some illustrations of their success in doing it, investigates the accusation of obscurity, and tussles with the issue of art and propaganda. In choosing the poems themselves he has avoided the polar vices of anthologists, sectarianism and flabby all-inclusiveness. After paying due homage to the better conservatives and the older generation generally, he devotes the second section to poets who have been more concerned with recording and interpreting the contemporary scene than with refining their instruments, the third to the craftsmen who have carried on the symbolists' quest for the most intense aesthetic effects, and the final quarter to the youngest poets, labeled social symbolists, who are applying the new techniques to a social subject matter.

No other person who has read widely in contemporary poetry will, of course, agree with all the inclusions and exclusions, but apart from certain disproportions in the allotment of space the selections are not far from the convergence of critical opinion. The most novel feature of the anthology is the inclusion of material not to be found in more snobbish collections, from the valedictory of Vanzetti, a group of anonymous Negro songs, and excerpts from Pare Lorentz's sound-track for the film "The River," to the epigrammatic jingles of Dorothy Parker and Ogden Nash, all of which, as Mr. Rodman argues plausibly, have some of the qualities of poetry.

If his readers can be persuaded to give concentrated attention to these samples, many, I believe, will feel that the poets have at least been on the job in America and England during our century. Not only has the time been rich in new departures, but it presents a respectable score of achievement. For if poetry is good for anything, it is not going anywhere; it has already arrived. That there are any major poets here seems unlikely, although Yeats, Eliot, Pound, Crane, Marianne Moore, and a few others may have written several lines of major poetry, and possibly even a few poems of the first order. Yet it would be hard to find another period of similar length which had so many poets with technical skill and some freshness of perception. It is not altogether extravagant to hope that ours may go down as a great age of minor poetry.

Neither Mr. Rodman nor anyone else has been able to find anything that can credibly be called the essence of poetic modernism. The common undertaking has been negative in character: an exceptionally lively fight against rhetoric, or stereotyped language, and against dulness, or stereotyped perceptions and ideas. In exploring the possibilities of their medium the poets have run the whole range from objectivity to subjectivity, from pure documentation to pure form, from free association to rigorous logic, from clowning to high seriousness. Yet in the most recent verse there may be detected a tendency to avoid the extremes of these qualities and to strive for synthesis rather than experimental novelty.

If there have been no names to place beside the hallowed ones, the reason may be in part that the more ambitious writer has had not only to choose his technique from a bewildering assortment but to create his own myths and construct the poet's equivalent to a philosophy. This task so far has proved too crushing, and indeed it would seem more within the power of the novelist than of the poet, who has to give such agonized attention to detail. Even the most gifted poets of our time have tended to be intellectual crackpots with regard to matters outside their craft, and they have not been able to build an imaginative framework which would enable them to sustain the poetic vision. The cultural conditions which have imposed these limitations do not promise to be ameliorated in the near future. Consequently, if we are to have bigger and better poets, they must first be heroes.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

Industry's Price Policies

PRICE AND PRICE POLICIES. By Walton Hamilton and Associates. McGraw-Hill Book Company, $3.

THROUGHOUT our society excess ability to produce presses upon limited ability to buy. Out of that relentless pressure concerns in different industries are driven to intricate and manifold devices in the effort to find markets for their products. In automobiles for a time a policy of lowered prices widened markets and gave increasing use of a better product at a lowered cost. A complex system of dealer responsibility has shifted much of the burden and risk to the backs of an ever-changing multitude of local dealers, who have little bargaining power in negotiating with the gigantic concerns whose products they sell. In tires, technological perfection of the product has outrun expanding demand, so that a smaller quantity of a cheaper and far more durable product now supplies the needs formerly met by a much larger volume of sales. To counteract this narrowing demand the producing concerns have utilized a variety of outlets in the effort to maintain the lower costs of full-capacity operation. Likewise, in gasoline, overexploitation at the wells presses on through duplicating refineries, distribution systems, and gas stations —the search of individual concerns for a larger share of a limited market—while states restrict production in the larger interest of conserving a rapidly dwindling resource. In both tires and gas the dominant producing concerns, in the unceasing search for profitable volume, experiment with company stores, unjustified discounts to large sellers, and special deals of all sorts, while a number of smaller producers maintain a hazardous existence "in the interstices of the industry." In cottonseed, a by-product which itself breaks up into a number of products, processing and marketing are dominated by a few large concerns mostly geared into the big meat packers, but prices tie into the edible-oil and livestock-feed markets. Women's dresses, on the contrary, are produced by a constantly fluctuating group of relatively small concerns, actively competing both in style and price though classifying their products in a series of customary price lines. Whiskey has come back from prohibition chastened and somewhat purified, but still competing for the buyers' preference largely on the basis of intangibles. Milk, the one major farm product sold at prices fixed other than by a competitive market, has developed an elaborate structure of pricing and sales and of public inspection and control through which large distributors and farmers' associations bargain for prices and modify the impact of supply to their own advantage and sometimes with disregard of the needs of the ultimate consumer.

This hasty summary gives some idea of the tone and flavor of this tremendous quarter-million-word study of a few selected industries. In his introductory chapter Dr. Hamilton promises that the several industry studies, each by a different specialist, will center on price and on how price serves or fails to serve toward abundance. "The price is the focal point upon which all that is order and disorder in an industry converges." Actually, though, the value of the studies lies more in their graphic, colorful, detailed exposition of the methods, practices, and customs in each industry than in any explanation or analysis of price. The several chapters are of widely differing character. Mark Adams's chapter on automobiles is somewhat panegyric of the early Ford price-reducing days, and rather skips over the most recent behavior of the dominant concerns with respect to wage, price, or profit policy. The tire chapter by Albert Abrahamson makes good use of statistical tables, and the cottonseed chapter by George Marshall uses charts effectively, though its author is stumped by the simple statistical problem of separating the composite influences of cotton crop and lard supplies on cottonseed-oil prices. Helen Everett Meiklejohn's study of women's dresses is easily the brightest chapter of the book, and effectively blends tabular facts with vivid verbal descrip-

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tions of a chaotically competitive industry whose only order comes from a far-seeing labor union forcing standards of competition upon the employers. Irene Till's chapter on milk gives a vivid description of the complexities of the industry, though in certain spots a dairy husbandryman or a milk-marketing specialist would differ with her on details. Her suggestion of a federal system of sanitary inspection to replace the present overlapping and restrictive local-state systems is a good one. It may be questioned, though, whether the effects of such a change would be as far-reaching as she indicates. She is also responsible for the study of gasoline, where the shifting pattern of monopolistic competition is clearly traced.

Dr. Hamilton's final chapter, on Industrial Government, falls somewhat short of stating the full problem as the reviewer sees it. Hamilton correctly shows that "an executive may be sophisticated in the ways of money-making and yet quite untutored in the larger concerns of industrial policy. . . . When called upon to direct an industry or to suggest a treatment for an ailing economic order, the mass of them will prescribe measures in the likeness of the pursuit of gain by the individual concern." Yet despite the brilliance of his exposition of the suppression of competition beneath an overlay of control, regulation, and custom, and of the limited ability of trade groups and public agencies to deal with the problem, he seems to overlook the fact that his discussion is limited to problems of intra-industry order. The reviewer believes, in contrast, that the crucial problems are those of inter-industry order, of how our major industries may develop concerted policies or take concerted action to move toward full production and full employment. Along the line of inter-industry action, I believe, lies the road to the solution of the paradox of continuing poverty in the midst of potential abundance. "Price and Price Policies," begun in the shadow of the dying NRA, is marred by some of the same restricted vision that limited NRA's usefulness.

MORDECAI EZEKIEL

A Scientist Looks at Society

MAN, THE SLAVE AND MASTER. By Mark Graubard. Covici-Friede. $3.50.

SCIENTISTS have recently shown a widening interest in world affairs. This change of attitude has been brought about both by the requests of governments for their services in attacking national problems and by the growing realization among scientists themselves that the advance in knowledge of the last hundred years has not been accompanied by increased governmental competence. The discipline of science is to be applied to human relations. This book by a young geneticist is approached, therefore, with added interest.

Dr. Graubard has written with skepticism of ancient beliefs but hardly shows scientific caution in dealing with present-day problems. As long as he is reporting facts, he shows himself well versed in his subject. There is, however, an occasional lapse. He states that we can see genes; no such thing is possible. These units in the chromosomes which are responsible for hereditary characters are submicroscopic. He reviews our genetic knowledge mainly from the classical point of view, with little reference to the very recent significant work in this field; and then proceeds to examine our social systems—past, present, and future—from the genetic point of view.

Dr. Graubard definitely had his thesis before he started to collect his facts. He writes, "The difference between human and insect behavior is this: man has no instincts. . . . Most of our behavior is learned and controlled by experience." He then reports experiments in which insects learned to come to a definite colored glass with food as reward. This is instinctive in the insect, but not in man. Dr. Graubard has put man on a pedestal on which he does not belong biologically.

A geneticist in the anthropological field disturbs me when he writes as follows: "Around the institution of the family and marriage an endless series of taboos and customs has evolved. Needless to say, variation in these customs indicates the absence of a biologic basis for them." But the author has shown previously, and correctly too, that variation occurs in single characters owing to a single gene. Hence variation is even more to be expected in the complexities of social behavior. The discussion of the taboo on brother-sister matings as of non-biologic origin is far from convincing.

Scientists have much to contribute to our present unsettled political world by their objectiveness and by the application of definite standards of measurement. But no one scientist's personal opinions, be he Max Planck or Mark Graubard, should be offered to the public as of scientific origin.

HUGH H. DARBY

Marx, Engels, and America

THE CIVIL WAR IN THE UNITED STATES. By Karl Marx and Frederick Engels. Edited by Richard Enmale. International Publishers. $3.

THE inhospitableness of the American intellectual environment to Marxism has been attributed by some of our social historians to the peculiar economic development of the country, which has conditioned our mental attitudes and social habits. The exponents of this thesis have asserted that in America the absence of a feudal background, the immense natural resources, and the free access to land gave reality to the ideals of democracy and equality as in no other country; that in the past the exceptional economic opportunities in which American individualism and democracy were grounded prevented the stratification of society into mutually hostile classes in keeping with Marx's prediction and analysis; that even though the rapid concentration of wealth and industry has tended in recent decades to create a class alignment according to Marx's conception, the class consciousness on which the socialist theory of revolution rests, subjectively, has been thwarted because the opportunities, while dwindling, have been sufficient to keep alive the common man's faith in the equity of the present scheme of things and in the ideals handed down to him from the past; and, finally, that the growth of class consciousness, impeded by the individualistic aspirations of American workers and the allegiance of the middle class of executives and white-collar employees to capital, has been further stifled by the racial antagonisms of our polyglot population.

It is undeniable, of course, that the failure of Marxian ideas to gain widespread acceptance among the common run of Americans and their intellectual leaders is due to the cultural peculiarities incident to the country's unique economic progress. But it does not follow from this, as is so often contended, that Marx did not understand America or that its peculiar cultural and economic development challenges the validity of his historical analysis and forecast. This view will in all probability lose some of its persuasiveness for the American mind now that the correspondence of Marx and Engels and their articles on the Civil War have been translated and published in the present volume.

The articles were originally published in the years 1861 and 1862 in the New York *Daily Tribune,* to which both Marx and Engels contributed, and in the Vienna *Presse,* of which Marx was English correspondent for a brief period. The letters published in the present volume do not include the whole of the Marx-Engels correspondence on America. Nevertheless, when read in conjunction with the articles, they adequately demonstrate that Marx and Engels possessed an intimate and detailed knowledge not alone of the military maneuvers of the Northern and Southern armies but of the history, geography, and financial conditions of the country as well.

Marx and Engels viewed the causes of the Civil War in the perspective of their basic theory of economic development. They thought that while Negro slavery was an important link in the early development of capitalism it had by 1860 already become a fetter upon capitalist expansion in the United States. As long as capitalist expansion was blocked by slavery, a labor movement which would bring about the eventual "emancipation of labor" was impossible. "In the United States of America," Marx wrote, "every independent movement of the workers was paralyzed as long as slavery disfigured a part of the republic. Labor cannot emancipate itself in the white skin where in the black it is branded." Thus in supporting the North and in urging the English workers to oppose British intervention in behalf of the South, Marx and Engels carried out in practice the logic of their revolutionary principles.

Although confident that Northern capital and free labor would ultimately triumph over the slave oligarchy, they were frequently alarmed lest the superior military strategy of the Southern generals, Lincoln's indecisiveness, his pettifogging diplomacy, and his refusal to arm the slaves, together with the fiscal blunders and military defeats of the North, would force the federal government into an early peace and thus indefinitely postpone the final outcome. "Things go damned slowly in the United States," Marx wrote Engels on February 13, 1863. In his reply Engels agreed and significantly pointed out that "it is lucky that a peace is a physical impossibility, otherwise they [the Yankees] would have made one long ago, merely to be able to live for the almighty dollar again." Engels, however, was more inclined to pessimism than Marx, who on one occasion chided him with being "swayed a little too much by the military aspect of things." Marx took the position that even if the North lost the war, the country could never be reconstructed on an entirely slave basis. This, he contended, would be prevented by the anti-slavery sentiment of the West and the divided sympathy of the border states. In consequence, if the North suffered a military defeat, slavery would find itself confined to the seven Southern states east of the Mississippi. Here the rapid exhaustion of the soil and a probable revolt of the poor whites against the plantation aristocracy would bring about the eventual downfall of the slave regime. It was, then, not only the weakness of the slave regime in the face of the *historical necessities* of capitalism that led Marx to predict victory for the North. He thought that the ascendancy of capitalism in America was implemented by the democracy and individualism of the frontier states and the historic conflict between "highlanders" and "lowlanders," that is, the back country and tidewater.

These letters and articles show that while Marx and Engels looked at America from the standpoint of their class theory of society, they were acutely aware of American traditions and the peculiarities of the country's economic development. It is especially important to note that Marx understood the significance of the frontier and used it with telling effect in his analysis of conditions in this country long before Frederick Jackson Turner discovered its importance for American historiography. Marx and Engels failed, however, completely to integrate American experience with their basic theory of social change. Perhaps if they had lived longer they would have done this. This belief is supported by Engels's correspondence with German émigrés some years after Marx's death. The American labor movement, he wrote, "will in no ways follow the direct classical line, but will proceed mischievously in zigzags, and at times appear retrogressive. . . ." He ascribed the "ups and downs in the movement" to attitudes deeply rooted in the economic soil. "America," he noted, "was the ideal of all bourgeois; a country rich, vast, expanding, with purely bourgeois institutions unleavened by feudal remnants or monarchical traditions and without a permanent and hereditary proletariat. Here everyone could become, if not a capitalist, at all events an independent man, producing or trading, with his own means, for his own account. And because there were not, as yet, classes with opposing interests, our—and your—bourgeoisie thought that America stood above class antagonisms and struggles." The backwardness of American labor was further caused by the "exceptional position of the native workers" and their hostility to immigrant and Negro workers. He said, "Up to 1848, one could only speak of the permanent native working class as an exception: the small beginnings of it in the cities of the East always had still the hope of becoming farmers or bourgeois. Now a working class has developed. . . . But it still takes up an aristocratic attitude and wherever possible leaves the ordinary badly paid occupations to the immigrants, of whom only a small section enter the aristocratic trade unions. And your bourgeoisie knows . . . how to play off one nationality against the other: Jews, Italians, Bohemians, etc., against German and Irish, and each against the other. . . . And then we must add the Negroes."

The trouble with Marx and Engels's brand of historical analysis as applied to America is not that it fails to take into account the cultural heritage of the country as determined by its economic experience; the great difficulty with it is that Marx and Engels assigned insufficient weight to these cultural influences and thought that they would rapidly lose their power under the impact of capitalist forces. Such optimism

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characterized their approach to European as well as to American history. And this failure adequately to allow for the persistence of old habits of thought and of traditions, the existence of which they fully recognized, has arisen in recent years to damn the socialist revolutionary prophecy and to send the socialist movement scurrying to the cover of popular fronts, collective security, and socialism in one country.

ABRAM L. HARRIS

Shorter Notices

FRUIT IN SEASON. By Anthony Thorne. Random House. $2.50.

The decline of old landed families is a theme common enough in English novels since the war, for increasing taxes and declining interest rates have imperiled the upkeep of large estates. The children of the gentry are spilled out into the world unprepared to cope with contracting economic horizons. It is a theme that invites lugubrious treatment. The virtue of Mr. Thorne's novel is its lightness, its graciousness, and its definitely minor key that some will take for sentimentality. True, his tone is so subdued that he seems to evade the social and psychological implications of his material. True, he tells his story in three swift tableaux, his characters do not develop, and he falls back rather too often on a pulpy nostalgia. But once his characters are on the scene, once he has taken motives and social forces for granted, he writes with a smooth ease and a humorous perceptiveness more common on his side of the ocean than on ours. In the first tableau he shows us four imaginative children running wild on an old estate while their mother strives to conceal her alcoholism. In the second tableau we see Runeham Hall decaying after the mother's death and the scattering of the children. And in the third tableau, which is really the core of the book and which might well have been expanded at the expense of the other sections, we find that one of the children, Catherine, has invited the others to a fortnight's reunion at the Hall. Hardened and bitter, they assemble with some suspicion of each other. But they still have roots in the soil, and they leave at the end of the fortnight happier and saner and with some of their personal problems solved. In other words, frothy enough, but quite pleasant.

THE MOST POWERFUL MAN IN THE WORLD. By Glyn Roberts. Covici-Friede. $3.

Sir Henri Deterding, the villain of this story, is the man who built up the Royal Dutch Shell combine to a position challenging the supremacy of Standard Oil. During the war he played a prominent part in floating the Allies to victory on a tide of oil and for his services received a British knighthood although he has never abandoned his Dutch citizenship. In the post-war era, while extending the operations of his trust in every part of the world, he has chiefly been prominent on account of his unremitting hostility to the Soviet Union, which he considers stole his valuable and strategic Caucasian oil fields. According to this book he has been behind every intrigue against Russia and has been one of the chief financial supporters of the Nazis. His story is one which definitely deserves wide publicity, and Mr. Roberts

TO ALL *NATION* READERS

who were appalled by "MURDER IN A TEXAS PRISON CAMP" in last week's issue
(and who could scarcely believe that such things happen)

Read this true story of routine brutalities and horrors in Southern chain gangs by a man who is still a fugitive from Georgia!

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has shown great diligence in collecting every scrap of information throwing light on his activities. It is all the more pity, therefore, that the completed job is not better. The documentation is inadequate, too much of the evidence is mere hearsay, and several obvious confusions of names do not increase confidence in the general accuracy. The interpretation is intended to be Marxian but is by no means consistent. Deterding is portrayed first as the mere creature of events and then as dominating them; yet again, he is only a puppet in the hands of "the lean-jowled old men who guard the [British] Empire's permanent interests." The book would have been greatly improved by the severe pruning of its digressions and repetitions, but no editing could have cured the style, which can only be described as *Time* with an Oxford accent.

THE AYES HAVE IT. By A. P. Herbert. Doubleday, Doran. $2.

Owing to a curious survival, British universities have special Parliamentary representation, with all graduates entitled to a vote. In the case of Oxford the electorate is heavily weighted with country clergymen whose votes hitherto have invariably been given to impeccably respectable Conservatives. Hence there was widespread astonishment when, at the last general election, A. P. Herbert, humorist, novelist, and crusader for divorce reform, was elected as an independent. A few years earlier Mr. Herbert in "Holy Deadlock" had amusingly and effectively exposed the indecent absurdities of English divorce law, which recognized only one cause, adultery, as grounds for termination of a marriage. The subject formed the core of his election address, and once in Parliament he lost no time in mounting his hobby. In this volume he describes how, in less than two years, he successfully cleared all the numerous hurdles that stand between the introduction of a Private Member's Bill and the Royal Consent. The reform thereby effected was genuinely important, and Mr. Herbert deserves great credit for his pertinacity. He may be congratulated, also, for the light he throws on the internal machinery of the House of Commons and the carefully tended spirit of the place which allows members to differ furiously in debate yet remain the best of friends. One is left wondering how much of this admirable sportsmanship would survive the introduction of reforms cutting deeply into the present basis of society.

THE SPIDER AND THE CLOCK. Poems by S. Funaroff. International Publishers. $1.

Mr. Funaroff's poems represent an unfortunate attempt to express aspects of a Communist philosophy in a combination of old and new poetic forms. His What the Thunder Said: A Fire Sermon, a soi-disant answer to T. S. Eliot, is subtitled "a cinematic poem." It is bad cinema, bad poetry, and bad refutation. The title poem is an anti-fascist philippic based on a news account of a spider's struggle to harness the moving hands of an alarm clock in its web. Such material would appear to be fool-proof, but the poet proves otherwise. What there is of poetry in any one of Mr. Funaroff's fire-sermons seems at best to be a grudging concession to the minimum requirements of the art. And can poor art ever be more than poor propaganda?

LABOR'S NEW MILLIONS. By Mary Heaton Vorse. Modern Age Books. 50 cents.

Mary Heaton Vorse's volume is a useful summary of the activities of the C. I. O. unions. Beginning with a recitation of events which led to the first C. I. O. strike in the rubber industry, it traces the principal organizational activities of the unions affiliated with the Committee for Industrial Organization. It is interesting reading, and for those who want a handy and uncritical compendium of recent C. I. O. activities, the work can be highly recommended. However, a description of labor's new millions might tell us something of the new additions to the A. F. of L. unions. Also the work might have been improved by a discussion of some of the intra-union problems, such as dues collections, discipline, and left-wing political factionalism. Mrs. Vorse follows the current fashion and regrets Homer Martin's denunciation of Communist fractions in the auto workers' union. This she regards as red-baiting. However, a political group that attempts to impose its views upon a labor union runs the risk of attack, and the Communist Party has no reason to expect other treatment. Mrs. Vorse's figures on union membership reveal considerable faith in official statements, but she might have informed us whether dues-paying members only are counted or also those who have merely signed application cards. It is true that the C. I. O. has made great and invaluable contributions to the progress of labor, but the movement is best served by a recognition of difficulties and mistakes.

RECORDS

A READER of this column suspects there must be other *Nation* readers besides himself who find it impossible to pay the prices of Victor and Columbia records. "The Decca records are more reasonable, and though as a line they are decidedly inferior to Columbia and Victor, still they do contain some fine things. . . . A set I am glad to own of Decca is the complete 'Dido and Aeneas.' . . . A frightful lemon is Mozart's Coronation Concerto played by Magda Tagliaferro." And the job of sorting out good and bad is one he would like me to do. "I might even say that I feel it a duty of a *Nation* reviewer."

But I have been doing my duty. I discussed the Decca records at some length, making a number of recommendations—including "Dido"—in *The Nation* of April 3, 1937; and made further recommendations on November 13, and more recently on May 14 and June 25. There were, however, a few things in the first Decca list that I did not get around to investigating; and they included the Mozart concertos. Life being short, I have taken my correspondent's word that the set of the Concerto K. 537 is a lemon, and have looked into the Piano Concertos K. 414 and 449, partly because they were unfamiliar and might be finds, but also for this reason: when I first discussed Decca records I pointed out that a large number were pressed from old Odéon and Parlophone masters which gave poor reproduction of orchestra and piano; but that some originated in more recent English Decca recordings with greater clarity and fidelity. Among these were the "Dido" set, the Boyd Neel Orchestra's records of Händel's Concerti Grossi, and Mozart's Concertos K. 414 and 449, recorded by this orchestra with Kathleen Long. K. 414 turns out to be a work of considerable charm; K. 449 I find uninteresting. The performances seem good; but this time the English Decca recording gives a muffled sound of piano and orchestra. In my first discussion of Decca I mentioned that the surfaces were noisy and afflicted with the loose residue which makes first playings a trial; and I must report that the end of one of my records of K. 414 sputters and crackles like a firecracker, and that all the records discussed in this article had to be played with chromium needles which began to give defective reproduction after a side or two.

Things to avoid in the first Decca list are Mengelberg's record of Beethoven's "Egmont" Overture (Gluck's "Alceste" is better), the Huberman-Friedman records of the "Kreutzer" Sonata, the von Schillings set of the "Eroica" Symphony, the Ramin records of Bach's Trio-Sonatas, Mignan's record of the Toccata and Fugue in D minor. And in the new Decca list Sir Henry Wood's set of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

The new list offers a good recording of a good performance of Bellini's "Norma." Gina Cigna's tremolo is present, but the voice has more warmth and color than it had in the Metropolitan revival two years ago, and her shortcomings are made up for by some of the other singers; while the performance as a whole gains from the authoritative conducting of Vittorio Gui.

The unusual voice and temperament of the late Conchita Supervia are to be heard in a large number of records in the new release. I recommend her records of passages from "Carmen," the Rossini operas, and "Der Rosenkavalier," made with orchestral accompaniments that are quite adequate; and also Falla's Seven Spanish Popular Songs. In this connection I mention the records of the marvelous castanet playing of L'Argentina. They suffer from orchestral and piano accompaniments that were recorded long, long ago, but you might get two of them: Nin's Danse Ibérienne and Falla's Serenata Andaluza. Then there are records of songs by Nin in which you may be willing to accept the ancient-sounding piano accompaniments for the sake of Ninon Vallin's beautiful singing. Her record of "Connais-tu le pays" and "Elle est aimée" from "Mignon," I might add here, is very fine.

Finally—for the present—I come to Lotte Lehmann's recordings of arias from "Fidelio," "Marriage of Figaro," "Magic Flute," "Rosenkavalier" (not the Monologue which begins with "Da geht er hin," as on Victor 7920-A, but the passage sung to Octavian on the B-side of the Victor record, including the little lecture on the meaning of time), "Ariadne auf Naxos" (arid stuff), "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," and "Tristan." They give us her voice at its prime —which is to say at its most luscious, but even then with its constriction in high notes and with such technical weaknesses occasionally wreaking havoc with phrasing ("Magic Flute"). The orchestral accompaniments vary from poor to atrocious ("Fidelio" and "Tristan"). I will deal with the other Lehmann records at another time; but one of them I can recommend now—Schumann's "Aufträge," in spite of muffled recording of the delightful piano part. **B. H. HAGGIN**

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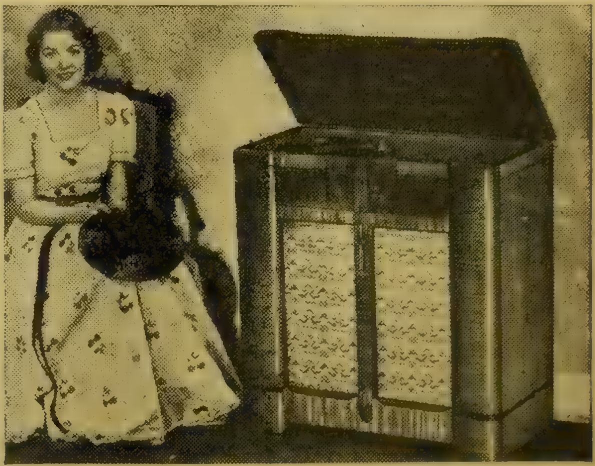

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Letters to the Editors

Ford and Hitler

Dear Sirs: How is it possible for a self-respecting American like Henry Ford to accept an order bestowed by Hitler? Even if Mr. Ford, who is notoriously ignorant in matters having nothing to do with machines or motors, shares the Führer's views concerning Jews, he cannot deny that Germany's Leader is making a powerful drive against everything that the true American holds dear. Moreover, how comes it that the sponsor of the famous "peace ship" is willing to become obligated to one who acclaims force above intelligence, and power above integrity; one whose creed is a passionate paean to the glories of war?

My idea of a loyal American is one who would refuse indignantly to be singled out for honor by a nation that upholds an acknowledged hater of democracy, an enemy of peace and peaceful methods, as contemptible a figure as history has produced in his wailings to high heaven against injustice to minorities outside Germany, while inflicting every kind of injustice on the unfortunate minorities within his own gates.

It is of course possible that Hitler admires the Ford car. It is also quite within the bounds of possibility that he admires even more a certain scurrilous weekly which not so long ago was sponsored by Ford, and that he would not be displeased to see it once more spring into life.

ANNIE NATHAN MEYER

Wood's Hole, Mass., August 11

Model for the A. M. A.

Dear Sirs: The doughty leaders of the American Medical Association who denounce the attempt to put modern medicine at the service of the poor by enlisting national, state, and local governments in the work are following an ancient and illuminating precedent which so far they have forborne to quote. It is no less than 178 years old, and you will find it in that chapter of Buckle's "History of Civilization" which deals with Spain—in my copy it is Volume 2, page 75. Here it is:

> When, in the year of 1760, some bold men in the government proposed that the streets of Madrid should be cleaned, so daring a suggestion excited general anger. . . . The medical profession, as guardians of the public health, were desired by the government to give their opinion. This, they had no difficulty in doing.
>
> They had no doubt that the dirt ought to remain. To remove it was a new experiment; and of new experiments it was impossible to foresee the issue. Their fathers having lived in the midst of it, why should not they do the same? . . . Even the smell, of which some persons complained, was most likely wholesome. The air being sharp and piercing, it was extremely probable that bad smells made the atmosphere heavy, and in that way deprived it of some of its injurious properties. The physicians of Madrid, therefore, were of opinion that matters had better remain as their ancestors had left them, and that no attempt should be made to purify the capital by removing the filth which lay scattered on every hand.

With a few minor changes, such as substituting "socialized medicine" for "new experiments," Mr. Buckle's summary of the heroic defiance of the Madrid physicians would be a splendid literary model for an official proclamation from the A. M. A.

GEORGE L. KNAPP

Washington, August 10

Bleeding America

Dear Sirs: On July 20 the grand ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria was jammed as the Theater Arts Committee, offering a preview of the new Spanish film, "Return to Life," lured the proletariat into the ivoriest tower in Manhattan for a nice big touch in behalf of bleeding Spain. I am thinking of bleeding America.

I am thinking of a dry, sun-baked hillside, and a thin woman with two starving children huddled to her skirts seeking the meager shade of an olive tree. From a grove of Valencia oranges down below comes the vicious sound of spitting rifle fire. Slowly crawling up the hillside, hands held tightly against his groin, a man in tattered clothing makes his agonized way toward the aisle of olive trees.

Spain? No. America, California—where the military forces of the absentee owners, the hired and legalized gunmen of the mortgage holders, wage open warfare against 200,000 American citizens, denied the right to vote, denied the right to relief, denied the right to drink fresh water, denied the right of everything but the doubtful and sometimes non-existent opportunity to roam the hot arid California desert picking crops at a few cents a day.

Can you imagine a meeting in the ballroom of the Waldorf for California's 200,000 starving migratory workers? There's no romance in pea-pickers.

WILLIAM N. ROBSON

New York, August 8

Bureaucratic Solution

Dear Sirs: On reading in *The Nation* recently of the fate in store for Gerolamo Peduzzi, I wrote a letter of protest to Secretary Perkins, and received from the Labor Department a reply to the following effect:

> The department has entered an order granting the above-named person permission to transship to Nicaragua forthwith, provided the steamship line involved is willing to assume responsibility for his return to Italy in the event his entry into Nicaragua is denied.

Why should any steamship company give the guaranty demanded—whether on the one hand it is unwilling to deliver a man to the executioner, or whether on the other it is too hard-boiled to care what happens? It is outrageous and unworthy of our government to play with a man's life like this! But if they are going to, at least the fact should be known.

ELLEN A. FREEMAN

Weekapaug, R. I., August 8

The War in New Orleans

Dear Sirs: The Nation of July 9 refers to the police terrorism against the C. I. O. in New Orleans.

We agree whole-heartedly with your analysis of the situation with the exception of your statement that "a situation ominous enough in itself is rendered incalculably worse by labor's private prize fight" and that "while wholesale police terror closes in on the city, A. F. of L. and C. I. O. workers are waging war upon each other."

The truth is that when the strike was called by the United Transport Workers' Union, the workers involved were organized 100 per cent in the C. I. O.

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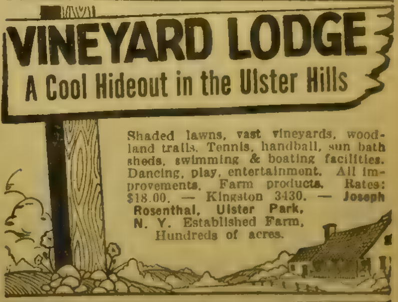
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They were replaced by professional strike-breakers, supplied by the A. F. of L. However, no war was waged between the C. I. O. workers and the A. F. of L. strike-breakers. The only war waged was that against the C. I. O. strikers, by the New Orleans Police Department, which has carried on unprecedented terrorism against all C. I. O. members, whether they were involved in the strike or not.

It is true that there is a dispute between the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. over the question of representation, but all New Orleans unionists know that the A. F. of L. bases its claims only on newly signed "closed-shop" contracts with the drayage companies, and not on actual membership. The story that the transport union's strike was a dispute between two unions was manufactured by the employers and Acting Police Chief Grosch to confuse the public on the true issues. PAUL HEIDE

Organizer, United Transport Workers
New Orleans, August 5

Judge Berry's Tory Principles

Dear Sirs: In your issue of July 23 you referred to the recent remarks of Vice-Chancellor Berry of New Jersey on the privilege of free speech. This was not the first time that Vice-Chancellor Berry had been perfectly frank in stating from the bench his tory principles. One day in the city of Long Branch, New Jersey, the Vice-Chancellor announced that "courts are not servants of the people. The legislature may be said to be, in a sense, the servant of the people. The Executive, to a degree, may also be said to be the same, but to a less degree than the legislative branch of the government; but the judicial branch of the government is an arbiter of disputes between citizens, or of disputes which may arise between citizens and the government itself." In other words, the Vice-Chancellor of New Jersey is a reincarnation of those colonial judges, so much hated by our forefathers, who as agents of King George III likewise denied that the courts were the servants of the people. CHARLES W. ERVIN

New York, August 9

Champion of the Under-Dog

Dear Sirs: On May 20, on the recommendation of President John William Bergin, the Board of Trustees of Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas, dismissed from the faculty Dr. John C. Granbery, head of the department of philosophy and an indefatigable fighter for the underprivileged.

The official reason for terminating Dr. Granbery's employment was lack of funds. Since, however, he was the lowest-paid man on the staff, this reason has not been accepted. A call to a public meeting to protest his dismissal said in part: "If this dismissal, which is apparently attributable to Dr. Bergin's resentment at Dr. Granbery because the latter has fearlessly and consistently espoused the cause of the underprivileged, is not challenged . . . we will be admitting that Southwestern University must be . . . a concentration camp for the purpose of isolating from the heart-rending problems of our country today the intellectual ability which all of us regard as our one hope of escape from darkness and chaos."

WINIFRED L. CHAPPELL

Mena, Arkansas, August 3

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SAMUEL LUBELL and WALTER EVERETT, newspapermen, are making a tour of the United States investigating social problems.

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The Shape of Things

CHAMBERLAIN'S ABILITY TO WORM OUT OF awkward situations is likely to be tested to the limit by Franco's emphatic rejection of the British plan for withdrawal of Italian "volunteers" from Spain. An impasse has now been reached from which there seems to be no face-saving means of escape. Despite the mass of technical objections raised by Franco, it must be evident even to Chamberlain that the plan was rejected because the rebels are again desperately in need of Italian assistance, and that Mussolini himself was behind its rejection. Thus the Anglo-Italian pact cannot be brought into operation by the means envisioned last spring. To scrap the agreement openly would be an intolerable confession of failure. To bring it into force without even a token withdrawal of "volunteers" would be to risk a political earthquake—particularly since Chamberlain has promised that he would not do so without calling a special session of Parliament. With Parliament safely in recess and political activity at its seasonal low ebb, the Prime Minister is likely to attempt to muddle through.

*

THE ELABORATE RECEPTION GIVEN HORTHY in Germany is all too obvious in its intent. It represents an attempt to entice Hungary to play the inglorious role that Austria filled so satisfactorily during the last two years of its existence. Hungary is to be cemented to the axis. It is to agree to support the German demands in Czechoslovakia, militarily and economically. Anti-Nazi elements are gradually to be weeded out in preparation for ultimate Anschluss. Attempts will be made to persuade it to exchange wheat and other farm products, desperately needed by Germany, for machine-guns and military equipment which will enable it to aid the Reich more effectively in the coming war. While Horthy is being feted in Germany, the Foreign Ministers of the three Little Entente countries are meeting at Bled, Yugoslavia, to consider, among other things, means of conciliating Hungary. For the time being Hungary will probably content itself with attempting to get the most out of its temporarily strong bargaining position. This,

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however, cannot last indefinitely. Irrespective of the outcome of Germany's present ambitions in Czechoslovakia, Hungary is high on Hitler's list. It must choose between national suicide and resistance based on the support of the Little Entente.

*

DALADIER'S STATEMENT THAT THE FORTY-hour week is detrimental to the safety and prosperity of France may well mark the formal end of the French Popular Front. Already the Ministers of Labor and Public Works, both independent Socialists, have resigned, and the Socialist and Communist press is denouncing the government in unmeasured terms. The forty-hour week was the crowning achievement of the first Blum government. For the workers it made up, to some extent, for the rising cost of living and the shameless betrayal of Spain. Daladier has taken much and offered nothing in return. His brief rule has been marked by a further depreciation of the franc, involving a new rise in the cost of living, ruthless suppression of sitdown strikes, a new closing of the Spanish frontier, and now the repudiation of the chief plank in the Popular Front platform. His pretext is plausible. The hours of work must be increased, he insists, in order to meet the competition of other countries in which no limit is set on industrial activity. But what counts in foreign competition is not the hours of work but the cost of production in terms of real wages. In this respect France was close to the bottom among the leading industrial countries of the world even before the depreciation of the franc. Today, as the result of a 58 per cent reduction in the value of the currency, real wages in France are considerably lower than in 1936. Nor can it be argued that longer hours are needed for additional production. France, like other countries, has its quota of unemployed which could be called on in an emergency.

*

WHEN AN EX-RADICAL TURNS INFORMER, the spectacle is never pleasant. Whether J. B. Matthews's "revelations" before the Dies committee are true or false or a little of both, they will be used as a text by every ten-cent Hitler, and they are irrelevant to the business of a committee which was originally set up to find real threats to democratic institutions. It is hardly news that Communists participate, with varying degrees of influence, in a host of left organizations with whose aims their own party policies coincide. Why shouldn't they? And why should the fact of their participation make such movements untouchable for other anti-fascists, inside the government or outside? The real motive, of course, behind these belated disclosures was far more ambitious than mere red-baiting; for the next step was an attempt to connect New Deal officials—and the New Deal—with some of these same organizations. And so the inquisition completes its cycle: an assault first upon "Communists" as such, then upon the C. I. O., and finally upon the Roosevelt Administration. It becomes increasingly significant that in the torrent of reckless accusations against the left no voice has been raised against the armed military bands operating under Nazi auspices. These agencies are a direct challenge to democratic procedure; the kind of danger they embody is the only excuse for the Dies committee's existence. But the committee has chosen instead to level its guns at Mrs.—and Mr.—Roosevelt.

*

ALL IS UNQUIET ON THE MONOPOLY FRONT. The inquiry has got under way, and public hearings are likely to start in a few months. The danger is that feuds within the New Deal may drain off the energy that should go into the inquiry. One such feud has broken wide open with the release to the press by Assistant Secretary of State Berle of a confidential memorandum he had prepared for the monopoly inquiry, the contents of which had been dribbling away for a month through mysterious leaks. The incident is in itself unimportant, although Mr. Berle is reported by Marquis Childs in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* to believe in a Corcoran-Ickes conspiracy to spread "poison" about him. What is important is the utter lack of unity it reveals among the economic theorists of the New Deal on the whole question of the nature of monopoly and what to do about it. One of the most valuable things the inquiry can do is to produce order out of this chaos and give cohesiveness to the program for industrial control. Meanwhile, it is heartening to note that Thurman Arnold and his associates in the Department of Justice seem to know where they are going. In a radio speech and a New York *Times* article Mr. Arnold has made it clear that pending the revision of the anti-trust laws he intends to enforce the present ones. He had said that before, but as long as his enforcement division had a staff of sixty people, the realists in the corporations refused to be disturbed. Mr. Arnold now asks for a total staff equal to that of the SEC, which would be about 1,200 in Washington and branch offices. While Mr. Arnold only had ideas, he was considered a droll fellow. If he is given a real enforcement staff, we prophesy that he will no longer be considered a joke.

*

THE PEOPLE OF NEW YORK WILL HAVE TO defeat the newly amended state constitution if, as we hope, it is submitted as a whole in November. It will be far better for the state to get along for another twenty years with an imperfect, even an obsolescent, instrument like the present constitution than to fasten upon itself such reactionary provisions as those prohibiting proportional representation and establishing review by the courts of the facts as well as the law in appeals from

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decisions by state boards. The failure of the Poletti amendment, which would have insured control by the state of the St. Lawrence and Niagara water-power sites, has resulted in an omission which plays directly into the hands of the private utilities and may seriously interfere with the development of public power in New York. Next week we shall analyze the work of the Constitutional Convention in greater detail. Here we can only report our conviction that it was a shocking waste of time and money and that its product is a hodge-podge in which the bad measures clearly outweigh the good.

* * *

THE *ATLANTIC MONTHLY* IS DETERMINED to grow old disgracefully. Some years ago Arthur Pound contributed to that august publication a series of glowing articles about some of our bigger and better corporations that turned out to be reading notices for (we hope) generous advertisers. A few months ago Ellery Sedgwick did his bit for fascism after a trip to Spain as a "guest" of Franco. We were reminded of both junkets when we picked out of the morning's mail a supplement of sixty-four pages bearing the *Atlantic's* imprimatur and entitled "Trouble Below the Border." It is made up of reprints and digests of as many articles as it could hold attacking the policy of the Mexican government in every field, but particularly that of oil, and proving that the Mexicans are a shiftless, ignorant red rabble who don't appreciate the money and brains that upstanding American citizens and corporations have invested in their welfare. It is fulsome in its insults to our southern neighbor, and there is no single indication that the Mexican government has any argument, good or bad, to support its present policy. Although the supplement must have cost a pretty penny, it contains only one page of advertising. Inquiry discloses that it is not being sent to *Atlantic* subscribers but is designed solely for newsstand distribution, at 25 cents; yet as a sales risk it would rate with the latest "little magazine"—unless it catches the eye of the public-relations departments of the big oil companies.

The TVA Stands Up

THE Congressional inquiry into the TVA has progressed far enough now to warrant striking a trial balance of its results. Dr. Arthur Morgan has had a chance to make his charges; the matter of the Berry marble claims, which threatened to become a *cause célèbre*, has been thoroughly aired; Mr. Lilienthal has told his side of the story; and the committee has heard testimony on the question of "yardstick" rates and on the conduct of the TVA's defense against the power-company suits. The sum total must prove a keen disappointment to Dr. Morgan, the utility companies, the reactionary politicos, and the newspaper publishers. Their efforts to smear one of the two or three most important achievements of the New Deal have definitely come a cropper. In fact, the results of the investigation must be set down as one of the most dismal defeats in the whole history of the anti-New Deal campaign. Dr. Morgan has had to back water on his charges of dishonesty made against the other TVA commissioners. What was originally played up as the Teapot Dome scandal of the New Deal has simmered down to personal differences as to the wisdom of certain administrative decisions on which it is now clear that reasonable men might easily have differed.

An important case in point is that of the Berry marble claims. The original charge was full of dark intimations of bribery, collusion, political pressure, maladministration. The utilities and the press licked their chops in anticipation of a feast. Actually they came away with scarcely a bone to gnaw at. This would be hard to ascertain from the newspaper accounts. In fact, a reading of those accounts led us, in a brief editorial comment last week on the Berry claims, to ask some pointed questions of Mr. Lilienthal and Harcourt Morgan on the subject of those claims. We suspended judgment until Mr. Lilienthal and Major Berry should have had a chance to answer the charges before the committee. Their answers, along with a summary we have received of all the testimony bearing on this point, leave no doubt of the emptiness of the charges.

There is not the slightest evidence that Major Berry ever tried to bribe TVA officials or that he exerted any pressure upon them. Nor is there evidence that they failed in their duty to scrutinize the Berry claims with extreme care. The Eckel memorandum of 1934 recommended an investigation of the rumor that Major Berry was making efforts to have his marble used in federal buildings in order to enhance the value of his claims for indemnity from the TVA for the flooding of his marble lands. Two investigations were made that showed this rumor to be unfounded. In the spring of 1935 the TVA staff searched all the title records of the Norris Reservoir area to discover whether any of the Berry leases would be invalidated for fraud. No evidence was found, for the simple reason that while the lessors executed a power of attorney in 1933 to Berry and his partners giving them the right to file claims for damage done to mineral rights by the government, this was not recorded until the fall of 1935, after the TVA search had been made. This power of attorney, along with correspondence between Major Berry and W. H. Ford, one of his associates, which Ford revealed when he fell out with Berry in 1937, constituted the basis for the TVA condemnation proceedings in that year. They could not have been discovered at the time of the 1935 investigation.

In 1935 and 1936 the TVA, acting on the theory that while its marble experts did not regard the Berry claims as commercially valuable, a lay condemnation commission might think differently, made conciliation offers to Berry which the latter rejected. Dr. Morgan did not dissent from these offers until after the failure of his effort to block Mr. Lilienthal's reappointment. Major Eckel, chief geologist of the TVA, who had suspected bad faith on Berry's part to start with, has testified before the Congressional committee that "equally honest people might choose between fighting things like that through and taking chances with it, or taking a chance on conciliation." The TVA for a time tried the latter course, and in 1936 made a conciliation agreement by which both sides would consult an impartial government expert, Dr. John Finch of the Bureau of Mines. When it became clear that Dr. Finch would not be available, the TVA instituted condemnation proceedings, which are still before the courts on appeal by Major Berry.

Had these facts been damning to the TVA rather than favorable to it, they would have been on the front pages and in the editorial columns of every important paper in the country. But the fact that the TVA stands up under the weight of evidence is considered a minor piece of news. When the final record has been compiled by the investigating committee, we believe that it will bear testimony to the integrity of the board members who have been under attack, as well as to the essential achievement of the TVA itself.

Felix Frankfurter

IT is unlikely that Mr. Roosevelt will send the name of his new Supreme Court appointment to the Senate before Congress meets in January. Meanwhile, however, the papers seem to agree that there is no harm in doing some guessing and urging. And most of the discussion has thus far concentrated on Felix Frankfurter of Harvard. *The Nation* takes some pride in having been the first to say editorially that no more fitting successor could be found for Justice Cardozo. Since that time Senator Norris has made his vigorous statement, and newspaper opinion has responded with an amazingly consistent approval. Mr. Frankfurter's name is reported by such reliable Washington correspondents as Ernest Lindley, Joseph Alsop, and Raymond Clapper as being at the top of the President's list. The lone dissenting voice has been that of Hugh Johnson. But given the trend and quality of the General's opinions, his opposition is final proof that the choice would be a sound one.

The appointment still has, to be sure, several obstacles to encounter. Mr. Frankfurter has been denounced by reactionaries as a radical and sinister force behind the New Deal. He is also a Jew, which in these days is no great advantage in political office. But it may be hazarded that much of the bitterness of conservative opinion about him was drawn off by his refusal to be involved in the controversy over the Supreme Court reorganization plan and by his complete dignity under attack. It may also be hazarded that the hysteria engendered by the Black appointment has helped Mr. Frankfurter's cause by giving new values to the unblemished record of his career and his reputation for technical legal competence. Conservatives and liberals alike have curiously found themselves drawn, by the very fury of their attack upon Justice Black, into the camp of Mr. Frankfurter's supporters.

But, according to the experts on such matters, other, political calculations may enter into the decision. There is a strong Catholic move to have another Catholic appointed to the Supreme Court, the argument being that Pierce Butler can scarcely represent the twenty million Catholics in America. There is also a thrust from the Mountain and West Coast states for the appointment of a Westerner, the West having lost its representatives by the resignations of Sutherland and Van Devanter. But this whole conception of the nature and basis of a Supreme Court appointment is an intolerably narrow one. The court is not meant to be a representative body, and attempts to make it one can only be mischievous and must play into the hands of those who contend that the court should have the power of passing on issues of legislative policy. The only criteria for a judge should be his ability, his willingness to keep the judicial process within the bounds of its proper functions, his social insights and democratic (small *d*) sympathies.

By these tests Mr. Frankfurter comes out on top. We are a little tired of reading the well-meaning editorials, couched wholly in a negative vein, which defend him against the charges of radicalism. One would infer from these statements that Mr. Frankfurter was no better than a Senator Wheeler or a Walter Lippmann. It is true enough to call him a liberal, but it is a blurred and blanket truth. He is certainly no passive liberal. His economics is not laissez faire, nor is his attitude toward the governmental process negativist and fear-ridden, as is that of the liberals who seem to be monopolizing the term today. He understands the meaning and danger of corporate concentration of power. He has a positive genius for focusing upon the points at which the refinements of the corporate structure touch the intricacies of legal procedure. He believes in the increasing and efficient extension of the province of government in men's affairs.

The outstanding quality in him is his belief that something can be done. To the stereotyped mind this suggests a utopian, but he is no such thing. There is a tough empiricism about him, and he has always, with an iron rigor, kept his students' thinking inside the realm of social possibility. But within that realm he has a vivid sense of the social constructiveness that a clear-headed, well-staffed government can achieve. Here he differs from the radical, who emphasizes mass movements and class support for new social constructions. Mr. Frankfurter's emphasis is on the administrative process as the spearpoint of social advance. Hence his personal history as adviser to a whole series of Presidents since Mr. Taft. Hence his brilliant work in the war administration. Hence his part in clearing the new field of administrative law. Hence his labors as a law teacher in an uneven struggle against the inertia of the American legal profession. Hence his talent for firing the imaginations and seeing the creative possibilities of the young men he has taught, and for placing persons of talent in the strategic posts of administrative responsibility in the government.

Ours is an age when survival depends upon a race between intelligent socialization and sheer collapse. Such an age requires the utmost in mind and heart of its public servants. Felix Frankfurter has a clear mind and a stout heart. There are some, and Hugh Johnson is among them, who say that a man who has had his enormous influence on successive administrations must be a Richelieu and cannot have a "judicial mind." It is hard to say what a judicial mind is, and certainly Hugh Johnson would be the last conceivable judge of it. It would scarcely be denied that the great justices of our history—Marshall, Taney, Holmes—have had extremely divergent kinds of mind. To take the three names with which his is most frequently linked, Mr. Frankfurter has the concrete economic grasp and passion for justice of Brandeis, the technical legal knowledge and the long perspectives of Cardozo, and something of Holmes's humanity and his gift for seeing life as a battle. Holmes got his military experience in the Civil War. Frankfurter has been a good soldier in the continuing war for a more humane and rational society.

Business Grows Better

THE recent decline in Wall Street, coupled with an apparent slowing down in business improvement, has raised the question whether the June-July recovery was, after all, a mere flash in the pan. In substantiation of this view, alarmists cite the abnormally low level of commodity prices, particularly for agricultural products, the plight of the railroads, and the inability of the steel companies to cut wages to conform with the recent reduction in prices. They lay particular stress on the huge agricultural surpluses which have piled up as a result of bumper harvests all over the world.

Other economists see in these same facts reasons for believing that the upturn has come to stay—at least for a time. The second largest wheat crop in American history has naturally brought a reduction in grain prices, but there has been no approach to 1931-32 conditions. On the contrary, the total farm income for 1938 will be approximately $7,500,000,000, well above the average for the '30's. Even if prices should drop farther, the AAA loan policy protects the farmer against loss. Any deficit that the government might incur as a result of subsidizing the farmer would not affect present prospects.

Current bulletins from other sections of the economic front are in the main highly encouraging. Business activity, as recorded in the *Journal of Commerce* weekly index, has advanced for five consecutive weeks, and is the highest it has been in 1938. The steel rate has held at above 40 per cent of capacity for three weeks. Most striking of all is the huge improvement in the building industry, which until recently has been one of the chief barriers to recovery and one of the principal sources of unemployment. Building permits in the 215 largest cities in July reached the highest level in more than seven years. This represented a gain of 54 per cent as compared with the same month a year ago, and was 60 per cent above the June level. The improvement has continued, at a somewhat diminished rate, into August.

The full effect of the government's spending program has yet to be felt. Contracts have been let and operations started in a few instances. But the substantial value of the program cannot be realized until the full quota of men are employed.

Perhaps the most substantial reason for believing in the soundness of the present upturn is the fact that commodity prices have not risen to any marked extent. When business activity increases in the face of falling prices, it means that real demand has been uncovered. It speaks especially well for the immediate future, because increased business activity generates new purchasing power which will shortly be released. The fact that prices and the cost of living have remained low means that this added purchasing power will go farther than would otherwise be the case. When economic historians record the turning-point in late June, it is probable that as much emphasis will be given to the cut in steel prices as to the benefit derived from increased government spending. Steel prices had long been out of alignment with the general price level. Their reduction, without a cut in wages, has done much to restore the economic balance.

The outstanding danger at the present time, apart from the possibility of war, is to be found in the pressure for reduced wages on the railroads and in the steel industry. Should either cut occur, it might easily initiate a wave of wage-cutting which would reverse the economic trend. Continued improvement in the next few months should eliminate this danger. But with the upturn will come other more serious threats. For there is little evidence that business has learned anything of a fundamental nature since 1929.

Fascism Hits Washington

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, August 22

THE pattern of American fascism grows more distinct and menacing every day, and it is essentially an alien pattern. Henry Ford accepts a decoration from Hitler; migratory workers of old American stock are harried and dragooned through the California vineyards by uniformed blackshirts; persons who express sympathy with the recognized government of Spain are pilloried and boycotted. Until recently the local forms of American fascism seemed on the surface to have much in common with the soil on which they appeared. It could be argued that vigilantism was typically American—as truly a native product as the corruption of local authorities by interested corporations. However, in such manifestations as those I have cited, the underlying pattern is beginning to show through its coating of local soil—and the pattern is trademarked "Made in Italy." When this notion was first advanced, I was among the scoffers who attributed it to nervous jitters and the well-known tendency of some intellectuals to explain native phenomena in exotic foreign terms. I can no longer be blind to the fact; the evidence is overwhelming.

Mussolini's adventure was originally financed by the industrialists of Milan as a vigilante counter-attack on organized labor. Expanding with success, it became a revolution against all social-democratic forms, including the government. The same pattern was followed in Germany by Hitler and the barons of the Ruhr. The fact that some of the great German and Italian industrialists who put their money and their faith in vigilantism have lived to rue it bitterly is beside the point, save as it may serve to warn American industrialists who are inciting political adventurers to crush labor and resist the government.

In the last few months we have learned how the steel barons, corrupting local authorities and inciting and financing the activities of vigilante bands, made a bloody shambles of the American system in Chicago, Youngstown, Johnstown, Monroe, Massillon, and Canton. Nor was there any coy reliance placed on castor oil. Machine-guns, riot guns, revolvers, gas grenades, and pick handles were the chosen weapons. This choice was more typically American because it was a child of the gangster era—although it should not be forgotten that many of the gang methods were imported from Sicily, sometimes by original members of the Mafia. In addition to the steel "terror" we have the Hague dictatorship in New Jersey, and recently we have seen Governor Kraschel threaten to use state troops to resist the enforcement of a federal statute in Iowa. All are pieces of the same pattern, the pattern of American fascism. Nobody, least of all the Jews, should be surprised when such manifestations are accompanied by a sudden upsurge of anti-Semitism. Careful reporters who made the Western swing with Roosevelt told me they were amazed by the extent of this feeling, and they predicted it would become vocal if Frankfurter should be nominated for the Supreme Court.

The American fascist movement has advanced to its present stage despite the lack of a central agency to assemble its ideas and serve as an outlet for their expression. That lack has now been supplied, and the agency is operating at full blast—with government funds. It is officially titled the House Committee to Investigate Un-American Activities, and its chairman is Representative Martin Dies, of Texas. It should be called the Committee to Promote Un-American Activities and Undermine the Bill of Rights, and its spiritual godfather should be recognized in Dr. Paul Goebbels, of Berlin. Since I learn, from their letters, that this country contains a number of lily-fingered intellectuals who are reluctant to face a fact if it upsets them, I shall certainly be accused of hyperbole—to say the least—in the foregoing statement. So let's look at the record.

Thus far the committee has devoted itself mainly to the following: (1) attacking the only form of labor organization which the industrialists have been unable to tame; (2) smearing the Senate Civil Liberties Committee, as a means of disparaging the value of civil liberties in this country; (3) broadcasting scandal against the legitimate government of Spain, to appease American resentment over the German-Italian invasion of that country; (4) trying to soften American horror over the anti-Jewish atrocities in Germany by circulating the intimation that they were provoked by a "Jewish boycott" in this country; (5) smearing a list of New Deal officials who are on record in favor of peace and democracy. By what method does the committee strive to achieve these ends? By applying the epithets "communist" and "communism" to every person and every principle which it hopes to discredit. How did Mussolini and Hitler justify their conquest of democracy? They never took a step without proclaiming that it was necessary to save their respective nations from "Bolshevism"! It is all old stuff—fabricated in Italy, finished in Germany, and now being peddled in Washington.

The question will be asked: Does the committee know what it is doing? I should hesitate to say that it knows fully. In the main it is composed of Congressional nonentities whose imagination was never sufficient to carry them higher than the dream of a momentary perch in the headlines. If they could grab some personal publicity and strike a blow for the corporations they would doubtless think themselves content. However, personal publicity is a habit-forming drug. These political hacks will not give it up without a struggle. The prospect of an early return to their natural obscurity will haunt them. What then? Interests which are fully alive to the possibilities of using the committee for their own purposes will begin "feeding" it. Accordingly, watch for additional discoveries of "communism" in such C. I. O. unions as those of the longshoremen, seamen, cannery workers and fruit packers, cotton-textile workers, and radio and electrical workers. Don't be surprised if they find some in the Newspaper Guild. Surely, when the professional smearers of the shipping, textile, and steel industries are on the job, it will not be said that the publishers overlooked an opportunity. Now that I recall, I believe old John Frey did find one—Julius Klyman, of St. Louis. After all these years of trying to breathe melodrama into dreary cornfield murders for the *Post-Dispatch* Sunday magazine, Julius must be gratified to wake up and find himself an "un-American activity." If he isn't he can still sue.

For those who believe in the American way of life, there is a distinct benefit in having the phases of American fascism correlated. Heretofore the enemy enjoyed all the advantages of guerrilla warfare. Moreover, apologists for the fascist methods were in a position to deny the existence of any common plan or purpose. When the Bill of Rights was suspended at Dearborn, they could say, "Oh, that's just Henry Ford's way"; if in Jersey City, "Oh, you know Frank Hague"; if at South Chicago, "What do you expect of the Chicago cops?" and if at Monroe, "That probably is a stronghold of the Black Legion." Now, thanks to Dies and his associates, it looks as if we should have them all singing in the same key, in the same room. My backwoods ancestors used to be fond of this admonition: "The fust thing ye got to do before skinnin' a skunk is to ketch him." The trap is set —and watch them go for the bait!

Russia's Role in the European Crisis

BY MAXWELL S. STEWART

A WEEK in war-threatened Prague convinced me that the Soviet Union holds the key to war and peace in Europe. Hitler's policy we know. He will attack Czechoslovakia if he can do so without plunging Europe into war. But he will not consciously run the risk of war with a first-rate power. British policy we know. Chamberlain will gladly barter away the freedom of Czechoslovakia if he can be sure that the Czechs won't fight and precipitate a general war. The Czechs, for their part, will fight if there is any possibility of support. France, because of Chamberlain's influence, cannot be wholly relied on. It will lend its assistance if Russia does, but in a crisis everything depends on the Soviets.

This is not officially the view of the Czech Foreign Office. When questioned, officials speak of their reliance on France, their faith in the fundamental good-will of Britain, and their conviction that the Czechs will find support, in a showdown, in both Rumania and Yugoslavia. Soviet aid is rarely spoken of but is taken for granted on the ground of common interest. Hitler virtually said in "Mein Kampf" that Czechoslovakia was to be the stepping-stone to the Soviet Ukraine. Thus the Czechs argue that Russia will not dare let them down.

The same argument would also apply to France and, in the longer run, to Great Britain. Yet Chamberlain, with Daladier in tow, appears ready to sacrifice Czechoslovakia for a temporary understanding with Hitler. Might not Russia play the same game? In Moscow, a week before my visit to Prague, I heard subterranean rumors, emanating from all-knowing foreign diplomatic quarters, of a pending rapprochement between the Kremlin and the Third Reich. There are those who argue that it is the only course for Russia to follow in view of the collapse of the League and the failure of the democracies to recognize their obvious self-interest. Litvinov's Leningrad speech is cited by some as marking a definite turn away from the democracies. Others go back farther and insist that the decision to hold the trials marked the end of the Soviet government's effort to build an anti-fascist bloc to stem the advance of the war-makers. Even in the last few years German trade has been more important to Russia than that of either France or England. Doctrinal differences, it is argued, are far less important than the natural economic ties joining the two countries.

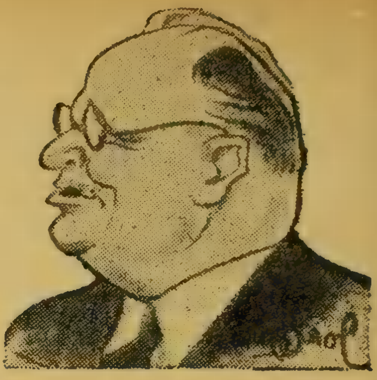
Fortunately for the Czechs, all of the tangible evidence is against this hypothesis. There are no signs, either in Germany or in Russia, of a lessening of the political tension between the two countries. Hitlerism epitomizes all that the Soviets detest. Hitler has built his state on the red bogy. Moreover, as recently as May 21 the Soviets made a definite gesture in support of the Czechs. Their antagonism toward Hitler's Far Eastern ally, Japan, has become noticeably stronger since the affair at Changkufeng. And they have gone farther than any other country in aiding Spain and China. Strange behavior for a country that is alleged to be veering from its traditional anti-fascist policy!

The most convincing evidence against a possible German-Russian agreement is to be found in the renewed emphasis which the Kremlin has recently placed on the international revolutionary movement. For some years Moscow, influenced by the exigencies of foreign policy, has been discreetly silent on the subject of world revolution. On several occasions in the past month, however, it has reasserted its traditional revolutionary role. The current issue of a Red Army magazine, for instance, speaks of the Soviet army as fighting the battles of the international working class. This emphasis is fully consistent with the reestablishment of the power of the political commissars in the army and with the steps which have been taken to introduce more democratic relations between the commanders and men. Officers who demand that the men salute them when off duty have recently come in for severe criticism. Throughout the Soviet press there is today distinctly less talk than formerly about "our country" and the "motherland," and much more emphasis on Russia's role as the vanguard of international socialism. Litvinov's Leningrad speech, though it did not mention world revolution, was notable for its class analysis of international politics.

If the Soviet Union reasserts its leadership of the international revolutionary movement, it is clear that it cannot at the same time be planning a rapprochement with Hitler. Even those who doubt the sincerity of the Soviet leaders must recognize the impossibility of reconciling these two courses of action. In theory, the Kremlin could abandon its Socialist ideals and adopt a Chamberlain-like compromise with fascism, or it could seek to rally working-class support for the Socialist fatherland. But it could not do both.

The reappearance of revolutionary slogans at this time is being interpreted in various ways. Some Moscow observers go so far as to speak of the rehabilitation of the Comintern and a return to the policies which prevailed prior to 1927. This would seem to be pressing the argument too far. If one were seeking evidence of a change in Comintern policy, one would look for it in Paris and Hankow, not in Moscow. No such change can be noticed. The Spanish Communists are as loyal to the Popular Front today as they were two years ago. No rift has appeared in the cooperation between the Chinese Communists and Chiang Kai-shek. Even in France, where the Popular Front is all but broken, the Communist Party has yet to vote against the Radical Socialist government. Communist leadership of the recent strike movement was at no time exploited for purely partisan ends.

What one finds in Russia is neither a trend toward agreement with Hitler nor a new emphasis on the Comintern, but a trend which for want of a better word has been called isolationism. The term is misleading, for the Soviet brand of isolationism has little in common with the British or American variety. Moscow has no illusions regarding the prospects of collective security as long as British foreign policy remains in the hands of Chamberlain. Nowhere can one find a more ruthless analysis of the shortsighted class policies of the British and French governments than was contained in Litvinov's speech of June 23. Furthermore, the Soviets have become increasingly aware of their own strength. They have noted that fascist aggression has been invariably directed against weaker states, and have concluded that they are reasonably safe as long as they maintain their own defenses. On my recent visit to Moscow—the fourth I have made—I found the Soviet population for the first time unafraid of war. The ominous character of the international situation was clearly recognized, but it was felt that the democracies, not the Soviet Union, should be primarily alarmed by it. In part, this confidence was based on the conviction that Japan was too deeply embroiled in China to offer a serious threat in the East for many years. The Changkufeng incident had already begun, but it aroused little interest because of the general feeling that Japan was wholly incapable of launching a major war.


Litvinov

Yet Russia is not becoming isolationist in the sense of withdrawing behind its own borders or of abandoning its friends abroad. It remains an active member of the League of Nations and is one of the few countries which has taken its obligations under the Covenant seriously. It is rendering active aid to China under the terms of the resolutions adopted by the Council in September and May. It has remained in the Non-Intervention Committee so that it might, as Litvinov put it, "prevent the intervention of the committee . . . in Franco's behalf." It served warning on Poland on the occasion of the latter's ultimatum to Lithuania, and again when Poland threatened to intervene in the Czech crisis on the side of Hitler. It has negotiated an agreement with Rumania which will grant Soviet troops the right to move across Rumanian territory in case Czechoslovakia is attacked—a right embodied in the League Covenant but frequently forgotten. It is the one country which is not shipping war supplies to Japan.

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Soviet foreign policy today is that of a strong, self-confident country, anxious to cooperate for the preservation of peace but not afraid, as its attitude in the Changkufeng incident revealed, to stand alone. I have it on the best of authority that the Soviet Union has not abandoned its hope of collective action. It recognizes as clearly as ever that peace is indivisible, that war in any section of the world is a threat to all. It is deeply alarmed by the growth of international anarchy which has resulted from capitulation before the aggressor states. But it still believes that the aggressors may be stopped before it is too late.

Czechoslovakia will almost certainly be the testing ground. The Czechs cannot accede to the demands of the Sudeten Germans and continue to exist as an independent nation. One or the other must ultimately give way, and at the moment there is no indication that it will be the Czechs. As long as Soviet support is assured, the chances are overwhelmingly against an attack by Hitler. This situation would be changed only if Chamberlain were maneuvered into supporting, or appearing to support, the Nazi demands in Czechoslovakia. In that event Hitler might attack on the assumption that France could be kept neutral. The Czechs refuse to concede even the possibility of France's remaining neutral, insisting that its future as a great power depends on the support of the Czechs and the revitalized Little Entente.

And thus we complete the circle. War is an ever-present danger, but only if the Czechs' friends desert them in their hour of crisis. If any one of them is prepared to call Hitler's bluff, peace can be maintained. Judged by their attitude toward Spain and China, neither England nor France can be depended on. But the Soviets have exhibited few of the degenerative weaknesses of the older powers. Their army and air force are second to none in Europe. This year's harvest will be the largest in Russian history. Soviet leadership has repeatedly shown itself capable of decisive action in an emergency. Because of this fact, the Czechs are probably justified in their matchless optimism.

Living Philosophies, II

AN ANTHROPOLOGIST'S CREDO

BY FRANZ BOAS

I CANNOT describe my general philosophical points of view without showing how I think they came into being. Aware of the deception that memory may play and uncertain of how much absolute truth there is in a retrospective view of the past, I shall give what I think have been the events that determined my present thoughts.

The background of my early thinking was a German home in which the ideals of the revolution of 1848 were a living force: my father, liberal but not active in public affairs; my mother, idealistic, with a lively interest in public matters, the founder in about 1854 of the kindergarten of my home town, devoted to science. My parents had broken through the shackles of dogma. My father had retained an emotional affection for the ceremonial of his parental home without allowing it to influence his intellectual freedom. Thus I was spared the struggle against religious dogma that besets the lives of so many young people.

An early intense interest in nature and a burning desire to see everything that I heard or read about dominated my youth. Philosophical questions were therefore remote from me during my adolescent period, and I lived in the surrounding world without speculation, naively enjoying every new impression. As I remember it now, my first shock came when one of my student friends, a theologian, declared his belief in the authority of tradition and his conviction that one had not the right to doubt what the past had transmitted to us. The shock that this outright abandonment of freedom of thought gave me is one of the unforgettable moments of my life. A second shock was a series of conversations with an artistically gifted elder sister to whom my materialistic world seemed unendurable. I am inclined to think that these incidents had a permanent influence on my life because they stand out so clearly in my memory.

My university studies were a compromise. On account of my intense emotional interest in the phenomena of the world, I studied geography; on account of my intellectual interest, I studied mathematics and physics. In preparing my doctor's thesis I had to use photometric methods to compare intensities of light. This led me to consider the quantitative values of sensations. In the course of my investigation I learned to recognize that there are domains of our experience in which the concepts of quantity, of measures that can be added or subtracted like those with which I was accustomed to operate, are not applicable.

My reading of the writings of philosophers stimulated new lines of thought, and my previous interests became overshadowed by a desire to understand the relation between the objective and the subjective world. Opportunities to continue this line of study by means of psychological investigations did not present themselves, and by a peculiar compromise, presumably largely dictated by the desire to see the world, I decided to make a journey to the Arctic for the purpose of adding to our knowledge of unknown regions and of helping me to understand the reaction of the human mind to natural environment. A year of life spent as an Eskimo among Eskimos had a profound influence upon the development of my views, not immediately, but because it led me away from my former interests and toward the desire to understand what determines the behavior of human beings. The first result of my attempts to explain human behavior as a result of geographical environment was a thorough disappointment. The immediate influences are patent, and the results of this study were so shallow that they did not throw any light on the driving forces that mold behavior.

The psychological origin of the implicit belief in the authority of tradition, which was so foreign to my mind and which had shocked me at an earlier time, became a problem that engaged my thoughts for many years. In fact, my whole outlook upon social life is determined by the question: how can we recognize the shackles that tradition has laid upon us? For when we recognize them, we are also able to break them.

The student of the forms in which human affairs present themselves in different cultures is easily led to a relativistic attitude in which nothing appears as stable. The judgments of man as to what is beautiful or ugly, good or bad, even as to what is useful or harmful, differ so much that there might seem to be no common ground on which to base absolute standards. In this view it is generally overlooked that the *ideas* of good and bad, beautiful and ugly, are ever present, and that they persist however much their forms may vary. If we can discover what is generally human and what is culturally determined we may find those lines of behavior that must guide us, for it is conceivable that those traits of human behavior that are common to all humanity are biologically determined, while the special traits are due to the particular history of each culture.

The one outstanding fact is that every human society has two distinct ethical standards, one for the in-group, the other for the out-group. Everybody has close associations with some group, however constituted, and as such has certain duties to other members of the group. The ethical standards in the group are the same everywhere. Murder, theft, lying find expression in every language. The concepts of "must" and "ought," however clumsily expressed, are probably universal. Cooperation of some sort always exists; so does subjection to a code of behavior that makes living together bearable because it allows us to predict how individuals will react to our own behavior. Outside the group the standards are entirely different. Murder, theft, and lying, which are condemned within the group, are commendable in so far as they help to protect the interests of the group against others.

We do not observe any progress in the standards of human society. We only recognize a softening of hostility between the conflicting groups, at least in times of peace, although even now the ethical standards that are considered binding differ for the citizen and the alien, for the exploiter and the exploited. War, restrictions of migration, economic barriers, class conflicts are evidences of the persistence of these distinctions.

The ethical behavior of man may be considered a further development of the herd instinct of higher animals, which also hold together as a group, offering protection to one another and aggressive hostility to other groups which are potential rivals for food supply or are enemies of the species. On the whole, the tendency has been toward enlargement of the in-group. The great ethical leaders of all times have expanded the group to embrace all humanity, because they saw that the primitive concept of specific differences between the in-group and the outsider is not valid.

As indicated before, one of the features of a social unit is the adoption of a standard of behavior for the members of the group that makes it possible for them to live together. This subjection to convention must not be mistaken for stability, for the study of every culture proves it to be the resultant of constant changes which are in part brought about by non-conformists. Discoverers of new devices and new facts, disbelievers, minds given to mysticism are in one way or another non-conformists who for a time may be treated as anti-social, but whose lives, if their ideals are valuable to the community, are likely to work profound changes. We observe in all human societies the struggle of these two tendencies. Conformity keeps tradition alive; non-conformity breaks through tradition and, if directed by reason, helps to free us from the errors of the past.

Thus, the study of human cultures should not lead to a relativistic attitude toward ethical standards. The standards within the group are the same everywhere, however much they may differ in form. Groups are formations depending upon the most varied historical developments. They may be racial, national, occupational, religious. Or they may be very small, consisting of a few individuals who consider themselves the elect. It may even be that a single individual feels himself so distinct from the rest of mankind that he claims for himself superior rights and privileges. In all these cases the ethical demands of the group, or, in extreme cases, of the individual, are in conflict with the rights of the outsider. On the whole in the history of mankind the size of groups has increased; at the same time their solidarity has been weakened, and with that the rights of the outsider have been recognized.

There is still a sharp conflict between those who have an intense group feeling and sacrifice their individuality to the group, whose life form appears to them superior to all others, and those who feel that the group has a strictly limited cultural function and to be worthy of preservation must prove its cultural value.

It is my conviction that the fundamental ethical point of view is that of the in-group, which must be expanded to include all humanity. This leads naturally to the conclusion that the individual must be valued according to his own worth and not to the worth of a class to which we assign him. The identification of an individual with a class because of his bodily appearance, language, or manners has always seemed to me a survival of barbaric, or rather of primitive, habits of mind. Groups as they exist among us are all too often subjective constructions; those assigned to a group often do not feel themselves to be members of it, and the injustice done them is one of the blots on our civilization. Too few among us are willing to forget completely that a particular person is a Negro, or a Jew, or a member of some nationality for which we have no sympathy and to judge him as an individual.

It is pertinent to ask whether any group has a rational basis for a claim to rights not accorded to others. At the present time national and racial groups are perhaps most dominant in the Western world. The hysterical claims of the Aryan enthusiasts have never had any scientific background. The belief that a necessary relation exists between the racial position of an individual and his mental attitude has never been proved. The fact that people of different regions or of different social strata who happen to differ in bodily build behave differently is no proof that these differences are an expression of racial qualities. On the contrary, we see men of the most diverse descent producing, under proper conditions, similar works of art. We see peoples of diverse descent taking over parts of the folk-poetry, of the literature, of others and making them their own. We see immigrants merging in the people among whom they live. The racialists commit the unpardonable error of extending to racial groups the legitimate concept of inherited qualities, forgetting that every race embraces endlessly different heritable qualities. We may fairly say that if we were to select the best third of mankind, according to intellect and personality, every one of the large races would be represented in that group. The crudest form of racial consciousness is at present confined to Germany—although with respect to stronger divergences, such as those between Negroes or Asiatics and whites, it is almost equally potent in the United States and in England, mitigated by a hypocritical desire to avoid legal recognition of the facts.

The claims to superiority of national groups cannot be substantiated any more than those of racial groups. There is every reason for the cultural diversity of national groups to be encouraged—each should be given the fullest opportunity to develop along its own lines—but this has nothing to do with modern nationalism, which is based on the assumption, often too true, that every nation is the enemy of all others and in duty bound to protect its members and itself. Thus nationalism becomes concentrated on the idea of developing power, and its cultural mission is lost sight of.

The solidarity of the group is presumably founded on fundamental traits of mankind and will always remain with us. It must be the object of education to make the individual as free as may be of automatic adhesion to the group in which he is born or into which he is brought by social pressure. When the object of education is to develop the power of a group, its ideals are held up before the young as symbols to which strong emotional value is attached, thus preventing clear thinking. In its extreme forms we find this method employed in our modern despotic states—Germany, Italy, Russia. The careful nursing of patriotism in other countries is of similar character. If we want to educate not for power but for the development of free individuals we must shun symbols. We must arouse enthusiasm by holding up to view the lives of great and free men who devoted their lives to diverse ideals, stressing the cultural state that conditioned these ideals. There is no other way to overcome the herd instinct in man.

It must be admitted that too great an emphasis on individualism would weaken the power of the community. However, the ethical principles of the in-group when clearly recognized will prevent individualism from outgrowing its legitimate limits and becoming intolerable egotism. It is one of the curious phenomena of our time that intellectual and spiritual freedom is confused with social and economic freedom. In our complex society social and economic adjustments are unavoidable, and the progress of social legislation in the Western world shows that this need makes itself felt more and more. In our communities individuals cannot act according to their own whims without interfering with the freedom of others. It is, however, intolerable that the state should force a person to actions that are against his intellectual or spiritual principles.

The demand for intellectual and spiritual freedom involves the question whether we ever can be free. Since we recognize that every happening has a cause, it is said that we are not free. But in so far as actions have a purpose, we feel free to choose. It seems to me that this is a question of words. We do not doubt that every event follows an antecedent event that is connected with it. Often the connections are so varied and logically unrelated that the result appears to us as an accident, but this does not mean that we deny causality. It merely means that we cannot connect in our minds causes which are independent from one another but contribute to the same event.

All our choices are determined partly by our own personalities, partly by our relations to the outer world. They are predictable within narrow limits, namely, in so far as personality is the decisive element. By far the greater number of choices are determined by the coincidence of logically disconnected, therefore accidental elements which are unpredictable. On account of our ignorance of these accidental elements choice appears free.

The great appeal of the evolutionary theories of Lamarck, Darwin, and Wallace was that they suggested causal relations for the development of varied forms. At the same time the regularities of the processes indicate that accident is but a minor cause, that inherent forces are at work that control the development of the animate world. It is no more difficult to understand that a species, in the course of untold generations, may undergo changes in a direction inherent in the germ than that in the individual the germ will develop to a certain type of complex individual. It is equally unilluminating to speak of these forces as inherent causes or as teleological tendencies. I should consider the latter expression merely a metaphor borrowed from our human experience. It is not the purpose of uranium to turn into lead. Neither is it the purpose of an ovum to become a human being or of an ape-like creature to become man.

My ideals have developed because I am what I am and have lived where I have lived; and it is my purpose to work for these ideals, because I am by nature active and because the conditions of our culture that run counter to my ideals stimulate me to action.

Parliament of Youth

BY JAMES WECHSLER

THERE were moments when the proceedings of the second World Youth Congress resembled a lawn party during an air raid. The atmosphere at Vassar was alternately joyous and intense; the delegates were at once exuberant and full of dread; the shadows which darkened the campus walks were as inviting as they were morose. This was no Model League Assembly with an inevitably happy ending and medals for the best orators. It was a conclave of veterans of present and future wars. And like a football team trailing in the final quarter, they kept one eye on the battlefield, another on the clock; they knew that time was running out, they groped for a last-minute formula, they tried to subdue the slowly emerging consciousness of defeat. One cannot measure such a congress in terms of its proclamations. It revealed more about the world than it disclosed to the world. It was a spectacle whose ultimate impact is bound up with fateful issues beyond the delegates' control.

To this congress came about 500 representatives from youth movements in more than fifty countries on every continent. Their costumes were as varied as their origins. Without exception they were earnest, animated, vocal. And almost everyone was sensitive to the gap between the deliberations of the congress and the crises of the moment. They had come to talk peace with two wars raging and more to come. In their midst was a delegation from China whose members leaped out of bed at the sound of the Vassar fire alarm in the thought that it was an air-raid warning; the delegates from Spain lifted uneasy eyes at the droning of a passing plane.

In numbers the delegates were an impressive body. They represented important and far-flung millions. They had this in common—a fierce desire to sweep away the blanket of apprehension which was stifling all their lives. But the matter before them was not so simple—no simpler, in many respects, than the issues which bring cold sweat to cynical diplomats. No Youth Congress that was genuinely representative could be of a single mind. This one was the meeting-ground of a hundred passionate and often clashing hopes. Such fears and hopes do not constitute policy; they mingle subtly with the national consciousness which divides men of all ages. In a sense the delegates were confronted with a *fait accompli*—the deep-seated conflicts of a world they never made. And often they seemed like victims of a fatal disease, assembled to find some momentary relief and to assert their joy at having survived thus far.

But these were primarily the overtones of the meeting; the actual sessions and ultimate findings were molded by far more tangible considerations. While this congress was immensely broad and representative, it failed to be a "world" body in one vital respect—the absence of German and Italian youth, whose governments, on their behalf, had rejected the invitation. (The Japanese were present in body but seemed absent in spirit, wandering about in a dazed and disconsolate fashion.) Neither, on the other hand, was the congress an exclusive rallying ground for militantly democratic voices. It attracted British conservative and insurgent Indian, Arab and Zionist, Spanish Republican and a pro-Franco youth of Ireland, democratic Czech and anti-status-quo Bulgarian, French Communist and British Chamberlainite, Amer-

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ican collective-security advocate and American isolationist, European Socialist advocating collective action and American Socialist condemning it, youth of South America, youth from exploited colonies and dominions, youth from Korea and the Gold Coast of Africa—this was the meeting's latitude. Inevitably there was an excess of talk, an overflow of platitudes, periods of ambiguity that were practically more ridiculous than they were spiritually sublime.

Yet the wonder is that so many points of vital agreement could be found. All that was done was necessarily limited by the question: Will war come this month, this year? If it does, this congress was little more than a romantic and rather tragic adventure. But if somehow, through more immediate devices, the explosion can be delayed, such gatherings may vindicate the faith of their sponsors. In 1936 the first World Youth Congress drew few delegates from non-European nations; this year South American and colonial representation had assumed real magnitude. In 1936 the left was far more dominant; this year the delegates reflected every variety of non-fascist—even moderately pro-fascist—opinion. In the American group were spokesmen of widely diverse politics and faith, with organized Catholicism almost alone in its refusal to participate.

The almost universal enthusiasm for the Spanish and the Chinese cause was therefore memorable. So was the pact sealed between English and British colonial delegates, demanding wider areas of self-government and reproaching the National Government for its betrayal of the League. Throughout the sessions there were insistent pleas for some framework of collective order; a strong undercurrent was the cordiality between anti-imperialist South Americans, threatened by fascist penetration, and pro-Roosevelt Americans. Against these phenomena one has to place the Central European quest for treaty revision, the Japanese insistence upon saving China from "communism," the clash within democratic groups between the "appeasement" philosophy and a collective front, the fiery nationalism of countries like Poland, the humility of British Conservatives before Chamberlain.

The most important thing about such a meeting was that it was held at all. Its immediate effect will be misty; its results are bound to be long-term and generalized. For youth has no peculiar insight into the problem of how nations may live peacefully; it may have greater homogeneity of desire but not of opinion. Such a congress can at best provide instruments for the rediscovery of lost international loyalties, offer some refuge from the prison of inflamed nationalisms, hasten an adventure in international education, challenge the stealthy pessimism infecting the non-fascist world. "If only we can survive the next ten years, such congresses will mean a great deal," said a young Central European. He was absolutely in earnest, and no doubt he was right.

In the Wind

ON A recent two-column feature article the Washington *Star* carried this headline: "Franco's Army Commanded by 'Shirt-Sleeve' Generals." The article was actually a description of the celebrated "shirt-sleeve" generals in the Loyalist army. It had been lifted almost bodily from Leland Stowe's article in *The Nation* of April 23 and altered sufficiently to fool headline-writer as well as reader. When the *Star,* which had purchased the story from a free-lance writer, published a generous apology, confusion was still evident; the apology mentioned the "shirt-sleeve generals" who "had risen to prominence in the Spanish civil war on both sides."

THE SLOGAN of Hollywood's new million-dollar publicity drive was first announced as "Movies Are Your Best Entertainment." None of the high-pressure copy-writers had noticed that the initials of the slogan spelled M.A.Y.B.E. It has now been changed to "Motion Pictures Are Your Best Entertainment."

THE CENTRALIA killings, Armistice Day, 1919, are a dark page in the state of Washington's history. Officials have recently discovered that all newspapers carrying accounts of the event and its aftermath have disappeared from the files of libraries in the southwestern part of the state.

A NUMBER of important Jewish industrialists from the Sudeten area of Czechoslovakia are in London negotiating to abandon their plants and reestablish their businesses in England. Since most of their employees are Henleinists, they are anxious to make a swift departure before the situation explodes.

THE PITTSBURGH *Post-Gazette* regularly publishes George Sokolsky's syndicated column. When the La Follette committee discussed Sokolsky's connection with the National Association of Manufacturers and the steel industry, all references to these disclosures were edited out of the Associated Press stories printed in the *Post-Gazette.*

EACH DAY the editorial page of the Utica *Observer-Dispatch* carries a "thought for the day." A recent choice was Goethe's "What I cannot praise I speak not of." Beneath this box, notes *Editor and Publisher,* appeared a series of editorials denouncing the Roosevelt Administration.

THE LONDON *Evening Standard* recently reported that the Europa and Bremen, pride of the North German Lloyd Line, now advertise kosher food as an attraction for Jewish patrons. The report was derided in several American newspapers as a "press-agent stunt," but inquiry at the line brought the calm reply: "Of course we serve kosher food—if you like it that way."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

I REJOICED to see in the August 13 *Nation* Paul Anderson's fine and just tribute to O. K. Bovard, who has just retired from the managing editorship of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.* Mr. Anderson might also have added a word about Mr. Bovard's tremendous interest in Soviet Russia, which has led him to make several trips to Russia in recent years. I have an idea that Mr. Bovard's retirement is due not merely to differences of opinion with Mr. Pulitzer but also to an increasing displeasure with the state of journalism in general. I cannot believe that he was really in sympathy with the retirement of Mr. Anderson from the Washington bureau of the *Post-Dispatch.* That happening, together with Mr. Bovard's retirement, must increase the anxiety with which liberals everywhere are watching the *Post-Dispatch.* There are so few really fearless and liberal American journals left that the fate of any one of them is of great moment—indeed, it is a matter of national concern. I have never got over the shock of the *Post-Dispatch's* coming out for Landon in the last Presidential campaign; that must have caused the first Joseph Pulitzer to turn over in his grave, not once but several times.

None the less, the *Post-Dispatch* retains much of its old independence and courage. It printed, for example, on August 9, an excellent editorial on the elevation of Frank Hogan to the presidency of the American Bar Association, in which it asked if the choice of this man truly represented "the spirit and purpose of the American Bar Association" or if "the honor which has been bestowed upon him [was] merely a routine reward of long membership, seniority, and popularity?" It properly recalled that Mr. Hogan defended Fall and Doheny and other well-known offenders who were able to pay very large sums to their attorneys—the Washington *Post* says that "he was paid considerably more than one million dollars for defending Fall and Doheny." No such editorial could have appeared in the New York *Times* or *Herald Tribune* or any number of other highly respectable papers. Again, I cannot forget that the *Post-Dispatch* still has in Fitzpatrick the ablest and most outspoken political cartoonist in the country. It must watch its step, however, for it is getting strong competition from the St. Louis *Star-Times.* It must be outstandingly liberal or take second place, especially now that Mr. Anderson has gone to the *Star-Times.*

The truth is that the plight of the press of the United States becomes more and more serious as the depression lasts. The newspapers are losing hundreds of millions of dollars this year in advertising revenue, with the usual result of consolidations and even outright discontinuances. The price of paper is up, as is, and rightly, the wage scale of the editorial employees, thanks to the Newspaper Guild; and so there is a general slashing of expenses wherever possible and abandonment of special features. This does not make for editorial independence; on the contrary, it means that editors and owners are more wary than ever of offending any considerable section of their readers and advertisers. They want to play safe until they know what the economic future is going to be. In every depression those trends within the newspaper world which make for a decrease in the number of dailies are naturally accentuated, but in good times or bad the desire of the average business manager is to have a monopoly of his territory.

I note with interest that the historic old Boston *Transcript,* which has been so near extinction, has apparently been given a new lease of life, and that an able young man, Lincoln O'Brien, the son of my lifelong friend and, for many years, coworker Robert Lincoln O'Brien, has become the publisher. I hope with all my heart that young O'Brien will put this fine paper on its feet. Years ago I called Boston "the poor farm of journalism," and it still in large degree merits that appellation. Why it has not one paper to compare in its news service with the *Times* or *Herald Tribune* is beyond me; but such is the case. Apparently the community has become too parochial and too indifferent to make this possible. Both the *Globe* and the Boston *Herald* have their uses, but they are far from being liberal dailies, despite the excellent editorial columns in the *Globe.*

St. Louis is extraordinarily fortunate in still having three such newspapers as the *Post-Dispatch,* the *Globe-Democrat,* and the *Star-Times.* The plight of Chicago remains shocking, although the rise of the tabloid *Times* as a result of its advocacy of the New Deal has bettered the situation. But a readership which has in the main to choose from the Chicago *Tribune,* Hearst's *American,* and the *Daily News* is not to be congratulated. Speaking of Hearst reminds me that his chain—if it still is his—is not yet out of the woods. I count it one of what President Eliot called "the durable satisfactions of life" that I have lived to see the dethronement of William R. Hearst. The mills of the gods have taken a long time in this case, but they are grinding steadily and relentlessly.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Great Fortunes Meanly Acquired

THE BIG FOUR. THE STORY OF HUNTINGTON, STANFORD, HOPKINS, AND CROCKER, AND OF THE BUILDING OF THE CENTRAL PACIFIC. By Oscar Lewis. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.50.

OSCAR LEWIS'S story of the builders of the Central Pacific Railroad has been praised justly; it is pleasant to note, also, that it is popular. One finds it a little difficult, however, to explain exactly the reason for its instantaneous success with the daily and Sunday reviewers and the reading public. For it has none of the qualities of the usual popular biographies: it is, for example, neither heroic nor muck-raking. The book is really made up of a collection of biographies written about a central theme, with two additional chapters on the mode of travel across the Great Plains in the eighteen-seventies and some of the more outrageous practices of the Central Pacific–Southern Pacific monopoly (the "Octopus" of Frank Norris's novel).

The biographies in themselves are the reverse of formal; indeed, at first reading they almost seem casual in their construction and choice of details. And yet they have been done with a high degree of artistry. It is interesting to try to analyze Mr. Lewis's intentions. What he has tried to do may, perhaps, be explained in terms of the method he has employed. I think it may be called very properly the classical method. Wholly detached and without rancor (also, without pity), Mr. Lewis has told the story of this company of middle-aged drygoods, grocery, and hardware merchants who suddenly achieved great wealth meanly. They were the playthings of destiny; for, without pasts, they also were without futures. The victims of their own rapacious appetites, they sought to despoil each other; they never enjoyed their ill-gotten gains: they died, at any rate three of the four did, without having left direct lines of descent or enduring family fortunes. Stanford's name is associated with a university, Huntington's with a library, Hopkins's with nothing at all; even the heritage of hate which these men bequeathed to California is already a faint memory: in other words, a few sticks and stones remain. The mood of the story's telling, one can see, is wholly ironical.

I have the greatest admiration for what Mr. Lewis has done. And yet, I wonder whether this particular method should have been employed for this particular story. For Messrs. Huntington, Stanford, Hopkins, and Crocker were not heroes out of our remote past, whose lives at no points touch ours, and therefore the proper characters for a classical drama. They were, in fact, our immediate ancestors, members of that generation of Americans which founded industrial capitalism in this country. As such, their careers have significant lessons for us. Did they build up these great fortunes of theirs by driving hard bargains shrewdly, by careful management, by personal abstinence—in other words, by what the Puritan divines of the seventeenth century referred to as application to their "calling"? Or, to put the problem in another way, has the modern state with its social planning stultified and atrophied all those sterling virtues of the pioneer capitalists so that we shall no longer see Mark Hopkinses any more because we are breeding, let us say, Harry Hopkinses? I, at any rate, would have sought to answer such questions in terms of the lives of the "Big Four." For this is one of our greatest contemporary perplexities: that is to say, whether the freedom of the individual in the industrial realm is necessary for the achievement of material progress on the one hand and the attainment of social security and the preservation of personal liberty on the other.

The answer to the problem, in the case of the "Big Four," is not difficult. They achieved great wealth not because they were mighty enterprisers, taking risks with their personal fortunes and hence gaining well-earned rewards, but because of the bounty and, incidentally, the cheating of government. The Central Pacific was built largely with government funds: federal lands, federal bonds, state and municipal subscriptions. And the insiders got their profits out of dummy construction companies and land-promotion schemes. They debauched public agencies and representatives, defrauded the settlers whom they invited into still unpatented lands, robbed stockholders, and built a property which, less than a generation later, had to be constructed all over again. The legend of the resourceful, abstemious, devoted enterpriser—a legend created by the Werner Sombarts, Alfred Marshalls, and Herbert Hoovers—is, in other words, largely an impious fraud. Nothing proves this more completely than the histories of the men who, risking nothing and contributing very little, built the Central Pacific Railroad and enriched themselves to the tune of at least a quarter of a billion dollars.

LOUIS M. HACKER

Autobiography of an Under-Dog

DEATH ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN. By Louis-Ferdinand Céline. Little, Brown and Company. $2.75.

THIS is a long, dull book lacking the tragic quality which distinguished "Journey to the End of the Night." Despite the title, which is an original way of saying the autobiography of an under-dog, death no longer is one of the central characters, and the absence of the war cramps the author's style considerably. But the same unremitting violence, the same prolonged paroxysm mark everything he writes. There is no relief for the reader, whom Céline attempts to crush just as the hero's father constantly attempts to crush his son by jumping up and down, foaming at the mouth, letting off steam through his distended nostrils, breaking up the furniture, and finally puking all over the chaos he has made. In fact there probably never was a book which contained, in the literal sense, so much vomit. The family's lark to England, Ferdinand's second arrival in England, the big fight in the Passage des Bérésinas, and Ferdinand's return from the country are scenes which testify to the documentation Céline has amassed on this subject during his service as interne and doctor. The hero brings up as easily and as frequently as the romantic hero wept, and all the big scenes end in retching.

Ferdinand, the protagonist, is of the abulic type that Dostoevski probably created in literature and Duhamel introduced into French with his Salavin. On the surface inoffensive enough, he is only potentially harmful. His attempt to find a place for himself in life might be heartrending if we could feel any sympathy for him. Ferdinand goes through some of the normal adolescent experiences—the breaking away from home, the revolt against conventions, the sex initiation, the adaptation to life—and completely misses others, such as the experience of friendship and love and the discovery of the beautiful. The life of Parisian small shopkeepers always on the edge of destitution and the personality of one of those glass-covered passages on the right bank (now probably best visible in the Passage Choiseul) are recorded fairly faithfully. But there are no nuances in the picture. The author waves his arms too much. As he says of Ferdinand's father:

> He wound himself up again. He surpassed himself! He was swollen fit to burst. He tore open the front of his shirt. He bared his chest. . . . He's going to explode again. His fury revives. He's swelling up, his head and his eyes are enlarged. They're whirling in their sockets.

When he was awarded his M.D. in 1924, Céline had already shown an aptitude for violence. For his thesis on the life and works of Semmelweis, who committed suicide in Budapest in 1865 after making the mistake of discovering antisepsis fifty years too early, gave plenty of opportunity for outbursts against the stupidity of medical academies and of the public. Since then he has never turned off the valve. His most recent book in France, "Bagatelles pour un massacre," provoked a scandal by its resemblance to an anti-Semitic pamphlet, in which André Gide was the only one to see a vast ironic hoax.

Céline has been most frequently compared to Rabelais and James Joyce. To be sure he has in common with them lengthiness, a love of scatalogy, and a dissatisfaction with the current vocabulary, but he lacks their learning and careful composition. When Rabelais and Joyce enrich the language, for instance, they make subtle graftings and invent onomatopoetic images, while Céline simply scrambles common words as a strong man bends iron. He dominates language as he does the rest of his material, crushing it with a heavy hand. His special sense of the comic manifests itself most often in elephantine exaggeration, not unlike Rabelais at his worst—when he is carried away with the gigantic aspect of his heroes:

> Ever since the war I've had it, that whirring sound in my head.... It's amusing what noises it'll try: fifteen thousand different dins, a colossal hullabaloo. . . . I contain all the noises of nature, a symphonic Niagara of trumpets. I parade the big drum and an avalanche of violins. I tinkle my triangle for weeks on end. I can give anyone points on the clarinet. I've my own complete exclusive aviary of three thousand, five hundred and twenty-seven songbirds whose trillings cannot be stopped. The *vox humana* of the universe—that's me. All on my own, too, a one-man band, I'm the brass, the breath, and the inspiration. . . . I'm forever composing the opera of the Flood and the Hurricane. Then, when the curtain falls, the midnight express thunders into the station. The glass dome on high cracks across and explodes. Twenty-four valves shriek with escaping steam. The couplings clatter and jolt all the way down the train. In wide-open carriages three hundred well-oiled musicians rend the night.

If the Joyce-Rabelais comparison is misleading, there is ground for a better one, which unfortunately has less meaning here than it would have in France, where no one has apparently thought of it. In the eighteen-sixties Isidore Ducasse, self-styled Comte de Lautréamont—recently resurrected by the surrealists, whom he foreshadowed—wrote with the same unrelieved intensity, the same Gargantuan exaggeration, and the same hallucinatory manner. He suffered from a form of insanity for which pathologists have a name (his case has been studied on the basis of his writings). Certain pages from "Death on the Installment Plan," chiefly the stampede in the Bois, the vision of the gigantic lady customer in the Passage, the pitched battle in the Tuileries, and the mass attack of the inventors on Courtial's office, sound as if they had come directly from "Maldoror" save that they lack Lautréamont's brilliant flashes and startling images. Céline, moreover, shows a poverty of imagination in these mad chapters, placed about every hundred pages throughout his work, since they all describe fantastic human stampedes.

In reality Céline belongs to the strictly contemporary school of hard-boiled writers, of which we know more here than they do in France. In saying that his work will survive, Leon Trotsky revealed his shortsightedness as a literary critic. In a very short time "Death on the Installment Plan" and all the novels of that school will possess merely an archaeological interest. JUSTIN O'BRIEN

Whitman and Human Relations

WALT WHITMAN AND THE SPRINGS OF COURAGE. By Haniel Long. Writers' Editions, Inc. $2.50.

THIS book is a curious mixture: an essay in personal biography and public evangelism. Mr. Long proposes to discover how "a man finds his own path out and away" from the forces in society that destroy the individual integrity. The path out, to develop his thesis, lies in a more profound understanding and readjustment and control of human relations, which are taken to be our chief reason for living and the chief root and substructure of society. He takes as our most "instructive answerer" in these matters Walt Whitman, and classes him together with three twentieth-century writers—Gide, Rilke, and Lawrence—who have also been primarily concerned with individual integrity. He then sets about looking into Whitman's springs of courage, the sources in his life whence he drew his great spirit.

Here the book begins to fall to pieces on what has been called the paradox of Walt Whitman. It is rather ironical that this essay should follow on the heels of Miss Shephard's

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"Walt Whitman's Pose," for what she questions most is precisely what Mr. Long regards most highly: Whitman's integrity. Without approving Miss Shephard's fantastic conclusions, one must confess that the evidence of Whitman's duplicity, if not downright dishonesty, as gathered from both friends and critics, is overwhelming. Mr. Long tries to see the better side of Whitman's weaknesses; but it is hard to justify his behavior in dealing with Emerson; nor is it much easier to see any courage or understanding in his attitude toward Mrs. Gilchrist; and his relationship with Peter Doyle, though it may have been a source of strength to him, is not of a kind to be generally available or desirable to most men. In the end Mr. Long confesses that Whitman was often a bungler in human relationships, a considerable admission in view of his thesis. As far as relations go, one feels that Gide had infinitely greater courage and candor, and Rilke greater understanding, and Lawrence greater passion. This is not to suggest that Whitman's writings or doctrines are inferior to theirs, but that Mr. Long would probably have done better to confine himself to Whitman the prophet rather than run the risk of bogging down in the unresolved mysteries of Whitman the man.

But what, finally, is Mr. Long's solution of the task he set himself? Since the disorder of human relations lies at the root of man's troubles, he must have a "religion of relation" to guide and control them. This "new religion," according to Mr. Long, "continues to spread beneath the surface of our life." Where? His only description of it is to say that it "reaches out for the principle behind the Sermon on the Mount." But the Sermon on the Mount won't do, at least not until it is recreated by something more than the loose talk of the contemporary pulpit or of Mr. Long's closing pages.

PHILIP HORTON

J. A. Hobson's Heresies

CONFESSIONS OF AN ECONOMIC HERETIC. By J. A. Hobson. The Macmillan Company. $2.

J. A. HOBSON has a long and honorable record of heresy in the social sciences. He began back in the 1880's by putting forward an oversaving theory of the business cycle which from the point of view of the received doctrine of the day was subversive of both truth and morals. The effect upon Hobson's later career was indeed profound. The doors of the halls of British learning were permanently closed to one who, judged by standards of temperament and ability, was eminently suited for a distinguished academic career.

Hobson could never fully reconcile himself to any other calling. His basic individualism, stemming from an early life "in the middle stratum of the middle class of a middle-sized industrial town in the Midlands," prevented him from being effective in the field of politics. His deeply humanitarian outlook made him reject the kind of society which the Liberals and the Tories alike defended. On the other hand, though he sympathized with the aims of the Socialists, he was never able to join the organized Socialist movement. His one attempt to gain election to Parliament was made as an independent, and he was hopelessly defeated. Journalism

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also attracted his attention, but as a medium for the expression of ideas rather than as a career.

Fortunately for Hobson his economic status was such ("living as I have done for the most part upon the least defensible of all forms of unearned income") as to allow him to devote his energies to study and writing in the larger field of political economy. In a short review it is impossible to mention more than a few of his numerous and substantial contributions to our understanding of the field.

Hobson's best-known book is probably "Imperialism," occasioned by a trip to South Africa on the eve of the Boer War. His firm grasp of the complicated interrelation of economic and political factors which go to make up the phenomenon of imperialism resulted in what may be described as the first great book on that subject. In the opinion of this reviewer it remains today the outstanding work on imperialism written in the English language. Marxists, indeed, are likely to think that future fame is assured to Hobson by the great indebtedness which Lenin freely acknowledged to Hobson's work in his own study of the same name. Hobson's heresy of imperialism—for it was such in terms of the dogmas which held sway in the seats of intellectual authority—was closely related to his earlier oversaving heresy. But while the best economists of the present time have come around to a point of view with regard to the business cycle which is in substantial agreement with that of Hobson, the same unfortunately cannot be said about imperialism. The meaningless question whether imperialism "pays" in terms of a mythical national profit-and-loss account still dominates academic discussions of the subject.

Another phase of Hobson's writings is concerned with what he chooses to call the "humanizing" of economics. He has dealt with this subject in two long works entitled "Work and Wealth" and "Wealth and Life: A Human Valuation." There is strong indication in his "Confessions" that he regards his work along this line as his most important and enduring contribution to the social sciences. Here, as in the case of the oversaving theory, Hobson's starting-point was the traditional doctrine of the time. He revolted against the current interpretation of cost and utility in terms of monetary magnitudes and reached the conclusion that it was necessary to go behind these concepts "to reach the body of human benefits and satisfactions which gave them a real meaning." The weakness in this approach lies in a basic confusion of thought. It may be argued that our economic system ought to be conducted with a view to these human benefits and satisfactions, but it is simply illogical to proceed from this premise to an attempt to understand that system as though it really were operated with any such ends in view. In a capitalist society economic relations run in terms of the unit of account, not in terms of human feelings. Hobson is perfectly correct in insisting that the social scientist has the right and duty to form a value judgment of the desirability of such a system; he is wrong, however, in attempting to apply the value judgment to the method of analysis instead of directly to the system itself.

This confusion of thought, unfortunately, affects more than Hobson's abstract economic theory. In the realm of diagnosis and prescription applied to the world today its presence is no less discernible. On the one hand, he is too keen an observer of the contemporary scene not to see the drift of events. "The pretense," he tells us, "that capitalism is consistent with a real democracy in which the organized working classes can take their due part in government, that 'gradualness' along the old familiar lines can still suffice, wears thinner and thinner, as the recent course of events discloses." On the other hand, the unconscious desire to interpret the world in terms of what ought to be leads to a different conclusion. Seventy-five pages after the passage just quoted we find the following: "The economics as well as the ethics of capitalism have now been punctured, and the economic world is virtually committed to displacing the private and blind enterprise of profiteers by some conscious ordering of industry under public ownership or control. This public planning will not, need not, I hold, go all the way along the road to socialism or communism." The conflict between these two views of the world is not a mere matter of the language used; it is deeply imbedded in the structure of Hobson's thought.

All the criticism which it is possible to direct at Mr. Hobson's work, however, is really beside the point so far as this little book is concerned. For in it the reader is given the chance to make the acquaintance of one of the really original and progressive economists of the last half-century. Reading Mr. Hobson's "Confessions" is not to be regarded as a substitute for reading his heresies in the original; but his "Confessions" are not less worth while on that account.

PAUL M. SWEEZY

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Crime and Society

THE CRIMINALS WE DESERVE. By H. T. F. Rhodes. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

CRIME AND THE COMMUNITY. By Frank Tannenbaum. Ginn and Company. $3.

COPING WITH CRIME. Edited by Marjorie Bell. National Probation Association. $1.25.

"THE Criminals We Deserve" will arouse the ire of the "machine-gun school" of criminology. The author, a professor at the University of Lyons, takes his title from a statement by Lacassagne. He believes that criminals, like motor cars, are the result of mass production, and attacks those who put the blame on the individual criminal in an effort to vindicate the social system. Although he admits that crimes cannot be interpreted solely in terms of economics, he considers economics the supreme issue. Even the Oedipus complex, which he deems responsible for hatred of authority and much murder, he explains as unresolved because of economic conditions. Göring has shown that it is not alone the poor who commit crimes, but crime may still be said to have an economic basis in that those who do not rob from hunger rob from cupidity. One of the author's most interesting propositions is that the modern school educates slum dwellers for higher things than the world can offer them in reality and hence sets up tragic conflicts.

The book is too elliptical to convince the non-Marxist. Some of the anecdotes are incredible; for instance, the story of the English gangster, James Spencer, who declares that he got a job in New York by answering a newspaper advertisement for a killer. The material, however, is always entertaining and cogent enough for the argument to merit serious consideration.

Less readable but more scholarly is "Crime and the Community," with its ample quotations from authorities, its footnotes, and its chapter bibliographies. The author of "Wall Shadows" and "Osborne of Sing Sing" has brought together much valuable material in this survey. He, too, believes that the United States has as much crime as it generates, and that to change the amount of crime in the community we must change the community. Before the criminal can be changed, his social world must be changed; for crime is part of the existing social pattern and cannot survive, in its present form at least, outside that pattern.

The text is divided into three parts: the criminal pattern, the administration of criminal justice, and a study of punitive processes. The author finds that our assumptions in dealing with crime have been faulty. We have treated the criminal as an individual rather than as a member of a group. We have believed that crime is a deliberate choice of evil by one who knows better; that its dramatization in court will turn the offender away from error rather than confirm his delinquency; and that punishment, especially imprisonment, will have a beneficial effect. The author finds, however, that our 3,000 penal institutions are almost uniformly corroding. Pending social reforms that will nip criminality in the bud, our hope lies in the newer techniques of probation and parole.

Consequently, the reader will turn with interest to "Coping with Crime." This volume is a compilation of papers read at the 1937 meeting of the National Probation Association by actual workers in the field. Among the subjects which are discussed with optimism are community organizations for social welfare, trends in probation and parole administration, camps for delinquent boys, case work with delinquents, juvenile court functions, and the psychiatric approach. Moran's chapter on Parole As It Should Be ought to be assigned as required reading for those who believe that parole "is the turning loose of a mad dog upon the community" rather than social case work in adjustment. The reader will gain from this book a better idea of the contributions of psychiatrists, psychologists, and sociologists to the solution of problems than Tannenbaum will grant him. This yearly publication shows increasing merit and is an indispensable manual for students of criminology.

JAMES HARGAN

What happens to "liberals" when the fighting starts-

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Letters to the Editors

The President in Georgia

Dear Sirs: With Georgia's political primary still some weeks away (September 14), the nation's press is already heralding it as another test of the popularity of the New Deal. An examination of the facts shows that such is not the case.

I heard President Roosevelt at Barnesville on August 11, and afterward I sought out the reaction of various groups and individuals. While almost all personally admired the President, and some stated they would vote for him even for a third term, two out of every three regretted that he had "spoken out" that day. The general sentiment was, "He should not have come here and tried to tell us how to vote." The question of New Deal issues is, at the present time, a dormant one.

I also examined a dozen rural and small-town newspapers. All of them regret Roosevelt's purge of George, although they pledge their loyalty to the President. The old talk of rubber-stamp delegates in Congress is much used. Some rabid anti-Roosevelt papers, such as the Macon *Evening News* and the morning *Telegraph*, both published by the same owner, of course resent this "dictation to Georgia voters."

Lawrence Camp's chance of winning the nomination hinges on how well his organization makes use of the President's support. Until he received Roosevelt's indorsement, Camp was definitely not conceded much chance by the Georgia politicians. Now it is admitted that he is in the running. But thus far his campaign has been poorly organized. Senator George has had strong organizational support all over the state. Will the Camp forces be able to catch up? No one can tell at this date. But whatever the outcome, the President and the New Deal are not on trial with Georgia's voters.

Senator George is making much use of the indorsement he received from President William Green of the A. F. of L. It is of interest to note that the cooperative labor legislative committee of Georgia, representing the Georgia Federation of Labor and the "Big Four" Railway Brotherhoods, "reluctantly" indorsed his candidacy. A statement signed by the officials of this committee said that George was indorsed "by order from the national legislative Representatives at Washington."

Former Governor Eugene Talmadge is regarded as a serious threat by some because of the county-unit system for primaries—a system under which the high candidate in a county receives all its votes. Judging from the letters-to-editors columns, he has a considerable following in the rural districts but practically none in the cities and larger towns.

The fourth man in the race, William G. McRae, is campaigning on the Townsend plan but is not conceded any chance.

ALEXANDER SILVERGLADE

Macon, Ga., August 17

Utah Laughs at Frey

Dear Sirs: Many Utah citizens smiled this morning at the statements attributed by the Associated Press to John P. Frey, American Federation of Labor official, in his testimony before the Dies committee. As most of your readers will recall, he accused the C. I. O. of being filled with Communists or Communist sympathizers, whereas the A. F. of L. was lily white in its support of American institutions. But our smiles were over a minor item. Mr. Frey listed Paul M. Peterson, former official in the Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers' Union, among the communistic. In doing so, he was caught in his own maneuvering, for Paul M. Peterson is the president of the Utah Federation of Labor. The accusation is made even more ridiculous by the fact that within the past month Mr. Peterson and Mr. Crose, secretary of the state federation, have come out for private ownership of electric utilities, in spite of the fact that the constitution of that organization is committed to government ownership.

ERNEST L. NELSON

Brigham City, Utah, August 15

American Ethnomania

Dear Sirs: Your editorial paragraph on Italy's new Aryanism in the issue of August 6 is disingenuous because it gives the impression that Italy and Germany are the only countries which lust after Nordic purity. We Americans made *Rassenschanden* of the lesser breeds years before either Mussolini or Hitler was born. We are the only "civilized" people to have revived caste, and our technique for keeping our "inferiors" in their rightful place is the envy of both Germany and Italy. We have just as absurd racial theories, we use the same calculated savagery, and we have in the Negro a large despised racial minority on which to practice our barbarism.

Nordic superiority, in fact, is recognized not only in our customs but also in the organic laws of our Southern states. Even the national government practices the same racial exclusiveness in vast areas of the public service through a policy which is much more effective than statute law. Americans, therefore, cannot conscientiously protest against the ethnomania of either Germany or Italy.

JAMES W. IVY

Phoebus, Va., August 18

A Briton on Palestine

Dear Sirs: After reading Herbert Solow's letter on Violent Holy Land in your August 13 issue I feel that as an Englishman I must put the other side. Hundreds of millions of pounds have been spent by the British government in Palestine to aid the Jews to make their National Home, many British lives have been lost in defending them; yet while the Jew is persecuted by so many nations we hear American Jews whisper about boycotting British goods until they get their own way. As for the Arab, he has even less ground for complaint. He was paid in good hard cash for every inch of ground the Jew has. Anyone who knew Palestine before the war and revisits it now can hardly believe the immense improvement. The Arab as well as the Jew has benefited beyond measure. We have two things to thank for our troubles, religious bigotry and Mussolini's Sword of Islam.

N. BLEW-JONES

Asheville, N. C., August 17

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The Shape of Things

THERE IS REAL DANGER THAT LIBERALS WHO ought to know better will become confused at all the newspaper talk about Mr. Roosevelt's "purge." Again the press is showing itself the eager instrument of reaction. Just as it called the government-reorganization measure the "dictator bill," so it is applying totalitarian phrases to the new alignment in the Democratic Party. For a liberal to accept the terms that reactionary newspapers use is to give them a tyranny over his thinking. Once you think of the New Deal's fight against Mr. O'Connor in New York, or Senator Tydings in Maryland, or Senator Smith in South Carolina, or Senator George in Georgia as being a purge, you think in terms of a single-party system, manipulated by a dictatorial regime. Actually, any statement of Mr. Roosevelt's is addressed to the voters; they are completely at liberty to repudiate it; and they have actually done so in a sizable minority of the primary contests so far. But democracy requires that a legislative body shall genuinely represent the broad lines of policy in which the majority believes. Mr. Roosevelt is doing his best to clarify those lines by making a personal application of them to notorious cases in which the New Deal has been sabotaged by its supposed representatives. As a New Dealer it is his duty to his program to ask us to choose clearly. As the Chief Executive it is his duty to try for the most effective working arrangement with a Congress elected on sharply defined issues. And as a party leader it is his duty to see that the reactionaries do not capture his party after the people have voted it into power.

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SECRETARY HULL'S SECOND NOTE TO MEXICO evades all the major points made in Mexico's reply to his first note. In reaffirming the "recognized rule of compensation under international law," Mr. Hull not only ignores the many exceptions to that rule, including a few in our own history, but fails even to acknowledge the urgency of the crisis that led Mexico to launch its program of land reform. In so doing Mr. Hull makes precisely the mistake which called New Deal ire down

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on the United States Supreme Court. As far as the letter of the law is concerned, Mr. Hull's case is perhaps debatable. But, as Mr. Prendergast points out so clearly elsewhere in this issue, "eighteen million Mexicans cannot be held eternally in bondage" to property claims, many of which are based on fraud and violence. We hope that Mexico will see fit to submit the claims to arbitration, but it would certainly be within its rights in rejecting for a second time the intolerable contention that property must take precedence over all human and social considerations.

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AFTER BEING STALLED FOR MORE THAN A month by floods and bitter Chinese resistance, Japan has launched a vast enveloping movement against Hankow which has made substantial headway in the last few days. Its main Yangtze army appears to have turned southward for an attack on Nanchang, the great pottery center, from which it would be in a position to drive westward to a point on the Canton-Hankow railway some miles south of Hankow. Another army has captured Liuan, from which an attempt will be made to cut the Peiping-Hankow railway a hundred miles north of Hankow. The progress of a third army which has been driving southward in Shansi with a view to cutting the Lunghai railway is unknown, though the Japanese have reported minor successes. While all these units are as yet far from their objectives, it is clear that Japan is determined to gain a major victory before winter. A call has gone out to a million untrained reserves to stand by for military service. The downing of a Chinese-American civil airliner and the machine-gunning of its passengers is comparable only to the attack on the Panay for ruthless disregard of international law. The bombings of Canton have been resumed, and the Japanese are reported to have used poison gas in attempts to break through south of Kiukiang. Japan's new drive should create an increased sense of guilt in the United States, which continues to supply Japan with more than half of its war materials.

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THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR IS having itself a time. William Green is valiantly pressing the federation's fight on the National Labor Board, but the fact that the President has reappointed Donald W. Smith to the board over A. F. of L. protest would indicate that Roosevelt does not take Green's fulminations seriously, and this attitude is justified by Green's latest foolish charge of a "plot" between the NLRB and Lewis to unionize Harlan. The New York State Federation of Labor, in convention, followed Green's lead and approved curtailment of the board's powers—on the same day that the United States Chamber of Commerce suggested amendments to the Wagner Act that would practically put it out of commission. At the same convention the state federation denounced the American Labor Party as a C. I. O. tool and came out in ringing defense of its own ancient chestnut policy of rewarding labor's friends and punishing its enemies. Meanwhile, in Atlantic City the A. F. of L. executive council there in session announced the establishment of a maritime department which would take in all classes of sea workers on all coasts and thus challenge the supremacy of the C. I. O. Maritime Federation, and offered sanctuary, with autonomy, to any C. I. O. union wishing to desert the Lewis standard. As a result of the various frictions within the C. I. O., the old guard of the A. F. of L. is feeling its oats. One ironic result is its proposal to set up dual unions and its cultivation of the industrial unionism it formerly spurned. Another is that more wholeheartedly than ever it is proceeding to the business of cutting labor's throat by inviting mutilation of the Wagner Act and delivering its own membership to the mercies of old-fashioned machine politics.

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THE STORY OF THE "HOT CARGO" FREIGHT car, laden with school supplies, which has been shuttled from one San Francisco warehouse to another has a good deal more behind it than appears in the press. The cargo comes from Woolworth's, where the C. I. O. warehousemen are on strike. At each new warehouse the workers refuse to unload it, and each time that is the signal for the employers to lock them out. This is clearly a stunt to dramatize the trade-union "threat" to the city. But behind that stunt is a determined effort of the West Coast industrialists to break trade unionism—an effort fully as dangerous as Mayor Hague's. The "hot cargo" freight car is a tiny part of a general mobilization of big industry in California for a showdown with labor. The strike is really being directed by the Committee of Forty-three, and is the latest in a sequence of steps taken since the maritime strike of 1934 to form a united front of big business. After the defeat that the employers suffered in 1934 they decided to change their methods. The new line, urged by the reorganized National Association of Manufacturers, is to discard the old open-shop associations and work through propaganda, citizens' associations, and professions of civic virtue. The Committee of Forty-three directs this work and is also the general staff of all union-smashing operations. Russell Porter, in the New York *Times*, calls them "liberal" business men. They are not liberals but streamlined reactionaries. In addition, the Associated Farmers of California, which have been active for four years in spreading terror among agricultural workers, have made a new tie-up with the industrialists, and threaten to boycott the merchants of any city that tolerates trade unionism. Legislation is also being pushed to compel the registration of all organizers and subject them to police control. Behind both the farm vigilantes and the committee of business men is an interlocking directorate of the most powerful banking and industrial interests of the West Coast. Here is a situation that cries out for the La Follette Civil Liberties Committee. For it is a full-dress rehearsal for the fascist tactics to come.

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THE HINES TRIAL COMBINES THE LEAST credible features of an Edward G. Robinson movie and an old-fashioned stage play of civic reform. The handsome young district attorney lays bare the relations between the Tammany politician and the head of the underworld, while the wily defense lawyer uses all his cleverness to trip up the h. d. a. Reading the testimony of crooks and perjurers and fixers, one is led imperceptibly into a shadowy world that seems real mainly because the witnesses talk of it in such matter-of-fact tones. It is so real that even gangsters go horseback riding. One feels that the DA is winning his case, though the wily defense lawyer suggests that judging the credibility of such witnesses is a good deal like trying to measure yard goods with a corkscrew and demonstrates his point by catching up a few errors. If the DA gets a conviction he will, of course, be a candidate for governor, and who can stop him? But wait. Times have changed. Goo-goos have gone out of style and so have Republicans, and the DA is both. In a word Dewey is a bit dated, like Tammany itself. There are other forces at work for which the movies never prepared us. The judge before whom the case is being tried is being groomed to oppose the DA for governor because he's a Democrat and strong with labor, and a couple of other fellows who aren't even in the cast are also being mentioned. But if Dewey should lose the governorship after this skilful and valiant preparation he would be almost justified in suing Hollywood.

Europe Mobilizes

SEPTEMBER dawns with Europe in a situation not unlike that which prevailed in the first week of August, 1914. Germany has mobilized a war army of 1,500,000 men. France has countered by staging military maneuvers near the German and Italian frontiers. England has called its battle fleet into the North Sea. The Soviet Union is inducting the 1938 class into military training. France, Russia, Rumania, and Yugoslavia have served notice that they will honor their treaty obligations in the event of a Nazi attack on Czechoslovakia. Even the British government appears to have been aroused to the acute danger of war which has resulted from Chamberlain's policy of "dickering with the dictators." In a speech which had been foreshadowed as urging more concessions by the Czechs, Sir John Simon reaffirmed Chamberlain's declaration of March 24 that Britain might not be able to stay out of a war originating in Central Europe. This was followed, according to the latest report, by official representations at Berlin by Sir Nevile Henderson. To make its position more emphatic the Foreign Office issued a semi-official statement just before Simon's speech praising the Czechs' conciliatory attitude and deploring the abandonment of disciplined restraint by the Sudeten Germans. Winston Churchill went even farther in denouncing the "fabricated stories . . . similar to those which preceded the seizure of Austria."

These warnings should serve a useful purpose. The encouragement given to the Nazis by Runciman's presence and activities in Czechoslovakia has created a situation which is moving rapidly toward war. With its fortifications all but complete and its army fully mobilized, Germany is in an extraordinarily strong position to bring pressure on Czechoslovakia. This it has done with every instrument at its disposal. The Nazi press has worked itself up into a fury of denunciation of "Marxist" intrigue in the Czech republic. Arms have been smuggled into the Sudeten areas in increasing volume in recent months. Diplomatic approaches have been made to Moscow, Bucharest, and Belgrade to sound out their possible reaction in the event of Nazi intervention in Czechoslovakia to "make order." As an immediate result of Horthy's visit, the Hungarian minority in Czechoslovakia has openly thrown in its lot with Henlein. On top of all this a proclamation has been issued by Henlein's Sudeten German Party authorizing its members to fight in "self-defense" when attacked. This ill-concealed invitation to violence appears to have aroused the British government to a clear realization of the crisis which Runciman's pro-Sudeten attitude had helped create.

It would be folly, however, to assume that the danger of war has passed. The German press has whipped up the people to expect action. It is probable that Hitler himself so counted on Chamberlain's passivity if not sympathy that he started a series of maneuvers which were planned to lead to the forcible annexation of the Sudeten areas. It may be that he has already gone too far to turn back. An even greater danger is to be found in the uncertainties of British policy. We still do not know definitely to what extent Britain is bringing pressure on the Czech government. If it is true, as reported, that Britain is demanding autonomy for the Sudeten Germans, the crisis has only been temporarily postponed. For nothing is more evident than the fact that the Czechs cannot concede autonomy to the Sudeten Nazis without committing national suicide. Should the British push their demand, the Czechs would reject it. But as the events of the past week have demonstrated, Hitler would be quick to take advantage of Britain's moral assistance to force a showdown. It is to be hoped that Chamberlain has learned his lesson. But common sense, considering his record to date, tells us that the danger is by no means over.

Mr. Dies Goes to Town

OUR first impulsive reaction to Martin Dies and his Congressional committee on "un-American" activities is one of unbridled mirth. But then, on reflection, it becomes difficult to decide whether to laugh at the fatuousness of his charges and his "evidence" or to feel rather somber about their potential and probable consequences. For if Mr. Dies and his fellow-Congressmen were half as stupid as they give every appearance of being, their behavior would not follow the fox-like pattern that may be traced in it.

Notice that the committee has steered sedulously clear of any evidence concerning fascist activities, shooting off only one faint volley at the Nazis, and even going to the point of muzzling the anti-fascist editor, Girolamo Valenti, when he offered to present proof of widespread government-supported Italian propaganda activities in the United States. Notice that it has deliberately sought to link communism with the C. I. O., the C. I. O. with the New Deal, the New Deal with the cause of Spain, Spain with liberal "stooges," the stooges with the reds again, and the reds with the trade unions. Notice also that he hurried his "investigators" and timed his exposures so as to coincide with the struggle between the New Deal and reaction in the Democratic primaries, and also with the other attacks being made on the C. I. O. by its former friends as well as its constant enemies. If all this is only the arrant lunacy of an ignorant Texas Congressman, then we pray that the tory cause will not enrol any other madmen.

No, Mr. Dies has a good thing here, and he means to go to town on it. He wants personal publicity and the plaudits of professional patriots. He wants to retaliate for the opposition of Labor's Non-Partisan League in his last campaign. But this is not all. Mr. Dies has a far bigger venture afoot—that of organizing a tory-fascist united front against the New Deal and its labor allies.

Alone, of course, he would be the puniest sort of David to tackle such a Goliath. But he has companions. The fact is that America is dotted with incipient fascist groups, closely related to the open-shop industrialists, the public-utility interests, the monopoly forces. An air-view of our social landscape would show a vast sprawling country, deeply furrowed by regional attitudes and differences, crisscrossed by internal feuds among the reactionaries themselves, pervaded by a loose invertebrate fear and insecurity that may at the proper time be drawn into the pattern of fascism. Mr. Dies, who calls himself "America's Number One Demagogue," has a shrewd sense of publicity—if one may judge by his intent to hold hearings of his committee in the setting of Hollywood. Whether he is conscious of it or not, he is taking the one course calculated to unite the various separate strands of fascist feeling into a single design—the sustained anti-Communist campaign. America has had during the past five years a whole series of little regional dictators and sporadic, regional fascist outbreaks. But, geographically isolated, muffled by intra-group quarrels, the flames have flared up only to die down again. The one thing, we know, on which the divided incipient fascist groups in Italy and Germany finally united was anti-communism and anti-trade unionism. *De te, fabula.*

The Dies charges are absurd. Where they are true, they are trite. Where they are new they are fantastically false. One of Mr. Dies's crack investigators has evidently rediscovered Mrs. Dilling's "Red Network." Another has dug up the bones of the dead Lusk and Fish committee reports. A third has deduced that Shirley Temple is a Communist stooge. A few more boners like the one about Shirley Temple and the whole investigation may go up in the flames of laughter. It may. And those who have lived through the red-hunts since the World War are inclined to believe that it will. Yet what finally caused those hunts to flag was not only the absurdly exaggerated charges that linked the most disparate groups in the same conspiracy; it was mainly the fact that America had entered a boom period. Today there are no booms in sight—only recessions and recoveries in a more or less permanent depression.

That is what gives this wretched creature his present importance. If Congress did not realize at the time how dangerous was its grant of money for the investigation, it can now remedy the error. Mr. Dies's money has run out and he will soon be demanding more. He must not get it. Having gone on so reckless a binge, Mr. Dies should now be sent back home to Texas.

The New Constitution

THE proposed New York constitution is a hodgepodge of special legislation, crafty victories for reaction, and a few grudging concessions to liberalism. Given the circumstances by which the Republican Party, with a minority of the votes cast, elected a majority of the delegates to the Constitutional Convention, it is perhaps surprising that the result was not worse. The aura that surrounds a constitutional convention is derived from the notion of a "social contract" that was the chief weapon in the theoretical armory of the English, American, and French revolutionists. In the framing of a constitution the will of the people is presumed to act directly, for this is to be the basic law, superior to statutes framed by their representatives in legislatures. But New York's delegates were about as representative of the people as were the Founding Fathers. The candidates of both parties were hand-picked. "Elder statesmen" were conspicuous among them. "There is an almost total absence," said the New York *Times*, "of advocates of radicalism."

Senator Wagner struck what should have been the keynote of the convention when he said at one of the early sessions: "The furtherance of human freedom requires more in our time than the prevention of official tyranny. The problem of the day is to meet the threat to freedom that comes from another source—from poverty and insecurity, from sickness and the slum, from social and economic conditions in which human beings cannot be free." Those who ran the convention had other plans. State Supreme Court Justice Charles Poletti made an impressive fight to prevent alienation of the state's water-power resources, but the aluminum-trust, power-trust lobby was too much for him. The railroads succeeded in pushing through an amendment that relieves them of the 50 per cent they must now pay toward the cost of grade-crossing eliminations. A ban on undistributed-profits taxes was written into the new constitution. The power of the Morgans and the Chase National Bank was successfully exerted to win, from a convention otherwise hostile to public ownership, an amendment allowing New York City to spend $315,000,000 in order to buy up its deficit-ridden privately operated rapid-transit lines. A constitutional provision forbidding the state to lend money or credit to private corporations was extended to public corporations, a move designed to make more difficult the entrance of the state or its municipalities into the utility business. Devices which threatened to bring democratic processes directly to bear on government were killed. The initiative for constitutional amendments was hastily interred in committee. New York City Democrats joined with upstate Republicans to pass a provision forbidding the use of proportional representation. The plan of reapportionment of seats in the Senate and Assembly written into the document would tend to give the Republican Party control of both houses. But the greatest victory of the lobbies, at a convention more dominated by lobbyists than any recent session of the legislature, was in the judiciary article. By providing review of facts as well as law in appeals from administrative bodies this article would hamstring regulation.

The convention was not without some victories for liberalism. The worst proposals on power and labor were killed. The red-baiters were badly defeated. A broad social-welfare amendment was adopted, including even health insurance. Public housing was written into the constitution, though in as narrow and restricted a form as possible. A labor bill of rights was passed, but whittled down to the vaguest platitudes. The constitution is to be submitted to the people in nine parts, and we urge our New York readers to vote "No" on every section except those embodying labor's rights, housing, and social welfare.

"The Atlantic Presents"

LAST week we commented editorially upon the *Atlantic Monthly's* contribution to the current press war against the Mexican government. It took the form of a sixty-four-page magazine called *The Atlantic Presents* and contained reprints and digests of articles attacking Mexico's policy particularly as it relates to oil. Elsewhere in this issue our Mexican correspondent deals at length with the larger aspects of this campaign, which is going forward mainly in the columns of such influential newspapers as the New York *Times*.

Here we wish to set down an interesting sequel to our story of the *Atlantic's* little adventure in propaganda. Our readers will recall our investigation of the so-called Committee on Mexican Relations which revealed that the committee was a front for Standard Oil of New Jersey. Subsequently a member of *The Nation* staff, using a fictitious name and his home address, asked to be placed on the committee's mailing list. Since then there has come a steady flow of literature on the Mexican crisis, sometimes bearing the imprimatur of the fake committee and sometimes, frankly, that of Standard Oil. Our staff member experienced all the satisfaction of an amateur detective when he found the other day a copy of *The Atlantic Presents* stuffed into his mailbox, in an *Atlantic Monthly* envelope and addressed to the fictitious name that *could only have been found on the mailing list of the fictitious Committee on Mexican Relations* (read Standard Oil of New Jersey). The magazine came unsolicited and free of charge.

When we telephoned Donald Snyder, publisher of the *Atlantic Monthly*, at Boston, he readily admitted that the supplement had been sold in bulk to "numerous trade associations." He said that he could not remember whether the oil companies were among them, although he conceded the possibility. Thus a publication which offers itself as a source of indispensable information on the Mexican crisis is largely dependent on the good-will of Mexico's most active enemy. It is irrelevant whether Standard Oil or Mr. Snyder got the idea of this publication first; the important fact is that, under the name of a magazine of established, if slightly tarnished, reputation, a violent barrage against Mexico has been launched at a time of serious tension between that country and the United States. At the conclusion of our conversation Mr. Snyder remarked amiably if a little ambiguously: "Well, we have our racket and you have yours."

TVA: Not Guilty

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Knoxville, Tennessee, August 29

SIX weeks of open hearings have made it painfully apparent that the last Congress, in authorizing a joint investigation of the Tennessee Valley Authority, was outrageously deluded and that the country itself was more or less sucked in on a monumental hoax. The charges of corruption, conspiracy, mismanagement, and favoritism which, by their mere impact, persuaded Congress and the public that a quick and sweeping inquiry was imperative, have already collapsed of their own unsupported weight, ignominiously abandoned by their original authors and sponsors. Virtually all that remains of the fearful indictment is a tentative hypothesis that Director David E. Lilienthal may on some occasion have been guilty of "mental dishonesty." The clairvoyant who advances this arresting theory is Representative Charles A. Wolverton, the well-known Republican purist and metaphysician from Camden, New Jersey. Representative Thomas A. Jenkins, of Ohio, makes it plain that he will subscribe to the Wolverton hypothesis when and if he succeeds in mastering it. Failing in that, he will continue to reiterate that "TVA is a stench in the nostrils of the nation"—a conclusion judiciously expressed by him on the floor of the House prior to accepting appointment on the investigating committee, and repeated here.

By the foregoing I do not mean to convey that the inquiry has been a total loss. Far from it. Although the accusations which precipitated it have gone up in smoke, the investigators already have uncovered enough pay dirt to justify their activities, and all the signs indicate they have barely scratched the mother lode. In a word, the investigation has backfired, and the power interests which thought they saw in it an opportunity to undermine public confidence in the TVA program have been among those most horribly scorched. I list herewith some of the outstanding casualties to date: Wendell Willkie, the hitherto self-righteous head of Commonwealth and Southern, found to have contributed $20,000 of his stockholders' money to a slush fund, part of which was used to buy whiskey and provide dummy voting residences in a futile campaign to defeat a public-power bond issue in Chattanooga; the Chattanooga *Free Press* (O happy name!), a newspaper violently opposed to public ownership, shown to have received double its regular contract rates for a huge volume of power-company advertising; and Dr. Arthur E. Morgan, former TVA chairman, whose wild farrago of charges and insinuations precipitated the inquiry and who has succeeded in corroborating nothing except the suspicion that he was having a brainstorm. There have been lesser victims, such as the local functionaries whose duplicity in favor of the power companies has been exposed, and the list is certain to grow apace.

That more of value has not been accomplished is almost entirely due to the devious and dilatory tactics of Representative Wolverton. Unlike his colleague and faithful emulator, the incredible Jenkins, Wolverton has omitted to state for the record that he holds no brief for the power companies. That is regrettable, for his conduct would not be very different if he were duly and conscientiously engaged in prosecuting TVA in behalf of those interests. His zeal carries him into some awkward situations. Apparently starting from the presumption that there was something rotten in connection with the Berry marble leases, the Jersey lawyer finally was constrained to admit that TVA's legal handling of the matter had been soundly planned and skilfully executed. Indeed, when it was divulged that TVA entered the conciliation agreement with Berry only upon the basis of private information that the award would be in its favor, Wolverton vaulted nimbly to the opposite limb by wanting to know whether the Senator hadn't been "taken advantage of." When Berry himself sawed that one off by pointing out that the agreement was not binding on either side, Wolverton took refuge in a general speculation, and when last seen in connection with the subject was floating uneasily on a vapory suspicion that there must have been some kind of "understanding" between someone and someone else. Jenkins thinks so too.

The reporting of the proceedings in the press at large has been inadequate when not transparently biased against TVA, although John Moutoux is performing an exceptionally thorough and workmanlike job in the Knoxville *News-Sentinel* of the Scripps-Howard chain. Wolverton has contributed to the general misinformation by springing a succession of one-day sensations which made exciting copy the day they were sprung but were hardly mentioned the following day when they faded out. Thus many newspaper readers will doubtless recall the sinister disclosure that minutes of the directors' meeting were "doctored." This testimony was given by Assistant Secretary Charles E. Hoffman, a satellite of Arthur Morgan. But how many remember his explanation the following day? It was that all but a few of the changes were routine corrections made by the directors in his own rough drafts, and that the few exceptions

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were made in the revised draft by order of all three directors because Lilienthal, the only lawyer on the board, "insisted that the language be very precise and exact!" Again, Wolverton asked Chief Counsel Fly whether a certain omission had not occurred in the minutes *and ordered Fly to answer yes or no.* Fly said he would answer yes if he could explain. Wolverton said he could explain later and turned to another subject. Next day Fly found an opportunity to explain that the omission was a secretarial error on Hoffman's part! Still another one-day sensation was provided by the disclosure that TVA had paid $680,000 to the International Agricultural Corporation for phosphate deposits which had cost that company $125,000 three years earlier. The explanation was satisfactory—when it came. The deposits consisted of low-grade ore which had been on the market forty years before the original purchase. But during the succeeding three years TVA chemists had developed a new electric-furnace treatment to supplant the old washing process, thus vastly enhancing the value and usefulness of low-grade ore for commercial fertilizer. A large supply is essential, and for this deposit it had paid approximately eleven cents a ton. The nearest railway is a mile distant. Other available deposits are four to five miles from the nearest railroad. *Hauling from the mine to the railroad costs ten cents a ton.* Pop went another "scandal," but not loud enough to be generally heard.

Where, it will be asked, are the members of the committee other than Wolverton and Jenkins? What is Counsel Francis Biddle doing? Senator Donahey, the chairman, a mild man, has been content in the main to preside over the gavel. Biddle's task of preparing and presenting the evidence has been aggravated by Wolverton's sharp courtroom tactics, in addition to which he has been required to suffer the unpredictable outbursts of Jenkins, who endeavors to fill a deficiency in aptitude with an excess of bad manners. As God is my judge, Jenkins once taxed Lilienthal sternly with saying that Arthur Morgan had accused him of personal dishonesty, whereas it was Jenkins's understanding that Morgan had "merely" charged him with official dishonesty. "There's a lot of difference between personal dishonesty and dishonesty in office," he elucidated. Such scenes are naturally calculated to arouse sympathy for Lilienthal, whose methods do not ordinarily inspire it. He has not lost his addiction to trickiness and sharp dealing, of which his jockeying with Berry is a good illustration, although not the first. Harcourt Morgan's transparent candor is much better suited to the service of TVA's ends. In the last week, however, a different atmosphere has pervaded the hearings. One reason for the change is the arrival of Senator Schwartz, of Wyoming, who has intervened forcefully to halt the hazing of Biddle and his witnesses by the self-elected "prosecutors." Chairman Donahey has shown signs of diminishing patience, and the extremely able Representative Mead, of New York, is taking a more aggressive part in the proceedings. These developments, coupled with the spectacular results of the brief expedition to Chattanooga, have enormously heartened Biddle and his assistants, who also have been reinforced by the arrival of competent investigators from Washington. The investigation is looking up.

The Drive Along the Ebro

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Barcelona, August 20

REPUBLICAN Spain is calm, strong, and conscious of the justice of its aims and of the injustice which the world is perpetrating against it. Two recent battles will compel a general reassessment of the military outlook. In May the rebels moved on Valencia. They were certain—and according to their time-dishonored practice they announced it—that this would mean the end of the war. But they could not even reach Sagunto. Franco's artillery fire was the heaviest of the war. His airplanes bombed the government lines mercilessly. The Loyalists' chief weapons were rifles, machine-guns, improved discipline and organization. These won. Franco lost no fewer than 20,000 men in this vain attempt to break the republican lines.

The offensive on the Ebro, which started on July 25, was conceived, and for two months meticulously and secretly prepared, as a diversion to relieve the pressure on the Castellon-Sagunto front. But before it began, the insurgent advance in that area had been arrested. The Battle of the Ebro became a thing in itself, and its practical and moral values are considerable. First of all, it put aviation in its place. The republican leader best informed on such matters tells me that the Italian government has 500 airplanes in Spain, the German government 300. The Spanish government has less than half as many. The Ebro offensive was carried out with practically no air force. The Loyalists have had a limited number of victories in the war: Guadalajara in March, 1937, turned an Italian attack into a rout because the government used its air force to good advantage while the Italian tanks were bogged in the muddy terrain. During the first part of the Brunete offensive—in July, 1937—the government was master of the air. It also benefited from the element of surprise, from careful planning, and from its accumulation of war material. At Belchite, in September, 1937, the rebels were outmaneuvered, and the emerging government army showed its perseverance in hand-to-hand combat and in storming difficult positions. The capture of Teruel in December, 1937, may be explained by a combination of surprise and temporary superiority in the air. Teruel was regained by Franco because he concentrated great numbers of cannon and planes against it. But a similar maneuver in the east this spring failed to gain its objective, and the Loyalist victory on the Ebro was achieved although the republic was woefully outmatched in the air. Ever since the government occupied the 300 square kilometers on the right bank of the Ebro the whole area has been peppered with heavy bombs. The other day at the front I counted 103 rebel planes, mostly bombers, in twelve hours of daylight, and, incidentally, one machine took the trouble to descend to 300 meters over my automobile and drop four fifty-kilogram bombs within a hundred meters of where I crouched in a gutter. One fell twenty meters from me. No harm done. Bombings from the air may demoralize bad soldiers, but they kill few people. And they do relatively little damage even to property.

Between July 25, when the offensive opened, and August 1, when it reached its maximum extension, the government forces had 66 dead and 4,965 wounded, half of them light cases.* In the same period, Lieutenant Colonel Modesto, the commander of the Army of the Ebro, tells me, the Loyalists took 5,000 prisoners, and the rebels suffered casualties estimated at 6,000. He said his men captured more ammunition than all Catalonia had had, and the arms taken sufficed to equip an entire new division. Modesto offered me Franco sherry and Franco ham, and his soldiers are still enjoying the fruits of the rebel quartermasters' forays. The prisoners surrendered after little or no resistance, and in several cases prisoners helped Loyalist squads corral more prisoners. If the government won a few more victories Franco might have only Moors and Italians left.

The first government units began crossing the Ebro at 2 a.m. on the morning of the twenty-fifth. The river there is about 150 meters wide and flows rapidly. The troops crossed in rowboats or walked over pontoon and trestle bridges scarcely wider than a truck. One battalion, eager to support the men who had preceded it, swam across. The next day the Italo-German air force arrived, and in the ensuing twenty-four hours dropped 140 tons of bombs on the river, destroying just one bridge. (There is a sham bridge which is not a bridge, and they have wasted their missiles on that too.) The real heroes of the advance are the bridge-construction workmen, on whom droves of planes have unloaded their explosives. The big pebble beach at Flix is now pocked by deep craters made by bombs falling wide. But the men go on working under this hail of dynamite. No sooner is a bridge destroyed than its reerection is launched, and though the transport of men and material from one bank to the other has been hampered, it has never been seriously interfered with. I crossed toward Gandesa at midnight by the Benisanet bridge—as one approaches, the driver must mind the holes—and returned to Barcelona by the Flix bridge during daylight. Four otherwise intelligent men preferred to chance a bombing to waiting two hours until dark. Today the rebels are massing infantry opposite the government lines and subjecting them to murderous artillery fire and bombings. Franco may attempt another Teruel. But seven hard-fought months have passed since that setback, and the Loyalist infantry has grown stauncher. In a war no development is impossible. Franco may reoccupy the Ebro territory he lost three weeks ago—but only at terrific expense. In the Levant the lines are hardly likely to sway to the government's disadvantage. The slogan now is: "Estremadura must become a second Levant."

More than ever it is flesh against steel—flesh motivated by profound faith and conviction, steel propelled by foreign mercenaries and wavering minds. The Loyalist army is better equipped than ever; airplanes have been imported. Franco's armaments are still far superior, but he lacks men. The Moors are being decimated. On the Ebro, African boys of fifteen and sixteen fought in the "holy war" against the "reds." If the Italians and Germans were withdrawn, and if the French staff stopped French Moors from entering Mussolini's legions, the rebel cause would suffer a severe setback. Hence Burgos's reluctance to accept even the leaky British plan for the evacuation of foreigners from Spain. Only tiny remnants of the International Brigade will remain six months from now. Already it has no independent existence, having been merged with Spanish brigades. Franco, on the other hand, needs his Hessians. Indeed, he is calling for more.

The government's military strength will reach its high point in the summer of 1939. Franco can hardly win before then. The coming twelve months will not bring a final decision on the field of battle unless radical changes occur in the international situation and in the conditions and spirit behind the fronts. Two years of war are no joke, and a certain amount of war weariness exists, especially in Catalonia, which began to feel the war only six months ago. Perhaps war has not yet become a habit to the Catalans. It is unpleasant to be always hungry and always exposed to bombs. (Mercifully, there have been only six raids on Barcelona in the last fortnight.) Folks behave quietly during and after air attacks; in fact, the other day a tropical rain made them run faster than they do for the raiding siren. Citizens hang on the radio to hear the military communiqué, and if it reports a success the stomach gnaws a bit less. The food situation will grow worse this winter. Spaniards who are prepared to suffer and die think that anti-fascists abroad should at least be willing to part with a day's pay a month to feed the undernourished. Spain is the scapegoat for the world's inability to solve its problems. This is a preventive war, the war which has postponed and may continue to postpone a larger European conflict. The 700,000 men in the Loyalist army are, in effect, a British army fighting for British interests, and a French army, and the army of the League of Nations, and the army of international pacifism. But the outside world starves the civilian population on which this army depends.

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* In the New York *Times* of July 28 William P. Carney gave currency to a fantastic report that one republican regiment alone had lost 1,000 killed, drowned, and prisoners. He also said that the Ebro offensive had failed to check Franco's advance on Valencia. Doesn't he read Salamanca's communiqués? The advance was checked before he wrote those words.—L. F.

Normal life persists stubbornly. At the frontier station of La Jonquera the Spanish customs official put on white gloves before digging into my suitcase. Along the road to Barcelona workers pruned the fat sycamore trees, and an old man who said he never had enough to eat cut the weeds that grew by the highway. In my hotel the head waiter wears a tuxedo and shows us a typewritten menu on a card embossed in gold, although there is no choice of dishes. Despite the shortage of soap the women are fragrantly clean and wear immaculate summer clothes even in the food queues. People laugh and smile, and the cafes and promenades are choked with apparently leisurely and relaxed men and women. Fine shoes, clothes, jewelry, and paintings can still be bought at moderate prices in Barcelona, where the bread ration is only 150 grams per person per day. A package of pipe tobacco marked 3 pesetas 35 centimos sells for 600 pesetas, and a packet of American cigarettes opens all hearts. Hardships notwithstanding, the Spaniards are polite, considerate, easygoing. In no way do they look or behave like a nation on its back. I have seen worse conditions in Soviet Russia during peace years. To be sure, races differ, but I think the Spaniards have much stamina and endurance. They were never spoiled by plenty.

The game of politics rolls merrily along. A few politicians are skeptical about an ultimate Loyalist victory. They therefore advocate an armistice, though when pressed they are not quite sure that Franco would grant one or that the government army would accept it even if all the statesmen did, which is extremely doubtful. The staunchest mediationists are to be found among the bourgeois Catalans. President Azaña also has a scheme for a truce and a plebiscite. A plebiscite in Franco territory with fascist troops supervising it? It would be a unanimous *Ja*. In May the Cabinet offered Indalecio Prieto, right-wing Socialist and former War Minister, the ambassadorship to Mexico. Azaña telephoned to Paris and persuaded him not to accept. Without Prieto the left republicans would be isolated and reduced in influence. The Socialists are divided. Last week their national committee met, voted confidence in Prime Minister Negrin, and elected a new pro-Negrin executive which includes representatives of all factions—Caballero, Negrin, Prieto, Besteiro, del Vayo, and others. Behind this semblance of unity is some reality. But the phenomenon which haunts the European proletarian movement—the mounting bitterness between Socialists and Communists—has not spared war-torn Spain. There are Socialists who accuse the Communists of wishing to monopolize jobs and propaganda. The Communists charge that the Socialists work too little and complain too much. The truth is that the Communists' saving dynamism and discipline can have unpalatable by-products. The Socialists, as a midway group, are ground between bourgeois republicans and Communists. Those who dislike both, sulk or dream of a bridge to the Anarchists, whom they formerly reviled. The Anarchists are fighting more ardently at the front and less so in the rear. But some of the vocally most militant Socialists are defeatists and therefore forfeit popular support, for whatever past leaders may think, the people and above all the army insist on a new, anti-fascist Spain, which alone can guarantee Spanish independence. That is why today Negrin and del Vayo are the republic's natural spokesmen. They reject compromise. They have faith. Azaña, who lacked the determination to prevent the war, lacks the power now to end it on his terms.

As for Franco, the fact is that he has not won the war despite initial advantages and subsequent unrestricted aid from abroad. Knowing the impatience of his subjects, he has promised them peace on numerous occasions, for their heart is not in the war. Many Spaniards on his side resent the foreign invasion and the Moors just as bitterly as the Loyalists do. Falangist newspapers attack the Catholics, and the argument between the Pope and Mussolini on racialism is sure to exacerbate this antagonism. Falange leaders are frequently arrested. Their names have been published. Franco diplomats abroad suggest the restoration of the monarchy as a solution of the problems of the republic. They forget how simply Alfonso was dismissed in 1931. Despite political differences among the Loyalists, unanimity exists on the general social and economic direction of the future regime. But in the rebel zone the programs vary from monarchy plus feudal agriculture to the totalitarian state plus paganism and expansionist imperialism. Franco's uprising was retrogressive and calculated to perpetuate the old, backward Spain which had become intolerable to the majority of the people. Intervention injected new ideas of social change. But they have struck no root, and their carriers are symbols of hated foreign domination. All Hitler's planes and all Mussolini's men cannot resolve this fundamental difficulty. Indeed, they necessarily aggravate it.

Press-War on Mexico

BY L. O. PRENDERGAST

Mexico City, August 22[*]

WHATEVER virtues from a technical diplomatic point of view may be ascribed to Secretary Hull's recent note to Mexico, it is a piece of social unrealism that would be hard to surpass; it might well have borne as a prefatory motto the ancient jingle ending, "Hang your clothes on a hickory limb, but don't go near the water." "The issue," it states, "is not whether Mexico should pursue social and economic policies designed to improve the standard of living of its people. The issue is whether in pursuing them the property of American nationals may be taken by the Mexican government without making prompt payment of just compensation to the owner. . . ." It so happens, however, that the Mexican government cannot move an inch in pursuance of those policies without coming into head-on collision with the foreign vested interests which control a great proportion of the nation's most important economic resources. Mr. Hull's statement of the issue, therefore, is an invitation to Mexico to abandon the program itself. I don't suppose this cynicism was deliberately intended, but the lack of comprehension of the Mexican problem revealed by his note can certainly be productive of no good results in the immediate relations between the two countries.

There is very little doubt that the State Department's move came as a response to the tenacious press campaign of recent months and was a sort of defense against the charge of American complicity in Mexican bolshevism. The theme of the New Deal's criminal responsibility for Mexico's excesses has been repeated *ad nauseam,* with a good deal of gratuitous abuse for the good-neighbor policy which is permitting Mexico's intolerable lack of respect for the sacred property rights of American investors and adventurers. Latterly a secondary theme has been introduced into the propaganda symphony: Mexico must be saved from the consequences of its own folly by the indulgent parent whose former sparing of the rod was the chief cause of the spoiled child's erring ways. It fell to George Creel to make the most authoritative statement of this formula in an article in *Collier's* (July 23), the impertinent title of which tells the whole story in six words: Can We Prevent Chaos in Mexico?

But Mr. Creel cannot claim to be the originator of the new line. The prolific Frank L. Kluckhohn, Mexican correspondent of the New York *Times,* enunciated it some months ago. "Without lifting a finger," he wrote in the *Saturday Evening Post* (February 5), "we have let our next-door neighbor set fire to his house." Kluckhohn himself at that time was only partially inflamed by the missionary spirit. The burden of his analysis of the Mexican question was the complaint that Washington, by its silver-purchasing policy, was practically subsidizing the Cárdenas "campaign" to oust all American capital and to divert Mexican trade to Germany, whose 15 per cent share of the Mexican market, as compared with the 60 per cent American share, he viewed with considerable trepidation. "It must be stressed," he went on, "that Washington, perhaps as much as Cárdenas, is guilty in this matter. The State Department could have halted this drive before it began. . . . Yet the State Department takes the attitude that the United States has no responsibilities either to Mexico or to its own nationals. . . ."

The remedy, obviously, was to cut off silver imports and so starve Cárdenas into a decent respect for American interests. This economic sanction was applied after the oil expropriation, when the Treasury Department suspended purchases of Mexican silver. Creel approvingly notes that this was an "effective reprisal," but he makes an alarming *ex post facto* discovery of a fly in the ointment that Mr. Kluckhohn (and the New York *Times,* which editorially applauded the Morgenthau decision) had overlooked, namely, that the measure was "one that cut both ways, for the money we *gave* Mexico was returned for the purchase of commodities, and *it also happens that American interests operate 70 per cent of the silver mines, sending the profits back into this country*" (my italics).

Now this circumstance, although Mr. Creel evades the issue, is one of the chief determinants of the Mexican problem. "In all except a limited number of the so-called [Latin American] republics," he says, "the resources are only sufficient to provide comfortably for 10 per cent of the population. . . ." This is almost literally true, but not for the reason Mr. Creel offers. All these countries are prevented by inadequate capital resources from transforming their primitive agricultural economy into that modern industrialism which might some day provide for almost 75 per cent of the population. And the principal reason for their failure to accumulate the necessary capital has been precisely the constant sucking off of the wealth

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[*] Mr. Prendergast's article was written four days before publication of the second Hull note, which is discussed in our editorial columns this week. The criticisms of Mr. Kluckhohn were, at the request of the New York *Times,* submitted to him for reply. No answer had been received at the time of going to press.—EDITORS THE NATION.

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produced, which, as Mr. Creel innocently observes, the foreign owners of the natural resources send back to their home countries in the form of profits.

> The trouble with Mexico [he continues] is that there has never been any honest and intelligent handling of her resources. Along with primitive methods, there have been tragedies of exploitation, but Mexican politicians have been just as much responsible as the "foreign concessionaires" they love to denounce. President after president has come and gone without other purpose than to feather his own nest and the nests of a *Plunderbund*, and all have bellowed about "foreign rascals" to cover their own thieveries.

Perhaps Mr. Creel knows what he means by "honest and intelligent handling" of resources owned and controlled by foreigners. Frankly, I don't. However, I do know that every time Mexico has attempted by legislation to take a step toward that goal the foreign benefactors and their apologists have screamed bloody murder. Certainly many Mexican presidents and officials have been notoriously corrupt. But who corrupted them? As a matter of historic fact, their corruption has always been in inverse ratio to the complaints of foreign capital against them. The plain truth is that foreign capitalists in Mexico adore corrupt governments and the crooked *politicos* whom they can promote into Mr. Creel's 10 per cent class, just as they abhor any attempt at regulation that might reduce the profitable anarchy on which they have thrived. Whatever Mr. Creel's objections to Cárdenas may be, the objection of these foreign interests is that he cannot be bought. Hence they are now getting ready to "prevent chaos in Mexico."

Nor, if the chaos is tardy in putting in its appearance, will they be reluctant to hasten its arrival. *Newsweek* for July 4 contained the following ominous comment:

> Waving the "big stick" over Cárdenas's head [the American oil firms think] could conceivably give his local opponents enough moral support to overturn his government peaceably. This is the opinion of those who believe that Mexico is headed for a bloody revolution.

Mr. Creel shares this fear:

> Granted, however, that we did exert economic pressure to the limit . . . the Cárdenas administration would fall with a Humpty-Dumpty crash. And after that? Ask any well-informed observer, and he will testify that there is not a chance for any rightist group to take over. It is a proletarian horde that will seize power, its excesses inevitably precipitating savage civil war, making Mexico another Spain.

These words are a measure of Mr. Creel's understanding of Mexico. "Any well-informed observer," unless he perjures himself, will testify that if the Cárdenas government is overthrown it will certainly be succeeded by the fascist groups now frantically engaged in the search for a leader. This certainty prompts the efforts to browbeat Cárdenas into a "satisfactory settlement" under the threat to unleash the chaos which these gentlemen profess to deplore but will unhesitatingly resort to (as they have in the past) if he refuses to yield—as soon as public opinion abroad has been persuaded that all Mexico's woes are self-inflicted.

On July 18 *Newsweek* renewed the offensive with a signed piece by Raymond Moley himself, entitled Hell Bent for Chaos. The familiar jibes about American "gratuities" to Mexico are again dusted off, and are followed by a touching tribute to the "statesmanship" and "strong, intelligent guidance" of ex-Führer Calles. Calles, of course, was one of those "cooperating" presidents whose corruption it is now considered bad taste to mention. "Everyone in Mexico knows . . . that the "Daap" [the government press bureau] is as strict a system of censorship as those of Russia, Germany, and Italy," Moley pontificates. "Only that which will glorify Cárdenas and his Six-Year Plan is permitted publication." I confess I am staggered by the blatant error of this assertion; I suggest that Moley have translations of the Mexican press read to him. Incidentally, *Novedades*, one of the more scurrilous representatives of the Mexican fascist press, was once identified in a dispatch (April 17) by Kluckhohn as a "left-wing" newspaper, probably to lend color to one of his frequent quotations from it. Moley winds up, of course, with an echo of the new formula: "The fruit of Cárdenas's regime may be . . . a complete breakup of orderly government in Mexico."

The kind of press Mexico is regularly getting in the United States may best be judged, however, by the *Times* dispatches of Frank L. Kluckhohn. Unlike the majority of the correspondents here, Kluckhohn attempts to deal with the larger issues in addition to covering spot news, but his numerous theories, from which he suffers as some men suffer from hives, often betray him into ludicrous contradictions. Thus he finds that labor unions are "red" and "officially dominated" at one and the same time, that "thousands of strikes were given an official okay" to keep labor "happy." The unfortunate peons are guinea pigs for harebrained social experiments, the press is "muzzled" and "controlled," and only the army, apparently, is a factor deserving serious attention. Mexico is headed toward the "totalitarian state" under the guidance of an "enigmatic president who has visions of reestablishing an Indian nation based upon socialism (April 10), although in the above-cited *Post* article "a picture of a nation developing capitalism on an intensely nationalist scale is disclosed," to the applause of America's "professional liberals," who "are convinced that, since Mexico's movement is nationalist, it must be holy."

In the last few months a certain waspishness has been discernible in Kluckhohn's dispatches. Its possible cause may be found in the story that appeared on March 17:

> There were growing indications that the government was caught on the horns of a dilemma and was searching frantically for any dignified manner of getting on safer ground. . . . For months the oil problem has had the aspects of an international poker game in which the government thought the companies were bluffing. When the showdown came yesterday and the companies refused to bow to the government's ultimatum, it left officials in a peculiar position, without precedent for action.

The exact reverse, of course, turned out to be the case; on the following day President Cárdenas uncompromisingly called the companies' bluff by issuing his expropriation decree. Kluckhohn must have realized how distressingly he had been caught napping, for he has since been taking his annoyance out on Mexico in a one-man war to prove that Cárdenas has plunged the nation into hopeless misery. His contradictions multiply, while the tone becomes steadily more strident. The oil workers, he says, are unhappy and worse off than before; oil production is being maintained on a drastically reduced scale only by means of an "iron dictatorship" over the rank and file; the government has "ordered" labor to lay off strikes, but Congress is unaccountably in "revolt against exclusive labor domination of Mexico"; and although Mexico is treacherously attempting to solve its problems by selling oil to the fascists, sooner or later, he strongly intimates, the companies will have to be invited back to save the industry from collapse.

Kluckhohn is greatly incensed because Mexico has sold $10,000,000 worth of oil to W. R. Davis and Company, who in turn have sold part of it to Germany. President Cárdenas offered last March not to sell oil to the fascist nations; he never undertook, however, to starve his country to death in loyalty to a principle that no one else in the world lives up to. It is one of the contradictions of the present world imperialist struggle that Mexico, whose anti-fascist principles and courageous defense of democracy in the cases of Ethiopia, Spain, and China are well known, has been forced by the democratic countries to sell oil to Germany and Italy in simple self-defense. This circumstance has been seized upon by the oil companies and the American press as a means of alienating the support Mexico has received from liberal groups in the democratic countries. When Standard Oil and Royal Dutch Shell stop trading with the fascists, this charge will come with better grace.

In the Cedillo revolt Kluckhohn again missed the boat. On May 17, just one day before the rebellion broke out, he wired, ". . . if the government hoped to prod General Cedillo into action *it has failed, as was a foregone conclusion*" (my italics), and again he tried to disguise his own lack of discernment by an effort to pump into that sorry episode a content that not even its most sanguine sympathizers would claim for it. His reporting of the revolt reached sublime heights when he cabled that the San Luis Potosí peasants were backing the movement because they refused to be herded into the government's "socialistic farms" and resented its attempt to deprive them of arms they had for years been "using for hunting." But he has not explained why the Cedillo movement collapsed overnight as soon as the government entered the state to carry out in earnest the agrarian reform which Cedillo, in connivance with the local land barons, had sabotaged for eighteen years.

In reporting labor matters Kluckhohn is seriously hampered as he has made himself so obnoxious to the labor movement that he is cut off from many news sources. This may explain his reports of last July that the mining industry was the latest victim of the duplicity of Mexican workers, his cable of June 25 that the Confederation of Mexican Workers is anti-Semitic, and his dispatch of August 8 in which he announced that in preparation for the coming Latin American Labor Congress "labor leaders here are drafting a resolution that all United States businesses in Latin America be forced to pay wages equal to those in the United States for the same types of work."

It is, of course, only the great prestige of the *Times* that gives Kluckhohn any special importance—that and the fact that his articles so clearly furnish the raw material for such fantasies as those of Creel and Moley. Underlying their collective barrage, however, is the general attack of the American conservative press on the Cárdenas administration, an attack with a double motive: first, to depict the Mexican government as an extremely radical and somewhat loony dictatorship bent on the destruction of all American property interests and on the erection of a "totalitarian state" which these inspired political theorists variously characterize as fascist or communist according to the needs of the moment; second, to ascribe a large share of the blame for this unhappy state of affairs to the Roosevelt Administration and the good-neighbor policy (see, for example, the *Times* editorial of August 16), again for two reasons—to build a fire under Roosevelt and Hull hot enough to force them into action against Mexico, and to supply additional ammunition to the reactionary campaign against the New Deal in the coming Congressional and Presidential elections.

The State Department's note to Mexico of July 21 represented a long stride toward the achievement of one of these purposes. In spite of its scrupulous avoidance of any mention of the oil controversy, this document, as the American press instantly recognized, was obviously intended to pave the way for later representations on behalf of the oil companies. For all its friendly tone and pleasant expressions of sympathy for Mexico's ambition for social justice, the note does not depart essentially from the thesis of former, less liberal regimes in our

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State Department that property rights always take precedence over human rights. The rather smug cataloguing of New Deal reforms carried out with prompt compensation to affected property-owners is hardly relevant. Mr. Hull will scarcely maintain that the economic conditions of the two countries are thus comparable. He appears also to have overlooked the fact that the New Deal has aroused the most venomous opposition within the United States from the very interests whose properties he is preparing to defend in Mexico.

What is most disturbing about the note, however, is its stubborn refusal to look the facts in the face. Twenty-eight years of revolutionary upheaval in Mexico ought by this time to have made it plain that no enduring basis for untroubled relations between the two countries can be established until the urgent need of social progress for the Mexican masses is recognized. The Cárdenas administration has undertaken to advance the program artificially dammed up by the Calles-Morrow settlement not because of any inherent hostility to foreigners but simply because the very existence of decent democratic government in Mexico is dependent on the rapid elevation of the Mexican people from their present subhuman standard of living. The alternative is to shove Mexico back into the mire from which the country has been making heroic efforts to free itself and to establish a gendarme state subservient to foreign economic interests and maintaining power over its own people by terror alone.

If the New Deal wishes to realize the ideals implicit in its banner, it will have to accept the proposition that the well-being of Mexico cannot be secured without damage to the property interests of foreigners. Eighteen million Mexicans cannot be held eternally in bondage to the property claims of a group of American investors, some of whom acquired their holdings under circumstances that will not bear scrutiny and many of whom have recovered the value of their investments several times over during the decades of unrestrained exploitation of Mexico's human and natural resources. The problem cannot be solved by blind insistence on the letter of the law. Moreover, as the Mexican government's reply pointed out, the juridical principles on which the State Department's case is based are by no means unassailable. The only settlement with Mexico that will work without storing up multiple difficulties for the future will include a frank recognition of Mexico's needs and a scaling down of property claims to Mexico's capacity to pay without sacrificing its social program. In the long run in international relations it comes to that always; no country can be made to pay what it hasn't got; attempts to collect debts by force only make the debtor's position worse and reduce the possibilities of ultimate payment. A realistic acceptance of this now would save both countries an incalculable amount of grief, suspicion, and hostility, and prevent, in Mexico at any rate, much bloodshed.

In the Wind

AN AMERICAN missionary who recently returned from the Far East aboard the Empress of Japan is reported to have brought back a sensational exhibit. It is a sack filled with fragments of Japanese munitions which landed on Chinese soil—all identifiable as made in America.

PAUL ANDERSON attributes the following story to an extremely trustworthy reporter who covered the Tennessee primaries. Boss Ed Crump usually takes the precaution of counting the votes the night before they are cast; this time, being certain of the outcome, he decided that wasn't necessary. But Shelby County gave his slate so vast a majority that Crump feared people would be suspicious. Hence he instructed his henchmen to alter the returns slightly—to give the opposition a more impressive total.

WHEN A German publisher brought out, soon after the war, an edition of "The Peasants," by the noted Polish author W. S. Reymont, very few volumes were sold because Germans were not eager to read about Poles. In 1924 the Nobel literature prize was posthumously awarded to Reymont and sales rose slightly. When the Nobel peace prize was awarded to Ossietzky, Hitler declared war on all things identified with Nobel awards, and the sales of Reymont's book fell off sharply. Its publisher's latest advertisement announces that "for his masterpiece, 'The Peasants,' Reymont was in 1924 awarded the Nobel prize, which at that time was still an honorable thing."

IN A column of *Our Sunday Visitor*, a Catholic weekly published at Huntington, Indiana, this note appeared on August 21:

> We have had several fine letters telling us of a splendid meeting for priests held recently at Father Coughlin's Shrine of the Little Flower. The meeting was addressed by Homer Martin, who told of his efforts to purge the United Automobile Workers' Union of Communists.

CROSS-COUNTRY: The State of Kentucky's official quarterly announces that "if the 1938 motorist is looking for unique and natural beauty coupled with twentieth-century progress he will find it in abundance in Harlan County." . . . The Chicago *Tribune* mercilessly edited—with its own additions—Associated Press dispatches on primaries, despite the A. P. rule against such changes. . . . Meyer Levin writes that his and the union's dispute with *Ken* ended amicably with union charges withdrawn. . . . The editorial in the New York *Post* from which President Roosevelt quoted in his address on the primaries was not planted beforehand as some reports hinted; its use was a surprise to the editors. . . . It took the December 27, 1937, issue of *Time* exactly six months to get past the Japanese censors and reach subscribers in Japan.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind. The $5 prize for the best item submitted during August goes to E. S. of Oakland, California, for the story about the oil companies' war on cooperative filling stations published August 20.*]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

DOROTHY THOMPSON has expanded her article in the April, 1938, issue of *Foreign Affairs* into a little book which is also a great big book if measured by the value of its contents.* It deals with the refugee problem, and its importance may be gauged from the fact that the original article moved President Roosevelt to invite thirty governments to send delegates to the conference at Evian which resulted in the setting up of an international refugee committee headed by that able and unselfish American George Rublee. If the committee functions successfully along the lines laid down in this little volume and succeeds in working out the refugee problem, many millions of people will have reason to call Dorothy Thompson blessed.

Her contentions are simple. Nobody knows how many million people at the present time are wandering around the world seeking a permanent home; one estimate is that there are 9,000,000 of these innocent victims of economic, political, and religious persecution. Dorothy Thompson is right in stressing the fact that their being loose and unsettled in the world makes for the increase of that universal unrest which is driving the world steadily toward war and chaos. As she says: "Millions of people wandering more or less aimlessly and battering at every conceivable door, being passed from frontier to frontier, will certainly do nothing to restore world order." She is eternally right, too, in saying that no democratic country can "wash its hands of this problem if it wishes to retain its own soul." I wish these words of hers could be put into the hands of millions, and not only in the United States:

> The very essence of the democratic principle is humanistic; it involves respect for human dignity and human personality; it implies a revulsion against persecution of individuals; it rejects arbitrary edicts; when its capacity for righteous indignation is exhausted by weariness or callousness, then the democratic principle will die.

She concludes that a defeatist attitude toward the refugees is a defeatist attitude toward democracy itself.

After reviewing the glorious work of Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, Sir Arthur Salter, Albert Thomas of France, Henry Morgenthau, and Charles P. Howland in dealing with the refugee problems which arose immediately after the war, Miss Thompson gives us her definite proposals. Of course she longs most of all for another Nansen, but there is none such. Next she insists that great unused stretches of territory in Brazil, in Africa, and elsewhere can be made available if only the assurance can be given to the nations which possess them that when the immigrants arrive they will be adequately equipped with capital goods and working capital, that they will have been carefully selected for the tasks ahead of them, and that they will be, if not skilled, of the type which can be retrained for agriculture or some other new form of social existence. This has proved entirely possible in Palestine. Miss Thompson says that Palestine has been an enormous success in that it has enabled the sons and daughters of the persecuted eastern Jews to grow up as "healthy creatures who do not bear the stigma of their Jewishness any more, but feel themselves to be free and happy human beings."

The crux of the problem is, of course, where the money is to come from to move these people and give them their working capital. Here Miss Thompson falls back upon a plan which she has worked out with Moritz Schlesinger, a fellow-worker of Nansen's. Her solution is based on the success of the arrangement made by the Jews with the Nazis by which 82,000,000 marks' worth of capital values have been transferred to Palestine in the last five years, making it possible for 14,000 refugee families to settle there, taking their savings with them in the form of goods. The Nazis consented to accept payment in blocked marks instead of foreign exchange, and the Palestine importers abandoned the idea of boycotting German goods. It is true that many oppose the agreement as aiding the Nazis to go on. But the horrible alternative is plain.

There are large blocked sums in numerous other countries, and Dorothy Thompson would have this principle applied wherever possible. In addition she proposes the setting up of an International Resettlement Company to move the refugees and to raise the money from charity or other sources to guarantee the interest on the blocked-currencies loan. She would even utilize the war debts, believing that the United States could concede $5,000,000 of the British debt,. for example, in return for which England would guarantee the interest on loans made to the International Resettlement Company. It is an extremely ingenious suggestion. At any rate everything should be tried, for, as Miss Thompson says, "either air will be let in, or eventually we shall all, refugees and non-refugees, fascists and democrats alike, die slowly of economic attrition."

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* **"Refugees: Anarchy or Organization?" By Dorothy Thompson. Random House. $1.**

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Nightmare World

THE NAZI PRIMER. Translated from the German by Harwood L. Childs, with a Commentary by William E. Dodd. Harper and Brothers. $1.75.

THE DANUBE FLOWS THROUGH FASCISM: 900 MILES IN A FOLD-BOAT. By William Van Til. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

IT IS an exceptional experience to read these two books at the same time. The one is the "Official Handbook for Schooling the Hitler Youth"—seven million German youngsters; the other is the brilliant report of a young American couple's journey down the Danube. The Nazi authors present the ideology behind the coordinated private and political life of Central Europe today. The Americans, children of a happier continent, report what they saw and heard and felt among the victims of the supernationalists. The reader of both books will gain a sense of the reality and complexity of a far-away scene such as no merely theoretical or photographic work could transmit.

The "Nazi Primer" is, thank God, a short book. William E. Dodd, former American Ambassador to Nazi Germany, calls it in his revealing commentary the bible of a political church, the Nazi Party, "where for hundreds of thousands of years German people will be trained to be true National Socialists," as the German Propaganda Minister, the modest Herr Goebbels, once put it. This bible teaches the ABC of what a German of today has to believe if he does not want to end in a concentration camp.

After an extensive abuse of the Mendelian laws of heredity for the purpose of proving the alleged scientific truth of the Nazi racial theory, the Nazi authors rewrite European history. In their story of creation life begins in the early Stone Age at the time when the Norsemen "almost unmixed, acquired new territories and created there as Indo-Iranians, Greeks, and Romans the highly developed cultures of antiquity." From the East nothing came. The origin of European culture "lies in the North, to a considerable extent on German soil. The Germans flooded Europe from the Urals to Gibraltar, from the North Cape to Constantinople. Europe as a cultural and spiritual unity is therefore the work of the Germans." The cultural area extends far beyond the narrow limits of the Third Reich, even farther than the German-language boundary line, which is shown on a map as going through Belgium—the Flemish are suppressed Germans—and including Holland, the Dutch language being nothing else than a German dialect. "These facts make it a duty of the German people not to confine its thinking and dealing merely to the political area of Germany, but to learn to think in terms of their folk policy." The last two chapters of the Primer deal with the successes of the Third Reich. Military freedom has been won; the next goal is economic freedom through the Four-Year Plan, *Ersatz*, and autarchy. As to the ultimate consequence of the thorough mobilization of the German nation, the schoolbook does not speak *expressis verbis*. That is not its purpose. Enough for the start if German youth—confined to a Goebbels world of roaring loud-speakers and uniformed newspapers—think of themselves as the despoiled children of the greatest and most unjustly treated nation on earth. They will be ready in spirit and soul when the Führer calls for the slaughter.

Harwood L. Childs, assistant professor of politics at Princeton University, brought the "Nazi Primer" from Germany, translated it, and has written an excellent objective preface on the educational system of Nazi Germany. He and the publishers are to be congratulated for having put before the American public a document unsurpassed in stupidity and frivolous lying.

William Van Til, an assistant professor of social studies at Ohio State University, traveling with his wife in Europe, found in the fold-boat a means of transportation which brought them in contact with the people whom the railway tourists never meet. Last summer they went down the Danube, enjoying the river and studying five countries—Germany, Austria, then under Schuschnigg, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and Yugoslavia. They observed general conditions and the moods and behavior of the dictator-ruled citizens. It was a four weeks' journey costing less than $200, everything included, even the films for the many photographs which illustrate a very stimulating and useful book.

The Van Tils spoke with many people off the record, on water and land. They retell a hundred little stories, describe a hundred characters and landscapes. Nowhere is one conscious of the professor who is pursuing his social studies. These are simply two young human beings adventuring down the Danube, that old pope who has observed so many changes since the Romans built their outposts on his bank and who is indifferent to them all. He carried the small Long Island Duck gently for 882 miles. The captain of the funny little boat and his first mate, whom we appreciate throughout the journey as a very pleasant and capable companion, have caught, with a special instinct for the significance of the insignificant, the atmosphere of Central Europe today. Unhampered by the usual prejudices of the foreigner, they manage to convey its contradictions and tensions in a remarkably effective way.

I was most touched by the story of the poor ragged paper-picker near Backa-Panka. Years ago, on precisely the night after Lindbergh's triumphant return, he got drunk in a New York speakeasy and insulted a friend. The next day he found himself arrested for illegal entry into the United States and was soon afterward deported. Now he makes 700 dinars a month; in New York he made 1,500 dinars, thirty dollars, a week. Oh, how he longs for America, whither he can never return. The day that the Van Tils left he rolled up his pants and waded out to them in the cold water. "Tell me," he said. "How is the Roxy Theater in New York?"

FRANZ HOELLERING

In the Shadow of Mont St.-Michel

TIDES OF MONT ST.-MICHEL. By Roger Vercel. Random House. $2.50.

IN THE picturesque setting of "Mont Saint-Michel del peril del mar," as it was called in the Middle Ages, Roger Vercel has laid a typically modern story. The depression having wiped out André's easy source of income and his father-in-law's profitable business, he returns to his native Brittany and despairingly accepts a job as an official guide on the historic mount. Laura, his wife, who lacks his culture and spiritual life, cannot accustom herself to this new condition. She dreams of returning to their former life in Paris, while he hunts and fishes with the natives and gradually discovers the beauty of the monument in which he lives. The account of their estrangement has a certain universality, and as the onlooker always wonders in life, one wonders here how André could fail to see how little his wife meant to him. Such minor characters as the guides Hulard and Plantier, Andrea, the cockle girl, and even Madame Montard, the retired prostitute, possess real personalities. Hulard's role in the novel is a difficult one, symbolizing as he does the man of intellect and education who is happy in an inferior position, yet the author has handled him most convincingly.

The peril of the sea is ever present—its inrushing tides, its quicksands, its mists and mirages. André goes out on the sands in all kinds of weather, and his narrow escapes provide thrilling episodes. On the other hand the towering architecture of the abbey—crypts, chapels, cloisters, and precious Merveille—exerts its charm even on those to whom Mont St.-Michel is only half of a title by Henry Adams.

The book suffers, however, from this very variety of interest, which the author must have felt as keenly as the reader. Hesitating between psychological analysis, adventure, and description, the novel leaves one dissatisfied because it has not fully accomplished any of its ends. And M. Vercel in this book remains one of those moderately capable, unoriginal novelists who abound in France and for whom the Goncourt Prize seems to have been created.

A word about the translation. Despite the admirable smoothness of Warre Bradley Welles's rendering, it may be surprising to American readers to learn that women take off their stockings by unfastening their suspenders, to hear of "lanes barely a pace wide," and to find a French deputy referred to as a "member of Parliament." Even the best translations made in England should be gone over with an eye to the American public.

JUSTIN O'BRIEN

Two Villages

GREEN WORLDS. By Maurice Hindus. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.

ONCE again Maurice Hindus has written a book of intense interest. This time the author of "Humanity Uprooted" describes superbly two "green worlds," two typical villages dramatically situated on opposite sides of the globe: his native Russian village, where he lived up to the age of fourteen and of which he writes with a pen occasionally dipped in Turgenev ink, and the American village that two or three years later, as a youthful immigrant, he discovered for himself somewhere in New York State.

To anyone who really knew the old Russian village his description of it is startlingly vivid. For there people lived not only with a "wild and boisterous rhythm . . . and wept inordinately, laughed hilariously, swore fiendishly, and danced magnificently," but also with the picturesqueness bred of quiet streams, green pastures, luscious orchards, and golden fields. To the author his home was never the nightmare that many of our distinguished writers found in an old Russian village. True there was the mud, sickening at times, and great poverty and ignorance. But there was also a world of enchantment where silver birches grew and mushrooms and berries were plentiful and lovely water nymphs lured one with their dangerous songs into deep blue lakes and rivers. And there was "the fun and fellowship in the village and adventure and romance." There were Amelko the Screamer, who swore he heard, but never saw, the Evil One riding a colt to death in the stables, and Fyodor the Potato and Hrupina the Witch and peddlers who told of the marvels of distant lands. And there was the house with its four rooms freshly sprinkled with sand; and Father, meek and gentle and boundlessly generous, always giving away to the needy the little he possessed; and Mother, strong and heroic, whose children "kept coming with unrestrained regularity" and who worked for them as no other woman worked for hers.

Out of this archaic world went forth young Maurice to America, to New York with its wonder of white bread and chocolate and shoes. But after the first spell of magic he found that he could not go on living in the "arid zones" of a great city. "I wished I were back in the old village. In spite of its mud, its miseries, its idiocies, there were trees and grass there and immense fields over which I could wander and on which I could shake off physical aches and the bitterness of my soul."

To go back to a village, to go to an American village, was the passionate desire of his life. And without too much trouble or searching he found it—not the world of silver birches he had left behind him, but a world of pine, stout and strong, where food was plentiful and animals were cared for and people "possessed a pattern of living that was as clearly marked out as the roads over which they traveled." Under the guidance of Jim Hoyt, the farmer, and Kent, the hired man, he soon got "the hang of things," so different from that of his old Russian village. "It was the America I yearned for and needed to know."

But even so he could not stay there forever; he had to go on to higher learning, and Elder Jepson suggested Colgate.

In 1923 for the first time he returned to Russia. There he found an exciting human story—"the impact of the revolution on the village." He would write about it. To him it was no assignment in Utopia, for he knew too much about the old Russia to delude himself "into thinking that exalted slogans had overnight conjured forth out of ruin and agony a society of plenty and universal brotherhood." Back in his village after eighteen years he found it outwardly little changed but inwardly seething with passion; the creation of a new world had begun. Seven years later he went back again and immediately became "dramatically aware of an epochal change. The revolution was no longer a formula, a promise, but a process of historical transformation."

In 1937 he revisited his American village, but Jim Hoyt was gone and so were his fine trees, and Elder Jepson and many others. The new machine age had wrought great changes, and here too new ideas had swept through the countryside. A powerful story is this epic of two green worlds. IRINA SKARIATINA

Inverted Fable

SCOOP. By Evelyn Waugh. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

"SCOOP" marks Mr. Waugh's transition from the comedy of bad manners to the amoral or inverted fable. In "Vile Bodies" and "Decline and Fall" the author's formula for humor was simple incongruity. Millionairesses cavorted with Negroes, ladies in Mayfair society owned syndicated South American brothels, and the right honorable daughters of peers swung from chandeliers at champagne parties. The comedy was provided by contrasting the anarchic transgressions of various characters with the rigidity of accepted social patterns. The patterns themselves were never satirized. On the contrary, what made the whole thing so incredibly funny was the mere suggestion that the patterns could be violated. The prevailing *mores* were accepted as so correct that their suggested infringement became synonymous with absurdity. Mr. Waugh is not the father of this particular *snobisme.* It can be traced back through English comedy to Congreve, whose satire—in contrast to Molière's—contained no criticism of society but was a criticism, instead, of those extremists whose behavior endangered prevailing social ritual and order. The Englishman's fear of the outlandish is responsible for an entire school of literature.

In "Scoop" Mr. Waugh, under contemporary pressure, deserts the drawing-room for the arena of the class struggle. The locale is Ishmelia, a mythical Negro country with a recognizable resemblance to Abyssinia, where the author recently served as war correspondent. The plot is strung together on a chain of coincidences as old as Beaumarchais. A nature journalist called Boot is mistaken for a novelist called Boot, and the first Boot instead of the second is sent to cover the war. This mistake in identity and the subsequent lack of professional efficiency on the part of the war correspondent—who, nevertheless, ultimately makes a scoop—heighten the outlandishness of a situation described in these terms:

> . . . they are all Negroes. And the fascists won't be called black because of their racial pride, so they are called white. . . . And the Bolshevists want to be called black because of *their* racial pride. So when you say black you mean red and when you *mean* red you say white . . . and both sides call themselves patriots. . . . But, of course, it's really a war between Russia and Germany and Italy and Japan, who are all against one another on the patriotic side.

The revolution becomes a general source of freakishness and confusion and, like the young lady on the chandelier, represents an implausible divergence from the norm. In this case, however, with the author's broadened scope, the incongruity is no longer behavioristic but moralistic. The war, its moti-

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—*Mary Ross, N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

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vations and consequences, is reduced to the level of animal unconsciousness. The author's apparent intention, as compared with the traditional fable, is to produce an atmosphere of amorality in which various human experiences and values appear ludicrous. In much the same way the predicament of a drowning man must have its humorous connotations to deep-sea fish. Mr. Waugh is neither fish, fascist, nor good red herring. He is a fantast with a defeated purpose. Nothing could be more outlandish. CHRISTOPHER LAZARE

[The price of Walton Hamilton's "Price and Price Policies," published by the McGraw-Hill Book Company, is $4, not $3 as was stated in a recent issue.]

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DANCE

Martha Graham at Bennington

ISADORA DUNCAN, Ruth St.Denis, and Martha Graham seem part of the same continuous line. Each of them by the dominance of a unique personality created an epoch in theatrical dancing apart from the classic academic tradition of the rest of the Western world. The work of each has used for a basic impulse a structure of philosophic or moral concepts which has served them better than collaboration with great musicians, painters, or poets. Isadora's Greece was a native expression of Californian pantheism at the expansive end of the last century. Ruth St. Denis's discovery of the East reflected a search for absolute ideas of Oriental truth which Emerson shared and which Fenellosa furthered. Martha Graham finds the expression of her deeply American attitude in her own America. The subject matter of her "American Document," as it immediately proclaims, is our time, our place, our dangers, and our chances of survival. It is the most important extended dance creation by a living American, and if there has been another in any other time more important, there is no record of it.

Bennington, Vermont, is a native American town in the sense that it fulfils perhaps a foreigner's idea of provincial America better than a Southern or Western city of its size would do. It has a New England meagerness, the constraint of sturdy independence, lacks any desire to imitate or presume to the estate of a larger city. The State Armory, which the Bennington School of the Dance has been permitted to appropriate for its fourth annual festival, is not a theater with a stage, and its own peculiar floor plan unquestionably gave a definite character to Miss Graham's choreography. In the excitement of the occasion, with interest divided among the programs of the various teachers and students, it may have been difficult to obtain a proper perspective of the importance of Graham's work as a theatrical fact. When it is presented in New York in the fall, it will be seen as an isolated achievement, as well as a vitally rich vein of dance form and material for future development.

"American Document" is conceived on the basic skeletal structure of a minstrel show. It opens and closes with a parade of participants, using gestures borrowed from minstrel strut and cake-walk. Its episodes are linked by drum rolls and fanfares of acrobatic movement. Its solo numbers are projected against a choral background. It utilized Ray Green's coherent musical score of a spare consistency. It employed a male voice as oracle, comment, and interlocutor declaiming statements from classic American papers. Its episodes commenced, with an introductory duet, a preamble for a grave circus, a kind of annunciatory dominant chord of motion from which the rest of the symphony was to be amplified. There followed an Indians' lament for the spirit of the land they had lost, then a statement of Puritan fury and tenderness, an elegy of the emancipated Negro slaves, and a finale of contemporary self-accusation, a praise of our rights, and a challenge to our own powers to persist as democracy.

PUBLIC L ARY

The whole piece was so nobly framed, so flawlessly executed, that every other work, new or old, offered at the Bennington Festival seemed by comparison puerile, unprofessional, or academic. Graham's work had the sober, frank sincerity of a Thanksgiving hymn heard in the open air. Its surface finish resembled some useful Shaker wood-turning. Its exalted plasticity of formal movement was as proud and objective as a New Bedford whaler's figurehead. The Puritan duet, with Graham in severe white, her partner naked except for white shorts and a dark coat of tan, had as antiphonal Jonathan Edwards's terrible words on fornication and damnation spoken against parallels from the Song of Songs. The tenseness of its emotion, the extreme projection of restrained physicality, rendered the adolescent elements in the audience uncomfortable. Its solemn purity was hard for the shy-eyed of all ages to take. It is so serious that it can only touch those who have the courage to look at it. Happily, most of the audience were too occupied in experiencing it to be frightened of its feeling.

In a short notice there is no space for the complete analysis this work demands. The use of the voice, the dominance of the ideas back of its creation, the quality of Graham's idiosyncratic gesture formulating just what she meant to say, were all miraculous. Graham in her Indian solo was a monument for which the vanishing American has waited three centuries, built from native folk gesture and ritual movement. In the end, in a plain bright red dress, with her dancing balance of suavity and abruptness, her somber levity and steady stops, she seemed an incarnate question of everything we fear and hope for in our daily lives.

Her own dance group, clothed in simply cut clothes of clean transparent colors, made their first entrance like a troupe of erect peacocks driving a chariot. They were ably augmented by the group of lay and professional students from the Bennington School of the Dance. Miss Graham's partner was Erick Hawkins. His strong, solid, angry human dancing provided a splendid support, a positive male presence. Since he had ballet training, he was unacceptable to some of the "modern" dance purists, who were too prejudiced to look at him with clean eyes. Graham's use of a dancer trained in another classicism showed that elasticity which makes her unique in an experimental field. Hawkins, in the questions voiced at the end of the piece, stood and walked like a workman's best idea of himself as a dancer. Nor shall I forget for a long time the presence of the interlocutor, Housley Stevens, Jr., or his beautiful manly voice and arresting appearance, so open and yet so decently serious. He also moved like a dancer, and he spoke grave and alarming words with splendor, because he understood and meant them. Arch Lauterer's distinguished setting was memorably used. At the words "Declaration 1776," four doors at the back suddenly were flung wide open and four blue-clad dancers appeared like visual trumpets.

"American Document" should be presented in New York not as an ordinary Sunday-night "modern" dance concert but as a legitimate theatrical creation. It is dance-drama of the first importance, and is in itself ample justification for everything else the Bennington School may or may not have done in the last five years.

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN

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Letters to the Editors

Northern Waste Lands

Dear Sirs: In your issue of August 20 you discussed briefly the findings of the National Emergency Council concerning the economic ills of the South. After reading your comment I found slightly ironical the article in the same issue on the "breakdown of relief" in industrial cities from western Pennsylvania to Illinois. The conditions of poverty and squalor so acutely described by your traveling correspondents in a section of the country supposed to enjoy high wages, excellent schools, and a social and economic scale superior to the downtrodden South are indeed astounding to an uninformed person.

Years ago during the heyday of Republican prosperity I visited the Northern states on several occasions. The slums of Philadelphia, New York, and Brooklyn and the ramshackle appearance of industrial communities in northern Jersey and eastern Pennsylvania were revolting. In the cities the poverty-stricken appearance of poor whites, foreigners, half-breeds, and Negroes was indeed pitiful. In certain areas of New York City the English language was not even understood.

The blunt truth is that the alleged superiority of the North has been grossly exaggerated. The greatest fault of the North is the huge concentration of population in a few cities, where everybody wants a good job, a fat salary, plenty to spend, and an easy time. Decentralization of the Northern cities and repopulation of the small farms would go a long way toward improving the economic ills of a section of the country worse off today than the South.

C. C. STOCKTON

Richmond, Va., August 23

Courage Needed

Dear Sirs: Many will recall the forthrightness and courage of Dudley Field Malone, who was so devoted to the cause of woman suffrage that, after Woodrow Wilson had gone back on his pledge to support the Susan B. Anthony amendment, he resigned his post of Collector of the Port of New York in protest against the President's action.

The Roosevelt Administration has given prominent positions to many outstanding liberals who have been active in progressive movements for many years—such men as Secretary Ickes, Henry T. Hunt, general counsel of the PWA, Leonard Abbott of the WPA, Frederic Howe, who was formerly a member of the AAA, John A. H. Hopkins of the Social Security Board, and former Governor John G. Winant of New Hampshire, who is representing this country in the International Labor Organization in Geneva.

Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City, national vice-chairman of the Democratic Party, is America's No. 1 fascist. He has abrogated every civil right, perverted Americanism, framed political foes and sent them to prison. Appeals to President Roosevelt, not for words, but for action, have fallen on deaf ears. The Department of Justice has refused to take cognizance of the menace to liberty constituted by Hagueism in New Jersey, claiming it is powerless though it found legal excuse for action in Harlan, Kentucky. And still the liberals serving under the New Deal are silent.

If some of them would show the stamina and courage of Dudley Field Malone they might induce Mr. Roosevelt to act before it is too late, not only for himself and the Democratic Party but for America as well.

LIVINGSTON SCHUYLER

Jersey City, August 16

Let Us Not Forget!

Dear Sirs: On August 31, 1935, in Moscow, Henri Barbusse passed away. It is difficult to reconcile death with the living character of the man we knew, with the vibrant personality of the former president of the World Committee for Struggle Against War and Fascism.

I had the good fortune to see and hear Henri Barbusse at the United States Congress Against War and Fascism in New York City. The meeting at which he was expected was aglow with excitement. Workers of all races, white, yellow, and black, filled the auditorium and gave vent to a sudden, overwhelming din of applause as a tall, frail, darkly cloaked figure entered from the rear and walked down the aisle to the platform.

He spoke in French, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana giving the translation after each expression of thought. One listened transfixed to the voice of Henri Barbusse. Soft, but with a rush of warm emotion, it penetrated the hushed audience. It rose and fell with a throbbing intensity. What was the message? Something about the workers of Europe, the brotherhood of man, the atrocities of the World War. One hardly heard. The feverish ardor, the vibrant sincerity in that musical voice stirred the soul. The histories of nations loomed up in one's vision—of oppressed, struggling peoples everywhere, of religious wars and persecutions, of the French Revolution, of white Russians and red Russians, of wars for land, for commerce, of a war for democracy.

Since 1935 new atrocities leer at the brotherhood of man, new ghosts of Ethiopia, of China, of Spain rise to plead vainly with a calloused world. When shall they have peace, Henri Barbusse? We need your vibrant spirit. Let us not forget!

GLADYS BOBRICK

New York, August 24

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The Shape of Things

MEDIEVAL NUERNBERG IS THE SYMBOL OF Europe's modern neurosis. And each year the Nazi congress grows more fantastic. Hitler struts and boasts, deluded tens of thousands march and salute and cheer, while the world's suavest diplomats hang on the words of an upstart barbarian taking the shortest ways to power. They would cut nobler figures, these diplomats, if they could oppose at least a moral superiority to Hitler's dementia. Instead they are only inferior players of a game in which he calls all the turns. He has already got new thousands marching under bayonets—including now the "war babies" of the conflict to make the world safe for democracy. "British Fleet Off to North Sea Today." "New Reich Forts Manned by 50,000." "France Sends Reserves into Maginot Line." "Hungary to Rush Conscription Plan." "Voroshilov Watches Troop Maneuvers." For his part Hitler at his congress cements the new kind of alliances, "friendships against" his democratic enemies. The Italians and the Japanese are there in full force; a contingent of 100 Arabs adds a fresh note of suspicion—as well as grotesquerie—to the festival of "racial purity." As for the democratic ambassadors trailing to Nürnberg, including our own, they provide merely another foil for the fascist spectacle.

*

ITALY'S TERRIBLE DECREES AGAINST JEWS, native and foreign, carries to one of its logical conclusions Mussolini's alliance with Hitler. According to the *Week* of London, Germany, in the course of "helping" Italy to bring its armed forces to efficiency, has obtained by threats and cajolery a measure of control over Italian policy. A large contingent of the Gestapo is said to be working in Italy—one wonders who speaks first when Hitler's gang meets Mussolini's mob on the streets of Rome. The Germans objected of course to Italy's admittance of refugees from Austria and Germany, and the decree exiling from Italy all Jews entering since 1919 was in compliance with this objection. The decree eliminating Italian Jews from every field of culture is a far more sweeping and brutal gesture of loyalty to the fascist

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religion. Both decrees serve other purposes. They offer the Jew as a scapegoat at a time when Italy's economic position is a little worse than usual and actually remove a certain amount of competition in some fields. The decrees do not state whether Jews will be allowed to take funds out of the country. They seem to hint at a refuge in Ethiopia for those who cannot find homes elsewhere—which bespeaks the failure of the Ethiopian adventure rather than any sympathy for Jews in distress.

* * *

MR. ROOSEVELT'S STUBBORN BEHAVIOR IN the primary campaign continues to bewilder his foes. They professed to see him gasping for breath after the balloting in South Carolina and California, but his Labor Day activity in Maryland cruelly destroyed any such impression. There are reasons for this firmness which Arthur Krock's psychiatric analyses have not revealed; the continuing fact is that while Mr. Roosevelt may lose an engagement in the primary it is necessary that he win the war for political realignment. In these terms he had nothing to gain from supporting the reactionary, Negro-baiting "Cotton Ed" Smith. And his program will ultimately profit from the campaign of enlightenment which was waged against Smith. Even in the context of the immediate situation, last week's results afford little ground for conservative rejoicing. It is difficult to see how anyone except a rabid exponent of American fascism could find Mr. Smith a palatable hero: his slogans suggest the Ku Klux Klan; his economic views are to the right of the chamber of commerce. In California, on the other hand, Senator McAdoo, despite the President's indorsement, was defeated by the advocate of a pension plan which has frightened every conservative economist; if California proved anything, it was that Mr. Roosevelt must expand his economic horizon if he is to dissipate the atmosphere in which Townsendism flourishes. It is worth noting that the Democratic choice for Governor of California is vigorously pledged to the freedom of Tom Mooney. Neither South Carolina nor California disturbed the continuity of what is basically an educational program; they merely emphasized the scope of the task which has been undertaken.

* * *

SOMETHING OF A MIRACLE IS THE REPORT of the President's Commission on Industrial Relations in Great Britain. Membership of the commission is no further left than Lloyd K. Garrison, dean of the University of Wisconsin Law School, and as far to the right as Henry I. Harriman, former president of the United States Chamber of Commerce. Yet the committee has made a unanimous report that might open a new era in American labor relations. Its conclusions, after a survey of the British scene, is that labor relations can be made stable and peaceful only when both employers and employees negotiate with each other through "trade unions"—the term connotes organizations of capital as well as of labor in England—embracing whole industries. The fallacies fostered by reactionary groups in this country about the regulation of labor unions in Great Britain are dispelled, and the answer is provided to those who believe that we should place legal restrictions on unions here. The report itself is the most lucid exposition we have seen of British labor law and experience in industrial relations. It shows that the United States is a half-century behind Britain in dealing with the problem and that the development of voluntary methods of conciliation and agreement are preferable to legal compulsion. Labor contracts, to note one important point, are not legally enforcible in the British courts. In strikes, to note another, British plants shut down; the era of the "blackleg"—the English equivalent for "scab"—is past. This report is a portent. Some of its signers—Mr. Harriman, Gerard Swope, and Charles R. Hook—command the respect of the business world. We hope it will read carefully a report in which its own representatives have collaborated.

* * *

THE POSSIBILITY THAT MEXICO WOULD IN the end knuckle under to the United States on the land-expropriation question was eliminated by President Cárdenas's speech at the opening of the Mexican Congress and by his government's ensuing note. The issue, as Cárdenas squarely stated it, is whether the common welfare should prevail over property rights. If this issue were clearly recognized by the American people, we cannot believe that they would support the State Department in its effort to reimpose the economic bonds which have held millions of Mexicans in virtual slavery for centuries. Unfortunately, however, the public has not been permitted to learn the facts of Mexico's struggle for national liberation. As effectively as in a totalitarian state the American press has presented only one side of the case—that of the downtrodden American capitalist. And the press has been supplemented by the widespread distribution of booklets issued by the oil companies, together with that most remarkable collection of anti-Mexican propaganda entitled "The Atlantic Presents." Technically, President Cárdenas scored a major point when he referred, if obliquely, to the failure of the United States to compensate foreigners when it confiscated gold holdings and abrogated the "gold clause" in bonds in the early days of the present Administration. We shall hope to see numerous editorials in the conservative press stressing the aptness of the parallel.

* * *

THE WORKERS' ALLIANCE AND DAVID LASSER, its director, are the subject of an article on another page of this issue. Since the article was written, Mr. Dies has turned his red-glass searchlight on the alliance and pronounced it red, and the question of fund-raising among members of the alliance has agitated the newspaper headlines. The Dies charge may be let lie. The question of fund-raising is worth a brief comment. Mr. Lasser, in a public response to a warning from Senator Sheppard, chairman of the Committee on Campaign Expenditures, pointed out that the alliance had no intention of collecting money from relief clients for the purpose of aiding any political party; that it hoped to raise funds among outside persons who feel that the alliance is performing a necessary function; and that it would continue to work for the election of public officials who would uphold and try to improve the condition of the unemployed. It is a straight answer. If the Workers' Alliance were imposing a check-off on its members for political purposes, Senator Sheppard and his chorus would have something to sing about. If the alliance can raise money on the basis of its program of maintaining the standard of relief, we can see no objection to it. And if the members of the alliance, and the unemployed in general, support those candidates for public office who understand and will fight for their interests, we see nothing but logic in their attitude.

*

THE HORROR OF THE DEATHS IN THE Philadelphia County Prison at Holmesburg, Pennsylvania, is magnified by several facts that were revealed in the inquiry that followed the tragedy. It is not enough to know that four men were literally baked to death and that the twenty-odd survivors can scarcely reconstruct from memory the sixty hours of torture they endured. What is equally important is that this form of punishment—as fiendish as anything in the history of torture—has been a practice in this prison since 1929, and that the prison itself has been considered one of the better institutions in the state. The present warden was appointed in 1934 to institute a "new deal," and has been looked upon as relatively enlightened. The tragedy itself can be traced to a hunger strike provoked by the revolting diet which the prisoners were fed; this was the sixth desperate demonstration since 1929. Instead of improving the food the authorities introduced ruthless penalties to break the strike; when twenty-five men persisted in their protest, they were removed to the dreaded isolation building, where the heat was unleashed on the prisoners and the windows sealed. At the end of sixty hours four inmates were dead, and prison officials began to disclaim responsibility. As this is written, precise blame for the slaughter has not been fixed, but the solution does not merely lie in punishing a few sadists. Why did such a torture chamber exist at all in a modern prison? How many replicas of it can be found in jails throughout the nation? And how many similar brutalities escape public notice only because the heat is turned off in time?

Partnership with Japan

WITH the arrival in the United States of several Americans who have spent the greater part of a year in the occupied sections of China, we are beginning to get for the first time a picture of the full horrors of Japan's brutal campaign of subjugation. We have become hardened to war and to the cruelty that is ordinarily associated with it. The mass looting and rape which accompanied the capture of cities like Nanking, Hangchow, and Paotingfu horrified us as individuals but left us virtually unmoved as a country. We found it more difficult to accept the wholesale massacre of men, women, and children by the aerial bombardment of open cities such as Canton and Wuchang. But even these have been less harrowing than the story of the cold, relentless campaign of terrorism carried out month after month behind the Japanese lines. Every Japanese soldier, from private to general, has complete power of life and death over every Chinese. This power has been exercised with unbelievable irresponsibility.

But what has most disturbed those who have given any thought to the situation is the realization that America bears a large responsibility for the death and destruction wrought by Japan in China. The extent and importance of American economic aid to Japan has recently been dramatized in a booklet entitled "America's Share in Japan's War Guilt," published by the American Committee for Non-Participation in Japanese Aggression. It shows that the United States furnishes 54 per cent of Japan's imports of essential war materials, and that some supplies obtained from America are indispensable. A great many of Japan's best war planes would be grounded without American high-test gasoline. Japanese occupation of provinces such as Shansi and Shantung would have been impossible without large numbers of heavy American trucks. No country in the world except the United States could have furnished Japan with the mechanized equipment necessary for its campaign. No other country, under present circumstances, could furnish the airplanes needed to terrorize the civilian population of the unoccupied cities.

When confronted with the facts of American-Japanese cooperation in the invasion of China, most Americans immediately agree that the partnership should be dissolved. For the United States to talk about the desirability of maintaining peace and justice while assisting in the rankest outrage of modern history is hypocrisy of the worst sort. Dissolving this partnership is, however, a somewhat more complicated problem than appears at first glance. Obviously, there must be a government embargo on the shipment of war materials to Japan and the Japanese-occupied areas in China. Unofficial action by longshoremen and other labor groups refusing to move goods for or from Japan will help but is not enough. The State Department's attempts to stop the shipment of airplanes by moral suasion have failed.

It should be recognized, however, that even an official embargo has its limitations. At least another four months must elapse before Congress can act, months which may be crucial in China's ability to maintain its resistance. Moreover, an embargo on exports alone would be relatively impotent. It would be no trick for Japan to set up dummy companies in Hongkong, Shanghai, or Mexico to purchase the needed American supplies.

A ban on all aid to Japan, including exports of war materials, imports, loans, and credits, on the other hand, would hit Japan in a vital spot. For more than a year Japan has been raiding its gold reserve in order to buy the raw materials needed to sustain its invasion of China. Its stocks are approaching depletion. In March, 1937, Japan had a reserve of $456,000,000. Since then it has shipped more than $250,000,000 to the United States. Mining and confiscations in China have yielded small amounts of gold, but the total remaining in Japan's vaults today is less than $200,000,000. In recent months shipments have averaged well over $20,000,000 a month, and at this rate reserves will be exhausted by next summer. Lacking gold, Japan can purchase war materials only through loans and the foreign exchange obtained from exports. The United States has the power to close both of these channels.

Nor is it necessary to wait for official action to weaken Japan's ability to obtain supplies. Already scores of Japanese orders are being held up for lack of foreign exchange. The combined forces of the recession and the boycott cut Japanese sales in this country not less than 47 per cent during the first seven months of the year. Evidence that the boycott has been a major factor in this decline is seen in the fact that the importation of Japanese canned tuna fish, electric-light bulbs, and toys, which are readily identifiable as coming from Japan, fell off sharply, though these articles because of their cheapness are usually imported in greater amounts in periods of depression. The recession, on the other hand, may have accounted for a considerable part of the 34 per cent drop in silk imports. But even here the boycott has been a factor.

To dissociate ourselves from a share in the guilt of Japan's activities in China will not be easy, but it must be accomplished if the United States is to have any influence in behalf of decent international relations. Only last week Mussolini pointed to our sale of war materials to Japan as proof of the hypocrisy of Secretary Hull's protestations. We cannot bring back to life the million or more Chinese who have been killed as a result of American help to Japan. But we can act in time to prevent the whole of China from suffering the terror and servitude imposed on the people in the northern and central provinces that have come under Japanese control. This means that we must act now—visit Congressional candidates before election, support labor in its refusal to handle Japanese goods, boycott all Japanese products.

Policy and Politics

ONE of the keys to 1940 may lie hidden in the policy slips that provide the background for New York City's current rackets trial. For the trial has given the Republican Party its first national figure since Herbert Hoover began to expound the New Economics. District Attorney Dewey is made to measure—safe without being stodgy, a romantic figure but certainly no radical. Unless he is a man of extraordinary resistance to the lure of high office, he will be the Republican nominee for Governor of New York this fall. His most enthusiastic backers are already talking of 1940. The interest aroused by the trial, aside from its resemblance to a scenario of sure box-office appeal, is political rather than moral. Betting on numbers, a method of small-scale gambling that spread in Harlem after the war, was organized along big-business lines by the late "Dutch" Schultz when he muscled into the game in 1931; although most of the bets are for pennies or dimes, it developed into a $20,000,000 racket, with commensurate political power. James J. Hines, Tammany leader, on trial charged with protecting the racket for years, has been the subject of more whispers than any other man in New York politics. It is no secret that Samuel Seabury sought to pin something on Hines in the famous Hofstadter Committee inquiry into the affairs of Tammany. But Seabury failed. District Attorney Dewey is the first man who has been able to bring Hines into court.

Hines may be innocent. He may be acquitted. His counsel, one of the sharpest cross-examiners in the profession, has made some headway in shaking the testimony of racketeers who turned state's evidence. But if Hines isn't guilty, someone else is. The pattern taking shape, as witness follows witness, is a familiar one: an alliance between politics and crime to supply racketeers with protection and politicians with campaign funds—even with baskets to distribute to the poor. There is testimony that the two combined to elect a District Attorney who could be had. Again, the testimony may be false, but it can hardly be said that District Attorney Dodge became famous as a foe of racketeering. That Tammany district leaders were able to shift policemen about at will was the testimony of one who should know—John F. Curry, a former head of Tammany Hall. He was deposed in 1934 by Hines, and he has settled the score by taking the stand for the state.

Dewey's prosecution is likely to have more effect on the Democratic Party nationally than on the numbers racket. Tammany has been a handicap to the party for a

Burlingame

long time. It sought to stop Roosevelt in 1932; the Hines case may lose him New York in 1938, and even hinder his plans in 1940. Already the danger that Dewey may win the governorship unless the Democrats put up a very strong candidate is bringing the first signs of a rapprochement between Governor Lehman and New Dealers offended by his stand during the court fight, for probably only Lehman or Wagner could defeat Dewey. That Supreme Court Justice Pecora, before whom Hines is on trial, would consent to run seems unlikely. Further complicating this already complex political situation are the rift between the Democratic Party and the American Labor Party and the possibility of an A. L. P.-Republican alliance in the gubernatorial campaign, the fierce dog-fight between the A. F. of L. and the A. L. P., and the dissension in the Labor Party itself between what might roughly be described as the Hillman and the Dubinsky wings. Before the party conventions take place at the end of the month it may be possible to fit together at least the important pieces of this political jigsaw puzzle.

What Hitler Wants

THE last word from Europe, as we go to press, is a report that "new and final" proposals of the Czechoslovak government would grant the Sudeten Germans three of their most urgents demands: territorial autonomy, full equality in the state, and recognition of German as the official language in the Sudeten territory. If autonomy means absolute rule, with the police power and the form of government itself subject to Sudeten party control—in other words, if it means a Nazi state within the borders of Czechoslovakia—the reported offer by the government would mean the beginning of the end of Czech independence. It would probably be accepted as a stop-gap solution by Hitler and would undoubtedly be welcomed by Chamberlain and his emissary, Runciman. Whether the people of Czechoslovakia would also indorse this probably fatal step remains uncertain; rumors of threatened revolt are already reported. Some days are likely to pass before the exact terms and their exact effect can be known. But while waiting for them we will do well to fix in our minds the larger outlines of the struggle.

It is natural, in a period of crisis, to be concerned with day-to-day shifts of balance, to examine anxiously even the small weights that may be thrown on one side or the other of the monstrous scales. The press and official discussions of the Nazi threat to Czechoslovakia have demonstrated this tendency. Every conversation or meeting held at Berchtesgaden or Eger or Prague or London is minutely analyzed; rumors are circulated; new proposals are scrutinized with hope or apprehension. The very tone of voice of a subordinate in the entourage of Viscount Runciman is rated on a scale of optimism. This desperate attention to detail is no doubt inevitable, but a more substantial understanding of the crisis in Central Europe might come from sitting under a tree with a copy of "Mein Kampf" and frankly confronting the unchanging purposes of Hitler.

Every country in Europe—including Germany—is afraid of war. But war will not be averted by shadings of diplomatic phraseology or by specific concessions one way or the other. Proposals and counter-proposals may serve the purpose of postponing the moment when the fundamental issue must be faced. But in the end they are evasions, not solutions. For the fact that must finally be acknowledged is the absolute, implacable determination of Adolf Hitler to bring Czechoslovakia under his power. The details may be subject to modification or compromise. The aim itself is not.

What does this mean in terms of the present situation? It means, first, that Hitler is willing to take quite considerable risks of general war to get a large part of his objectives immediately. Just how great a risk he will take and just how many of his objectives he will hold out for is still, as we go to press, an uncertainty; he made no reference to Czechoslovakia in his manifesto on the first day of the Nürnberg rally. But it is worth pointing out that with every day the crisis is prolonged in the shadow of Germany's mobilized army and navy, more and more concessions are dropped into his lap. Britain and France have warned Hitler not to seek his ends by the use of force; but they have proved again by their effective pressure on the Czechoslovak government that the mere threat of force reaps a handsome reward. The concessions that have already been made would encourage a less determined highwayman than Hitler to increase his demands.

If it were possible to believe that proposals to chip away the independence and sovereignty of Czechoslovakia were steps toward a peaceful solution of the conflict of national interest in that state, they would be well worth trying—even if Hitler gained in the process. Our labor contemporary, the *New Statesman and Nation*, has come out for boundary revision if a satisfactory compromise cannot be reached within the present limits of Czechoslovakia. "The strategical value of the Bohemian frontier should not be made the occasion of a world war. We should not guarantee the status quo." If this were the whole story, we should agree. But can anyone actually believe that a new boundary would give Hitler what he wants? When one is convinced, as *The Nation* is convinced, that his aggressive purposes are clear and his will inflexible, then one must look upon such proposals not as moves toward securing peace and a reasonable adjustment of claims but rather as stages in the conquest of Czechoslovakia.

From this point of view it matters little what Hitler may say this week at Nürnberg. Whether his words seem conciliatory or threatening, his actions will follow the course dictated by his ultimate aims modified only by his immediate limitations. He knows that Czechoslovakia will fight if he invades its borders. But he does not know whether under all circumstances England or even France and Russia will defend those borders. He has been warned against aggression, it is true. But what is aggression? Suppose the British government urges a surrender to Sudeten demands and the Czechoslovak government refuses; would armed intervention by Hitler be looked upon by the British as aggression? Suppose the Czechoslovak government agrees to proposals involving virtual surrender and the people rebel, bringing on a civil war; would intervention by Hitler in support of his Sudeten brothers be considered aggression? Suppose Hitler should demand the incorporation of the Sudeten region with the Reich and couple that demand with a promise to respect, or even to protect, the revised boundary of Czechoslovakia; if the Czech government should resist that reasonable readjustment and drive him to use force to free the Sudetens, would that be considered aggression? Perhaps, and yet perhaps not. After all, the British and French governments have studiously avoided taking the one step that would have forced Hitler to accept defeat of his aims in advance of war; they have not told him clearly that they, with Soviet Russia and as many of the smaller powers as they could induce to join them, would resist any further aggression on any pretext whatsoever. They let him have his way with Austria and have merely pretended to interfere in Spain. May it not be possible to find a formula whereby the surrender of Czechoslovakia can be encompassed either by agreement or, if the Czechs continue to be stubborn about their independence, by a war which will not be called a war and so will not be recognized as one? Such considerations as these, together with his estimate of the chance of a successful quick war, will govern Hitler's decision. Surely it will not be influenced by the desirability of "settling" the minorities dispute in Czechoslovakia.

Power-Company Morals

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Knoxville, Tennessee, September 5

GALLONS of crocodile tears have been shed in recent years over the impending fate of the private power industry in the Tennessee Valley. Sympathetic souls are regularly implored to contemplate the plight of a poor but honest octopus which, in the face of its lofty aims and benevolent practices, is confronted with extinction at the hands of a heartless TVA. I never lost much sleep over this particular tragedy, but to those who have suffered on account of it a brief résumé of certain testimony recently given before the joint Congressional investigating committee should bring prompt relief. It concerns the efforts of the citizens of Chattanooga to own and operate their electric system. As an illustration of the morals and methods of the power industry it is a perfect little gem, and I commend it to the study of those individuals who profess to be mystified and grieved by the "persecution" to which the industry is exposed in a mounting number of communities.

The Tennessee Electric Power Company, which serves Chattanooga, is a subsidiary of Commonwealth and Southern, headed by that renowned apostle of better relations between the public and the utilities—Wendell Willkie. Three years ago the people of the city, finding themselves unable to purchase the private distributing system at a reasonable figure, called an election to authorize the issuance of $8,000,000 of bonds for the construction of their own system. At once, through a magic long since familiar, there appeared on the scene a "Citizens Taxpayers Association," sworn to oppose the bond issue on the ground that it would "increase taxes." In that holy endeavor it spent somewhat in excess of $23,000, of which sum, it has now been disclosed, $20,000 was contributed by Willkie from the Commonwealth and Southern treasury. A portion of the money was used to distribute whiskey among voters on Election Day. Two vacant lots were purchased in the names of out-of-town residents to enable them to vote. Among these "owners" were one hundred employees of the power company. The Citizens Taxpayers Association distributed circulars stating that when the local company was absorbed by the holding concern its capital structure had been written down $25,000,000, and that it had subsequently paid no service charges to the parent company. Actually, the capital structure had been inflated, and for three years the operating company paid a fee of approximately $150,000 a year to its parent. The head of the "association," a former school commissioner, sent letters to all teachers warning them that a vote for the bond issue was a vote to increase taxes. Alas, it was all in vain—the proposal carried by more than two to one.

But the fight had just begun. Soon there was agitation for additional referendums. Among other things it was proposed that the city be prohibited from erecting poles on streets where the private company's wires were strung. It was proposed that the voters be asked to determine whether the bonds to be issued should be general obligations or strictly revenue bonds. Much of it was confusing to the voters, as it was undoubtedly intended to be. In the original fight the power company had been handicapped by lack of a newspaper, while the bond issue was vigorously advocated by the *News*, published by George Fort Milton. In reprisal, the power company withdrew all advertising from the *News*. Next year the company found a champion in the *Free Press*, and promptly the company became the *Free Press's* best advertising customer. Testimony before the Congressional committee showed that in 1937 a Chattanooga department store used 201,549 lines of advertising in the *Free Press*, for which it paid 54.9 cents an inch, and that during the same year the power company used 219,520 lines for which it paid $1.26 an inch. Francis Biddle, committee counsel, said the two accounts were chosen for comparison because they were most nearly identical in linage and the amount of color used. The rate to other department stores was still lower. The explanation of the high rate paid by the power company, as given by the general manager of the *Free Press* is, to say the least, interesting. He said the department stores had contracts, while the power company paid the "open rate." Asked why the power company didn't obtain the contract rate, he replied that its officers didn't know about it. Asked why he didn't tell them about it, he replied: "Because if I can get $1.98, I don't want to take ninety-eight cents."

Most active in circulating petitions to block city-owned power was Harold M. Humphrey, a young and briefless lawyer. He testified that approximately half the money expended by him in this effort was supplied by McDonald, the *Free Press* publisher, who also indorsed his note for $2,500, which Humphrey borrowed to buy stock in the rival *News!* Helping in the circulation were employees of the power company. The head of the Public Power Board testified that petitions were circulated at the polls on registration day and represented as part of the procedure of registering. Also, as might be expected, they were represented as instruments to "prevent higher taxes." But again in vain. One petition bore 6,000 names, but the election commission threw out 5,200 of them as the names of persons ineligible to vote. The head of the power board told the committee that he did not believe the negotiations between Willkie and Director David E. Lilienthal of the TVA for purchase of the private facilities justified the city in longer delaying the construction of its own system. "The delay is costing our citizens $1,000,000 a year, and they are tired of waiting," he said.

The city of Knoxville, after heroic efforts, has announced the purchase of the entire distribution system of the local electric company, a subsidiary of National Light and Power. TVA power from Norris Dam will start flowing into the system at once. Included in the purchase price were bonds at $975 which sold on the Curb this year for $572.50, and considerable facilities which the city had been compelled to duplicate in the long campaign to force a sale at a respectable price. Rates paid by consumers will provide for depreciation, for the payment to the city annually of a sum equivalent to the taxes paid by the private company, and for retirement of the total purchase price and all other debts at the end of twenty years. While making these provisions the system will show a net profit of about $200,000 a year, unless it elects to reduce rates still further. The city was to take over on Friday, the bonds having already found a market at a low interest rate. The reduction in rates goes into effect at once. It amounts to 40 per cent and will save the consumers more than $1,000,000 the first year, the saving naturally to increase as consumption jumps. TVA marches ON!

Hitler Will Decide

BY M. W. FODOR

Prague, August 27

THE next weeks will settle the fate of the world. Germany will have to decide whether it will take, at the price of a world war, the Sudeten German areas of Bohemia or whether it will accept a temporary compromise. The Czechoslovak problem at present divides itself into two parts: the negotiations between the government and the Sudeten Germans, with the mediation of Lord Runciman; and Germany's attitude toward a possible settlement. Lord Runciman cannot, and will not, decide anything. If Germany realizes that it cannot afford a world war, then Runciman's mediation will be a welcome way out. If, however, the war party gains the upper hand in Berlin, then nothing, not even the presence of Lord Runciman, can prevent war in Central Europe.

It is obvious that Germany wishes to envelop its intentions and aims, its preparations and underground machinations, in as thick a fog as possible. Its probable course, therefore, can only be guessed—it is impossible to draw deductions with absolute certainty. If this Czech conflict were a logical affair, the solution would be easy. Czechoslovakia is willing to go to the very limits of possible concessions; it is reluctant to grant only two of the German demands: first, complete territorial autonomy for the Sudeten areas, and, second, the establishment of Führer-led totalitarian units within the boundaries of the republic. If Germany really only wanted to assure the maximum benefits to Germans in Czechoslovakia, then with or without Runciman an agreement could be reached within two weeks. But its aim is domination of Southeastern Europe, and Czechoslovakia with its French and Russian alliances is a serious obstacle to this line of expansion. What Germany really wants is that Czechoslovakia give up the Russian alliance.

The plight of the Sudeten Germans is merely exploited as an excuse. Why were not the Germans in Poland or in South Tyrol singled out for Germany's next step? Simply because both Italy and Poland are connected with Germany through treaties of friendship. Germany can gain its end in Czechoslovakia in one of two ways—by fighting it out, or by disrupting the Czech state by internal propaganda. If the nationalities keep up their campaign of undermining the government, the Germans hope that a constellation of groups can be achieved which will repudiate the Russian alliance. This latter process, however, would be a slow one. And Germany is in need of a quick success. This is at present Hitler's dilemma.

The Germans apparently missed the psychological moment to cut the Gordian knot. The truth is that Germany, twelve months ago, had made all preparations for a military invasion of Czechoslovakia. Leaving the Austrian question in the hands of Goebbels's propaganda department, influential elements in the Nazi Party were contemplating a *Blitzkrieg* (lightning stroke) against the Czechs. Bohemia was to be the Abyssinia of the Third Reich, and the general in charge of the preparations was Reichenau, commander of the Munich army corps. It was only in January of this year that Hitler and Göring came to another conclusion. Internal dissatisfaction as well as monarchist tendencies in the army alarmed them, and the old nostalgia of both Hitler and Göring for their Austrian home caused them to decide for a quick success in Austria. The generals opposed the Austrian plan, and Hitler carried out the purge of February 4. One month later his troops entered Austria.

It was a fatal mistake for Germany to choose Austria, which was in any case ripe to fall to it in a few months' time, and not Czechoslovakia. Last March there was a crisis in England and no government in France, and Czechoslovakia's military strength was not so great as it is today. There would have been severe fighting, but at that time Czechoslovakia could probably have been conquered after a war lasting a few months. The danger of foreign intervention was less in March than it is today. The whole situation is less favorable now for Germany, and the army command knows this. But the Nazi leaders are divided. There is a strong war party headed by Himmler, the powerful and sadistic chief of the German police and Gestapo. General Keitel is Himmler's military accomplice. General von Reichenau is also with him, but Reichenau's star has declined since the "occupation" of Vienna—he has been accused of great negligence in preparing this "attack." Himmler, assisted by Ribbentrop and others, maintains that England's firmness in May was incidental, that it was the mood of a scare and will not be repeated. These men are convinced that the war would remain an isolated one and thus have a chance of comparatively quick success.

It is needless to say that their calculations are without sense, though the sphinx-like attitude of Chamberlain reinforces Herr Himmler's counsels. Other persons high in the Nazi Party and the army leaders realize that such a war could hardly remain isolated. It will depend on Hitler's mood whether the die will be cast in favor of war or peace. For this reason a prediction about coming events based on logical calculation is impossible. But let us take stock of the signs which point toward a coming war and of those which indicate that peace may after all prevail.

The calling of 1,300,000 reserves, the employment of several hundred thousand men on feverish fortification of all the frontiers, the announced intention of keeping the last class of soldiers under arms after October 1, when they would normally be sent home, would indicate that Germany is making serious preparations for imminent war. The pourparlers with Hungary suggest the same thing. Secret orders for Germans abroad telling them how to act in case of war also confirm Germany's intention to strike at an early date. Whispered propaganda asserts that Hitler will present an ultimatum to Czechoslovakia on September 15, and that if this is not complied with, Germany will march across the border. All this, however, sounds simpler than it is. A nation does not start a war when the enemy is fully prepared and watchful; it does not advertise its warlike preparations. Yet everywhere the impression prevails that Germany deliberately lets this news "leak out"—news which should remain confidential. This again would suggest that the concentration of troops at the maneuvers is rather bluff and blackmail than a genuine threat of war.

Let us analyze the situation to see whether a *Blitzkrieg* against Czechoslovakia is possible at all. Well-informed Czechs regard the German maneuvers, at least in the present stage, as a general rehearsal for a mobilization and not a mobilization as such. The maneuvers serve the purpose of perfecting the training of the youngest and oldest classes of reserves and also of testing the value of the new laws for the conscription of labor. Nevertheless, Czechoslovakia is compelled to take all precautionary measures, because even if the enemy has not yet fully decided whether or not to attack this year, even if it is unwilling to enter upon an armed conflict, a frontier

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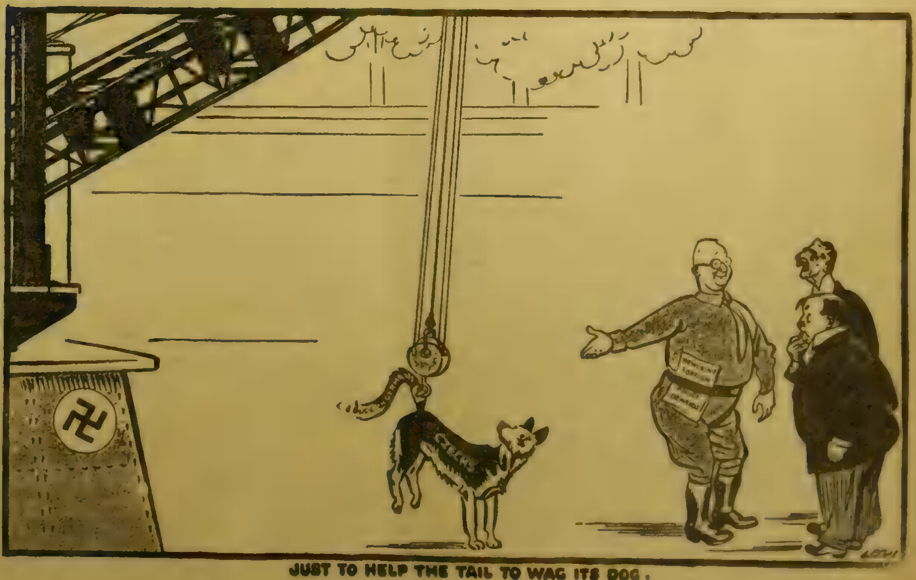
incident could provoke a war. If a serious frontier incident or a serious incident in the Sudeten German area should occur, the presence of such large armed forces of Germans so near to the Czech frontier would be highly dangerous.

The Germans apparently intend to make the world believe that a lightning blow against Czechoslovakia would seriously affect the morale of that country. That is, however, at least doubtful. Czechoslovakia has a very efficient, disciplined population with good nerves. The Czechs are extremely patriotic, and they know that if they are attacked, they will have to fight for their very existence. They have at least a quarter of a million men constantly under arms, and this army is well disciplined and excellently equipped. Moreover, Czechoslovakia has a long chain of fortifications on its German frontier, a Maginot line which is more modern than its French pattern, and the French general staff has given the Czechs the benefit of all its experience so that these fortifications can be regarded as the last word in such a defense technique. During the past weeks the defenses on the Austrian frontier have also been completed. Czechoslovakia's air force is two-thirds as large as the French air force. Its anti-aircraft guns are famous, its tanks and anti-tank guns are good, and its artillery is first class. For this reason Czechoslovakia, even if it is left to stand alone, will be neither an Austria nor a Spain; the war would be a long-drawn-out one, and the front would remain immovable for many months. And Germany does not want a long war, first, because with the passing weeks foreign intervention would become more likely, and, second, because of its situation with respect to raw materials. These facts are known to the German army, but the fanatical party men don't want to believe them. Hitler, as supreme umpire, will have to decide whether the army's point of view or Himmler's wish shall prevail.

The German attitude toward the Sudeten German problem is also not clear. Sudeten German tactics, like Austrian Nazi tactics in the past, are dictated from Berlin, or Berchtesgaden. During the early part of the summer Sudeten tactics consisted in accusing the Czech government of bad faith and alleging that the Czechs were sabotaging every attempt to reach an understanding. When, however, on June 30 of this year the government completed its nationality statute and handed it over for study to the Nazis of Czechoslovakia, the Sudeten Germans suddenly changed their course and followed ca'canny tactics—trying to drag out negotiations indefinitely.

Then suddenly two mysterious events took place. Major Wiedemann, Hitler's personal aide-de-camp, visited London, and a few weeks later Lord Runciman was sent as an "observer" to Prague. It is difficult to prove a connection between Wiedemann's journey to London and Runciman's mission to Prague, but one cannot help believing there must be one. Why would Germany ask for a mediator? The most plausible answer to this question is the following: Germany is undecided whether the Sudeten German problem shall be solved by a *Machtwort,* which means war, or by a compromise. It will be Hitler's task to find out "intuitively" whether the sword or the word shall decide. In the meantime valuable weeks must be gained, weeks for certain necessary military preparations. For this reason we find both Berlin and the Sudeten Germans employing dilatory tactics. If the decision is against a war, then Runciman's presence will be welcome. Then the Nazis can say: It was impossible to come to an agreement with a Bolshevik Czechoslovakia, but it was difficult to decline the offer of an honest jobber.

If there is a compromise, we must keep in mind this fact: its value will be only as great as that of the Austro-German agreement of July 11, 1936. The July agreement created a breathing spell for Austria, because Germany did not then want to be involved in an affair which might bring it into armed conflict with Italy. Twenty months later Germany knew that Italy would not fight for Austrian independence. Thus a new agreement between the Sudeten Germans and Prague would mean that Germany is waiting for the time when it can be sure either that Great Britain will not fight for Czechoslovakia or that Russia is unable to intervene.



JUST TO HELP THE TAIL TO WAG ITS DOG.

Lasser and the Workers' Alliance

BY SELDEN RODMAN

NEXT to a stockbroker and a personal footman a diamond-cutter is probably the most unnecessarily extravagant appendage to an up-to-date social order that you could think of. Yet it was the discovery that the apple-vendor he passed every morning in 1929 was a highly skilled diamond-cutter who couldn't find work that aroused David Lasser to his championship of the unemployed. The paradox is significant. It indicates that, for all his training as an engineer and his pioneer work as editor of the first "technocracy" magazine, not cool reason but a warm heart made the president of the Workers' Alliance what he is. The most effective spokesman the millions of American unemployed have yet found was not aroused by four years in the laboratories of M. I. T. A cost-accountant's depression balance sheets did not convince him; nor did the experience of being fired from New York Edison's technical staff for protesting against a "seasonal" layoff. The idealist became a crusader only when day after day he was confronted with the spectacle of a man of skill reduced to the most superfluous form of peddling.

The Workers' Alliance of America occupies a unique position in American life today. In no other country has a union of the unemployed been organized with such success. Not that its numerical strength is great—200,000 out of an estimated 12,000,000 jobless is not an impressive figure (Colonel Frey's more recent estimate of 800,000 is more hopeful!)—but that it has proved itself irresistible in action. Whether as an organizer of demonstrations to wring appropriations from callous state legislators, or as a prime mover in national hunger marches, or as a bargaining agency for the vast body of WPA workers, the Workers' Alliance has "worked."

Back in the days when a recession was bluntly referred to as a depression the impotence of unions of the unemployed was matched only by their multiplicity. First on the scene were the Unemployment Councils, organized by the Communist Party and ably led by Herbert Benjamin, now secretary-treasurer of the Workers' Alliance. Militant, but intolerant of competitors and politically "branded," they made little progress. The Unemployed Leagues, first organized under the auspices of A. J. Muste's Conference for Progressive Labor Action, grew rapidly in Ohio under such leaders as Arnold Johnson and Bill Truax, but their boast of a national membership of 2,000,000 was a romantic climax to their last convention in 1934. The organization evaporated overnight, and numerous smaller groups (including the original Workers' Alliance, established by the Socialist Party and the League for Industrial Democracy) fell heir to its mythical glory.

Early in 1935 the present Workers' Alliance was born. At its first convention the leaders of the old "alliance," the "councils," and the "leagues" made up its unified executive board in something of the ratio of 11 to 7 to 2. Under Lasser's leadership the principles of "democracy, non-partisanship, no discrimination, and militancy in action" were firmly established. Under these principles the organization grew. The following year it absorbed the white-collar branches. In June of 1937 it held a convention at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, which was a model of disciplined procedure and was attended by 600 delegates from 43 states. On the twenty-third of this month, in Cleveland, with its membership increasing at the extraordinary rate of 15,000 a month, the alliance will hold its fourth convention. The delegates will consider among other matters the growing political influence that is already making it a factor second to Labor's Non-Partisan League in the Presidential offensive against reactionaries.

The four years' growth of the unified organization has been marked by three significant developments. The first was the transplantation of labor's "sitdown" technique to the relief situation. The trial encounter took place in March, 1936, at Madison, Wisconsin. When the pickets arrived at the Capitol, Phil La Follette greeted them in person and advised them to "turn the heat" on the legislators. Ten days later, with the charges of rule by minority coercion growing, he asked them to leave. Early in May of the same year Governor Hoffman of New Jersey informed John Spain of the Workers' Alliance that nothing short of "invasion and insurrection" could make him "borrow money or divert state funds" for adequate relief. The Workers' Alliance took him at his word. "An insurrection is in progress," said Spain. And for nine days a hundred workers made themselves as comfortable as possible among the oaken desks and brass rails. Three months later, inspired by this example, the Pennsylvania organization marched its tattered infantry into the galleries of the state senate at Harrisburg—and didn't get out until the startled legislators had promised an additional $45,000,000 for the coming six months.

One of the smallest, perhaps, but certainly the most effective of the hunger marches that the national capital has seen was the Workers' Alliance pilgrimage of 3,000 in the fall of 1937. Its immediate cause was Representa-

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tive Woodrum's amendment to the relief act, which declared that, regardless of need, the $1,500,000,000 appropriation had to do for the entire year. With the prospect that hundreds of thousands of WPA workers would be fired to make the money last, the Workers' Alliance drafted the Schwellenbach-Allen resolution, which declared that no WPA worker could be fired unless assured of work in private industry at decent wages. The resolution never got to the floor, though 200 Congressmen and 40 Senators were reported lined up for it. But the march—Congress decamped the day before in the nick of time—probably did much to cause the President to announce that WPA discharges would temporarily stop.

Last March, joining with a number of the most progressive labor unions, the Workers' Alliance acted in still a third direction in behalf of the jobless. The National Conference on Work and Security met in Washington. President Roosevelt, in a letter to the conference addressed to David Lasser, asked the conference to submit a program. There is good reason to believe that that program stimulated the drive against deflation that followed. In any case to the Workers' Alliance must go the credit for the amendments to the Relief and Recovery Act making discrimination against a union WPA worker a crime, giving all but administrative employees the right to run for political office, and providing that relief workers receive not less than the minimum pay provided in the wages-and-hours law. "Who has carried the burden of unemployment?" said Lasser at the time. "The unemployed have carried it to the tune of about $80,000,000,000 net loss in wages, to the tune of millions of hungry bodies, filthy homes, ragged clothing, hopeless lives."

David Lasser is proud of the fact that red-baiting of the unemployed unions has almost completely subsided. Readily admitting his own Socialist beliefs and the radical affiliations of some of his closest associates, he sets the example for the organization by rigidly ruling out political partisanship in its affairs. He is a Marxist—but with a pragmatic difference. "We work experimentally," he says. "We have a goal, but we feel our way toward it. There are no dogmas. It's a blundering way maybe; but American."

Lasser was born in Baltimore in 1902, one of five children, and at fourteen went to work as a bank messenger. But in the same year we entered the war. The young idealist swallowed the war propaganda whole. He lied about his age; saw service overseas; was gassed; came back as a sergeant. His yearning for a worthy mission was unfulfilled, but he had the rising optimism of the '20's in his blood. After graduation from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1924 he tried a succession of minor engineering and administrative callings. What could an engineer do to further the cause of human welfare? New machines seemed to be bringing more misery than leisure. For a short time he drifted in a visionary direction. In 1929 he even served as president of the American Interplanetary Society, which considered the feasibility of sending a rocket to the moon. As an engineer, he cast his ballot for Herbert Hoover in 1928. But with the social appeal of "technocracy" to sober his fancy and the apple-vending diamond-cutter as a daily reminder that science and skill have no future in a scarcity economy, he came down to earth with a thud. "I decided," he said later, "that it was necessary to remake the earth before delving into life on the moon."

Remaking the earth began for David Lasser in 1933. While still at work for Gernsback Publications he helped to organize the Lower West Side Unemployed League in New York. Through a succession of mergers and growing efficiency the local group expanded until the absorption of all important unions took place in 1936. His philosophy was now fairly consistent. "This is a labor movement," he announced. "The Workers' Alliance does not want relief primarily. It wants jobs." He tried to secure affiliation with the C. I. O., but the new labor movement, while friendly to the alliance, was cool to the proposal.

Short and quiet-spoken, even when he harangues a convention, Lasser has retained his leadership not merely because of the visible integrity that makes his disinterestedness so apparent. His hair is thinning and he suffers from rheumatism, but in his deep-set eyes, expressive of an impersonal compassion, is seen the man's power as well as his idealism. He has none of the martyr's psychology. He has seen too many emotional conversions and bitter disillusionments to be impressed by the sound of his own voice. He has read too much history (it is his principal "recreation") to measure progress deceptively in terms of immediate successes. Thoroughly an "organization man," he believes in planning for abundance but is suspicious of long-term economic measures that lack popular backing. Internationalist in theory, he has not forgotten the horror of the last war nor the ocean between its intentions and its results. "Europe," he says, "may look black with its present conflicts and its intolerances, but there is more danger, at the same time that there is more hope, in the strangling economy of America. We have more unemployment, remember, than any other country in the world today. And from the beaten psychology of unemployment springs fascism. If we can turn that psychology to hope through militancy—well, we have very little time."

With his wife, an accomplished sculptress, and his two children he lives in a small flat in the Georgetown section of Washington. His salary, like that of the two other paid organizers for the alliance, is $25 a week.

Go to the Walker-Johnson Building, just a few blocks from the national headquarters of the Workers' Alliance, and you will find another reason for Dave Lasser's success. "Give us decent wages and working conditions," says the Workers' Alliance to the WPA (in effect), "and we'll do your lobbying for you; we'll see that Congress appropriates the money and that the states do their part." And from Harry Hopkins's headquarters comes the reply (in effect): "Go to it, boys!" You will find hardly a man in the huge government agency who hasn't a friendly feeling for the union; not one without respect for its competent leader. Much of the credit for the smooth relations between the two must go to the WPA's highly intelligent, progressive Employment Division. Its recent pamphlet for workers, "Our Job with the WPA," asks and answers certain questions: "*Q*. May a union of project workers send a representative or delegate to the WPA district officials to adjust grievances? *A*. Yes. *Q*. Does the representative have to be a WPA worker? *A*. No. *Q*. Is it all right for me to join a workers' union? *A*. Yes."

Unfortunately, no matter how much WPA appropriations and efficiency are increased, no matter how successful the alliance may be in keeping up standards and bolstering morale, in the long run both are waging a losing battle—and they know it. The aggressive belligerency of a labor meeting has been contrasted with the static belligerency of a rally of the jobless. It must inevitably be so. The unemployed man, even the WPA worker, senses that he is outside the economy, at best tolerated and supported by it. "Hysteria is always at his elbow." Here and now, however, the role of the Workers' Alliance cannot be overestimated. To thousands of jobless, tricked into regarding unemployment as an act of God, it has given new self-respect; to men who were resigned to quietly starving, it has imparted the will to fight for life. It has made the once popular demand for a dole indecent—almost subversive. Its campaign deserves the support of every progressive American. But that campaign cannot be finally won until the defensive becomes an offensive; until the enthusiasm of the middle classes and small business is enlisted for a program that will make unemployment itself an impossibility.

Move Over, Mr. Frankenstein

BY MORRIE RYSKIND

I NEVER read Mrs. Shelley's book, but I saw the picture. Little did I think as I watched Frankenstein create Boris Karloff and live to rue the day that it was a portent for me. Now I know that the fates meant it as a kindly warning. Alas, I took it literally, missing entirely the moral that I now see all too well. I was frightened—but not enough, it turns out.

All this is occasioned by the fact that my name has been appearing in the Los Angeles papers in connection with the Dies investigation. The Hollywood Anti-Nazi League is accused of being a Communist organization, and the local gazettes include my name in a list of the founders. Now it so happens that I'm not a founder or even a member of the league. I refused to join because I felt that the title Didn't Tell All. Ever since my innocent heart was broken by learning that Prince Mike Romanoff was neither a prince nor a Romanoff, I have looked with extreme dubiety at titles. Perhaps, in my bitterness, my skepticism has gone too far, but you know the old phrase, "Once bitten, twice shy." Indeed—and I say this reluctantly—there have even been times when I have been tormented by the thought that *The Nation* doesn't always speak for the nation.

At any rate, my cynicism led me to believe, rightly or not, that the Anti-Nazi League was secretly organized by much the same bunch of babies who had organized the League Against War and Fascism—which turned out, curiously enough, to be a pro-war league against fascism. As soon as this mistake became too evident, the organization adopted the alluring alias of the American League for Peace and Democracy. Under this pseudonym it recently did a nice job of mayhem on Dr. Harry Barnes, who, they tell me, will recover but will never be the same again.

So, what with one thing and another, Mr. Dies, I am not guilty of belonging to the Hollywood Anti-Nazi League. Yet, since I want my conscience clear, I plead guilty to a far greater charge. I'm really the guy who is responsible for *all* the subversive influences in Hollywood. (Cries of "No! No!") Please, you must hear me out; the evidence is indirect, but Krylenko got a lot of counter-revolutionaries on less direct testimony, and now Vyshinsky is going to get Krylenko on even less. A couple of years ago, when I first came to Hollywood, I was dismayed by the fact that I couldn't get anybody to talk politics. Fresh as I was from New York, where you could always go into "21" and get a discussion from Morris Ernst and Heywood Broun, it was more than I could stand. I did what I always do when things go wrong in this less than perfect world: I wrote a complaining piece for *The Nation* about it, knowing that would set the matter right.

And did it? Oh, boy—look at these scars! The issue containing my piece had just reached Hollywood when

I began getting dirty looks and even dirtier phone calls. Indignation meetings were hurriedly called by the aroused citizenry, some of whom were under the impression that I had attacked the climate. Posses were formed, and in no time the liberal boom was on. It was nothing for a small group to form overnight half a dozen liberal organizations—and when I say liberal, I don't mean any small-time Ryskind liberalism, either. I mean a streamlined super-colossal-gigantic liberalism; liberalism, in short, on a Hollywood scale.

Well at first—like Frankenstein—I was ecstatic. Some of the producers, reading the piece, charged I was being bought with Moscow gold, but I waved that aside. I was enjoying the godlike feeling of creation, and in addition I had hungered and thirsted for liberal talk for a long time and here it was. I'll say it was! You could go to a meeting every night, and on Sundays you could go to two or three. I practically gave up my wife and children to serve on Scottsboro committees and Tom Mooney committees. Then one day I suggested that it might be fine to get up a Radek committee.

In the frenzy of oratory that followed that naive suggestion of mine, I was called everything under the sun including that terrible word "Trotskyite!" In the cross-examination that ensued it was proved that I had had dinner with Max Eastman, and had read and admired Eugene Lyons's "Assignment in Utopia." Further, it was brought out that I had voted for Norman Thomas in 1932 and contributed to the Socialist campaign.

Naturally, most of the liberals stopped asking me around, but one or two homes were still open to me. I should have held my tongue, I know, and I honestly tried. But I could not resist questioning the packing of the Supreme Court and the Divine Birth of Mr. Roosevelt. That was the Final Straw. Immediately I was charged with having sold out to Wall Street, and in the last election of the Screen Writers' Guild it was pointed out that I had sold out to the producers.

So now here I am, with all the liberal talk in the world and not a drop to drink. It is a little as though Adam and Eve, after eating the apple, had turned around and kicked Jehovah out of the Garden of Eden! Even the money I get is vastly exaggerated, and doesn't compensate me for the vanished delights. Moscow doesn't send as much as it used to weekly, and under the circumstances I can't blame them; Wall Street is six months behind on payments; the producers are in 77-b, and send only meager amounts instead of the huge sums they promised; and even Trotsky has been paying off in Mexican dollars, in spite of a gentleman's agreement to pay in American money. I am compelled to eke out a living by occasional contributions to *The Nation.*

I have gone back to my wife and children, who—bless them!—pretend bravely that nothing has happened. Filling the days formerly devoted to meetings is not easy. But I am managing. Work is the great healer, and when I am not working I play some golf. Since I entered Coventry I have managed to cut my score from 121 to 113. Petty, maybe, but when the Larger Pleasures are denied, one takes refuge in what one can.

In the Wind

ALTHOUGH REPORTS from Hollywood have hinted that Italy's disapproval is responsible for the delay in screening "Idiot's Delight," the real extent of the "disapproval" has not been disclosed. In a private letter to Robert Sherwood, author of the play, who was also preparing the screen adaptation, M. G. M. officials quoted a warning by the Italian government that it would not only bar future M. G. M. films if "Idiot's Delight" appeared but also "be unable to guarantee" the personal safety of M. G. M.'s agents in Italy.

REPRESENTATIVES OF *The Nation's Business,* the magazine published by the United States Chamber of Commerce, are asking for subscriptions on the ground that support of their venture is a method of "combating communism." A solicitor visiting a New England publisher casually remarked that the time was approaching when advocates of "subversive ideas" would be lined up against a wall and shot. When asked who would define "subversive ideas," he at first answered, "The people at the top." Then, after a moment's meditation, he qualified it: "The people who have made America what it is."

A NEW aspect of the current anti-Mexican drive was recently brought to light in New Orleans. A resident of that city, planning to visit Mexico, consulted the Esso (Standard Oil) tourist office about routes. He was informed that the office's supply of Mexican maps was exhausted. He was also warned that Mexico's roads are bad, its gas inferior, and conditions in the country generally ominous. The bureau was "not advising" its patrons to visit Mexico.

DISMAYED BY a detailed report of anti-Japanese sentiment in America which appeared in the Osaka *Mainichi* in July, Japanese authorities are launching a new propaganda enterprise. It is called the "Japanese-American Society of Fellow-Thinkers" and is designed to inform Americans about "the new situation" in Asia.

THE HEARST newspapers have been rabid critics of the Mexican government's policy toward foreign landowners. Not long ago it was reported that among properties recently taken over were large holdings of William Randolph Hearst. But signals in the Hearst organization must have got mixed; the Hearst-owned *Cosmopolitan* invited Stuart Chase to write a refutation of the anti-Mexican propaganda contained in *The Atlantic Presents.*

[We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

A Merchant Marine for War

THE acquisition of two three-masted, square-rigged ships by the United States Maritime Commission to be used in connection with the government's new training school for merchant seamen calls fresh attention to the activities of the commission. This is a body well worth watching. Headed by a retired rear admiral, its approach to the question of our merchant marine seems exclusively that of the navy. At least the relationship of the merchant fleet to our export and import trade appears entirely subordinated to what the navy wants. Thus, Rear Admiral Wiley, also retired, and also a member of the commission, has stated that, according to Navy Department estimates, the navy's minimum need will be 500 new merchant ships of various types within the next ten years and that these will be built. Based upon current costs this will mean an outlay of about $2,500,000,000 during that period. Contracts for building thirty-seven ships have already been let. It is plain that the commission is not considering whether the foreign commerce of the United States will need 500 such ships now or in 1948; the program is simply based on the decision of some anonymous officers in the Navy Department that the fleet will need these 500 ships as naval auxiliaries in our next war.

Well, this leaves the army not yet heard from. If the navy needs 500 merchant ships in addition to those we already have, what about the army? Will it not ask for at least 5,000 ships so as to be prepared to move an army across the seas with the necessary rapidity? We know that in 1917-18 it took more than 3,000 ships, plus all the English, French, Norwegian, and Dutch ships that were lent to us or that we forcibly borrowed. We know that army and navy men say that the mechanization of the modern army has increased so tremendously since the World War, as have also the size of guns and the amount of ammunition needed because of increased speed of firing, that to move again the same number of troops that we sent to France will take one-third more ships. In addition we know that we got very few airplanes to the front in 1917-18 and that airplanes have become an all-important branch of the service. Moreover, General Hagood has told us in his book "We Can Defend America" that on not one single day when our army was in France did that huge fleet land enough supplies, ammunition, and food to maintain our army for a day.

The newspapers of August 31 reported that although Congress appropriated more than a billion dollars for the regular expenses of army and navy for the current fiscal year, both War and Navy Department will ask for much more money next year—although the present naval program when completed will give the United States no fewer than 272 fighting vessels with a total tonnage of 1,517,480 tons, among them 18 battleships, 28 light cruisers, 18 heavy cruisers, 144 destroyers, and 56 submarines. Why not ask for 5,000 army transports, I repeat? Uncle Sam is ladling out the money, and for the first time in our history Congress is giving to the army and navy and merchant fleet more than the officials concerned have asked for.

The new merchant-marine training school, which is such an extraordinary departure for this country, is to be established on Hoffman and Swinburne Islands, the old Quarantine stations formerly used for pesthouses. The commission expects to train there 3,100 seamen and 2,000 licensed officers each year, and what a grand opportunity it will be, since instruction will be in the hands of Coast Guard officers, to pump into these men the belief that they must never, never have anything to do with labor unions, or think of concerning themselves with collective bargaining! I have no doubt that they will be expected to bring to the merchant marine naval ideas of absolute subordination to their officers. One good thing the commission is planning in connection with these men. According to reports, it has begun a radical reform by providing that seamen employed on these heavily subsidized merchant ships shall be engaged by the year and that the centuries-old custom of laying off the crew the minute a cargo ship arrives in port shall be done away with. One of the curses of the sea has been this putting men "on the beach" if a ship was going to lie in port some time before its next voyage. Nothing could do more to improve the status of the merchant sailor than to provide him with stability of employment, adequate food, and decent living quarters.

One question intrudes itself. If, as is now the case, the United States government lends working capital to the companies, makes good the deficits on voyages, pays heavily for mail service, and lends the company up to two-thirds of the value of the ship to help pay the building costs, and if it is now going to train the crews, and the compelling motive is to be to create ships as reserves for the army and navy, why should we not go the whole hog, eliminate the private operators, and make the fleet entirely a national fleet, like the Russian?

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

TRAGEDY AND COMEDY FOR OUR TIME

BY PHILIP BLAIR RICE

THE plays in this collection of all the extant works of the Greek dramatists* seem at the same time very remote from us and very near. It is not likely that we can become greatly agitated over ancestral curses, funereal obligations, blood vengeance, and such baggage, which the playwrights took over from their barbarous past. Yet these, like Shakespeare's ghosts, merely furnished a local setting for matters of greater import. We do not have to read far in these forty-seven plays before we come upon some which deal not only with questions perennially recurrent but with themes that have a startling relevance to the current year of the devil.

The timeliness of certain of the ancient dramatists' concerns will be immediately apparent. No one has presented better than Aeschylus, in "The Persians," and Euripides, in "The Trojan Women," the impact of war upon the innocent, or better than Aristophanes, in his three pacifist comedies, war's folly. We too are witnessing the overweening pride of despots. We do not have to look far in order to discover those who, like Iphigenia, have learned what it means to sacrifice themselves for a greater cause. We see reenacted in Spain the fate that overtook Prometheus for bringing knowledge and the industrial arts to the slaves of Zeus. We can understand Antigone's conflict between loyalty to the state and a wider allegiance. At the moment a favorite theme of the tragic poets, the guest-right of suppliants, the sacred duty to give sanctuary to exiles, is reflected in the headlines of our newspapers.

Many of our writers, furthermore, have lately found a fresh impetus to reinterpret the old myths, legends, and symbols. Anthropology and psychoanalysis have made these more intelligible and renewed the insights from which they sprang. When our more skilful contemporaries, such as Mann, O'Neill, Lawrence, Eliot, and MacLeish, use them, it is not, as was too often the case formerly, for embellishment, but because the traditional scheme, slightly altered in perspective, expresses certain newly discovered or rediscovered truths about the human situation with greater simplicity and imaginative force than any other. Some of our poets are trying to solve the problem of form by seeking an equivalent of the varied and flexible Greek strophe. The adaptability of such a device as the Greek chorus to the needs of the new social drama has been more often proclaimed than realized in practice. It is not unreasonable to hope that a study of the Greek drama may help our playwrights, who with very few exceptions are now sunk in a lethargy of the imagination, to regain the freedom and poetic intensity of the symbolist and expressionist theater, while achieving a rationality of thought content which those movements lacked.

More important than any of these things might be the influence of the old plays in aiding us to win back the tragic and the comic sense of life. Professor Oates in the introduction suggests that tragedy rests upon three assumptions—the dignity of man, the sense of free will or responsibility, and the belief in some divine or superhuman power or force. Place these over against the problem of evil, he says, and the dramatic action will be tragic. Generalizing this prescription in such a way as to avoid transitory theological connotations, these assumptions might be amended to read—the potential dignity of man, the sense of will or choice, and the belief in some suprahuman laws or suprapersonal ideals. The problem of evil should likewise be taken to include the perennial problem how evil may be overcome, as well as the more limited question how evil came to exist, which is a problem only if you cling to certain theological preconceptions.

Near the end of "The Symposium" Plato tells us that Socrates was expounding to the two of his fellow-banqueters who were not yet under the table the thesis that tragedy and comedy are one in essence. Following up this hint, we may suggest that great comedy rests upon the same principles as tragedy, although it conceives them less vividly and brings them to a different focus. This difference of focus may be, as Santayana indicates, that comedy sees man from without, tragedy from within. The shift of focus would explain the tragi-comic status of Don Quixote, Charlie Chaplin, and Donald Duck.

Although the comic sense is always with us in some measure, it appears that now, as in Greece, the development of first-rate comedy must wait upon the emergence of authentic tragedy. In the decade since Mr. Krutch pronounced the obsequies of the tragic sense, the corpse has shown stirrings of life. The genuinely tragic, present in the more important works of Thomas Mann from the beginning, has been progressively intensified. Something very close to it can be found in Malraux's "Man's Fate" and in a number of lesser works, such as John Steinbeck's "In Dubious Battle." (His more popular "Of Mice and Men," like Hemingway's "To Have and Have Not" and most of the poems of Robinson Jeffers, is a specious article.) We live, as we are often told, in an age of faith, and this is one prerequisite to tragedy. Another is that this faith be doggedly questioned, so that it may become ethically mature and reasoned. Will there be time for this? An alarming possibility faces our writers today: that we must enact our tragedies before we can write them.

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* "The Complete Greek Drama." Edited by Whitney J. Oates and Eugene O'Neill, Jr. Random House. Two Volumes. $5.

Despite the labors of the editors and the publisher of these two handsome volumes, whatever light the Greeks can cast upon these questions will remain beclouded until better translations of the tragedies are available. The comedies, done into current prose, are sprightly, unbowdlerized, and, except for the inevitable sacrifice of lyric qualities, thoroughly satisfactory. Of the tragedies, only R. C. Trevelyan's "Ajax" and F. M. Stawell's "Iphigenia in Aulis" avoid archaisms and try to reproduce the Greek cadences; they, however, are somewhat lacking in verbal beauty. Robert Potter and Thomas Francklin in the eighteenth century seem to have established the precedent for the barbarous mock-heroic idiom —a jargon never spoken or speakable by Anglo-Saxon man—which most of the translators have used, both in the metrical and in the prose versions. The plays done by Gilbert Murray stand out above the rest, in spite of the mannerisms and the Swinburnian lushness. That the Greeks have meant more to the poets than to the scholars is attested by the fact that Fitts's and Fitzgerald's "Alcestis" and MacNeice's "Agamemnon," which are probably too recent to be included here, promise better things. The Greeks are too precious to be lost: the poets must rescue them from the pedants.

G. D. H. Cole

PERSONS AND PERIODS. By G. D. H. Cole. The Macmillan Company. $3.75.

G. D. H. COLE must be ranked high among the Stakhanovists of authorship. In the twenty-five years since his first book appeared his output of works covering the past, present, and future of labor would do credit to a syndicate; yet with the aid of Margaret Cole he somehow finds leisure to throw off a mystery story or two every year. Moreover, Cole is by no means a secluded writing machine. He teaches at Oxford and is an active participant in the British labor movement.

At one time, as this reviewer has grateful cause to remember, Cole was an outstanding teacher of evening classes for workers. To this task he brought a real gift for clarity, skill in marshaling essentials, a faculty for always being in earnest without ever being dull, and an inability to talk down to his audience. It is these same qualities which have made him so good a guide to much larger audiences of plain men seeking light in the labyrinthine darkness of current politics and economics.

If Cole had not devoted himself to education in the wider sense, he might have won greater renown as a social historian. Even so, he has to his credit such works as "The Life of Robert Owen," and in this new volume we have further proof of his scholarship. It is a collection of essays, many of which have been published previously but now appear in a revised form, dealing mainly with social change in Britain since the beginning of the eighteenth century. It opens with two studies of Daniel Defoe, not in his capacity as author of "Robinson Crusoe" and "Moll Flanders," but as propagandist and reporter on economic conditions. We then pass by way of a consideration of the growth of urban society in Britain to a description of the legal savageries by which, in the early nineteenth century, the ruling classes sought to suppress any organization of the proletariat which accompanied that growth. This leads naturally to two fine studies of that early champion of the working classes, William Cobbett, whom Cole has done much to restore to his rightful place in social history. Finally, after one or two essays of lesser importance, we have discussions of three men who from the underlying ferment of their times distilled a potent brew of ideas—Rousseau, Robert Owen, and Marx.

The study of Marx first appeared as an introduction to the Everyman edition of "Capital" and is certainly a useful aid to the student of that most difficult work. Cole is not quite a whole-hearted Marxian, though he accepts the basic truth of the materialist conception of history and the theory of surplus value. He makes the interesting comment that Marx took a "mystical view of reality" which must be appreciated if his thought is to be understood.

> The One is for him more real than the many; and he is always reaching out for a real oneness underlying the phenomenal multiplicity of the capitalist world. He envisages a working class, which he has attempted to organize in the International Workingmen's Association, in process of becoming one, and he sees the capitalists of the world as banded together against the working class. This oneness alone is real. . . . The "detail laborer" is a mere abstraction; not individuals but only social classes possess ultimate reality.

Cole, though he might deny it, is a liberal as well as a Socialist; to him men can never be mere abstractions. That is why, though Marx has his respect, his affection goes to Cobbett, the full-blooded Englishman, incapable of scientific reasoning but powerfully moved by the logic of poverty and injustice.

> Above all else [writes Cole] I think of Cobbett as the man who, at a wretched time in the history of the English people, put hope into their hearts, not by telling lies or painting fancy pictures, either of this world or the next, but by good solid cursing that never degenerated into a whine or mere vaporing of despair, but bade men gird up their loins and struggle for the right.

And that too, in his own less boisterous way, the way of a teacher, is what G. D. H. Cole has been doing for the last quarter-century.

KEITH HUTCHISON

Conversion to Violence

THE SUMMER SOLDIER. By Leane Zugsmith. Random House. $2.50.

THE LIBERALS. By John Hyde Preston. Reynal and Hitchcock: John Day Publications. $2.50.

A LIBERAL, according to recent news from the Hollywood political front, is a man who has both his feet firmly planted in the air. Miss Zugsmith and Mr. Preston devote their pages to showing just how ethereal air can be. Did they have to? The liberal has at least one virtue, he feels as well as his critics the atmospheric qualities of his footing, and he clings to it as much in doubt as in hope. If the liberal is ever the hero of historical change, he is likely to be a dejected one—a revolutionary Hamlet flanked by Lady Macbeths—gaining our tears more than our confidence. The liberal's faith persisting, nevertheless, that human deeds can be accomplished in reason and moderation, the slaying of this melancholy phoenix is the intention of "The Summer Soldier" and "The Liberals." Both volumes subject their liberal protagonists to contact with present-day industrial *mores.* In both volumes the protagonists either retire from the conflict or accept what is apparently the alternative—a conversion to violence. "He had seen the unavoidable, bloody conclusion of the liberal's logic," meditates Mr. Preston's hero, "and now he knew that his liberal position was, from this time on, forever untenable." "Violence," says Miss Zugsmith's minister, somewhat less oratorical in his brooding. "They have forced it upon us."

In one respect, however, these books differ, for the first of them, "The Summer Soldier," is a good novel. Leane Zugsmith is of course an able young writer. Witty, acute, more sensitive than powerful, she is to be sure a light novelist, but a light novelist of distinction who has been dealing with fresh and important social topics—a literary union, so to say, of Marx and Fanny Burney. If Miss Zugsmith's convictions are urgent, her manner is not; for an idealist she is well versed in human frailties; when, as in her present book, she treats of hatred she does so most sympathetically, and even her violence is never quite vicious. Her present subject—the pilgrimage of a group of reformers to a Southern mill town—is less dramatic than that of "A Time to Remember," in which she caught so vividly the ways of speech and thinking of department-store workers. Her most effective characters, too, are not those directly illustrating her thesis but the maladjusted playwright Donohue and the amusing adventuress Carol Gilman. Carol is like some other fashionable ladies who embrace revolution as the sequel to psychoanalysis, Donohue is typical of the disturbed mentality which seeks a release from personal conflicts in social ones, but both of them are distinctive in the humility with which they accept their own temperaments. Neither Donohue nor Carol are arguments for or against liberalism, and the virtue of Miss Zugsmith's story lies simply in its account of the very human reactions of average citizens to the corruption and the casual brutality which condition the lives of large portions of the American people.

I wish I could say as much for "The Liberals." It presents a richer statement of the intellectual position and conflicts

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of the liberal; its theme—the conversion to revolutionary thought of Philip Whitlock, another playwright and also neurotic—is related to an interesting study of a New England industrial family; but it is a weak novel. Though Mr. Preston paints his revolutionary cause quite as attractively as he does his heroine Ann, we care about as little that Phil espouses the one as the other. Mr. Preston, moreover, slaps his moral upon his little social scene, which does not necessarily deserve it, just as other theorists of historical determinism have fixed their own upon the larger one—and so to a certain extent have created the future they have fancied. For it now appears, as modern psychological science echoes ironically the rejected doctrine of free will, that the "inevitable" lies also within us. MAXWELL GEISMAR

Jews in America

ROOTS IN THE SKY. By Sidney Meller. The Macmillan Company. $3.

OUT of the life of Jews in America and the age-old struggle between orthodox parents and errant children Sidney Meller has made a rich and flavorous novel. Using an approach that reminds one of Dos Passos, he freights his narrative with the trenchant details of many lives, focusing equally on each of the many members of the Drobnen family. At the center, most impressive of all, is the father, orthodox old-world rabbi, utterly man of God, fountain of Talmudic learning, humble, childlike, rooted in the sky; at his side, blindly sacrificial, guiding her husband in practical things but worshiping him spiritually, doggedly resisting all Americanization, is his wife; and flowing away from them into all channels of New World life are their six children—David, trying desperately to follow his father's ideals but ever groping and unhappy; Miriam, the thwarted, neuroses-ridden old maid; Aba, the introspective intellectual seeking a meaning, a credo, and a function; Leo, crass, scheming, money-mad. But the significant thing here is that a handful of epithets will not capture the full-bodied, three-dimensional individuality these characters possess in the book; they resist summation because there is about them all the flux and complexity of human nature itself.

Around them, with many authentic touches, the author has thrown the spirit and atmosphere of the American Jewish community, stroking in with special care the relationship between the Rabbi and those pillars of Jewish society, the elders who support and rule his synagogue. The portraits of these lay figures, of their chicanery, hypocrisy, and infrequent goodness, offer striking contrasts to the bright exotic fabric of the Rabbi's life—a fabric woven of Talmudic wisdom, holy fervor, and a dizzying pattern of esoteric ritual. Throughout there is the struggle between the parents and the children, but it is the conflict between the Rabbi, so naive in his faith, and the ruthless, canting lay leaders that furnishes the immediate drama and the narrative climax. Although the excursions into religious ritual are sometimes over long, and although from time to time variety pushes out concentration, these seem venial faults, for "Roots in the Sky" is a full book, a vivid and pithy book, and occasionally a very moving one. MILTON RUGOFF

RECORDS

A READER of this column writes: "Some months ago you sharply reduced the amount of space accorded jazz or swing records. I presume that this change was in response to letters from readers. I should like to urge that you give more attention to swing. Your judgment in the field is excellent and your advice is much the best that I see."

When I first discussed jazz here I contended that readers who, like myself, appreciated inventive power and imagination and taste in cultivated music and its performance should, as I did, appreciate these qualities in certain hot or improvised performances by outstanding jazz players. I had occasion to reaffirm this belief when I mentioned the disapproval of some readers and the approval of others to my giving space to jazz; and it is still my belief. If I have given less space to this music recently it is only because there has been so little that required mention.

During the past winter I listened to every new record of Teddy Wilson, and was appalled by playing that mechanically traced patterns of a style which no longer had living impulse behind it. One record recently caused me to sit up in surprise and pleasure over a solo in which Wilson's playing was again the live and fascinating thing it had been two years before; but the next day someone reminded me that this record, "All My Life," was in fact one that Wilson had made two years ago and that was now reissued. And one new record, "Jungle Love," I thought fair.

I listened also to Duke Ellington's records; and only two—"Braggin' in Brass" and "Harmony in Harlem"—approach some of the records of five and six years ago that have been cut out of the Brunswick catalogue to make room for the uninteresting and pretentious things Ellington has been turning out recently. In Benny Goodman's output of the year I found one good record—"One O'Clock Jump," which I mentioned a while ago. Red Norvo's best was beautifully sensitive performances of written accompaniments of Mildred Bailey's singing—good recent examples being "Small Fry" and "Born to Swing" on Vocalion, "The Sunny Side of Things" and "Put Your Heart in a Song" on Brunswick. But a few years ago Mildred Bailey sang with improvised accompaniments ("Some Day, Sweetheart" on Vocalion, "Willow Tree" on English Parlophone) which were vastly more exciting; now it is only Billie Holiday who does that; and it is because of the instrumental background and interlude that one accepts her affected singing in the recent "Says My Heart." What Claude Thornhill is capable of doing on a piano he showed in the superb "Tillie's Downtown Now" on English Parlophone, but not in the written accompaniments of Maxine Sullivan's charming singing—an exception being the recent "Please Be Kind." And that is all I have to report now.

The miraculous sounds that Koussevitzky produces with the Boston Symphony Orchestra are reproduced better than I have ever heard before by the Victor set of Prokofiev's amusing trifle "Lieutenant Kije" (three records, $6.50), with the March and the delightful Scherzo from "The Love of Three Oranges" on the sixth side. These miraculous sounds

Burlingame, Cal.

are one thing that makes Koussevitzky an unequaled conductor of Debussy's music; another thing is his interpretative insight into this music. Whom, therefore, does Victor select to record Debussy's "Ibéria"? Right you are: Barbirolli, who can get the New York Philharmonic to produce nothing more miraculous than the correct notes, and who as an interpreter achieves the feat of reducing even the joyousness and excitement of the last movement to stodginess and dulness (2½ records, $5).

Outstanding among Columbia releases is Haydn's fine Symphony No. 93, superbly played by the London Philharmonic under Beecham and excellently recorded (three records, $5). Columbia also offers a new set of Franck's Quintet made by E. Robert Schmitz and the Roth Quartet (five records, $7.50)—one that might be a good set if the strings were not recorded so poorly, and so weakly in relation to the piano. And the surfaces have got to the point now where even a chromium needle begins to give defective reproduction by the end of the first side, or at the latest the middle of the second side.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Gunther's Figures Questioned

Dear Sirs: With the main thesis of John Gunther's article Will Japan Hold Out? in *The Nation* of August 13 I am in full agreement. No sane observer can believe that China will win a complete victory *soon,* or that Japan will crack up in the near future. To make this point, he necessarily painted the darker shadings—possibly with somewhat too heavy a brush.

On certain matters of fact with regard to Japan, however, he is definitely in error. The Japanese debt has not increased from twelve to seventeen billion yen in a single year. To achieve this result Mr. Gunther has simply added the deficit loans in the recent Japanese budget to Japan's known public debt. But budgetary loans are not floated all at once, and meanwhile the debt is being serviced and partially reduced. Japan's actual public debt is closer to the first figure—twelve billion yen—than to the second.

I question the assertion that there is no currency inflation in Japan. The Bank of Japan's note issue is running currently at nearly two billion yen, or roughly 400 million above that of a year ago. With the statutory gold reserve reduced to 500 million yen, coverage is not 40 per cent but 25 per cent. Mr. Gunther's statement that "some gold has been sold," shipped abroad, is a masterpiece of understatement. Gold shipments since March, 1937, will soon aggregate $400,000,000, leaving Japan with approximately $150,000,000. The same holds true for his statement that "prices are generally rising." They have been rising so rapidly that Japan has been forced to fix retail prices by government edict, enforced by some 3,800 "economic police" officers.

It may be true that totalitarian states can "perform incredible juggleries with money" in the domestic field. But they cannot produce gold or foreign exchange where none exists, and this is the crux of Japan's economic problem. To say that Japan "has been a totalitarian state since about the sixteenth century," moreover, is to coin a striking aphorism but to add little to our knowledge of Japanese politics. It seems to mean that there is no political struggle going on there worth considering or analyzing. Surely Mr. Gunther does not wish to dismiss the critical developments in Japan's political life since 1931 as beneath notice.

Mr. Gunther's article performs a distinct service. It makes clear that this devastating war may go on for years. Some action by the outside world seems to be called for. At the very least, the United States might stop supplying Japan with the war materials and the foreign exchange used for its campaign of destruction.

T. A. BISSON

New York, August 30

No Basic Differences

Dear Sirs: I don't imagine that Mr. Bisson and I differ much in basic attitudes. I am sorry if he doubts my figures. Most of them came from the *Japan Advertiser,* the excellent American daily published in Tokyo. Where are Mr. Bisson's from?

JOHN GUNTHER

Norwalk, Conn., September 2

Saroyan Anthology

Dear Sirs: I am editing "An Anthology of Lousy Writing," and want contributions from good published writers who have at one time or another, preferably recently, written badly. Contributions must be worse than just ordinarily bad and their authors must be better than just ordinarily good. Each contributor is invited to comment on his contribution: how it happened to be written, et cetera. The book will contain short stories, chapters of novels, poems, essays, criticism, book reviews, plays, scenarios, and any other kind of writing by good writers that happens to be lousy. All contributions must be unpublished. Each piece will appear in the book without the name of its author, so that the reader may try to guess who the author is. The last part of the book will be devoted to the comments of the authors. No invitations will be sent direct to writers, so that only those who appreciate the value of the Anthology will be in it. If good writers send me lousy writing, this project will not be a gag but an undertaking of far-reaching importance. All material must be mailed by September 30. My address is 348 Carl Street, San Francisco.

WILLIAM SAROYAN

San Francisco, August 29

Police-Chief Tyranny

Dear Sirs: A local committee received permission from the management of the Sea Breeze Theater at Oak Bluffs, Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, to distribute circulars in connection with a two-day showing of "Blockade." On the second evening this permission was abruptly withdrawn, and the committee was notified by the chief of police, Gus Ameral, that distribution of North American Committee leaflets would be prohibited and that distributors would be arrested. The police chief said that he had received many complaints about the distribution of these "communist" leaflets. He presented a copy of the *Sunday Visitor* of August 21 as evidence that "Blockade" and its supporters were "reds." He refused to name the complainants or to specify his reasons for ruling that distribution was illegal. He ignored the committee's citation of Massachusetts constitutional rights and the Supreme Court's handbill decision of last spring. Five policemen were placed at the exit of the theater to prevent violation of the chief's ruling.

The committee did not intend to take up a collection in public places. Its purpose was to distribute literature in the interest of a humanitarian cause. We recommend that protest be made to the governor of the state, to the Massachusetts press (especially to the Martha's Vineyard *Gazette*), and to sympathetic religious bodies in Massachusetts, particularly in Martha's Vineyard, demanding that the chief of police be censured and that the right of distributing North American Committee literature be guaranteed.

HELEN ASCHE, ANN CHAMPION, SARAH GREENBAUM, HELEN GUDE, ALMA DAVIS HAYS, ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS, MARJORIE M. JACOBSON, CORLISS LAMONT, MARGARET I. LAMONT, ANITA MARBURG, ELIZABETH F. MC GHEE, SYDNEY MILLER.

Vineyard Haven, Mass., August 29

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THE *Nation*

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The Shape of Things

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MEASURED BY ELECTION RETURNS, THE President's attempt to purge the Democratic Party of elements hostile to his program has been unsuccessful. Tuesday will see the last primary test this year of Mr. Roosevelt's power to exorcise when Chairman O'Connor of the House Rules Committee faces the opposition of James H. Fay for the Democratic nomination in the Sixteenth Congressional District, New York City. One of Mr. O'Connor's conservative Democratic colleagues on the Rules Committee, William J. Driver, was defeated in Arkansas, the one Roosevelt victory so far in the "purge." We hope Mr. O'Connor will be the next. The President's candidate, David J. Lewis, was defeated by Tydings in Maryland on Monday, and as we go to press George seems certain of winning the Democratic nomination in Georgia despite the New Deal's opposition. The renomination of Lonergan by the Democratic state convention in Connecticut is another bitter pill for the Administration, although the influence of Attorney General Cummings, another conservative Democrat, prevented an open fight against him. So far no anti-New Deal Senator has been unseated, although two New Dealers, Pope and McAdoo, have been defeated. But Republican celebration is premature. Tydings's efforts to picture himself as a New Dealer, George's avoidance of any direct attack on the President, the unctuous tributes paid to Mr. Roosevelt by Senator Maloney at the Connecticut convention indicate that these polls are no test of the President's prestige. The Maine Congressional elections, where Townsendite Republicans defeated conservative Democrats supported by conservative Republicans, are a portent. When New Dealers lose to $30-every-Thursday in California and $200-every-month in Maine, prospects are not too favorable for the safe-and-sound G. O. P.

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THE EFFORTS OF THE GREAT POWERS TO make short shrift of the annual session of the League Assembly furnishes an ironical footnote to Europe's war crisis. For it was to meet just such crises that the League

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was created and equipped with extraordinary powers. Minority questions such as now agitate Czechoslovakia are very much within the scope of the League's jurisdiction. Hitler's attempt to bring pressure on the Czech republic is in direct defiance not only of the League but of the principles on which it was founded. Elsewhere other momentous problems demand solution. China has appealed for belated action against Japanese aggression. Franco's rejection of the plan for withdrawing foreign "volunteers" from Spain calls for immediate measures either to open the frontier or to blockade the rebel areas. Mussolini's recent campaign against the Jews makes more urgent than ever the need of some provision for political refugees. Instead of dealing with these pressing matters, delegates to the League have been considering whether or not to declare Article XVI optional. Although this proposal has been shelved out of deference to the seriousness of the Czech crisis, members are to be left free to decide whether they will participate in sanctions as provided by the Covenant. Drawing the teeth of the League is the last thing which could maintain peace at the present moment; effective League action in the Chinese or the Spanish wars would prove more effective in checking Hitler than anything else that could be done at this late date.

*

THE DECLARATION OF A MISTRIAL IN THE Hines case obviously cost Justice Pecora many hours of painful deliberation. The decision itself is not a cold summation but a warm argument for a conviction so strongly held that its practical consequences could not prevail against it. These consequences are serious. The trial, which was an expensive one, was already four weeks old, and the prosecution, which had finished its case, had laid all its cards on the table. The defendant is an old-line Tammany politician to whom the public certainly owes no sympathy. The issue is racketeering. Nevertheless Justice Pecora declared a mistrial because District Attorney Dewey asked a witness a question linking Hines with the poultry racket, a charge not contained in the indictment. To Dewey's contention that the question comprised only fourteen words in a record of 4,600 pages, Justice Pecora replied that "a sounder analogy would be that one drop of poison taken into the human system might kill the individual." Obviously the question is a narrow one of judgment; already legal authorities are dividing sharply on the decision. We agree with Justice Pecora's position that the tradition of the fair trial is far too precious to be put in jeopardy for the sake of convicting a Tammany politician. But we cannot help doubting whether that tradition was actually at stake, even assuming the impropriety of Dewey's question. The decision is a severe rebuke to Dewey as prosecutor. To Dewey the potential Republican candidate for Governor it may prove a decisive setback.

EACH TIME THAT FRANCO'S PLANES HAVE rained bombs on defenseless civilians, his partisans have offered an unvarying explanation: "The bombs were aimed at military objectives." This statement has been challenged by successive exposures of the facts, but the most impressive refutation thus far is the recent report of a dispassionate British commission of inquiry. Composed of two British military men, the commission essentially sustained the judgment of reputable correspondents who witnessed the raids. Granting the difficulty in some cases of distinguishing intent from result, the commission nevertheless found that a shocking number of raids lacked any justification in even remote military objectives. The most frightful of these was the assault of May 25 on Alicante, in which 272 persons were killed and 224 wounded. This raid, in the words of the commission, was "a deliberate attack on the civilian area of a city." But if this attack was most horrible in its results, its savage pattern was not unique. The report cites other cases in which it is equally clear that Franco's bombs could only have been intended to demoralize civilians by providing a steady spectacle of mass murder. As a timely supplement to the commission's findings, a dispatch from Washington reports the use of new, German-made bombs in assaults on Barcelona. These bombs, for which Spain is the testing ground, not merely demolish their immediate targets but have been known to kill people standing an eighth of a mile from where the missile landed. Such bombs would scarcely be serviceable for scrupulously restricted attacks on "military objectives."

*

DWARFED BY WORLD APPREHENSION OVER Nazi policy in Europe, the abortive insurrection in Chile nevertheless conformed to the familiar Nazi pattern. The upheaval also dramatized the horizons of German ambition. As Chile's presidential elections neared, Nazi supporters of the reactionary General Carlos Ibañez saw that his chance of victory was negligible. With customary arrogance they sought to achieve through a sudden and violent putsch what a peaceful ballot would have denied. The attempt was premature and was resolutely suppressed; new precautionary measures are now being planned. But it would be foolish to believe that the sources of danger have been eliminated. The parallel action of Chile's native National Socialists and German Nazis operating in Chile is not purely "accidental" or symptomatic of only momentary accord. The fact is that Berlin views Chile as one of its most vital bases in this part of the world and has been steadily increasing its influence there in recent years. The full extent of this penetration will be described by Ludwig Lore in next week's *Nation*. It is meanwhile worth noting that the unsuccessful fascist stroke may be ultimately beneficial in increasing Chilean awareness of the Nazi menace.

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MEXICO'S POSITION AS LEADER OF THE forces opposing fascism on the American continent was demonstrated in the two conferences held in Mexico City in the past fortnight. As a direct outcome of the Latin American Labor Congress, a Confederation of Workers of Latin America has been set up by the representatives of nineteen countries, with Vicente Lombardo Toledano, leader of the Mexican C. M. T., as president. This organization will devote its energies primarily to what President Cárdenas called an imperative need, namely, the "winning of full economic and political autonomy for Latin American nations." This is a task for which Mexico has already set the course. Although neither the C. I. O. nor the A. F. of L. is represented in the new body, the participation of John L. Lewis in the International Peace Conference sessions which opened last week with many of the same delegates attending may be taken as an indication of a growing unity of interests between the workers of the two Americas. Lewis did not address himself to Latin American problems as such but spoke of the growing fascist menace in the United States as a corollary to the reactionary movement throughout the world. He could well have added that the only force likely to be powerful enough to stem the tide of this reaction was a strong, united labor movement embracing the whole continent.

*

FRANK BUCHMAN'S "MORAL REARMAMENT" conference at Interlaken has been packing them in. Two thousand persons from forty-five nations, according to the New York *Times*, listened in silence as the Reverend P. T. Huey Barnum of the Oxford Group opened the conference by declaring in no uncertain terms and, we hope, with the appropriate gestures: "The world is at the crossroads." (The traffic at the crossroads this season has been the heaviest on record.) The Oxford Group is featuring this year its new nostrum of "moral rearmament" as well as the old staples of changed thinking, God-control, and teamwork between capital and labor (wonderful for dealing with strikes); it is also displaying a new number called Nordic democracy. Sven Stolpe, described as a Swedish "labor author," declared that the Scandinavian nations were beginning to find through the Oxford Group that God had the answers to the three major problems in Europe: national selfishness, fear of division in industrial life, and minorities. (They have not yet been announced.) At another meeting a former radical agitator told how he had given up "mean-minded revolution" for the gospel of changing lives. But our favorite testimonial came from the nephew of the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, no less, who wired: "Your message of moral rearmament will . . . solve Palestine's problem." We might construe the whole affair as a burlesque of the disarmament conferences that have taken place in Switzerland since the last war, but if the Buchman movement were capable of that much humor it wouldn't be as funny as it is.

*

SARAH OLIVER HULSWIT HAS STARTED A new crusade. With the incomparable energy and unmitigated self-confidence of the well-to-do woman who wrestles incessantly with the knotty problem of how to waste her time, Mrs. Hulswit and her buddies in the Women's Rebellion have proposed that men and women on relief be disfranchised because they are not free to vote the way they wish and because they are sure to perpetuate the system that provides relief. According to this logic, the reliefers, if they could vote as they pleased, would cut down relief to Hoover proportions. But she is taking no chances. She would take away their vote at once by the simple method of enforcing the poll-tax requirement that remains as a dead letter on the statute books of many a state. Fortunately Mrs. Hulswit's political sense goes no deeper than her humanity. Her foolish suggestion provided President Roosevelt with an excellent opportunity to combine a sharp rebuke "to the ladies" with a simple lesson in democratic procedure; and the indignant responses especially of New Jersey politicians to her request that they work to disfranchise thousands of potential supporters have been almost funny in their Fourth of July eloquence. At this stage at least we cannot accord the Women's Rebellion the dignity of being a menace.

*

ON ACCOUNT of illness Paul Y. Anderson was unable to write a Washington letter for this issue; it will, we hope, appear as usual next week.

Dead End in Europe

HITLER'S words, like bombs falling on an undefended town, crashed into homes and city rooms and government offices in every country of the world. We go to press, the morning after his speech, knowing only its first effect. If its objective was to create panic and confusion in the ranks of his opponents, like most air bombardments it evidently failed. Reports from every European capital emphasize the calm mood in which his provocative words were received. His defiance of the democracies, his shop-worn attacks on Jews and Communists, and most of all his charge that the Czechs are the aggressors in the present crisis aroused bitter mirth rather than fear. And, after all, he failed to make his threats specific. That fact alone helped to deflate the intended menace of the speech. It is not that people deceive themselves as to his ultimate intentions. But they realize that he is not perhaps quite as anxious as his bluster would indicate to challenge the military forces of the Western powers and the Soviet Union; he is still, evidently, playing for a peaceful capitulation—presumably under the whip of the British—on the part of the Czechs. This does not mean that he is too smart to fight. It does suggest that he is aware that the military and economic power of the Third Reich is not yet as invincible as he likes to boast.

So much for the effect of his bombardment on the nerves of the *Ausländer.* Within Germany the repercussion was naturally different. One had only to listen to the roars of frenzied approval that met every promise, every boast, every appeal to Nazi solidarity, to realize that his Nazi followers believe what they are told, and that Hitler half believes what he tells them. Here was an unscrupulous adventurer threatening to precipitate a world war if necessary to support his avowed aim of national aggrandizement. Here was a shrewd politician deliberately maneuvering to put his opponents in the unhappy position of enemies of freedom. But here, too, undeniably, was a fanatical believer in the holiness of his mission. In short, here was a master demagogue, the most dangerous man on earth. The Germans heard only the voice of the crusader pledging himself and his people to the rescue of their brothers in blood and faith from the clutches of a tyrant power controlled by Bolsheviks and Jews. They heard of the encircling threat of the democracies and of their own leaders' sacrifices for peace. And nobody laughed in Nürnberg.

Everything remains outwardly as it was before the great detonation. The armies of Europe are mobilized, ready to move; the British still refrain from public commitments; Viscount Runciman is presumably hoping and working for a final, magnanimous gesture of suicide on the part of the Czechs; and, as we write, negotiations are actually being resumed between the Sudeten Germans and the government. But tension never remains static. A speech like Hitler's, by increasing a strain that has become almost unbearable, presses matters nearer to the breaking-point. He has not said the words that mean war, but he has effectually ruled out all the alternatives that might mean peace. His demand for self-determination seemed to suggest a plebiscite; but he has refused to countenance even that extreme expedient because it would "only be conducted under brutal oppression." Presumably, then, his speech was an invitation to the Germans in Czechoslovakia to rise in revolt, and a promise to come to their aid if their freedom was not promptly granted. But he did not name the day, and observers in Paris and Prague are finding great significance in his announcement that Germany's defenses would be completed "by the end of the year." Perhaps, as they hope, the great crusade will wait until that time, provided the Henleinists can keep their grievances alive and in good condition. But neither a solution nor a long delay seems to us at all likely. The gap between the uttermost that the Czechs can yield and the least that the Germans will take is measured by Hitler's determination to dominate Eastern Europe, come what may. And so the road narrows, ways of escape are cut off one by one, and the nations stumble toward a dead end. Today it is impossible to say how soon it will be reached, but it is even less possible than before Hitler's speech to see how it is to be avoided.

America's Role in the War Crisis

THE Czechoslovak crisis has become the paramount matter of world concern. The press is filled with tightly packed columns on what the French, the British, the Hungarians, and the Japanese will do in the event of an outbreak of fighting on the Czech-German border. Yet there is very little, even in the American papers, of what the United States might do in case of war. With no shortage of suggestions of how Britain, France, or Germany should act to prevent war, there is small indication that this country might play a role in preventing hostilities. Yet the United States, because of its size, the richness of its natural resources, and its dominant position in international trade, along with the British Empire holds the key to war and peace. If war comes, the policies adopted by the United States may ultimately determine the victor.

If President Roosevelt were free to make a definite statement of American policy at this time, it might have a decisive effect on the present crisis. But the President's hands are tied. The Neutrality Act adopted in 1936 specifically prevents the shipment of arms and ammunition to belligerents, regardless of whether they are fighting to destroy international law and order or to preserve it, of whether they are aggressors or the victims of aggression. As long as the act remains in its present form, any statement that the President or the Secretary of State might make against aggression would be set down as hypocrisy by the fascist powers. We have denounced the bombing of open cities in Spain and China, but we have consistently furnished Italy and Japan with the materials that make that bombing possible. Hitler doubtless feels that this benign arrangement would continue in a general war.

Actually this is unlikely to be the case. The Neutrality Act expires May 1, 1939, and a rapidly growing proportion of the American people have at last awakened to its true implications in a world in which the fascist aggressors are cynically picking off the weaker states one by one. Last spring's campaign for the lifting of the Spanish embargo had the backing of a great majority of the population. It was thwarted only by the strongest

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pressure from the Chamberlain government and the Catholic hierarchy. Despite frequent protest from a small band of isolationists centering in Washington, the act has been allowed to become a dead letter in the Far Eastern conflict. There is growing agitation for unilateral action to stop the flow of American war materials to Japan. Pressure for repeal or amendment of the Neutrality Act has come from such diverse quarters as left-wing groups, the leading women's peace organizations, the New York *Times* and the Washington *Post,* and the tory Republican press. The Administration has never regarded the act with favor.

The President has taken pains to assure the country that neither his speech in Canada on August 18 nor recent remarks by Mr. Hull and Mr. Bullitt implied any commitment, moral or otherwise, to the anti-Nazi forces in Europe. But the avowal of American sympathy in those statements still stands. And the time has come when warnings should be backed with action. There are a number of ways in which this can be done without involving this country in struggles that are peculiarly European. The report of the International Law Committee of the National Lawyers' Guild, issued last week, makes it clear that the State Department has technically broken the law in issuing licenses for shipments of arms and ammunition to Germany. Such shipments were expressly outlawed by the peace treaty with Germany signed August 25, 1921, and never amended. Should the State Department accept this interpretation Hitler would know definitely that he could not count on material aid from the United States in the event of war. The Hull trade policy furnishes an even better vehicle for throwing our influence on the side of non-aggressor countries. Germany has deliberately rejected and actively combated that policy, both in theory and in fact. The Nazi theory of autarchy is opposed to a revival of multilateral trade and for bilateral bargaining and discrimination. Why not give the Nazis a dose of their own medicine and place heavier penalties on countries that refuse to accept the principle of equal treatment? To supplement this action the United States should redouble its efforts to conclude favorable trade agreements with the countries that accept this principle and to strengthen them economically against pressure from the totalitarian states. The Anglo-American pact in particular should be carried to a conclusion, and efforts should be made to enter into negotiations with the threatened countries of Eastern Europe. In addition, a campaign might well be started to encourage the purchase of goods from the countries which have entered into agreements with us—especially Czechoslovakia.

When Congress reassembles, its first job should be the repeal of the Neutrality Act and the Johnson Act. Neither law has served or can serve the purpose for which it was intended. Both stand in the way of help to possible victims of aggression. Repeal would in no way injure Germany or any other state. But it would serve warning that the United States does not propose to continue to encourage aggression by specifically outlawing aid to the victims of such aggression. This action on the part of the United States might do more to head off war than anything Czechoslovakia can do.

Right-Wing Boomerang

THE report of the President's Commission on Industrial Relations in Great Britain is the most embarrassing thing that has happened in a long time to our friends on the right. For months, in their drive to revise the Wagner Act, they have pointed to British law, and in particular the Trades Union Disputes Act of 1927, as a model on which to reconstruct our own collective-bargaining legislation. Mr. Roosevelt gave the appearance of having been jockeyed into appointing the commission as a concession to the reactionaries. Their jubilation mounted when John L. Lewis, on learning that the investigation might be made the basis for revision of the National Labor Relations Act, withdrew his sanction for C. I. O. representation on the commission. The White House sought to allay labor's suspicions by announcing that the report would be purely factual, but only succeeded in whetting conservative expectations. "How can men of independent minds like Gerard Swope, Lloyd K. Garrison, and Charles R. Hook, among others designated," asked Arthur Krock in the New York *Times,* "agree to refrain from any report which might impress American readers with the belief that this country could apply some lessons of British and Swedish experience?" Although Leo Huberman, in an article in *The Nation* of February 19, had shown that current American notions of British labor law were highly fanciful, misinformation continued to pour from spokesmen for the business point of view. Again the oracular Mr. Krock may serve as an example. He wrote that the "present Trades Union Act" in Great Britain "forbade sympathetic strikes and all strikes interfering with the processes of government, made the treasuries of the unions liable for damages in the event of broken contracts, and confined picketing to persons actually on strike at the premises. . . . As a result, British employers opened their arms to unionism and collective bargaining, and they are severely punished by law if they seek to undermine either."

This, the report to the President shows, is almost entirely inaccurate. The Trades Union Act of 1927 is bad, but not half so bad as our reactionaries have painted it. Sympathetic strikes, unless part of a general strike like that which Britain experienced in 1926, are not forbidden; the commission found that 71,000 workers went out on sympathetic strikes in 1923, 1924, and 1925 as compared with 120,000 involved in sympathetic strikes in 1934, 1935, and 1936. Picketing is not confined to "persons actually on strike at the premises." Nor are British employers "severely punished by law" if they seek to undermine unionism or collective bargaining. In fact, the chief characteristic of the British system is the absence of legal compulsion. The Ministry of Labor has an arbitration panel, but decisions are not binding; it has a staff of conciliators, but they have no power except their own persuasiveness. There is a permanent Industrial Court to which disputes may be referred with the consent of both parties. "Unless otherwise agreed," the President's commission reports, "the court's awards are not binding, but they are generally accepted." The collective agreements of unions and employer organizations which govern most of British industry "rest upon moral force rather than upon legal compulsion," and unions cannot be sued for breach of contract or damage inflicted in the course of a trade dispute.

If the conditions revealed by the commission's report seem Arcadian in comparison with our own turbulent labor relations and lawless employers, it is comforting to note that Britain's labor struggles a half-century ago were as bitter as our own. Labor won its rights, as labor must win them everywhere, by fighting for them, and employers learned that unionization could be a pillar of stability only by long experience. "The most quarrelsome period of a trade's existence," one royal commission reported, "is when it is just emerging from the patriarchal condition." Tom Girdler and the Memorial Day Massacre may serve as outstanding incidents in this, our own patriarchal stage. British employers do not hire labor spies or "scabs," the commission learned, and struck plants ordinarily shut down until the dispute is settled. "Violence on the part of the workers and provocative tactics on the part of the employers have not for a long time played any significant part in industrial disturbances." We hope that Congress will leave the Wagner Act alone and let workers and employers "revise" our labor relations instead.

Why the Yankees Win

ALTHOUGH Joe Di Maggio may resent the analogy, there is a note of Greek tragedy in the annual achievements of the New York Yankees. As early as May the experts concede them the pennant; the other teams nourish slender hopes until midsummer, when the shadow of inevitability and Lou Gehrig can no longer be evaded. Now we are witnessing the dreary culmination of an event long ago prophesied; it is scarcely momentous whether the Browns or Athletics win the mad dash for the cellar. Whatever real tension remains is confined to the National League, where four teams are supposedly battling for the privilege of facing the Yankees in the World Series. Judging from the mediocre play of these contenders, that is no privilege. With the Yankees once more supreme and preparing to commit murderous assault in the inter-league competition, the "bleacher bugs" have focused their attention on a broader and more universal dilemma. The issue is what to do with the Yankees, since it is plainly impossible to do anything to them. This may seem a rather abstruse point, but the whole season has been distinguished by sociological controversy. There was the valiant sitdown strike of Mr. Di Maggio against a $25,000 starvation wage. There was *l'affaire* Jake Powell: Jake, the Yankee left-fielder, announced during a radio interview that his favorite winter sport was "cracking niggers on the head" while serving as a Dayton policeman. The baseball magnates, none of whom allow Negroes on their teams, were quick to denounce Powell's uncouth chauvinism. These and similar incidents have furnished an adequately somber setting for consideration of the Yankee problem.

Strictly speaking, the Yankees are not a case for the monopoly inquiry, as some left-wing commentators have implied. Although the fact may seem more technical than real, there are seven other teams in the league. Their existence tends to escape public notice by mid-August, but it nullifies the concept of an airtight monopoly. It is equally clear that the Yankees demonstrate many of the problems usually identified with concentration of finance. They own or dominate a dozen minor-league clubs from Kansas City to Binghamton and New York; from these outfits they draw a steady stream of fresh talent to replace fading stars; they simultaneously keep promising newcomers beyond the grasp of other teams. With such reservoirs available each spring, it is silly for the Yankees' rivals to invoke the slogan which Brooklyn made famous: "Wait for next year." Nor is the damage which the Yankees inflict upon the competitive order restricted to the big leagues. Their Newark farm long ago clinched the International League pennant; by mid-August an upstate newspaper, in listing the standing of the teams, omitted Newark on the plausible ground that the Bears were in a league by themselves. As the Yankees' empire prospers, interest and enthusiasm in numerous other cities dwindle.

This is a peculiarly deceptive phenomenon. In ordinary economic life, the Yankees, having exterminated their rivals, would take over the industry and relax; such a solution is palpably unsound on the diamond, where at least a sham rivalry is essential to business. Should the Yankees be forced to sell their stars? Should they be broken into small units? We do not know the answer, but the issue may after all be a proper one for Thurman Arnold to explore. Frankie Frisch and Micky Cochrane, having been unceremoniously dropped from their respective managerial posts, would make talented special investigators.

Townsend Racket—New Phase

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

Portland, Oregon, September 10

FOR four years now the Townsend Plan has worked a cruel racket—holding out the promise of riches to the old and poor. Recently the campaign in its favor entered a new phase. Dr. Townsend, who had to paint the floor of his own office before the dimes began rolling in, has instructed his adherents to vote for any Republican or anti-New Deal Democrat who indorses the plan. As a consequence some of the most reactionary politicians in the Northwest have come out for the Doctor's panacea. Worth Clark, for instance, whom the sound-money newspapers of the East hailed as a great, constructive statesman at the time of his victory over Senator Pope in the Idaho primaries, has committed himself to a scheme based on "revolving dollars." "The only recovery program which is not based on debt," he told the old people of Idaho, "is the Townsend Plan. It would circulate $16,000,000,000 a year. I am for it and I am in favor of giving it a trial."

The Townsend movement still has a formidable following in the states of the Columbia River basin. Dr. Townsend himself attracts record crowds when he speaks at county fairs. Clark's support of the scheme was an important factor in his slender margin of 2,858 votes; and his success has led other tories to follow suit. Rufus Holman, state treasurer of Oregon and Republican Senatorial nominee in that state, took the "Townsend oath" and pronounced himself in favor of raising $24,000,000,000 annually for old-age pensions a few days after he had denounced the Administration for profligate spending! All three of Oregon's Republican Congressional nominees are Townsend Plan supporters. In their campaign speeches they tell business men they are opposed to the "cockeyed" policies of the New Deal—and assure the old folks of their support of the $200-a-month pension.

This is serious for the New Deal, for it diverts support from an Administration that has enacted pension legislation and throws it to candidates who have no intention of supporting any such legislation that would actually be effective. Political observers believe that if it had not been for Clark's plainly insincere eleventh-hour conversion to Townsendism, Pope would have squeezed through despite the influx of Republican "floaters." It is even more disturbing to see such firm New Dealers as Jerry O'Connell of Montana and Henry Hess of Oregon become Townsend adherents.

But Dr. Townsend prefers reactionaries. "No New Dealer," he said not long ago, "can be a full-blooded Townsendite." And the Townsend movement has become a sanctuary for all sorts of demagogues hostile to the Administration. The night before the Oregon primaries Joe Carson, the bombastic little mayor of Portland, prophesied that Governor Charles H. Martin, anti-New Deal Democrat, could be beaten only if "all the apes and Communists" voted for his opponent. Martin's decisive defeat so frightened this advocate of the balanced budget that he rushed out to a pension meeting and gave Dr. Townsend a fulsome introduction.

Dr. Townsend's personal representative in the state of Washington is Harry L. Bras, accomplished red-baiter and editor of the Centralia *Daily Chronicle*. Bras is also on the Townsend national committee. He denounces A. F. of L. and C. I. O. with a fine impartiality, and his paper recently came out editorially for the incorporation of all unions. The Reverend Simeon C. Williams, a Townsend lecturer, is "service supervisor" for the Portland General Electric Company. He assures Townsendites that the company is really their good friend. "Wouldn't it be a shame," he says rhetorically, "if the Bonneville Dam program should put it [the company] out of business." He goes so far as to tell the Townsendites that the power company will pay the 2 per cent transactions tax to get the pension plan under way. "But we can't get the tax if the power is sold by public-utility districts." Meanwhile, the old people, following the bright mirage of $200 a month, cheer enthusiastically reactionaries who predict the adoption of the Townsend Plan though they have never supported any genuine program of social security. Perhaps the worst aspect of the whole situation is that it permits many candidates to avoid any commitment on the real issue of old-age pensions and the adjustment and improvement of the present Social Security Act.

In Oregon Townsendites have been circulating initiative petitions to get a pension measure on the general election ballot. The old folks have spent their time and money in a house-to-house, farm-to-farm canvass to get the requisite number of signatures. Many of them have been deluded into thinking that once the measure is adopted they will begin drawing $200 a month in the next mail. Here is the proposition, word for word, on which their hopes are based:

> Authorizes and directs the state legislature to apply to the United States Congress to call a national convention for the purpose of proposing an amendment to the

United States Constitution to provide for the establishment and operation of the Townsend Plan.

A group of Townsend enthusiasts, detecting the fraud, decided to start a movement for the Townsend Plan on a statewide basis. They circulated petitions calling for an Oregon transactions tax to finance old-age pensions of $100 a month. Business men took one look at the bill and shivered. A tax of 2 per cent on every conceivable transfer of merchandise and money! The chambers of commerce sought help. They got it—from Dr. Townsend. Last week he virtually committed himself against his own plan when he announced through *Oregon Business and Investors,* whose name speaks for itself, that any individual state adopting the Townsend Plan "inevitably penalizes its business men and investors." Naturally State Treasurer Holman and the other Republicans who have taken the "Townsend oath" are opposing the Oregon Townsend bill. They are, to a man, in favor of generous old-age pensions as long as there is no possibility of such a law's enactment.

Three years ago in these pages I stated that the Townsend Plan was a racket. It still is.

Can Lewis Save the U. A. W.?

BY W. H. McPHERSON

Detroit, September 12

THE United Automobile Workers of America is the skyrocket of the American labor movement. It has had a swift, spectacular rise; it has shot off glowing flares of various shades of red to the accompaniment of thunderous detonations; and there is some possibility that it may soon burst apart. But here the analogy ceases, for the union will not burn itself out. Organization of the automobile workers is here to stay, regardless of what any union officials may do to break it up.

Significant labor organization in the automobile industry began in 1933. At that time each local was affiliated directly with the A. F. of L. In August, 1935, a charter was finally issued creating the U. A. W., but the federation insisted upon appointing its officers. Francis Dillon was named president and Homer Martin vice-president. In April, 1936, the union was granted autonomy and elected Martin as its president. In the following July it joined the C. I. O. In April it had claimed 40,000 members. Fifteen months later it claimed 400,000.

Last June, Martin suspended five of the union's seven officers, charging that they had conspired to disrupt the organization. In his public statements he asserted that their actions were the result of a Communist Party plot. The suspended officers countered with the accusation that Martin, under another type of communist influence, was disrupting the union. Reciprocal red-baiting was the order of the day. The pot was calling the kettle red.

According to the constitution of the union, adopted at its last biennial convention in Milwaukee a year ago, the highest authority in the union when the convention is not in session is the Executive Board. Between board meetings the president has the chief authority. The board normally consists of the seven officers—president, five vice-presidents, and secretary-treasurer—and seventeen regional representatives. The suspensions left nineteen members. The suspended officers were placed on trial this summer before the remaining members of the board. Four were expelled from the union, and the fifth was suspended from office until September 13.

The resulting clash between Martin's supporters and his opponents has now reached a crisis and is absorbing most of the attention of the union's officials. There are rumors of a new national convention, a rump convention, secessions, expulsions, and various compromise proposals. This dangerous situation has led John L. Lewis to propose a peace plan which calls for reinstatement of the disciplined officers, reaffirmation by all officers of their adherence to the harmony program adopted by the Executive Board last May, cessation of factional actions until the next regular convention, and appeal to the officers of the C. I. O. for settlement of any disputes concerning the application of this plan. The expelled officers and their supporters have accepted the proposed agreement. The Executive Board has recently convened to consider it.

The personalities of the leading characters in this drama of domestic incompatibility have a bearing on the situation. Homer Martin has a very pleasing personality, but he is not a strong executive. His selection for the presidency seems to have been due in part to his ability as an emotional orator and the expectation that he would prove valuable to the union in the field of public relations. His indecision is a major handicap. He is easily influenced by those who reach him first—and frequently influenced in the opposite direction by those who reach him later. Few persons, even among his supporters, seem sincerely to respect and admire him.

The expelled officers are the former vice-presidents Richard Frankensteen, Wyndham Mortimer, and Ed

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Hall, and the secretary-treasurer, George Addes. Frankensteen until a few months ago was Martin's most prominent supporter. He is widely known as one of the victims in the "battle of the overpass" at the Ford plant at Dearborn. He has a forceful personality and considerable ability. As a unionist he is conservative. He has displayed an ambition for more than his fair share of prominence both as a labor leader and as a politician. He is inclined to act rashly in a crisis. At present, like most of Martin's chief opponents, his judgment is clouded by personal animosity. Mortimer, oldest and most experienced of the group, earnest and well read, apparently has the convictions of a Communist, though he denies membership in the party. The suspended vice-president, Walter Wells, broke with Martin only a few days before his suspension. He is conservative, but has never had any appreciable influence in the union.

Of the six members of the Executive Board who opposed the expulsions the strongest is Walter Reuther. He is a Socialist, though in many respects he does not follow the policies of the party. He is the leader of an independent group in the union which, while hostile to Martin and opposed to the expulsions, is also opposed to the calling of a convention of the anti-Martin forces.

The factionalism now reaching its climax is almost as old as the union, which has long been divided into two parties or "caucuses." The demarcation in the personal alignment of the members of the two groups has been so sharp as to make it difficult for any officer of the locals to remain neutral; the demarcation in policies has been much less clear. In general the cleavage is between an aggressive union policy and a more moderate and cautious one. The moderates, under the leadership of Martin, adopted the title of Progressives. The more militant, with Mortimer as their chief official, came to be known as the Unity group. Neither of these titles is particularly descriptive of the group to which it is applied.

The differences between the policies of the two groups can be indicated by summarizing the chief objections raised by the members of Unity to the actions of the Progressives, who have been in control of the union. One cannot, however, be sure that the Unity group would act as their criticisms suggest if they were in control. Unity leaders in general favored a more vigorous conduct of strikes. They put greater value on the small, brief sitdown demonstration, and were consequently inclined to penalize less severely the instigators of unauthorized strikes, although they professed to be as ardent as the Progressives in their respect for the sacredness of the labor contract. They advocated a greater degree of autonomy for local unions and sought a reduction of the limitations upon the actions of shop stewards, who are the contact men between the local and its individual members in the factory. Usually they were less satisfied with the provisions of a labor agreement.

The Communists and Socialists and their sympathizers formed the nucleus and provided most of the leadership for the Unity group. The Unity "caucus" included, however, a great many members whose political views were far from left. Probably not more than one-fifth of one per cent of the union members belong to the Communist Party, and the Socialists are even less numerous.

At the convention last year the Progressives had a majority of about ten to seven. The C. I. O. advisers obtained a compromise on the election of officers by which the Unity officials—Mortimer, Addes, and Hall—were reelected. Of the other Executive Board members five belonged to the same caucus and a sixth usually voted with them. Thus the Progressives had a fifteen-to-nine majority on the board.

At about this time Frankensteen, still Martin's chief supporter, conferred with some of the leading American Communists. If his aim was to split the Communists and Socialists and thus to weaken the opposition to the Martin administration, he achieved his purpose, for the Unity group practically broke up last April when the Socialists felt they had been double-crossed by the Communists in the election of officers to the new Michigan C. I. O. Council. But the Communists were apparently playing much the same game as Frankensteen and they also succeeded, for they seem to have been partly responsible for Frankensteen's break with Martin. This break came late in April during caucus meetings of the Progressives on the Executive Board. There are various versions of the split. One is that Frankensteen clashed with Martin over the latter's proposal to purge the union of Communists. Many deny that Martin made such a proposal and claim that the break came because Frankensteen advocated the abolition of caucuses to suppress factionalism within the union. The Communists had long been urging this step, while Martin had opposed it on the ground that the Communists would still have a de facto caucus in their party meetings. Another version is that personal rivalries were the basic factor.

In any case the caucus discussion centered largely around the formulation of a "harmony program." Frankensteen was asked to draw up a specific proposal. Instead of submitting it to the Progressive caucus he released it to the public in the hope of gaining additional support for it. This made his break with Martin absolute, and he soon joined the Unity group.

At the board meeting convened on May 9 Martin presented a twenty-point harmony program very similar to Frankensteen's. The chief differences were that Martin omitted the abolition of caucuses and included the advocacy of certain bills before Congress. The program was unanimously adopted. It called for recognition of the union's constitution and the authority of its officers and Executive Board, guaranty of democratic rights to local unions, improvement of the conditions of employment, opposition to wage cuts, observance of union contracts, elimination of unauthorized stoppages and full support of authorized strikes, attainment of the closed shop, vigorous organization of Ford, the aircraft industry, WPA workers, and all shops competing with union plants, economy in union expenditures, allegiance to the C. I. O., support of farmers' organizations and consumers' cooperatives, support of Labor's Non-Partisan League and Governor Murphy, resistance to war propaganda, a stand on certain bills in Congress, and assumption by all union officers of full responsibility for the execution of these policies. The adoption of this program was acclaimed as the harbinger of a new era of union harmony.

A special board meeting called for June 9 was to consider a proposed contract for group insurance available to all union members, which apparently had been negotiated largely by the Finance Committee in violation of a board resolution. The plan had several questionable features. Opposition to it was probably one of the factors which caused Wells to switch from the Progressive to the Unity group at this time. Loren Houser also switched, though he returned to the Progressive fold the next day. Temporarily Unity had half the board members and high hopes of gaining an absolute majority.

When the board convened, one Unity member and three Progressives, including Martin, were absent; so Unity was in control. The board voted to expand the agenda and recessed until the following day. At that time enough of the Progressives absented themselves to prevent the obtaining of a quorum. Martin, rejecting the advice of John L. Lewis, suspended the five Unity officers on the ground that their actions constituted a violation of the new harmony program. The points which they wished to add to the agenda seem to me to be perfectly legitimate matters for Executive Board consideration, though the action they wished to take on some of them was probably contrary to Martin's desires. If they were guilty of violating the harmony agreement, the guilt probably lay more in their spirit and attitude than in their official actions at this meeting.

Why the internal factionalism has reached the present critical stage in the U. A. W. while most other unions have been able to launder their linen in private is an interesting question. Martin blames the Communists, but they appear to be no more numerous or disruptive in the U. A. W. than in many other unions. Personalities supply part of the answer. The strong ambitions of several officers have accentuated the disagreements. And Martin appears to lack the strength of character and the tolerance for conflicting attitudes that enable some labor leaders to draw together persons of varying views for effective concerted action.

One fact which helps to explain the recent explosions is the influence Jay Lovestone has had on Martin. When Martin attacks the Communist influence in the union he finds himself tossing boomerangs from a glass house. He first came into touch with Lovestone about two years ago. Lovestone had been general secretary of the Communist Party until he was expelled in 1929 because of his policy of "surrender and defeatism." Since then he has been the head of the Independent Labor League, alias the Independent Communist Labor League, alias the Communist Party Opposition. Martin was evidently favorably impressed by Lovestone in spite of the sharp contrast between their ultimate objectives. I believe that he sought the advice of the Lovestone group as an aid in his fight against the Communists who were attacking him in the union. His administrative assistant, the directors of the Research Division and the Women's Auxiliary, and others in less prominent positions are followers of Lovestone.

The hostility between Lovestonites and official Communists has intensified the conflict between Martin and the Communists in the union. Lovestone's influence may be partly responsible for Martin's support of the caucus system, his advocacy of a narrower political alignment than that favored by many members of the union, his opposition to collective action against fascism, and the relative moderation of his union tactics—the Communists assert that Lovestone overestimates the strength of American capitalism. Lovestone followers, on the other hand, contend that the Communist Party policies have now become more moderate than their own.

Another cause of the bitterness of the factionalism is the extent to which the caucus system pervades the U. A. W. It is used throughout the entire union, in the national convention, the Executive Board, and many locals. Before the last national convention both groups set up campaign headquarters and held separate conventions of their own. In the Executive Board the Progressive caucus bound its members to abide by its decisions. The secretary of the board often got a laugh by announcing the results of an important vote before the ballots had been examined. It is said that he was never wrong. Some form of party system may be expected in a large union, but when it is developed to the extent found in the U. A. W. caucuses it intensifies existing friction.

These factors alone would not have brought conditions to a crisis if opposition to Martin himself had not been growing rapidly. When in June his majority on the board dwindled to one he had to act quickly to save himself. He was too much at the mercy of his supporters on the board, who might seek concessions by the threat to desert him.

The United Automobile Workers may soon be disunited. This might possibly have been avoided if Lewis had taken the situation more seriously and gone to the root of the matter when he met with the board members

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in Washington last June. But hostilities have now grown so bitter that it is hard to see how the union can long be held intact or, if patched together, can long remain a unit. It seems probable that the majority of the board members will support Martin in his opposition to outright reinstatement of the expelled officers, while Martin's opponents maintain that there can be no agreement without such reinstatement. On the other hand, most of those involved so abhor the prospect of a return to dual or multiple unionism in the industry that some way may yet be found out of the apparent impasse.

Philip Murray and Sidney Hillman of the C. I. O. have been in Detroit since September 7, holding continual secret conferences with the various groups in an effort to find some basis for agreement. As this article goes to press it is rumored that discussion is still centering around the Lewis proposal. Many suggestions have been rumored. The expelled officers might be reinstated gradually after suspensions of varying duration. Or they might be reinstated to membership in the union but not to their former positions; they would then be eligible for election at the next convention. Or reinstatement might be considered after a specified period of probation. Or a referendum vote of the entire membership might be taken on the question of reinstatement. Or the group of C. I. O. officers to handle disputes arising under the operation of the Lewis plan might include Dubinsky, with whom Martin is considered to be on good terms. Or a board of arbitration might be set up consisting of three labor leaders outside the U. A. W.—one to be appointed by Lewis and one by Martin, with these two selecting a third—to reconsider, with final power to determine, the extent of the penalties inflicted upon the disciplined officers. But unless there is a decided change of attitude on the part of many of those involved, any solution along these lines may prove to be but a temporary palliative.

Supporters of the expelled officers have already made plans for a convention of their own in Toledo starting October 7. It will not be held unless present negotiations fail to bring an agreement and unless Lewis gives it some kind of approval. If it is held, it will probably result in the secession or expulsion of those participating. Those who are planning it have agreed that in this case they would form a rival union and ask Lewis to name an outsider as administrator for a limited period. There is no indication that he would be willing to do this. His attitude would determine whether or not the group following Reuther's leadership would switch to the new organization. The settlement of the present internal strife presents as difficult a task of negotiation as has any of the strikes conducted by the unions.

Race Hate—a Sudeten Tradition

BY ARNOLD HOELLRIEGEL

THE ancient and intimate enmity between the Czechs and their countrymen, the Sudeten Germans, has poisoned the wells of European political life for a long time. More than anything else it was the reason of the decay and eventual collapse of the Hapsburg empire. Nazism is, in all its essentials, a Sudeten German ideology. Hitler himself came from Sudeten German stock, and his political teachers were Georg von Schönerer and Karl Herman Wolf, leaders of the Sudeten Germans during Franz Joseph's reign. Schönerer invented the first racial slogan of the pan-Germans:

Ob Jud, ob Christ ist einerlei,
In der Rasse steckt die Schweinerei.

(Be he Jew or Christian in religion, swinishness is in the race.)

The swastika was used as an emblem of racial purity in German Bohemia long before Hitler was heard of, and much of the spirit of narrow-minded hatred which is so characteristic of Nazi psychology developed in the villages and small towns in Bohemia and Moravia where Czechs and Germans have lived together for centuries.

One would imagine that two races which disagree so violently must be very dissimilar, but the contrary is true. In private life very little distinguishes the Czech peasant from his neighbor, the Sudeten German peasant, and even the townspeople are more similar than they realize. Both languages are understood throughout the country, and a large number of people speak both equally well. In times of national excitement, however, Germans and Czechs sometimes make a point of dissimulating this knowledge of each other's language. The foreigner who asks his way in the streets of Prague gets an answer in perfectly good German if he asks in English; but if he uses good German himself the answer, as likely as not, will be in Czech: *Ne rozumin* (I do not understand). To the eye it is very difficult to distinguish a Sudeten Czech from a Sudeten German; they are of the same racial type. As for family names, as often as not you discover that Czechs have German names and Germans Czech names. One of Henlein's most radical lieutenants is called Sebekowsky, which is a Czech name spelled in the German manner. It is a well-known fact that the more violent are a Sudeten Nazi's opinions, the more likely he is to be of Czech descent. It has frequently happened that two brothers who by some chance received a different education have become respectively a radical Czech and a still more radical German nationalist. They still are, of course, brothers under the politics. They like to eat exactly the same things; they drink the same excellent Bohemian beer; their whole attitude is the same if they do not happen to discuss their political opinions.

But of course there is a great cultural abyss between Sudeten Germans and Czechs. The Czechs are modern-minded and very curious about other nations' customs and ideas. They read German books in translations or in the original; the average Sudeten German would be ashamed to know anything about Czech literature, and he does not care much about his own. Good contemporary German books—if they are good, they are probably written by an author exiled from Nazi Germany—can be bought in the big Czech bookstores, but it is not easy to find them in German bookstores; and no German bookseller sells Czech books.

Prague is the only city in Central Europe which contains two universities. At one time the two were one school, and this was one of the oldest universities in Europe, founded by the German Emperor Charles IV in the middle of the fourteenth century. In the nineteenth century the school split into a German and a Czech section. Notwithstanding the fact that both universities have still some institutions in common—for instance, the venerable library—there is hardly any cultural interchange between them; no Czech student would go to listen to a famous German lecturer, or vice versa. The students meet in the same courtyards, but intellectually they live in separate hemispheres. There is no exchange of ideas, only occasionally of blows. Friendships between young people of the two nationalities, or even mere friendly discussions, are rare; boycott is an everyday occurrence. When I first came to Prague many years ago to study in the German department of the German university, I went to visit my professor. In order to write down my name he opened a new ink bottle. Suddenly I saw his face turn crimson, and he threw the bottle through the window. I did not at first understand the reason of his ire; then I learned that the bottle contained a Czech ink, sold exclusively for the benefit of Czech schools. The beadle had put it on the German professor's table instead of the German ink bottle, sold for the benefit of German schools. The professor, a great and wise scholar, would rather have died than write with Czech ink. The next day I got into trouble with a fellow-student by lighting a cigarette with a Czech match instead of a German one. In the discussion which followed I learned that the German student in Prague would walk two miles to buy a pen or a sheet of paper if no German stationer happened to live nearer his quarters; and that you were allowed to make love to your Czech landlady's daughter but not to sit with her in a cafe or to talk Czech to her, even if you were in Prague in order to learn the language. I also remember the riots in 1897 when the Austrian Prime Minister, Count Badeni, issued a decree regulating the use of the Czech language in the Czech parts of Bohemia. Badeni, a Pole, had made some concessions to the Czechs; violent street fights in Vienna and in other towns resulted, and the political life of the empire revolved about the question whether street names in Prague or Reichenberg ought to be inscribed on the street corners in one language or in both. This was the time when a young boy, Adolf Hitler, son of a Sudeten German family, was getting his first political ideas.

In the Czechoslovakian republic Czech and Slovak became the only state languages, but compared with what happened in the other succession states cut from the body of the empire there was little oppression. An Austrian German in Bolzen, South Tyrol, who by the peace treaty had become an Italian subject, was forced to Italianize his very name and to scratch the German names of his ancestors from their gravestones. His children were not taught their own language in school or allowed to say their prayers in German. Nothing of the kind happened in Czechoslovakia, although the Czech language became legally paramount in both the Czech and the mixed districts.

Discrimination has undoubtedly existed. For example, a German high school may have had to get along with a shaky old house, while a brand-new building was being erected for a Czech school two blocks away. The wise founders of the Czechoslovak Republic, Masaryk and Benes, could not always prevent such things in the first years of the republic, when Czech nationalism was still exuberantly enjoying its triumph. There was no decent German radio broadcasting in Czechoslovakia until quite recently. Small wonder if the Sudeten Germans, instead of listening to Czech broadcasts, preferred to listen in to Nazi propaganda broadcast in their own language from Berlin and Dresden. The Czechs, while granting democratic rights to their German fellow-citizens, gave what they gave with a bad grace and did not understand the necessity of counteracting the fascist propaganda from Germany. If the Czech politicians and administrators had followed Masaryk's wise lead and voluntarily made some of the more fundamental concessions that they are now being forced to make, the fate of the Czechoslovak state would look brighter. The hatred between the two nationalities is inveterate but they are too closely interwoven for either to be able to get rid of the other. No mechanical division, no artificially drawn new borders, can undo the work of centuries in Central Europe; it is as impossible to separate the Germans and the Czechs in Czechoslovakia as to separate the single colors interwoven in a carpet; you can only destroy the carpet by cutting it into pieces.

Progress and Purges in Soviet Russia

BY MAXWELL S. STEWART

REVISITING Moscow after an interval of five years is like meeting a youth one has not seen since his childhood who has suddenly blossomed forth as a young man. One detects certain unmistakable physical resemblances, but the changes which have taken place are so fundamental that one feels one is encountering a completely new personality. Like an adolescent, Moscow shows a transitional awkwardness at times, but the characteristics of rugged maturity can already be detected.

The physical transformation of the city is the most striking, although not necessarily the most significant, of these changes. None of the press stories of the plans for reconstructing Moscow had prepared me for the renovation which has already occurred. In place of the narrow, cobblestoned streets of old Moscow, new boulevards have been driven through the city. In many instances, as on the old Tverskaya, the broadening has been achieved by tearing down, or moving, the buildings along one side of the street. Old houses are coming down throughout the city and are being replaced by attractive new structures which appear, to my untutored eye, to be far better than any of those built five or six years ago. Among the features of the new Moscow which is beginning to take shape amid the scaffolding are its eleven new bridges, necessitated by the completion of the Moscow-Volga Canal. In conjunction with the new boulevards, these bridges have helped to speed up the crowded Moscow traffic.

Far more significant than the changes wrought in the face of the city is the improvement in general living conditions. Again it has to be seen to be believed. Despite current complaints about the shortage of textiles, both men and women are far better dressed than they were in 1933. The old peasant type has all but disappeared from the streets of the capital, notwithstanding the fact that the city is jammed with people from the country. It is much more difficult than it was five years ago to distinguish a foreigner by his clothes; even the Soviet-made women's dresses are now very much in style. To one who has previously lived in Moscow, even for a brief time, the abundance of household supplies, notions, and luxury goods is particularly surprising. In place of the former empty shelves in the shops one now finds practically all the goods which are available elsewhere. It is true that prices, though considerably reduced, are still high, but the stores are filled with ready customers.

Most important of all, from the average citizen's point of view, is the improvement in the food situation. Five years ago there was a desperate shortage. Meat was almost unobtainable, butter and eggs were beyond the reach of the average family, and there was often not enough bread. Some of the people on the streets showed unmistakable signs of undernourishment. Today there is an abundance of all sorts of food except, possibly, certain kinds of fresh meat. Canned vegetables and meats, formerly non-existent, can be obtained at almost any food store. I dropped into one store which proudly displayed several dozen different kinds of bread, moderately priced. Eggs are plentiful and reasonably cheap. The peasant woman who used to barter cupfuls of milk for bread on the street is gone, her place taken by a less picturesque milkman who delivers bottled milk from truck to doorstep. Even more incredible for old-timers is the supply of oranges and lemons, fruit of Soviet aid to Spain.

One indication of the material progress achieved within recent years is the decreased emphasis on production indices. The figures are still printed in the daily press and still show, in some instances, failure to keep up with the plan, but production of all types is running well ahead of last year and far exceeds anything which would have seemed possible on the occasion of my last visit. Heavy industry remains in the vanguard. Steel production is running about 50,000 tons a day, or 90 per cent of the plan. Automobile production is running practically at 100 per cent. The railroads, long the weakest link in the Soviet economy, are now, thanks to Kaganovich, operating steadily at slightly above their quota. The oil industry is also well ahead of schedule.

There is still considerable complaint about the light industries. Although their output for the first half of the year was approximately 8 per cent greater than for the corresponding months of last year, shortages still exist and may continue for many years to come. The improved economic status of the peasants and the campaign to raise the cultural standards of the people have brought an increase in the demand for goods that has outrun the rise in production. The potentialities of this demand seem almost limitless.

The problem of supplying the countryside with manufactured goods promises to become even more acute as a result of the harvest, which is one of the greatest in Russia's history. Weather conditions for grain have been almost ideal over the greater part of the country; technical organization in the collectives has been better than ever before; and for the first time there is a reasonably adequate supply of combines. The livestock situation is also exceptionally favorable. In the past four years the number of cattle has increased more than 50 per cent, and the number of pigs has more than doubled. All of this will mean more food for the cities, more purchasing power for the countryside, and a still heavier strain on light industry.

But how is one to reconcile the trials and mass arrests with this undeniable record of economic progress? On the face of it, the two seem incompatible. Yet both are facts which must be taken into account if one is to understand the Soviet Union of 1938. The average well-informed Russian is as far from a solution of this riddle as the most superficial foreign observer. He may have a vague feeling that the stories of saboteurs and spies are less than the whole truth, but he accepts them for want of a more satisfactory interpretation. Foreign observers tend to be more harsh in their judgments, but differ widely in their conclusions.

Before coming to Russia, I remember reading a great deal about the fear which was said to exist among the rank and file as a result of the recent wholesale arrests and executions. Foreigners were supposed to be particular objects of distrust and suspicion. Although this is probably true in official quarters, I found no evidence of it among the common people. In my casual contacts with Russians on the street, in buses, and in parks I found them as friendly and communicative as ever, which is saying a good deal. If the average worker talked about the purge at all, it was usually to express satisfaction that some particular agency or bureau had been "cleaned." Workers are not ordinarily terrified merely because a boss happens to be removed to parts unknown; and a striking feature of this purge is that it has been confined almost entirely to the bosses.

It is not improbable—as many of the most competent observers insist—that the motive force of the purge has come almost exclusively from below. It has been carried out by the party leadership, to be sure, but it is the result, not the cause, of popular discontent. Having said this, we seem to be farther from a satisfactory explanation of recent events than ever. For popular unrest does not ordinarily develop during a period of rising living standards. Yet the press and control committees have received in the past two years hundreds of thousands of letters testifying that discontent does exist; the economic progress I have seen with my own eyes. The most plausible explanation of this paradox is that discontent had been festering for some years and only belatedly made itself felt. The Russians were stoical during the dark days of 1932 and 1933, but they seethed inwardly at the evidences of inefficiency and injustice which they saw around them. They particularly resented the special privileges acquired by the new class of bureaucrats that arose during this period. Once the crisis was passed and the need for endurance ended, they flared up in indignation against those responsible for these evils. Payment long in arrears was demanded for the sacrifices undergone.

Leadership in the purge has come chiefly from the youth—the generation which has grown up entirely under Soviet rule. Their idealism is beyond question; they have been schooled to demand, if not a perfect, at least a greatly improved world. They have none of the cynicism and political indifference which hold the younger generation in check in capitalist countries. They have never acquired the tolerance which characterizes the older generation. If certain individuals, from weakness or malice, are holding back progress or oppressing those under them, they must be forced out of control.

This interpretation throws little light on the guilt or innocence of the military and political leaders whose trials stirred the nations of the world. But many persons who accept the government's version of those prosecutions and many who condemn them as frame-ups unite in believing that they had their origin in an irresistible popular tide of anti-bureaucratic feeling.

In other words, the cataclysm which has rocked Russia in the past year is really a third revolution. And it is scarcely an accident that the persons chiefly responsible for the first two have, in many instances, been the victims of the present upheaval. For the men likely to be most effective in the overthrow of a czar—men trained in conspiracy, demagogic, politically uncompromising—are often poorly fitted for the task of running a complicated national economy. And foreign spies would naturally seek out men of this type. Of late, it is true, the purge has affected some of the younger leaders. But a large proportion of these have been connected with the Commissariat of Internal Affairs, and their sudden fall is probably the result of a reversal in popular thinking. It is now recognized that the "cleansing" has gone too far, and as a result much less will probably be heard of political offenses in the future. Dissatisfaction still exists, however, with the retail-trade and light-industry administrations, and other prosecutions may yet occur.

As an American I can see no excuse for the ruthless treatment of thousands of individuals whose only crime was inefficiency, mistaken political views, or—at worst—sabotage. But what is not recognized abroad is that the purge has its positive as well as its negative aspects. By this I do not merely refer to the matter of clearing out dead wood. Much more important is the fact that the material and political aspirations of the common people are beginning to be felt. You cannot teach a people that theirs is the kingdom of heaven for twenty years without expecting them to demand at least part payment. The Bolshevik leaders have taken the illiterate, poverty-stricken Russian mujik and his counterpart, the underpaid city worker, and taught them to want to live like human beings. Everywhere one sees evidence of a deliberate campaign to raise the cultural level and increase

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the demands of the masses. And the new "cultural level" includes everything from the proper use of a toothbrush to the possession and use of an electric refrigerator.

In the field of civic activity the same situation exists. No effort is spared to stimulate a more active citizenship. Individuals are stationed in every park to explain the rights and privileges of Soviet citizens under Soviet law. Special bureaus are set up in every city for the purpose of receiving complaints and assisting citizens to obtain their rights. Similar agencies exist in the larger factories and government departments. The newspapers make a point of following up complaints and securing fair treatment for the common citizen. A special effort was made in the recent election campaign to acquaint every voter with the provisions of the new constitution and to urge them to exercise their privileges. Nor is the participation of the citizen confined to registering complaints. Every factory has its production meeting where individual workers are encouraged to offer suggestions and criticism. The various government departments have recently initiated special "work councils" at which workers selected on the basis of technical efficiency are encouraged to discuss matters of major policy. In a country where the common people had had no rights for centuries it takes time to develop an active, critical citizenry. The results are still far from satisfactory from either an American or a Soviet standpoint. But it is the direction that counts. And there can be no doubt that the direction in which the Soviets are traveling is diametrically opposite to that taken by the fascist countries, or that the speed of development has accelerated in the past five years.

Einstein in Princeton

BY EDWIN MULLER

PRINCETON people no longer stare at Einstein; they have become subconsciously aware of him as a massive reality in the background, like Nassau Hall or the football stadium. Einstein may be the "greatest thinker of the age," but he has none of the grand manner. They found that out upon the Herr Doktor's arrival five years ago. At that time the public curiosity boiled. Even the senior faculty members turned to gaze as he took his first walk. If Einstein was aware of such attention he gave no sign. He turned meditatively into a drugstore. Some of the bolder spirits pressed right up to the window where they could see the great man. He was eating an ice-cream cone.

Einstein lives in a frame house in a quiet back street. The room in which he works is a small chamber, one end of which is almost filled by a big window that looks out upon a garden. He greets you wearing a loose coat, a zipper shirt open at the neck. The mane of fine white hair trembles a little in the breeze. The great eyes under the bushy brows are deeper and softer than any of his pictures indicate. With a gentle smile of apology he asks for a moment at his table, as he puts down a few final sentences of tiny, neat script and mathematical symbols.

As you study Einstein's face you are struck with the look of a man at peace with himself, who has found the way to supreme happiness—a discovery at least comparable to that of relativity. Is he happy because he has won a renown that seems secure for the ages? His theory of relativity has completely changed the conception of the universe. It has been called the greatest single stride that science has ever made. The twelve-page leaflet in which it was presented is perhaps the most important document of the century. Fifteen years after its publication 3,775 books and pamphlets had been written about it.

It is not fame, however, which has made him happy. On the contrary, he literally runs from reporters, photographers, and all the hangers-on of glory. When he travels, every day is a struggle between his violent desire to keep curiosity seekers at arm's length and his inability to hurt anybody's feelings. Part of Einstein's serenity, no doubt, comes from his having had immense potentialities for work. But equally or more it comes from his having remained a simple, human being with a love for his fellow-man.

In all his habits his bent is for simplification. He uses the same soap to wash and to shave with because he doesn't see the need of complicating life by keeping two kinds. In warm weather socks seem superfluous; so at home he doesn't wear them. He throws away letters that don't interest him, no matter how important the people from whom they came. He is sublimely indifferent to money. Once for several weeks he used for a book mark a $1,500 check from the Rockefeller Foundation. Then he lost the book. His pleasures too are simple—walking, sailing a boat. When he sails he sometimes wears a towel draped around his head, making him look like a benevolent pirate. He doesn't believe in wasting mental energy on such games as bridge and chess. He likes to write doggerel, to play parlor games—though only the easier kinds. No alcohol. Smoking is a permitted luxury—three pipes a day. He's not much of a reader. "Reading," he says, "after a certain age diverts the mind too much from its creative pursuits. Any man who reads too much and uses his own brain too little falls into lazy habits of thinking."

He has never had an intellectual's disdain for service to others. When he won the Nobel prize, he gave the entire $40,000 to charity, though he could ill afford to do it. He is an active champion of causes he believes in. Once a liner on which he was a passenger stopped over in New York for five days. Greatly in need of rest, he laid down the law: no interviews, no photographs, no public appearances. But he reckoned without himself. The first reporter found the vulnerable spot. "You ought to give us the interview, Dr. Einstein, because it would help the cause of Zionism." Before the ship left Quarantine he had promised to address a public luncheon and a dinner, and to broadcast. The whole five days became a turmoil of activity, for Zionism.

Einstein's earliest years were spent in Munich, where his father conducted an unsuccessful electrical business. The father liked technical problems, but his mental equipment for them was not unusual. It was never impressed upon young Einstein that he was a Jew until one day his teacher showed the class a nail from the "true cross," one that the Jews supposedly had driven into the feet of Christ. The pupils turned to stare at Einstein, and he knew he was a Jew. In those days, too, he got his bias toward pacifism. In the 1880's the streets of Munich were full of uniforms. The little boy conceived a horror of those drums and marching soldiers that has lasted him all his life. The course of his early life impelled him to internationalism. While he was still in his teens his family moved to Italy, where he spent some of his happiest days. Then he went to Switzerland to school. In later years he was a professor in Austria-Hungary, then in Germany. He has been a citizen of many lands and an ardent patriot in none. He yearns for the good of the human race, not to push forward any section of it at the expense of others. "Nationalism," he says, "is an infantile disease. It is the measles of mankind."

When Hitler came into power, Einstein shook the dust of Germany from his feet. The Nazis made characteristic gestures of farewell to their greatest scientist—turned him out of the Academy of Sciences, seized his sailboat and other personal property, confiscated his bank account. As a crowning irony they solemnly searched his house for arms.

A woman once asked Einstein if he was convinced that his theory was true. "I believe it to be true," he answered. "But it will only be proved for certain in the year 1981, when I am dead."

"What will happen then?"

"Well, if I am right, the Germans will say I was a German and the French will say I was a Jew; if I am wrong, the Germans will say I was a Jew and the French will say I was a German."

In the Wind

NOT LONG ago Claude Ingalls, editor of the Corvallis (Oregon) *Gazette-Times,* at a rally of Oregon Republicans pleaded for a return to "real Americanism." Somewhat earlier Ingalls had expressed the view that "Germany is less a fool than we have been—she was through with democracy in the raw much sooner." He has said that it is "none of our business if Germany chooses to kill off all the Jews." He supports Hitler's action in depriving Einstein of German citizenship. And he insists that the President of the United States is a Jew named Rosenfelt. Mr. Ingalls was invited to speak this year at the Republican Party's official commemoration in Portland of a national event: the date was February 12.

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENTS and feature stories have ballyhooed the question: "Will Howard Hughes star Katherine Hepburn in Amelia Earhart's life story?" The answer is categorically no; the question is being asked by publicity men as a device for getting Hepburn's name into the press.

TWO WEEKS ago this column carried a statement that an American missionary returning from the Far East brought back a sack filled with fragments of Japanese munitions which could be identified as "made in America." Actually the sack never arrived. Japanese authorities took it away from the missionary as he sailed for America. He remarked in protest, "The shells can't be very valuable as you're distributing them free all over China." The Japanese kept the sack.

A STORY in the Newark *Evening News* carried this headline: "Strike in Frisco Hits Food Supply." The body of the story, which described current labor strife on the West Coast, said: "Spokesmen for grocery distribution said there was no immediate peril of a food shortage, since retail stores were well stocked, but liquor wholesalers forecast an almost immediate shortage of advertised liquor brands when their plants are closed."

MAGNANIMITY NOTE: Although the *Atlantic Monthly's* anti-Mexican supplement, *The Atlantic Presents,* was completely made up of attacks on the Mexican government, this note appeared in small type on the opening page: "Cover photograph courtesy of Mexican Government Tourist Bureau."

THE TRAVEL page of the New York *World-Telegram* carried the following item on August 24: "The jolliest season of the year is just beginning in Europe. Americans who have been travel-wise to plan their vacations abroad will have the chance to see more gaiety and picturesque celebrations during September and October than can be witnessed at any other season."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

BISHOP MANNING'S recent public appeal for the sum of $1,000,000 to carry forward the construction of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, with its confident assurance that the wealthy people of New York and elsewhere will give him the money, leaves me with a feeling akin to despair. Here we are in the middle of the worst depression the country has ever seen, with at least 12,000,000 Americans without employment, with the federal government pouring out billions of dollars annually to keep some of those millions from starving to death, with a report just published by the National Resources Committee stating that the average family income of the nation was actually only $471 per family in 1935-36; and the Bishop of New York, in the face of this heartrending situation, must appeal for $1,000,000 to put into bricks and mortar for which, heaven knows, there is at this hour no compelling need. The cathedral is far enough along for all the people to worship in it who so desire; and if there should not be enough space there in the immediate future, vacant pews enough can be found elsewhere in New York City to take care of any who may be denied the opportunity of church attendance at St. John's.

I know very well what the reply will be—that this period of wars and depressions, of disasters and destitution, of widespread godlessness, is the right time for the appeal to go forth to American men and women to pay tribute not to things temporal but to things spiritual, which rise above and far outlast wars, panics, and poverty; that, whatever anti-Christian movements there may be in Germany, Italy, Spain, and Russia, we Americans must prove that now more than ever we place our faith in the Almighty and give our allegiance to God. Well, I am a heathen I know, and I have lived a long life without benefit of clergy, but as one who has tried to do some things for the spiritual as well as the physical and political betterment of my fellow-countrymen, I feel that the Bishop's appeal merits only the word monstrous. If there ever was an hour when money was needed not for piling up bricks and mortar but for ministering to the sick and needy, this is it. I cannot claim to know what God is thinking and what will please Him, but my guess is that a just and humane God, beholding the suffering and misery in this land, would be on my side.

I shall also be told that Bishop Manning is a great and wise man who knows better than I what is right and best for the church of which he is the head. Let us look at the quality of Bishop Manning's leadership in the past before we assent to this. Lord Rosebery once said that the only time statesmen's speeches were ever read was when they were "explored for untimely quotations" against their authors. Bishops' past pronouncements are sometimes similarly examined. I find some of Bishop Manning's extremely revealing. For example, we had a President, by name Harding, who died in office. The character of his government was well known. When death came to Harding, Bishop Manning said:

> If I could write one sentence upon his monument it would be this—"He taught us the power of brotherliness." It is the greatest lesson that any man can teach us. . . . May God give to our country leaders *as faithful, as wise, as noble in spirit* as the one whom we now mourn.

No man in New York State corrupted the political life of this state more than did Chauncey M. Depew during his long connection with the New York Central Railroad. Besmirched by the revelations of their wrongdoing in the Equitable Life Insurance Company, Mr. Depew and some of his associates were compelled, after the Attorney General had begun suit against them, to reimburse the company to the extent of $293,850.82. When Mr. Depew died, Bishop Manning mourned him as follows:

> His high character, his lovable qualities, his interest in the general welfare . . . and his strong Christian faith, which was the foundation of his life, made him a man beloved and esteemed by all.

Waiving the Bishop's judgments of men, what of his interpretations of earth-shaking events? Here is one made during the war to save the world for democracy:

> This war is bringing the world into a fellowship and a brotherhood that before seemed only a dream. . . . The outcome is to be a sweeping away of autocracy . . . and the establishment of democracy and world-wide brotherhood, including to the full those nations at this moment fighting against us. Two thousand years ago Jesus Christ gave to the world the message of the brotherhood of man. *Today we stand face to face with its realization.*

On the whole I, who called that war from the beginning a crime, a disaster for the United States, for the economic and spiritual life of men everywhere, for democracy, for liberty, think that Bishop Manning's judgments of men and affairs are just about worthless. I hope that his appeal for more bricks and mortar for his gigantic church on an impossible site will go unanswered—at least for the present.

THE ARTIST IN AMERICA

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

THE old question "Can the artist work in America?" is the underlying subject of this book.* And in telling the story of Charles Sheeler's career as an American artist Miss Rourke makes an affirmative answer that both convinces the mind and excites the imagination. The question is of such long standing that, as Miss Rourke points out, it has itself functioned as part of the American tradition; and the doubt it expresses, combined with the further assumption that American art is merely an offshoot of European art, has served to limit both the possibilities and the self-assurance of many an artist. It has, moreover, tended to discourage the realization of our native cultural past by its implication that the past is so scanty as not to be worth the trouble. It is Miss Rourke's thesis, on the contrary, that we have a cultural past, particularly in the arts, far richer than we are wont to assume—witness our early portraiture, wall paintings, water colors—and that one of the principal tasks of criticism is to gather it in, give it usable shape, and make it part of the national consciousness—or the national unconscious—if we are ever to produce a full-blown and distinctively American culture.

What gives piquancy as well as strong fiber to Miss Rourke's thesis is that she would accept the statement of Henry James—whose example as exile has hung heavy over our heads—that "the flower of art blooms only where the soil is deep, that it takes a great deal of history to produce a little literature, that it needs a complex social machinery to set a writer in motion." In other words, she adheres to the hard view of art as sustained and orderly production out of social stability, certainties, and a sense of permanence, as opposed to the self-flattering but often self-defeating romantic view of art as a spontaneous, virginal, individual expression. She does not discount the romantic impulse which has played so great a part in our development. "Romanticism," she writes, "forms a great errand toward discovery: Whitman is a complete expression of this spirit." So too perhaps are the innumerable autobiographical novels which have flashed like meteors from minds which have somehow never been able to produce anything comparable again. It is this fragmentary aspect of the romantic tendency that she would offset by a critical consolidation of our cultural resources, the establishment of continuities, to serve as a sustaining backlog for the creative artist.

For very sufficient reasons—the constantly moving frontier and industrialization—the continuities of our culture have been broken and its materials scattered and hidden under the dross of stereotypes and standardization. But they still exist, and it is Miss Rourke's purpose, not antiquarian and static but critical and dynamic, to search out and define the forms which the American imagination has taken and put them into the hands and minds of present-day Americans.

There is much tangible, almost archaeological, work to be done in the collecting and recording of materials. Miss Rourke's own books are rich in these concrete materials. In "American Humor," published in 1931, her delineations of our folk types and our native mythology, sprung out of older cultures yet deeply indigenous, were built up stone by scholarly stone. Some of the individual pieces, such as the beautiful tall tale called Sunrise in His Pocket, are gems in their own right. But her main interest lies in the critical task of formulation and definition; and in this perspective our early folk materials, since they form part of the "deep soil" where the flower of art may bloom, take on vital contemporary relevance apart from their intrinsic interest.

Miss Rourke's volume on Audubon was a study of the artist in his American context of a hundred years ago as well as a careful biography of a great ornithologist. In the modern career of Charles Sheeler she has found a subject which is not only interesting in its own right but enables her to advance and demonstrate certain basic and fructifying ideas about art and American traditions. Here is an artist who at first intuitively and then deliberately put himself in contact with native sources; who was subjected to and drew sustenance from all the foreign influences that have played over American art and artists in the past twenty-five years—from French impressionism and post-impressionism to primitive Negro sculpture—yet worked steadily toward an expression that is distinctly his own and distinctly American. His final contribution is an accession to the body of art which exists apart from time and nationality.

Charles Sheeler was born in Philadelphia. He studied with William M. Chase and on two occasions went abroad with Chase and a group of fellow-students. It was on his third trip to Europe, without Chase, that he discovered for himself the vital concept of design, which

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* "Charles Sheeler. Artist in the American Tradition." By Constance Rourke. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

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had played no part in the "spontaneous" school of his former teacher. He returned, one of the first American artists to accept the modern movement, threw "brilliance overboard," and began a long application to craftsmanship and architectonic structure. Half by accident he spent much of his painting time during the next years in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, a section rich in American materials, particularly in the strong simple forms and sound workmanship which have been dominant in the best American architecture both early and modern. The Bucks County barn became one of his characteristic subjects. He also became interested in the handicrafts of the region which held their lesson of craftsmanship and functional form, as well as planes and surfaces. Meanwhile, to earn a living, he had taken up photography, partly because it seemed removed from art. It turned out otherwise, and in 1920 he included painting and photographs in one of the earliest exhibits in which both mediums appeared on an equal footing. In 1926 he went to Detroit, on commission, to photograph the Ford plant at River Rouge and produce a series of prints on what was then a novel theme, the industrial subject. Several years later the subject appeared in a group of paintings, including Classic Landscape, which were representational to the minute detail yet essentially abstract in their preoccupation with form. In the same year that he visited Detroit he became deeply interested in an architecture and a craftsmanship that at first glance seem as far removed as might well be from the industrial subjects of a mechanical age—that of the Shakers, whose working principle was that "every force has its form," and who produced one of the most extraordinary flowerings of early America. Their exquisite tables, chairs, meeting-houses are functional, simple, and spare, as devoid of ornament as a factory stripped for mass production. (They invented many labor-saving devices in their communal economy.) Their handiwork, and their attitude toward it, has been a continuing interest and influence in Sheeler's work.

The intricate shuttling path along which Sheeler moved from the "spontaneity" of the Chase school to the preoccupation with design, from Bucks County barns to the industrial subjects to the craftsmanship of the Shakers, from the realistic "moment" to the abstraction of essential form, is traced by Miss Rourke with great skill. What emerges at the end is a fusion of all these elements in painting that is at once realistic and abstract, "the fact and the vision of the fact," and basically classic in that its object is "to show what I have found, not what I am looking for." (The words are Picasso's.)

Miss Rourke justifies her subtitle, "An Artist in the American Tradition." She also gives us, in the course of her narrative, a map of that vague terrain, suggesting its nature and extent, that at once clarifies it by indicating an order and stimulates the desire for further exploration and discovery—or recovery. Indeed, one of Miss Rourke's principal talents is her capacity for setting the reader's mind in motion. She is an accomplished biographer and merely as narrative her account of Sheeler's life is absorbing. She has been able to draw on the artist's personal reminiscences and quote extensively his pungent and intensely interesting comments on men and movements. Her own comments on individual pictures—the book contains forty-eight reproductions admirably arranged—and on art in general are illuminating, grounded in scholarship and authentic critical perception.

Her principal contribution is an affirmative answer, and affirmation is always needed, to the question whether there exist for the artist in America the bases for a spiritual living comparable to that which is his natural inheritance in more articulated cultures. Henry James was answering it in the passage I have quoted. Continuing, he wrote: "American civilization has hitherto had other things to do than to produce flowers, and before giving birth to writers it has wisely occupied itself with providing something for them to write about. Three or four beautiful talents of transatlantic growth are the sum of what the world usually recognizes, and in this modest nosegay the genius of Hawthorne is admitted to have the rarest and sweetest fragrance." It is a complex and tender answer which reveals the conflict in James and the dilemma that has perennially beset the American artist in whatever field. It is profoundly true that the flower of art blooms only where the soil is deep; and many an American talent has suffered from the effects of malnutrition. Yet James was at that moment celebrating a writer for whom the soil had somehow been deep enough. As a matter of fact, it was deep enough for James, and though, in the flesh, he found it easier to live abroad, the European air nourished a thoroughly American flower which in turn took its place in the "modest nosegay" of "transatlantic" talents. His roots were deeply placed in the American soil, but he had more reason than Hawthorne to find America difficult. Hawthorne had lived in the relative stability of a time toward the close of a period in our history; James was plumped into the agitated development of a new post-war industrialism in which critical self-cultivation had no place. Yet it may be that we have put too much stress on James's physical exile.

Since James's time the artist's attempt to escape from the isolation and spiritual insecurity that have so often been his lot in this country has gone on unceasingly, and the problem remains pressing. Miss Rourke implies that the attempt to escape has often been the failure to accept, partly out of ignorance, what is in reality a rich heritage. In showing how one artist has discovered and assimilated that heritage and used it as a starting-point for fresh formulation, she has fulfilled a primary function of the critic—and fulfilled it with distinction.

"From Detractions Rude"

THE MILTONIC SETTING, PAST AND PRESENT. By E. M. W. Tillyard. The Macmillan Company. $2.75.

MILTON, COMPLETE POETRY AND SELECTED PROSE. Edited by E. H. Visiak. Random House. $3.50.

THE present age, which has marked intellectual if not spiritual kinship to the seventeenth century, has turned its thought with increasing frequency and with effective understanding to almost all the writers, both great and small, of that resurgent epoch. Though Donne has been the subject of an unusually large amount of serious study and searching criticism, particularly in view of the meager attention given him during the intervening years, more scholarly investigation and critical discussion have been devoted to Milton than to any other writer of the period. Dr. Tillyard is well aware of this fact. Himself the author of an important biographical and critical study of Milton, he knows and thoughtfully evaluates not only the classic authorities like Todd, Masson, Pattison, and Raleigh but also the newer men who have recreated and enlarged Milton's greatness as poet and man. As befits a real scholar he is generous in his acknowledgment of debts to coworkers and courteous in his differences of opinion with those who are genuine students of Milton. He is familiar also with the detractors, notably Middleton Murry, T. S. Eliot, and Hilaire Belloc, and to them he is a frank and forceful opponent. The first two receive his hardest blows, but the last is casually dismissed. After all, as a scholar, he is not so significant an adversary.

"The Miltonic Setting" presents eight short chapters, of which the first, L'Allegro and Il Penseroso, and the last, Milton and the Epic, previously published in slightly different form, offer directly the results of the author's researches. The first makes a good case for attributing the two poems to the Cambridge rather than to the Horton period on the basis of evidence in the Academic Exercises. This view has been suggested by others, but Dr. Tillyard is its most convincing proponent. The last chapter traces the history of the Renaissance epic and the development of Milton's epic plans. The essay is notable for its learning and, in spite of an occasional sense of forcing, for the cogency of its argument. Particularly valuable is the exposition of the mingling in Milton of the classic, the medieval, and the Renaissance characteristics of the epic form and substance.

The other chapters, though they are rich in subtleties of interpretation and evidences of learning, are essentially the defiant challenges of an embattled champion. Dr. Tillyard is temperate, but he does not hesitate to suggest that both Mr. Murry and Mr. Eliot would profit as critics by a thorough reading of Milton's poetry. He refutes Mr. Murry's charge that Milton is inferior to Shakespeare because he is general rather than particular in his presentation of life and character, and quite properly insists that merely to differ in style and mode of observation even from a very great poet is not necessarily to be inferior. His analysis of the conclusions Mr. Murry has drawn from one of Keats's letters referring to Milton would make Quintilian gasp and stare—at Mr. Murry. The retort courteous though subtly cruel to Mr. Eliot's now famous onslaught on Milton's style is a thorough and sensitive discussion of that style, fully illustrated by pertinent quotation, which leaves the devotee of classicism wandering in a critical waste land. Perhaps the demolition of Mr. Eliot might have been made even more complete if the author, mindful of Dr. Johnson, had pointed out that the high-church royalist cannot see the poetry of Milton for the republican and anti-episcopal tracts.

The controversial chapters in this volume are so brave and so spirited, so ample in learning and so delicate in perception, that the reader inevitably desires their author to undertake a greater task. Every admirer of the consummate artist and the heroic man which were one person in Milton would delight in a full-length study, serenely unaware of carping hostility and serenely positive in presenting, with a minimum of biography and history, the vast riches of the poetry illumined by the spiritual grandeur of the man. Such a volume might well arise out of the ripeness of Dr. Tillyard's scholarship and his critical acumen.

Something of this appreciation is found in the vibrant introduction Sir Arnold Wilson, M.P., has written for the one volume Nonesuch Milton. It gives us Milton the valiant and enlightened citizen, and pointedly suggests the immediacy of his principles and the need of his spirit in the present world. To the complete poetry and a generous selection from the prose are added useful notes and convenient chronologies of Milton's life and writings. The translations of the Latin poems by Walter Skeat together with the translator's notes constitute an important feature of the volume. The editor announces that he has drawn the text from the early editions, but if the misreading in the sonnet on Cromwell is typical, the text needs extensive collation with the established canon.

Both Dr. Tillyard and Mr. Visiak might say to their volumes: Go, little book, thyself present; and if that any bark at thee, come tell me and I will send more after thee. They might well speak the gentle words of the sweet singer Milton revered in bidding a world besotted with tyranny and satanic passion to know the healing grace of beauty and the sanctifying love of human liberty.

DONALD A. ROBERTS

Two Lives of Lenin

LIFE OF LENIN. By P. Kerzhentsev. International Publishers. $2.

LENIN. By Christopher Hollis. The Bruce Publishing Company. $2.50.

TWO books on Lenin from two dramatically different sources are among the recent outstanding contributions to radical literature. "Life of Lenin" by P. Kerzhentsev, a "veteran Soviet historian," is sponsored by the official Communist publishing house in this country—which tells half the story. "Lenin" by Christopher Hollis, a young British historian and economist, is one of the "Science and Culture Series" published under the auspices of the Jesuit priest Joseph Husslein. Nevertheless, to the unbiased reader the latter will commend itself for its literary style as well as for its general objectivity.

Both authors try to explain Lenin as the product of his early family life, an undertaking to which the Russian author, thanks to his closer contacts with Russian social and political life, brings the greater measure of comprehension and understanding. Unfortunately this understanding gives way increasingly to official Soviet opinion as the book progresses. It becomes painfully obvious with each successive chapter that the author was commissioned to fulfil the difficult task of coordinating Lenin's life and work with the history of the Russian Revolution as present-day Russia sees it. Stalin's name appears on almost every page, often four or five times.

If one is to believe the author, Stalin was always at Lenin's side, always the faithful and reliable friend and adviser. That the "liquidated" Trotsky finds no mercy at the hands of the Soviet historian goes without saying. Trotsky, Rykov, Kamenev, Bucharin, Zinoviev, Tomsky, and their associates, when they appear in the story at all, are the villains, the traitors, the weaklings, the plotters, and the know-nothings who from almost the first day of the Soviet Revolution worked toward its destruction. The Red Army—it was Lenin's creation. The fight against the counter-revolutionary generals—it was led and mostly directed by Stalin. Trotsky's name is not even mentioned in this connection. That sort of historical narrative may pass muster in the U. S. S. R. In the United States, where the literary fare of even the most orthodox Communist includes non-Communist newspapers, books, and periodicals, that sort of thing is bound to stick in the reader's crop.

Mr. Hollis's portrayal of the great Lenin, strange to say, is the much more understanding and one might almost say affectionate of the two. In contrast with the bleakness of Kerzhentsev's presentation it is warm and human, filled with a deep appreciation of the courage and the vision that created the new Russia, an appreciation apparently so sincere that it can give the Trotskys and Kamenevs of the revolution their just due without unduly detracting from Lenin's greatness. Mr. Hollis discusses Stalin, Zinoviev, and Trotsky with commendable impartiality, dividing light and shadow with a discerning hand, with an appreciation of revolutionary motives and an understanding of the Marxist conception which, coming from that source, is truly remarkable. The chapters on The Revolt Against Religion, The Bourgeois Revolution, and Poland and the War are especially to be commended.

To get a true picture of Lenin and the cause he represents, the truth-seeking reader will do well to read both books. Between Kerzhentsev's representation of Stalin the infallible and Hollis's quotations from Lenin that "these three" (Kamenev, Stalin, and Myranov) pursued a policy which Lenin characterized as treason to Bolshevism—a policy of cooperation with the Mensheviks, of acceptance of the Provisional Government, and of support of "revolutionary defense" against Germany—he will arrive at a picture of the Russian leader which may approximate reality.

What the former lacks—a clear and unbiased picture of the part Trotsky played in the early days of the revolution—is found in the latter. "There was a difference of opinion between Lenin and Trotsky," so the author of "Lenin" sees it, "whether, as Lenin wanted, to hold Denikin and attack Kolchak, or as Trotsky, to hold Kolchak and attack Denikin. The question was merely one of order. A much more important difference was that concerning the holding of Petrograd in face of Yudenitch's attack from Esthonia in October, 1919. Lenin was for abandoning Petrograd as untenable. Trotsky argued that it was in all probability possible to hold

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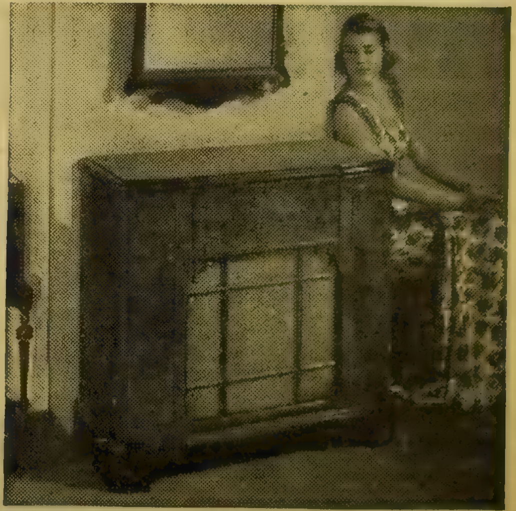

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Somewhere between the two the truth will lie. Where, each reader will have to judge for himself or leave it to posterity to find the answer. LUDWIG LORE

Release from Archaism

THE RIVER BREAKS UP. By I. J. Singer. Translated from the Yiddish by Maurice Samuel. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

MODERNITY has been slow to touch Yiddish literature. Until the war sharply abridged the medieval ghetto civilization of the Jews—in New York as well as in eastern Europe—Yiddish writers contented themselves with an archaism that was either quaint and nostalgic or bitter and satiric; they backed timidly away from the modern, cosmopolitan Jew or reflected him as a garish and unaccountable sport. I. J. Singer has accomplished the difficult transition. His first novel, "The Sinner," and his great play, "Yoshe Kalb," for all their vigorous realism and splendid pageantry revealed a Jewish way of life that persisted through two stagnant centuries of Chassidism, but that is no more. "The Brothers Ashkenazi," which appeared in English only two years ago, showed that Mr. Singer's remarkable talents had suddenly been released from archaic simplifications, and that he has a profound and perceptive grasp of the complexities of the modern world.

This volume of short stories stands midway in time and midway in importance between "The Sinner" and "The Brothers Ashkenazi." The stories are not dated, and they rarely allude to historical events, but their chronology can be clearly traced by their indication of the gradual disruption of ghetto life. None are purely archaic. Even in the first story, which reflects the timeless existence of a Jewish trader amid the Polish peasantry, brawny Hirsch Leib has passed well beyond the narrow pale of the ghetto. Only during the Passover holidays does the need to return to his people become insistent, and this need costs him his life in the breaking ice of the river.

The incident is symbolic. Throughout the volume it is the traditionalist that suffers, the pragmatist that succeeds. In the second story we meet a magnificent old hypochondriac who has adapted himself to the era of industrial expansion and been swept by it to prosperity. In the exquisite third story, Clay Pits, the disturbing transition is more clearly marked. There stirs in Joel, the son of a rag-picker, a strange new impulse to make clay figures with his hands; his father, however, wishes to apprentice him to Reb Sholom, who follows the more customary Jewish occupation of cap-making.

The stories now rapidly become more contemporary in feeling. In one a caterer turns into a scoffer and roué because a marriage broker has sold him goods considerably damaged. In Sand we see the disruption of Jewish life by military operations, while in Blood Singer sets forth with fine subtlety but with none of the hideous jargon of Freudianism the operation of an Oedipus complex in the mind of a young Jewish apostate.

Several stories reflect the Russian Revolution; the very last, corresponding to Singer's emigration to America, is set in New York. One approaches this story with trepidation. So many Jewish writers have made the physical journey to America without successfully accomplishing the spiritual transition. But in Doctor Georgie there is no sentimentality, no weeping and wailing incomprehension of the new life. Here instead is a thirty-six-page tale of the vanquishment of dream by reality that is fit to be set beside "Madame Bovary."

Singer, in turning from archaism, has not cast out his Jewish heritage. He never abandons his quest for the basic moral patterns of life. In this quest he is undeterred by the cataclysms and disasters which have driven so many of his contemporaries to mere impressionism and to deterministic philosophies which abrogate moral responsibility in the individual. He understands not only environmental reactions but also the symbols by which men live. Therein lies his power, a power that is not to be measured in terms of Yiddish literature alone.

HAROLD STRAUSS

The Unity of Science

ENCYCLOPEDIA AND UNIFIED SCIENCE. INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPEDIA OF UNIFIED SCIENCE, VOLUME I, NUMBER 1. By Otto Neurath, Niels Bohr, John Dewey, Rudolf Carnap, Charles W. Morris. University of Chicago Press. $1.

FOUNDATIONS OF THE THEORY OF SIGNS. INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPEDIA OF UNIFIED SCIENCE, VOLUME I, NUMBER 2. By Charles W. Morris. University of Chicago Press. $1.

THE publication of these pamphlets marks the beginning of an international scientific enterprise which may prove to be of great historical importance. Encyclopedias, to be sure, have been published before. Nor is the ideal of unified science quite new. Plato, Aristotle, Descartes, Leibnitz, and others have attempted or projected such unification of science. But whereas in traditional philosophy this unity was sought in some systemic, speculative metaphysics, in the present work it is based on the extension of the scientific method to all fields of knowledge, including philosophy. In place of the a priori systematizations of their predecessors, the editors of this work propose encyclopedism, while to speculative metaphysics they oppose scientific philosophy. Encyclopedism is the tentative, empirical integration of science in contrast to the absolute, rationalistic syntheses of Plato, Aquinas, or Descartes. Scientific philosophy is the analysis which, patterned after modern science, unites empiricism with mathematical method. Thus the encyclopedia is not a makeshift but an ideal form of scientific philosophy. In it a maximum of logical interrelation between the languages and methods of the sciences is compatible with their empirical growth and tentative results.

In the first pamphlet Carnap and Dewey outline the two main phases of the unity of science: the logical and the social. Through logical analysis of the methods, concepts, and laws of science, the "Encyclopedia" aims to demonstrate that no

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radical disparity obtains among the different sciences. The terms of every science are based ultimately on the everyday "thing-language," and through this common basis the sciences (physics, biology, psychology, sociology, etc.) achieve a unity of language. On the other hand, the laws of one science are not always derivable from those of another science. Thus while some laws of social science may be derived from the laws of psychology, the biological laws cannot at present be derived from the laws of physics. There is, therefore, at the present state of scientific development, no unity of the laws of science.

The logical unity of science, although incomplete, is of fundamental social importance. For many practical problems involve the application of several sciences to one concrete situation. Were the several sciences as disparate as some philosophers believe, we could make no scientific predictions and hence no intelligent decisions concerning such problems.

The increased and more pervasive applications of science to the problems of individual and social life involve, therefore, the increased unification of science. The logical unity of science is thus the condition of what Dewey calls its social unity, which consists in the adoption of the scientific attitude in every field of social action. Pure and applied science, the physical and social sciences may exhibit significant differences in their finished results. The sciences, however, are not to be treated merely from the point of view of these results but also as techniques of social action. In this respect they are fundamentally characterized by an identical method—the method of intelligent, objective inquiry.

The extension of this scientific method of inquiry to "the field now preempted by religion, morals, and political and economic institutions" is the central social task of the new "Encyclopedia." In Dewey's judgment "this problem transcends in importance the more technical problem of unification of the results of the special sciences." The great social value of the "Encyclopedia" lies in the opportunity it offers for international cooperation in the defense and the expansion of the scientific attitude in social practice. "We are now," writes Dewey, "in a world where there is an accelerated development of intolerance. Part of the cause for this growth can be found, I think, in the fact that tolerance so far has been largely a passive thing. We need a shift from acceptance of responsibility for passive toleration to active responsibility for promoting the extension of scientific method."

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In this connection we may note that the editors of the "Encyclopedia" do not seem to take sufficient account of organized governmental opposition to the scientific attitude in certain countries. They say that in selecting the contributors to the "Encyclopedia" their political views "have not entered into consideration, since the 'Encyclopedia' is a scientific and not a political enterprise." But precisely because it is an international scientific enterprise it must involve positive political opposition to those political ideologies and governments which suppress, or advocate the suppression of, the free use of scientific method in social problems. Not to include such opposition in the program of the "Encyclopedia" is to fail in one of its most important functions.

No review of the "International Encyclopedia of Unified Science" can be adequate without an appreciation of the work of Otto Neurath, who in a great measure is responsible for its initiation. Neurath, like Carnap, is one of the leading members of the Vienna Circle, a group of scientists and philosophers who, following the work of Russell and Wittgenstein, were largely influential in developing the philosophy of logical empiricism. This scientific philosophy has already given ample evidence of its vigor and fruitfulness. In the new "Encyclopedia" it finds a consummate expression of that cooperative inquiry which has marked its earlier development, and which Dr. Neurath has so diligently fostered.

WILLIAM GRUEN

A Reconstruction Romance

AND TELL OF TIME. By Laura Krey. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.75.

IN THE golden wake of "Gone with the Wind" comes "And Tell of Time," an ambitious romance of the Civil War and Reconstruction. After tracing, with epic gestures, the Darcy-Lyttleton clan through several blue-blooded Georgia generations, the book concentrates on the life of Cavin Darcy, who defended the Confederacy against those meddlin' Yanks and then followed his father into Texas to carry forward the building up of a new Darcy barony on that rich earth. Thereafter we are presented with another picture—Texas variation on an old Confederate theme—of post-war reorganization, the corruption and brutality of the Northern military, the wild abandon of the freed Negroes (revealing, apparently, how stupid emancipation was), and the varieties of pride, heroic anger, and gallantry with which the planter aristocracy handled all three. Since it does little to disturb the traditional vision of Confederate gentlemen, ladies, and darkies—the latter, of course, seen only as born slaves and charming lackeys—and since it is sprinkled with much Southern local color, romance, and occasional interludes of adventurous action, it has, I think, a good chance of becoming popular—this in spite of the fact that the minor characters rarely come to life, that Cavin Darcy himself is frequently remote, and that long sections of narrative manage to say surprisingly little. In short, even though "And Tell of Time" furnishes several interesting insights into the roots of the Southern attitude toward the Yankees and a few colorful pictures of semi-pioneer life in the Texas of the sixties and seventies, it remains a conventional, if ambitious, historical romance based on a slightly shopworn Southern point of view. MILTON RUGOFF

RECORDS

AMONG Columbia's new releases is Handel's Suite No. 5 for harpsichord—the one with the Air and Variations known as "The Harmonious Blacksmith"—not the finest of the series but a good one, and played by Ernst Victor Wolff with his usual dynamic phrasing and superb command of the instrument (two records, $3.25). Then a good set of Bruch's melodious Violin Concerto in G minor played by Alfredo Campoli and an orchestra under Goehr (three records, $5). Also a fine recording by Albert Schweitzer of Franck's Chorale No. 1 for organ (two records, $3.25), one of Franck's last works, which offers his powers and style and thought—the loveliness of the quiet beginning, the bombast of the conclusion—fully matured. And coupled on a single record ($1.50) two sides from the excellent set of Gluck's "Orpheus"—the "Dance of the Furies" and the "Dance of the Blessed Spirits."

Victor issues Brahms's Sonata Opus 120 No. 2 for viola (interchangeable with clarinet) and piano, which to my ears represents only more of Brahms's arid note-spinning by formula, but which I can report is excellently played by William Primrose and Gerald Moore (three records, $6.50). Bach also has his formulas; and his instrumental works also include much that strikes my ears as arid note-spinning. I would say this of most of the concluding five Preludes and Fugues of the "Well-Tempered Clavier" that are in the fifth Bach Society subscription set issued here by Victor, and of all but the Prelude of the English Suite No. 2 for clavier (six records, $12). Edwin Fischer seems to regard the Preludes and Fugues chiefly as exercises in pianissimos, which are occasionally blurred or inaudible; but Landowska's performance of the Suite on the harpsichord is highly dynamic as always. Goossens does a fine job with the Rossini-Respighi music for the ballet "La Boutique Fantasque" (three records, $5); but the long succession of short pieces without musical continuity becomes tiresome—the more since neither on the labels nor in the booklet is there any correlation of individual piece of music with episode in the ballet. On a single record ($1.50)

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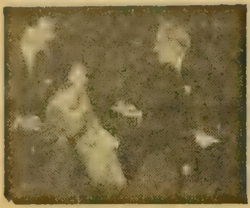

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is Marian Anderson's beautiful singing of arrangements of two Negro spirituals—"Trampin'" and "I Know the Lord Laid His Hands on Me"; on another ($2) is Paderewski's tired and undistinguished performance of Chopin's Polonaise Opus 53.

For the rest the air is thick with transcriptions, all on single records. Columbia offers you Schubert's extraordinarily beautiful "Andantino varié" Opus 84 for piano four hands, in a two-hand arrangement played by Petri ($1.50); and you will do better to get the Victor record of the original played by Artur and Karl Ulrich Schnabel. So with the beautiful lament of Dido from Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas": the original sung by contralto and orchestra on the concluding record of the Decca set is to be preferred to an arrangement for contralto and chorus, on Victor, which is derived from—of all things—a transcription for orchestra by somebody else ($1.50). On the reverse side is an "Ave Maria" by Arcadelt edited by McDonald; and while I do not know the original work I doubt that a sixteenth-century composer wrote the eighteenth-century chord progressions on this record. I also recommend the original of Bach's "Jesus, Joy of Man's Desiring" on Columbia DB507, in preference to Caillet's orchestral version on Victor, played very gorgeously by the Philadelphia under Ormandy ($2). On the reverse side Caillet helps Bach to recompose for the Philadelphia Orchestra the superb Prelude of the E major Sonata for violin unaccompanied; and I suggest waiting until someone records the original or Bach's own arrangement for orchestra.

B. H. HAGGIN

Film Note

"THE Edge of the World" (55th Street Playhouse) is in the genre of "Man of Aran," and quite as beautiful pictorially. Its main theme is the battle of man against the elements, a theme now almost archaic, romantic in itself and by reason of its contrast with the newer and more sordid battles that have displaced it. The setting is a precipitous and storm-ridden island in the Hebrides off the northwestern coast of Scotland; the austere life it has imposed on its inhabitants and their struggle against an eventual certain defeat provide human sequences that would seem less authentic in a background less dramatic. Michael Powell, a young English director, has dramatized, with a professional cast and the people of the Island of Foula as extras, the depopulation of a similar island, St. Kilda, which was forced when the island's land resources ran out and the trawlers of an encroaching industrialism emptied the surrounding waters of the fish that had for generations been the main support of the islanders. The opening scenes, by which we are conveyed to the island, are disappointing, and one of the principal sequences—in which a crucial decision is made to rest upon the scaling of a cliff—is not convincing. But these are not serious lapses in a film whose main interest and significance lie in its camera rendering of nature in one of its elemental aspects. Mr. Powell has handled the human story with restraint; and he has recorded the bleakness, and the extraordinary dignity and beauty, of the island itself in magnificent photography which shows to what extent the camera as well as the brush can project strong feeling.

M. M.

Letters to the Editors

War Is Surrender

Dear Sirs: The Western world is again filled with the passions of war. A crusading spirit is moving over America. Idealists are preparing to go forth to slay the dictators. Many people feel they will lose their self-respect if they don't take up arms against fascism. Few of us would hesitate to join a crusade that really promised to make this a good world to live in. But we tried that twenty years ago and failed.

In 1918 we created a free, democratic Czechoslovakia, and today the Slovaks, Hungarians, Poles, and Germans in that state are demanding freedom with a violence that far surpasses that of the revolutionary movements of the minority races in the old Hapsburg empire.

We created a free and independent Austria, and after two decades of troubled existence it has disappeared. We brought into being a Yugoslavia designed to be the free home of the liberated South Slavs. For two decades the Croatians there have fought their Serb brothers. Today there is far less freedom and democracy in Yugoslavia than in old Serbia, or even old Croatia, and the "freed" Croatians never detested any master half so much as they do their Serb "liberators."

Greater Rumania we brought into being also. Little Rumania had been quite democratic. But our new Rumania is utterly authoritarian. It has abolished the old constitution, done away with parliament, suppressed all civil liberties. It exercises rigid control over the press, represses 5,000,000 minority citizens, and survives only at the price of suppressing all freedom. We reduced Hungary to a mere rump of a state, hoping a penitent people would seek reform. But instead of reform, the only issue here is between feudal reaction and ruthless Nazism.

We crushed the old German militarism, and it was born anew in a form that makes the old army seem like toy soldiers. We tried to end the *Drang nach Osten,* and Germany now pushes east as a flood tide.

And now we want to start another crusade. Well, what else can we do? Take it lying down? Let the dictators lord it over us? Give up?

But plunging into war is giving up. War means only catastrophic defeat for humanity. We must try a different way. Let's try first to settle things without war. If we make a settlement before war, it'll probably be pretty bad. But if we make a settlement after war, it will certainly be worse. For everybody. Even for us who win. If you don't believe that, look at the present mess. We won before, didn't we?

R. H. MARKHAM

Budapest, August 15

Victor Hugo to Spain

Dear Sirs: On November 9, 1868, the New York *Daily Tribune* printed a letter addressed by Victor Hugo to the people of Spain. It was dated October 22, 1868; today it seems as eloquent and timely as it did seventy years ago.

> There is a nation which for a thousand years, from the sixth to the sixteenth century, was the first in Europe, the equal of Greece in *epopoeia,* of Italy in art, of France in philosophy. . . . In navigation, in adventure, in industry, in invention, in colonization, it was another England, with less of isolation and more of the sun. It has its captains, doctors, poets, prophets, heroes, and sages. This nation has its Alhambra as Athens its Parthenon; its Cervantes as France its Voltaire. The soul of this great nation spread so much light on the world that a Torquemada was required to put it out. Over its jet, the Pope has put his tiara—an enormous extinguisher. Papism and absolutism joined hands to ruin the nation; its light was turned into flame, and the pyre was spread over the land. . . .
>
> From these ashes the nation has arisen. Will it arise grand or little? That is the question. Spain can reassume its rank—become the equal of France and England. The opportunity of Providence is immense, the occasion unique. Will Spain neglect it? Another monarchy on the continent! For what? Spain the subject of a king, who is himself the subject of other powers. What a degradation! Besides, in the present age, to set up a monarch is to give oneself a great deal of trouble to little purpose. The decoration is going to be changed. A republic in Spain would be a "have a care" in Europe, and "have a care" pronounced in the ear of kings would mean peace . . . it would be the equilibrium of the continent established to the detriment of fictions by the weight of truth in the scale; it would be old Spain regenerated by the young force—the people; it would be, from a commercial and mercantile point of view, life restored to that double coast which ruled on the Mediterranean before Venice, and on the ocean before England; it would be industry reigning where misery now crouches; it would be Cadiz the equal of Southampton, Barcelona the equal of Liverpool, and Madrid the equal of Paris. . . . A republic in Spain would be the pure and simple declaration of man's sovereignty over himself; it would be production without a tariff, consumption without a custom-house, circulation without a fetter, the workshop without proletarianism, wealth without parasitism, conscience without prejudice, speech without a gag, law without lying, force without an army, fraternity without Cain; it would be labor for all, justice for all—the scaffold for none; it would be the ideal made real, and, as there is a swallow which leads the way, there would be a nation an exemplar to others.
>
> As to danger, there is none. Citizen Spain is Spain strong. Spain democratic is Spain a citadel. A republic in Spain would be probity in the administration, truth in the government, liberty in power; it would be sovereignty made real and unconquerable. Liberty is tranquil because it is invincible, and invincible because it is contagious. It seizes him who touches it. The army sent to attack it reacts on the despot. It is, therefore, left in peace. A republic in Spain would be to the horizon the irradiation of the true—a promise for all—a menace only to what is evil; it would be this giant—Justice upright in Europe behind the barricade of the Pyrenees. Spain a monarchy, Spain is little; Spain a republic, Spain is grand. Which will she choose?

LAURA PACKARD REDMAN

New York, September 1

The Freedom of the Future

Dear Sirs: The Nation is to be congratulated on publishing the article, An Anthropologist's Credo, by Dr. Franz Boas, which appeared in the issue of August 27. This challenging statement of belief by one of the great thinkers of our time must elicit the admiration of every progressive person.

However, several of Dr. Boas's conclusions in the latter part of his article are curious. After establishing a questionable dichotomy between "intellectual and spiritual freedom" on one hand and "social and economic freedom" on the other, he states that it is "intolerable that the state should force a person to actions that are against his intellectual or spiritual principles." The implicatio is that the state should be granted the power of limiting freedom of action in the social and political field, but that freedom of the spirit and intellect is an absolute, subject only to some higher law.

Dr. Boas must surely realize, as an anthropologist, that the introduction of absolutes into social relationships leads us in the direction of theocracy and the "authority of tradition," against which he so forcefully protests. In organized society, the group, if it is democratic, should determine the freedom of its individual members. Even if such a dualism as Dr. Boas suggests were theoretically desirable, which it is not, it would fail in practice; for freedom is of a piece—intellectual and economic freedom being merely two sides of the same coin. The intellect and the spirit operate in a social and economic framework unless their use is purely passive and personal—in which case they have no meaning so far as society is concerned. The exercise of freedom must lead to some type of action—even though it is a purely negative one, such as refusing to go to war.

It is this fact which is responsible for the dilemma of liberalism and which accounts for the inadequacy of the liberal attitude in times of great social change. It accounts for the betrayal of Kerensky, MacDonald, and other leaders of the great upheavals that took place in Europe immediately after the World War. The dilemma has, of course, been formulated many times: since intellectual and spiritual freedom is divinely ordained (for that is what Dr. Boas's statement amounts to), it may not be tampered with by man-made law. The assumption of power in a time of crisis means defining the limits of freedom, which no liberal government has been willing to do.

Absolute intellectual and spiritual freedom is not only undesirable but also improbable of attainment. The greatest freedom consists in recognition of the limitations of our freedom. Acceptance of this principle is not a compromise, a breaking of faith with any ethical ideal except a purely fictitious one of our own creation. This is not to say, however, that the right of dissidence is not a fundamental one. It simply means that we must fashion a society in which the dissidence of its rational and progressive elements will involve no fundamental heterodoxy—in other words, a society whose basic social, economic, and spiritual principles are themselves rational and progressive. It means, of course, the creation of a new standard of critical reference—such as exists in the Soviet Union, where the right to criticize conditions of work, methods of payment, arbitrary use of administrative power, medical facilities, housing, and the like, is considered inalienable, and where such criticism, if justified, must be followed by corrective action. Having lived in the Soviet Union for some time, I can vouch for these facts. Such a society has the only desirable, and possible, type of intellectual freedom—a freedom which points to the future instead of the past.

ARTHUR BEHRSTOCK

New York, September 5

Diethylene in Cigarettes

Dear Sirs: James Rorty has pointed out to me an error in my piece in your August 13 issue, as to the use of diethylene glycol in Philip Morris cigarettes.

As a correction, will you please publish the following letter written to me under date of August 18 by W. G. Campbell, chief of the Federal Food and Drug Administration:

> May I acknowledge your letter of August 12 requesting an expression of the department's attitude on diethylene glycol, especially its use as a hygroscopic agent in cigarettes.
>
> As you know, diethylene glycol has been shown to be toxic. We consequently regard foods containing it as adulterated within the meaning of the Food and Drugs Act. This law gives us no authority over cigarettes. We have had no occasion to investigate the possible harmfulness of diethylene glycol as an ingredient in cigarettes. Certainly no harmful substance should be added in cigarettes, although the amount of this substance which proved toxic in the Elixir Sulfanilamide tragedy of last year was much larger than the amounts which we understand are incorporated into cigarettes.

If you will publish this, it will serve both to straighten out my previous statement and to show my gratitude to Mr. Rorty.

HELEN WOODWARD

New York, September 6

F. D. R. in California

Dear Sirs: The recent primaries in California and South Carolina are supposed to be indicative of Roosevelt's waning magic. I can't speak for the latter state but I have felt the pulse of a number of people out here and found that the genial F. D. R. hasn't lost his hold upon the imagination of the voters.

Mr. McAdoo was hamstrung by his own efforts. First of all he claimed that $35 was enough for anyone over fifty years of age to live on for one month. People resented that. Negroes and many others resented his failure to vote on the anti-lynching bill. At the various Democratic rallies these little insidious and invidious dodgers were scattered about:

We Like YOU,
But We're Thru
With McAdoo!

The capitalized "YOU" plainly means Roosevelt.

J. HERBERT ENGBECK

San Leandro, Cal., September 3

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The Shape of Things

EVERYTHING ELSE THAT HAPPENED DURING the past week seems trifling and immaterial beside the stabbing of Czechoslovakia by its British and French bodyguard. Elsewhere in this issue the details of Chamberlain's work are set forth—his encouragement to Prague as the crisis broke to resist Nazi terrorism secure in the assurance of Anglo-French support, then the sudden and sinister flight to Berchtesgaden to consult with Hitler, the galling discussions with his Cabinet and with the French leaders over the heads of the Prague government concerning the price in Czech territory to be paid to the Berlin blackmailer, and finally the brazenly cursory announcement to Czechoslovakia of its coming dismemberment—all in the name of a peace which this monstrous surrender to violence makes ultimately impossible. Against this background of infinite treachery labor in the great democracies has so far limited its protest to feeble resolutions and even more feeble demonstrations. Was there ever an occasion that so cried out for mass action, for thunderous denunciation, as this moment when the heads of the great European democracies have cast off the last shreds of political morality and elevated an obscene blackmailer to the dominance of a continent? British public opinion scorched Samuel Hoare out of office for attempting to sell out Ethiopia. How long will it permit Chamberlain to play the Judas when European democracy itself is at stake?

*

HANKOW HAS BEEN SERIOUSLY ENDANGERED by the Japanese advances of the past week. In addition to capturing the strongly fortified town of Wusueh and breaking the last boom across the Yangtze River, Japanese troops advanced to within 50 miles of Sinyang on the Peiping-Hankow Railway. Capture of this city, which is 100 miles north of Hankow, would break the Chinese lines of communications with Sian and the Yellow River front. In the international sphere China has suffered materially from the Western powers' absorption in the European crisis. Although the League Assembly voted to apply Article XVII of the League Covenant to the

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Sino-Japanese dispute, the action is generally regarded as meaningless under the circumstances. Even in the United States agitation for the boycott of Japanese goods and the stoppage of war supplies for Japan has been weakened by the concentration of attention on Europe. That the Czechoslovakian crisis is intimately tied up with the conflict in the Far East is shown by the alacrity with which Japan lined up with its fellow-aggressors in Europe.

*

THE ANNOUNCEMENT THAT THE RED CROSS, in cooperation with the United States government, is preparing to send some 60,000 barrels of flour to Spain, and is planning a similar shipment to China, should be heartening news to the millions of refugees who in both countries face starvation this coming winter. Although some of the voluntary relief organizations have been untiring in their efforts to save these people, it has long been evident that in both Spain and China effective aid can come only through government action. There is every selfish reason why the United States should make a large contribution to the innocent war victims of both nations. The second largest wheat harvest in history has brought only loss and ruin to thousands of farmers because of the catastrophically low prices it has induced. In an effort to bolster these prices, the AAA has accumulated an unhealthy surplus which hangs like a sword of Damocles over the markets of the world. The more wheat is shipped for relief purposes, the better it will be for American farmers. We hope that in making the distribution to China attention will be given to sections of the country unoccupied by the Japanese. Recently returned travelers are agreed that because of the influx of millions fleeing before the Japanese advance, suffering is greater in such areas than in the occupied regions. They also agree that most of the aid furnished by the voluntary agencies has, because of better transport of facilities, gone to the Japanese-occupied sections. The Red Cross has an opportunity to remedy this injustice.

*

THE BEST NEWS OF THE WEEK FOR LABOR is the saddest news of the week for diehard automobile manufacturers. The compromise peace pact unanimously accepted by the executive board of the United Automobile Workers should clear the way for the drive to organize Ford and end the factional wrangles and intrigue that have wasted the union's energies for months. Credit goes to Sidney Hillman and Philip Murray, as John L. Lewis's representatives, for the tact and ingenuity they have shown in bringing together as disheartening a collection of prima donnas as ever infested a labor union. Homer Martin, whose face is saved by the agreement, nevertheless emerges from the episode with a reputation as a labor executive badly damaged by the year's struggle. The four officers he expelled—Frankensteen, Hall, Mortimer, and Addes—will present their case for reinstatement to Hillman and Murray, whose decision is to be binding. The original formula called for immediate reinstatement. The U. A. W. reaffirms its loyalty to the C. I. O. and its adherence to the last peace program adopted, the so-called twenty-point plan of May, 1938. Last February, before the cat-and-dog fight really broke out, Martin, Frankensteen, William Munger, and W. Jett Lauck proposed to President Roosevelt that the automobile industry be brought under federal control "on the basis of limited profit and lower prices per unit of output, unrestricted expansion of production, and complete reemployment." The idea was promising, but was lost sight of in the ensuing civil war. Perhaps constructive work of this kind can be pressed again now that the battle is over.

*

TWO DANGERS THREATEN AS RESULTS OF the Hines mistrial. One is that the Republicans, who have not elected a governor in New York State since 1920, will nominate Thomas E. Dewey. If Mr. Dewey runs, he will break faith with those who voted for him, irrespective of party, less than a year ago on the understanding that he would clean up Manhattan. Should he win, the city would be deprived of the best district attorney it has had in two decades, and the New Deal, with 1940 approaching, might lose control of New York. As Mr. Woltman points out on another page, Dewey has been able to prosecute labor racketeering without interfering with legitimate union activities. But his conduct of the Hines case disclosed his clumsiness as a trial lawyer, and he has yet to give any indication of fitness for the governorship. Moreover, his mentors are Republicans of conservative outlook. The other danger is that the Hines mistrial will be made the excuse for a revision of the criminal law to give greater latitude to prosecutors and less protection to defendants, particularly against self-incrimination and prejudicial questions. Justice Pecora's contention is that Dewey's mention of the poultry racket was a question of this type. Discussion of whether Dewey made an error and whether, if an error, it justified a mistrial is interminable. But a little knowledge of the way district attorneys try to drag extraneous issues of politics, patriotism, or religion into trials involving labor leaders and radicals is enough to make one realize how dangerous revision might be.

*

HERMAN MATSON, A JOBLESS AMERICAN, tried last week to make a speech advocating decent relief for the needy and calling for an end to political corruption. He had scarcely begun when his platform was overturned and he was severely beaten and kicked by hoodlums, who then escaped into the crowd. Mrs.

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Matson, who was present and tried to reach him, was also injured and has since suffered a miscarriage as a result. As the assailants disappeared, the police, who had up to that time taken no part in the proceedings, appeared—and arrested Matson. He was later charged with incitement to riot and held in $5,000 bail, but though that exorbitant sum was finally raised, it took a writ of habeas corpus to get him out of jail. The pattern of the case is so familiar that it hardly seems necessary to add that it took place in New Jersey. Matson, who is a representative of the Workers' Defense League, was protesting against the relief standards of Hoboken, where the brutality of the poormaster, Harry L. Barck, resulted in his death last February at the hands of a relief client goaded to desperation. Matson had a permit for the meeting. Arthur Garfield Hays is defending Matson in the latest attempt to apply American laws in Jersey.

*

THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION'S House of Delegates, called into special session for the third time in its history, voted a spectacular reversal of A. M. A. policy when it committed the association to partial support of the national health program of President Roosevelt's Committee on Health and Welfare. After an opening session at which a united front of physicians was urged to fight "unsound doctrines," the House of Delegates in a series of resolutions advocated recognition of the principle that the complete care of the indigent is a responsibility of the community, indorsed the establishment of a federal Department of Health, and appointed seven physicians to meet with a group of physicians of the federal government to discuss methods of coordinating health and welfare activities of private and government medical workers. On the other hand, the delegates opposed any form of compulsory health insurance and emphasized in more than one resolution that the community health is a local problem and should be dealt with by local medical societies, relief authorities, and similar agencies. The action of the A. M. A., after its long and bitter opposition to government "interference" in the field of medical care, is extremely significant. It is all the more so since the A. M. A. has not abandoned its functions as a political and trade association; on the contrary its action indicates that the handwriting on the wall has become so clear that the medical politicians can ignore it only at the risk of having no influence on the government's program. But whatever the motives of the A. M. A., its decision to bow, even halfway, to the inevitable was well taken. Meanwhile, we are pleased to note that in New York State plans have been announced for the framing of legislation permitting mutual non-profit cooperative associations, along the lines of the Associated Hospital Service, which would cover physicians' services as well as hospitalization at a cost of four cents a day to subscribers.

THOMAS WOLFE BELONGED TO THE LUSTY school of writing. He was a huge man physically, and his literary productions were commensurate. Where other men write by tens of thousands he poured out hundreds of thousands of words. In describing one of his books in process he told a friend with gusto, "The first hundred pages are about locomotives." And his prodigious output gave rise to tall tales. It was said that his manuscripts were delivered in trucks and that Maxwell Perkins of Scribner's had told him he must cut at least a hundred thousand words out of his latest opus. He burst upon the world in 1929 with "Look Homeward, Angel," which overwhelmed the critics and caused his native town of Asheville, North Carolina, to disown him. It was an unabashed and undisguised picture of his own family and his own home town, in which ordinary human appetites and human relations were projected on an enormous scale in unrestrained and romantic rhetoric. In this book, as in many autobiographical novels, the material itself was compelling, while the passionate energy and youth of the author—he was in his middle twenties—suggested wide potentialities. In his later books, however, his writing remained undisciplined, highly emotional, and charged with a vague romanticism. In short the promise of maturity in thought and style did not materialize, and though there exists an audience which regards him as the great American novelist, time, which he apostrophized so eloquently, has already relegated his work to that category of literary production which is memorable for its energy rather than for its art.

*

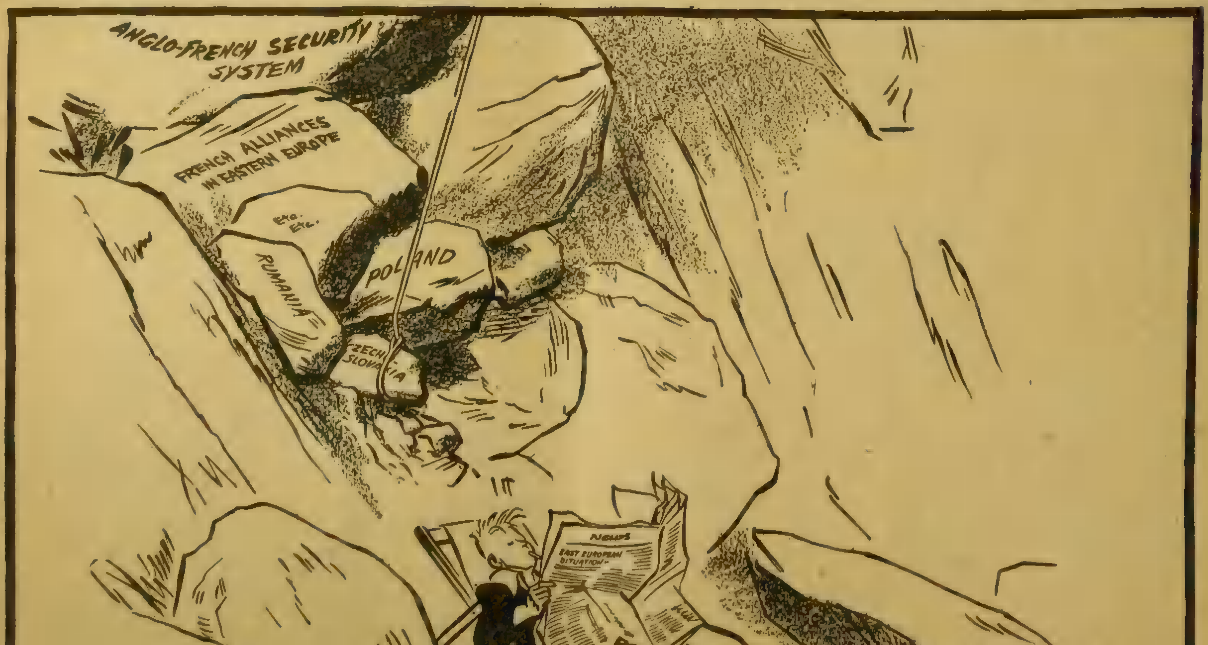
IT IS WITH REGRET THAT WE ANNOUNCE Max Lerner's resignation from the staff of *The Nation* to take a position as professor of government at Williams College. He will bring to his academic work the vigor and knowledge and tough sense of political reality that have distinguished his writing in the same field for *The Nation.* We shall miss him as an active colleague, but fortunately he will continue to contribute articles. Happily we are in a position to report gain as well as loss. I. F. Stone, of the New York *Post* staff, is to become an associate editor of *The Nation.* In addition to his work on the *Post,* Mr. Stone has found time to contribute to numerous journals, including *The Nation,* and to write a book entitled "The Court Disposes," which was brought out last year by Covici-Friede. Another old friend who has become a new associate is Keith Hutchison, for many years a member of the staff of the New York *Herald Tribune* in London, writing particularly in the field of business and finance. Mr. Hutchison is now living in the United States and has written many articles and reviews for *The Nation.* Both he and Mr. Stone will contribute chiefly to *The Nation's* editorial pages.

The Great Betrayal

THE brutal and irresponsible betrayal of the Czechoslovak republic by the British and French governments has brought not peace but a new and sharper sword. Never were accessories to a crime more coldblooded; they had not even the usual excuse of "disorder" to lean upon nor could they accuse the Czech government of recalcitrance or weakness. On the contrary, the country they propose to dismember in order to deliver to Hitler his pound of flesh (unlike Shylock, he takes it not in full payment but only on account) has offered the world an unequaled example of control and courage and solid integrity. The outrages perpetrated by the British in the name of friendship have been met with dignified courtesy: though the Czechs obviously suspected the motives behind the Runciman mission, they treated it as though it had come to Prague in simple good faith and with no concealed weapons. If they erred, they erred in the direction of conciliation, anxious to avoid even the appearance of creating obstacles to peace. Their course would be called wise only if the British government could be called honorable; but at least it was cooperative to a fault.

Meanwhile they kept order without a hint of brutality. During the days of rasping negotiation prior to Hitler's speech, troops and police on guard in the Sudeten district were as inconspicuous as possible and every effort was made to prevent any overt act that could be used as an excuse to end negotiations or bring on intervention. When Hitler's speech precipitated outbursts of violence—the obvious preludes to civil war—the Czech government moved slowly, applying martial law only where local conditions absolutely demanded it. Town officials and gendarmes met their death as the result of the government's reluctance to use force; but the larger interests of peace lent wisdom to its caution. So it has been through the days that followed: the Czechs have consistently been the quiet masters of their own situation.

The irresponsibility of the British-French action equals its callousness. What will be the result of carving up the nation they created in its present boundaries at the close of the last war? Have they exchanged Czechoslovak territory for even a fair chance of peace? We do not doubt that fear of immediate war strengthened the hand that held the knife. But surely this was not the only reason for the fatal decision. In the first place, peace still hangs by a rotten thread which any incident or decision may break. In the second place, if peace survives the continuing crisis it will be a Nazi peace devoted to preparation for a greater war than could now be fought. Does Chamberlain really believe that Hitler will be



WHAT'S CZECHOSLOVAKIA TO ME, ANYWAY ?

"appeased" by a gift of the borderland of Czechoslovakia? Like Austria, it would add to the Reich a heavily populated industrial area, which would prove a new burden, unable even to feed itself and much less able to supply the hungry Reich with the foodstuffs and raw materials it so desperately needs. To give Germany more manpower and less food is to increase its need of conquest, its threat to Europe's peace. No, the conspirators who met at Downing Street must have known as well as the man in the street, that the Sudeten land, indeed Czechoslovakia itself, is a gateway through which Hitler will push through to the oil of Rumania and the wheat of Hungary no matter how many powers may guarantee the new defenseless boundaries of the Czech state.

They know this. Do they not also know, whatever his present protestations, that Hitler with Eastern Europe in his pocket will turn on France? This is not speculation. It is his avowed intention; and its fulfillment at present rate of progress should not be far off.

So peace will not be the reward of the shameless bargain struck at Berchtesgaden and ratified at 10 Downing Street, nor was it the real price of British dishonor. What Chamberlain wants is not put in the headlines or on the air. Chamberlain, and Daladier, too, is willing to grant Hitler the hegemony of Europe rather than take a firm collective stand against fascism. Czechoslovakia is the new Spain. The western "democracies" fear Hitler, it is true. But more than they fear Hitler they fear the overthrow of both Hitler and Mussolini; they fear the power of the democratic states linked in a united resistance with Soviet Russia. In short, they fear the implications of democracy triumphing, either by peace or war, in a period of economic disintegration and social change. They accept Hitler's own alternative: either us or communism; and they choose Hitler. It is a shortsighted choice. The triumph of fascism will not spare the Tories of Britain just because they have served its purposes. Democracy could be preserved if the ruling classes willed it so. The integrity of popular government depends on the determination of all groups in the democratic nations to make it survive and function. But Chamberlain and his inner circle of pro-Nazi Tories are willing to risk nothing in its behalf; they prefer to sacrifice the independence and territorial integrity of a friendly democracy rather than oppose the sure, implacable progress of the fascist powers.

The end is not in sight. Whether the Czechs surrender or decide to fight, whether the immediate issue is peace or war, we are certain of one thing: when Chamberlain went to Hitler to offer up Czechoslovakia on the altar of fascist violence and lawless contempt for decent international behavior he subjected his country to the deepest humiliation and shame that it has suffered in our time. Britain and the world will pay for his act in the years to come.

A Challenge to America

MILLIONS of Americans have been shocked and disheartened by Prime Minister Chamberlain's shameful sell-out, and his course has been denounced by our press with a rare degree of unanimity. It is easy for persons 3,000 miles away to advocate policies for British and French people which involve the risk of war. It is much harder for Americans to recognize their own responsibility in the matter. When a diagnosis is finally made of the queer paralysis which afflicts the democratic countries as they gaze into the eyes of a potential aggressor, even one essentially weaker than themselves, it will be found that the United States suffers even more from the hypnotic spell than the European democracies. How else can we explain the fact that this country has made no move in the past week even to protest against the suicidal policy of concessions to international brigandage? Surely Americans have as much at stake as the citizens of any European country. We have no desire to be deprived of our traditional liberties by the relentless march of fascism. And we know that Czechoslovakia may furnish the last opportunity for a successful stand against Hitler.

What is lacking apparently is a recognition of our power and prestige as a nation. Léon Blum points out in his appeal to President Roosevelt for action that America's moral and material support will be decisive in case of war. Because of this fact it could also be decisive for peace. The United States controls close to half of the world's supply of the raw materials which are crucial for war purposes. It is the world's leading commercial nation. It possesses more than 55 per cent of the world's gold supply, and is practically the only source of international credit. Moreover, it is sufficiently removed from European political rivalries to have a moral influence denied to even the greatest of the European powers. And, to complete the picture, President Roosevelt enjoys a tremendous personal prestige. He has repeatedly shown himself to be courageous and fair and to possess an unusual amount of political sagacity.

It is true that the Neutrality Act prevents the President from stating unequivocally that the resources of the United States would be at the disposal of nations that took up arms against aggression. But it is possible for the President to exercise leadership of a different sort, a type which need not involve specific European commitments. Assuming that Czechoslovakia rejects the Anglo-French plan for its national suicide, drastic action will be necessary to avert war. Hitler will have gone so far that he cannot well back down. The British and French, having yielded to the utmost, can scarcely be expected to restrain Germany further by their own activities. They would probably jump, however, at a suggestion for an international conference emanating from Washington. The Toronto *Globe and Mail* has already proposed that the President summon such a conference, arguing eloquently from the point of view of a sister North American democracy which, even more certainly than the United States, would be engulfed in any prolonged struggle in Europe. The United States alone is in a position to call a conference broad enough to give a fair consideration to the whole problem of European minorities.

The United States is not perhaps in a position to make specific political commitments at such a gathering. But as we pointed out in last week's issue of *The Nation*, it can aid in a general settlement through economic appeasement. It could offer favorable trade agreements to the countries of Europe which would accept a humanitarian settlement of their minorities problems, backing this up, perhaps, by credits and loans to be used in economic reconstruction. While there can be no guaranty against war until the democracies are prepared to accept the risks of a united stand against lawlessness, President Roosevelt does have a chance to make a significant move toward peace without involving this country in danger of war. Perhaps it is too late, but is it not worth a trial?

Shuffle the Cards

THAT our national prosperity depends on the maintenance of adequate mass purchasing power has become a part of American thinking in the past few years. It may be regarded as the basic idea of the New Deal. Expenditures for relief and public works, aid to farmers, and legislative action to strengthen the bargaining power of labor have all drawn their theoretical justification from this premise. The report made by the National Resources Committee on "Consumer Incomes in the United States," like the study made by the Brookings Institution of "America's Capacity to Consume," shows how serious is the condition confronting the country in this fundamental phase of its economy. Millions are compelled to live below the minimum of decency. The President did not exaggerate when he spoke of a third of the nation as "ill fed, ill clothed, ill housed"; the mean income of the lowest third of our population during the period covered by the committee's statisticians was $471 per consumer unit, that is, family or single individual living alone.

But the figures released by the National Resources Committee do more than merely buttress the earlier findings of the Bookings Institution. The latter were based on 1929, and disclosed the superficial character of our prosperity. The committee's survey was based upon the period from July, 1935, through June, 1936, and indicates how little the New Deal, for all its brave eloquence, has been able to do about this, our fundamental problem. The twelve months covered by the report on consumer incomes comprised the third fiscal year of the Roosevelt Administration and were marked by continued business upturn; they can be taken as a fair laboratory test of the progress the President has made. The Brookings report and the committee's study differ in methods but are comparable enough for broad purposes. The former showed that in 1929 0.1 per cent of the families at the top had as much income as 42 per cent of the families at the bottom. The latter reveals that in the third year of the New Deal the top 1 per cent of the nation's consumer units had almost as much income as the lowest 40 per cent.

One-third of America's families and individual consumers had less than $780 income in the fiscal year 1935-36; one-half had less than $1,070; two-thirds less than $1,459; nine-tenths received less than $2,500. The richest 0.5 per cent had an income equal to the poorest third; the highest 3 per cent took as much of the national income as the poorer half; the highest 10 per cent had more income than the lower two-thirds. These figures warn us that the hyperbole of political combat is as deceptive as the shrieks and moans of the usual wrestling match. The antagonists suffer little damage, though the customers are thrilled. This is hardly "communism." Nor, unfortunately, is it much of a New Deal. The cards have hardly been reshuffled.

We have no desire to detract from what the President has accomplished nor to overlook the powerful economic tides against which he must swim. But we think the time has come to take stock. It should be clear by now that neither pump priming nor the organization of labor, though both are important, is enough to raise and redistribute the national income to the degree necessary if we are to stabilize our economy. What success the New Deal has achieved is attributable primarily to inflationary measures; AAA, relief, and collective bargaining have added to the income of the poorer classes; higher prices have siphoned most of it back into the pockets of the rich. Taxation, credit expansion for spending, labor's enhanced power to obtain better wages and working conditions have prevented hunger, stimulated production, and increased the income of the farmer and worker, but they are weapons of limited application. They have not appreciably changed the relative shares of poor and rich in the national income. Nor, what is more important, have they proved effective enough to raise production closer to its potential output. The problem is not an arithmetical one. We are not called upon to divide an apple. We are faced with the task of setting our productive capacities free from the fetters that prevent their full utilization. We cannot do this by cutting down real wealth and piling up real debt. Direct government action must bring idle men and idle materials together. Some measures of social control are necessary if we are to end the paradox of want amid plenty.

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Hitler Wants Skoda

By VLADIMIR POZNER

SKODA WORKS, LTD., is a huge world-wide trust whose past history and present wealth are one of the more important, if less publicized, reasons for Germany's longing for the Sudeten area of Czechoslovakia. Of course the National Socialist leaders are usually careful to speak only about "German blood," "Czech terror," and the "will of God," not mentioning the desirable gun-turning and shell-pressing plants of Skoda. General Göring, however, who is endowed with less subtlety than some of his colleagues, declared last spring that while the Sudetens were undoubtedly worthy of attention, the Skoda Works were much more interesting. This slip of the Field Marshal's tongue was obviously unfortunate, and Propaganda Minister Goebbels at once forbade the Nazi newspapermen to mention it. Unpleasantness would have resulted had Göring's statement become known abroad, for everyone is aware that the owners of Skoda control to a large extent the munitions industry of Central and Southeastern Europe.

Emil Skoda started modestly; in 1866 he became director of the tiny Count Waldstein Works in Pilsen, where Europe's most famous beer is made, at that time an Austrian city. The plant had but 120 workers, and during the Austro-Prussian War, when many of the men, curiously enough, were drafted for active service, the number dropped to 33. Exactly fifty years later, during the World War, the opposite occurred: soldiers were sent to manufacture munitions at the Skoda Works, which employed by then not 33 but 33,000 workers.

During this half-century the Skoda industry—its founder died in 1900, and his son and successor, Karl, was made a baron in 1914—succeeded in transforming the antiquated Pilsen workshop into the largest metallurgical trust of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Financially the organization was controlled by Krupp, but a certain number of shares were held by Vickers. After the Armistice the situation changed. Pilsen and Skoda were handed over to Czechoslovakia; Krupp was asked to step out; and Vickers was set aside, too. A new partner now entered the picture. While Czechoslovakia was discussing the advantages and dangers of having a large trust in a small country, and the Prague government was considering the advisability of confiscating Skoda and turning it into a modest state arsenal, the famous French munitions-maker, Schneider, acquired 56 per cent of the capital stock. Schneider meant business. Under his directorship Skoda engulfed one independent company after another: the important United Machine Works of Prague in 1921, the St. Pancras coal mines in 1922, the Komarmo shipyards on the Danube in 1923, the Iron and Steel Works of Hradek in 1924, the Laurin and Klement automobile factory in 1925.

Today Skoda owns nine huge metallurgical and machinery works in Czechoslovakia, as well as numerous coal, iron-ore, and lignite mines and deposits. Its steel works, foundries, forges, and machine-building shops compete with the largest world corporations. It is in a position to supply all kinds of power stations with complete equipment, from the structural work up to the finest electrical apparatus. It is the most important motor car manufacturer in Czechoslovakia, turning out every conceivable type of automobile. It sells electric traveling cranes to Chile and cast-steel mooring posts to Egypt, oil-refinery tanks to the Argentine and tube mills for crushing gold-containing ores to South Africa. It built the bridges over the Chirroud and Kazimroud rivers in Persia, the Chapei Electrical and Waterworks in Shanghai, the Casablanca sugar refinery in Morocco, the Hongkong brewery. If you travel on Chinese or on Lithuanian railways, you are drawn by Skoda locomotives. If you cross the Atlantic on the Normandie, you depend upon the cast-steel parts manufactured by Skoda.

But Skoda specializes in destruction, putting out every instrument that human ingenuity has devised to spread death and ruin. Pouring out of the Skoda Works 365 days a year are guns of all bores and for all purposes—rifles, machine-guns, light field, aircraft, anti-aircraft, and coastal guns, howitzers, mortars, guns for battleships—shells and bombs of all calibers, marine and river mines, tanks, and armored trains. The pride of the corporation is its Pilsen works, which are a city in themselves with a private railway station and twenty-eight miles of track, but equally important from Hitler's angle are the companies Skoda controls both in Czechoslovakia and outside. Within the country are the road-building firm Konstruktiva, the Cable Works Kladno, the Czechoslovak Arms Manufacturing Works at Brno, the Czechoslovak Air Transport Company of Prague, which holds a practical monopoly in the field of national civil aviation, and the Avia Aeroplane Works, manufacturing fighting, bombing, reconnaissance, transport, and mail planes which are sold all over the world and used by the Belgian, Latvian, Yugoslavian, Rumanian, and Polish armies. In Poland the Polskie Zaklady Skoda, commonly called the Polish Skoda, is the country's best-equipped war-material factory. In Rumania the Prague corporation controls the metallurgical works of Ploesti, on which the Rumanian army depends to a great extent for its equipment. In Hungary Skoda owns several arms and munitions plants and also has large holdings in the Ungarische Kredit-Anstalt, the largest bank in Hungary.

If there were the least doubt about the significance of Skoda in the minds of National Socialist leaders, Krupp would bring them to reason. The Essen magnate, whose influence in Germany today ranks second only to that of the highest Nazi officials, has never forgotten or forgiven what he terms his eviction from the Skoda Works. During the World War he built in Berndorff, Austria, a munitions plant to help equip the Central Powers' armies. After their defeat he undertook to develop his Austrian branch to compete with Skoda. He even enlisted the support of Vickers, which had not liked the necessity of giving up its share in the Pilsen works. In post-war Austria, Krupp-Berndorff became one of the chief centers for Anschluss propaganda, financing the Austrian Nazis precisely as the Essen firm put funds at the disposal of Hitler before he seized power. Soon after the murder of Dollfuss the police discovered that Krupp-Berndorff had supplied arms to the Nazis who killed the Austrian Chancellor.

What complicates the situation is that not only Krupp but Skoda gave money to Hitler before he became Führer—large amounts of money. The Nazis who received these gratuities naturally won't admit it, and the man who transacted the business was Alfred Loewenstein, who in 1928 jumped or fell from a plane while over the English Channel. Hitler and Göring must laugh today when they think of the shortsighted Mr. Loewenstein who used to present them with appreciable gifts in order to keep Central Europe safe for gun-makers. As for the Skoda directors, they have not much to laugh about. They probably did not even feel flattered when Hermann Göring declared that their munitions works were of greater interest to the Third Reich than the Sudetenland. They certainly know that the National Socialist leaders plan to merge their company into the huge metallurgical and mining trust called Hermann Göring Werke, which comprises all the plants of Krupp's rival, Fritz Thyssen, and, since the annexation of Austria, the wealthy Alpine Montan Gesellschaft.

Dewey for Governor?

BY FRED WOLTMAN

THOMAS E. DEWEY, the Sir Galahad of the forces for clean government and New York's prize racket buster, is the white hope of the Republican Party. Despite the temporary collapse, in a mistrial, of his spectacular case against Tammany Leader James J. Hines, he is still by far the outstanding Republican candidate for Governor of New York. In fact, he is about the only one with any hope of success. If he is nominated at the convention which meets at Saratoga on September 28 and eventually elected, he will unquestionably be a principal contender for the White House in 1940. Even if he turns down the nomination in order to finish his job as New York County's district attorney, Dewey is destined, unless prospects shift considerably, to play a significant role in national politics.

Yet virtually nothing is known of this young prosecutor aside from his skill and success in sending criminals to prison. He has had no experience in governmental administration and has never offered a semblance of a political program or platform. If he has any convictions on taxation, relief, labor boards, social security, or any of the other issues of governmental policy which confront a Chief Executive in Albany or Washington, he has never expressed them. In fact, a study of some 5,000 magazine and newspaper clippings covering his seven years in public life fails to disclose that he has any underlying political or social philosophy whatever. He has consistently refused to commit himself on current issues, with one obscure exception—during his last election campaign he indorsed the housing-reform views of a previous speaker by pointing out that if they prevailed the office of district attorney might not be necessary. The day after his election as district attorney he was asked in a press conference for his opinions on capital punishment. He replied, smiling, "After all, I'm still young. You can't expect me to solve all the problems of the world."

Persons closely associated with Dewey know almost nothing of his social views apart from the fact that he is a Republican and definitely conservative-minded; he has described himself as a "New Deal Republican" without elucidating the point. The sum total of his philosophy has been: "Abolish patronage and racketeering and break up the alliance between crime and the politicians, and the problems of government will be solved."

This lopsided emphasis on crime which is the substance of all his public statements was summed up in a speech he made last June on receiving an honorary degree at Brown University. Talking on the "Dictatorship of Crime," Dewey said, "In every city we have organized crime sapping at the vitals of democracy"; and he called upon the Commencement audience to fight "the vicious interlocking of crime and politics." "The time has come," he said, "when democracy must fight this thing on all sides. There must be a restoration of government from the hands of political machines." Obviously, this is the creed of a sincere prosecutor, and, in Dewey's case, a brilliant prosecutor as well. For a political leader it is a dangerous oversimplification of the problems of government.

If Dewey's ideas aside from those on crime may be vague, his methods are not. He has probably been the shrewdest, most ruthless prosecuting official in the history of New York.

He has blanketed the district attorney's office with a censorship no Tammany prosecutor would dare attempt. And he has established a practice, considered pernicious by newspapers, of feeding out information about cases in his office without allowing himself to be mentioned as the source. Under past prosecutors reporters were at liberty to come and go as they pleased through the district attorney's building, talking to assistants about pending cases and digging out whatever information they could. In his first month as district attorney Dewey issued a confidential order forbidding his staff to talk to newspapermen about office matters on pain of instant dismissal. When he learned the order had reached the newspapers he angrily threatened to fire the employee responsible.

His next step was to close off the bridge between his building and the Criminal Courts building, where the press room is located. To get into the seven-story prosecutor's building the newspapermen are required to give their name, business, and destination to a police attendant, who formally announces them.

All information from the office clears through an official press representative, a former newspaperman. Mr. Dewey himself is frequently inaccessible. For a time not even his press representative was readily available, and reporters, hot after information to satisfy an impatient city desk, had to cool their heels at an outside bench until ushered in, finally, by a flunkey. After an outburst of protest Dewey made his contact man more accessible.

Since all news from this vast public office must clear through the press representative, it is naturally always favorable to the office. There has been a rumor that a considerable number of minor cases have been lost because of the inexperience of Dewey's young deputies. Reporters have tried to check the facts without success. So tight a censorship may be safe enough in an office run with the integrity credited to Mr. Dewey's. Under a Tammany incumbent it would give the political machine carte blanche for manipulating criminal cases, free of public scrutiny. The incompetence, politics, and graft which the press disclosed over a period of years about Dewey's predecessors came from information dug up within the office itself.

On the rare occasions that he is willing to be quoted, Dewey hands out a brief, typewritten statement. Hence most of the news from the district attorney's office is pinned on the statement "it was learned" or "it is known," or the story is published as a bare fact on the newspaper's sole responsibility. Frequently Mr. Dewey has vehemently rebuked reporters for putting his name to a story he gave out the day before. The newspapers themselves are not happy about this arrangement, but they accept it on the ground that Dewey is performing a rare public service.

Dewey's personal attitude varies. At times he is exceedingly cordial; at others he is uncooperative and curt. Generally the newspapermen regard him as high-handed, to put it mildly, and as willing to mislead them if it suits his purpose. For example, for several days before the Hines indictment, the biggest local story of the year, was made public, he denied reports that the Tammany leader was involved in a case before him. When reporters tried to confirm a report that State Senator Julius S. Berg was under investigation, Dewey denied it. Several days later Berg committed suicide, and Dewey, without being quoted, gave out the facts of Berg's secret indictment on charges of taking bribes to obtain liquor licenses and legislation favorable to taxicab interests.

Dewey's ruthlessness in pursuing criminals is considered his strongest attribute as a prosecutor. He himself regards it as the best weapon against organized crime. The name of Charles (Lucky) Luciano was unknown to the New York public, and the police had spotted the Italian vendetta chief as merely a small-scale racketeer, until Dewey's investigators arrested him in Hot Springs, Arkansas. Thereafter Mr. Dewey built up Lucky as New York's Racketeer No. 1, the czar of organized prostitution and many other rackets in New York City. Luciano went to Dannemora for thirty years. It was on the testimony of pimps, prostitutes, and alleged aides who turned state's evidence that Luciano was convicted. They were set free as a reward for cooperating with the state.

In the case of Hines, whom Dewey charged with being part of a conspiracy to run Harlem's profitable lottery business, the first indictments named Dutch Schultz, the murdered beer racketeer, George Weinberg, and two Negro "numbers" bankers, Alexander Pompez and Joseph Mathias Ison. Dewey announced that Pompez and Ison were key figures in the racket and charged them with thirteen felonies and a misdemeanor. Hines was not mentioned, and whether Dewey knew he was involved is not known. Once Hines's head popped up, however, Dewey saw his chance to destroy Tammany's powerful, long-suspect leader. For years a common remark in political clubs had been, "Nobody will ever get the goods on Jimmy Hines." Former Judge Samuel Seabury, another relentless investigator of municipal corruption, had tried for years to nail Hines and failed, although he did force New York's popular Jimmy Walker to resign as mayor under fire.

With Hines in the case, Pompez and Ison became minor figures. When they turned state's evidence, Hines's attorney forced them to admit under cross-examination that Dewey had agreed to reduce the thirteen felony counts and one misdemeanor count to a single misdemeanor charge if they pleaded guilty and that he had promised to recommend a suspended sentence. Both admitted running policy banks grossing hundreds of thousands of dollars a year, Ison's collecting $14,000 a week and Pompez's $7,000. The presiding justice, Ferdinand Pecora, at once declared he would not be bound by any such recommendation, and he rebuked Dewey for offering to have his witnesses plead guilty in front of the Hines jury after the defense pointed out that Dewey had failed to secure a guilty plea before they turned state's evidence.

Dewey's genius for obtaining convictions lies in his unique method of first getting the goods on minor participants in a racket, then holding them as material witnesses or defendants for months, and on threat of sending them to prison at last obtaining confessions. His critics regard the method as a great deal more effective than the third degree, which Dewey disdains.

Many courtroom spectators at the Hines trial felt Dewey was overzealous, considering the strict rules of court procedure. The record is full of rebukes by Pecora. From a strictly legal point of view there seems to be little doubt that Pecora was justified in declaring a mistrial after Dewey interjected an unrelated crime—the poultry racket—into the lottery case. The opinion of some lawyers seems to be that Dewey violated an elementary textbook rule. Others think his action defensible from a broader legal standpoint, at the same time admitting that a rather fine legal question was involved.

On one issue, in addition to crime and racketeering, Dewey has held to a firm line. That is labor unionism. He has kept his skirts clear of clashes with labor. Almost from the beginning of his career as a rackets prosecutor, he has followed the dictum that incidental violence in a labor controversy does not constitute racketeering unless shakedowns or paid strong-arm men are involved. He made one mistake—that of announcing that there was a reign of terror in the fur industry and that he had arrested three professional thugs from the union who were intimidating and assaulting fur manufacturers. It developed that the three defendants were old-time members of the American Federation of Labor Fur Workers' Union. The evidence was vague and Dewey let three years pass without bringing them to trial. Since then he has steered clear of labor unions unless there was obvious evidence of racketeering. As a result he has kept the good-will of the C. I. O. and, with less enthusiasm, of the A. F. of L. In fact, the closest he has come to a stand on social questions was a remark on collective bargaining: "No intelligent man, whether he be employer or employee, can fail to support enthusiastically the cause of organized labor. Neither business nor labor can prosper unless business is fair to organized labor, and labor by collective bargaining can enforce its demands for decent living conditions and a fair wage."

Without the least sympathy for communism, he won the support of trade-union Communists. The first labor indorsement for Dewey as district attorney came from a Communist law office on August 11, 1937, because when he sent the leaders of the restaurant union to prison for shaking down night-club and restaurant owners, the Communists won control of the affiliated unions. According to the New York *Herald Tribune,* that consequence "was looked upon with equanimity, indeed approval, by Dewey investigators, for during the years in which Locals 16 and 302 have been known as racketeering unions the left-wing locals have had the reputation of being reasonably honest labor unions."

In the painters' union the Communist leaders lost a city-wide strike last year. Faced with opposition at a membership meeting called to ratify an unsatisfactory agreement with the contractors, they produced Dewey, then in the midst of his campaign for district attorney. The rackets prosecutor told how he had seized the books of the painters' union nineteen months before, recalled that the former corrupt leaders had been voted out of office, and predicted that no gangster would ever enforce the kick-back in the union "so long as you have this leadership and so long as I am district attorney of New York County." Three thousand painters cheered and forgot about the strike.

The Communist issue is significant only in so far as it demonstrates that Dewey is concerned not with the economics of communism but with the assistance left-wing unionists have given him in exposing union corruption. Actually, it is doubtful if he would get any substantial support from labor's left or right wing as candidate for governor.

In his college days at Michigan, Dewey was shy, retiring, and inactive in university life. Now he has an invariable rule: all photographs of himself must be posed. When a photographer snapped him informally several years ago he flew into a rage and demanded that the plates be destroyed. He quickly calmed down, but he never permits a photograph without his coat on and his tie adjusted. His conceit is a source of wonder, and some admiration, to persons close to him, who tend to regard it as a potent weapon against the dragon crime. When in a recent press conference reporters were trying to get news and Dewey had none to give them, a wit among the newspapermen suggested he try the "official spokesman" policy of President Hoover.

"No," replied Dewey laughing. "That was used unsuccessfully once before, as I recall, by a greater man than I."

"There's a story," said the reporter. "Dewey's slipping."

Dewey is himself a hard worker, and he is a slave-driver to his staff. His effectiveness in the technique of prosecuting crime is unparalleled. But his accomplishments have been limited to that narrow field. New York had another district attorney whose spectacular convictions sent him to the governor's chair. That was Charles S. Whitman, a Republican and a reform prosecutor; and his record as Chief Executive of the state was one of the worst in recent New York history. Whether Dewey is another Whitman or will prove to be a Republican messiah remains to be seen.

Why the Dutch Fear Japan

BY JOHN GUNTHER

SUPERIMPOSE a map of the Netherlands East Indies on one of the United States. You will be surprised. If you put the western tip of Sumatra at San Francisco, the eastern extremity of the island empire, New Guinea, will be about 500 miles out in the Atlantic, the northern extremity in Borneo will be in North Dakota, and the southern extremity, below Timur, somewhere near New Orleans.

The islands are important mainly because they are rich. They produce pepper, sugar, tea, coffee, tin, rubber, oil, iron, gold, and, incidentally, 95 per cent of the world's quinine. They pour a stream of wealth into the mother country, Holland, ten thousand miles away by crow or K. L. M. (Royal Netherlands Air Line), and are an outlet for Dutch business energy and colonial enterprise. They are packed tight with natives, under the steaming sun; Java is the most densely populated country in the world, exceeding even Japan.

The Dutch, about 8,000,000 of them at home, rule their rich colonial empire of at least 65,000,000 by methods which in some ways are a sharp contrast to those of the British in India or Malaya or the adjacent portions of Borneo and New Guinea. In British India the overwhelming problem, the problem which every viceroy must face every minute of the day, is that of his relation to the Indians. This problem hardly exists in the Netherlands Indies in the same sense. The Indians in British India are a tremendous political force. The Indian National Congress is pledged to attainment of independence, and Congress cabinets are functioning in seven out of eleven provinces. But in the Netherlands Indies political consciousness is primitive, the autonomy movement is closely held in check, and the governor general rules almost as he pleases. There is an electorate of some 35,000,000 in British India. But in the Netherlands Indies there is hardly an electorate at all. A Volksraad, or people's assembly, does exist, but twenty-two of its sixty members are appointed, and the others are elected on a very limited franchise. The Volksraad may not even initiate legislation, and the Parliament in Holland has the right to countervene any measure it may adopt.

Yet despite the rigidity of the Dutch system it has certain characteristics which make for closer relations between Dutch and native than exist between British and Indian. For one thing, the land of the Netherlands Indies may not be bought or sold, even by Dutchmen; its title is vested in the people and it may be held only on lease. In British India, on the other hand, all land belongs, in theory at least, to the British crown. Again, the Dutch civil service, called the Binnenlandch Bestuur, seems to get closer to the people than the Civil Service in British India. Native administrators called regents, even though they work under Dutch residents or governors, have considerable local influence and authority. Again, in the vital matter of personal relations the Dutch have more liberal views than the British. In the old days intermarriage between Dutch and natives was encouraged. Whereas in British India a half-caste is considered a black and labors under much social and official handicap, in the Netherlands Indies a half-caste is considered a white man and may obtain important jobs in administration.

In 1933 a series of very severe "crisis measures" was introduced in the Netherlands Indies. The object was to counteract the ravages of the world depression; in four years the total trade of the islands had fallen 69 per cent. The new decrees gave the governor general the right to limit and license both imports and exports, to control local trade and industry, to fix prices, to decide whether a business could or could not expand. The budget was slashed almost in half, from a 1929 figure of 763,364,000 guilders to 485,706,000 in 1933. Taxes went up; salaries went down. The remedies were drastic, and the patient just managed to recover. Accompanying the crisis decrees came some pretty big steps toward political dictatorship. The governor was given power to outlaw any political party, to abolish public meetings, to forbid political activity by government servants, and to control the posts, telephones, telegrams, and local transportation.

The pinch of the crisis decrees plus resentment at what seemed excessive political regimentation produced much grumbling. One result was what came to be called the Dominion Status bill, which requested the Queen "to take steps to see that the government of the Netherlands Indies was administered in accordance with terms of Article I of the constitution." This was a veiled hint at dominion status, since Article I of the constitution provides for equality of the Dutch colonies and the home country. The bill was passed on June 15, 1937, the Eurasians, or half-castes, who are usually more Dutch than the Dutch, voting with the native Nationalists. The home government has referred the petition back to the governor, who has called it a very serious and far-reaching matter; there at the moment the movement for dominion status rests.

The Nationalists are in two groups. The moderates are afraid of Japan, which tends to dampen their ardor, since they prefer Dutch rule to Japanese. They do not want to cut the ties with Holland if this would make Japanese penetration possible. They want dominion status. The extremists, on the other hand, who call themselves "non-cooperative," want independence. The grievances of the Nationalists are several. The first and most important is that Holland sucks all the wealth out of the country, that the Indies are run for exploitation and profit by the home government. The Indies, they say, give Holland life-blood and get little in return. Second, they accuse the Dutch administration of deliberately starving the educational system. This tends to keep the people in subjection and to prevent the normal growth of political aspirations. Third, they call the crisis measures unnecessary and oppressive.

Overwhelmingly the dominant problem of the Netherlands Indies is Japan. The war in China has thrown a vivid spotlight on the possibility of eventual Japanese penetration to the south. In Malaya and Singapore, by and large, I found an atmosphere of confidence. The Singapore base is in a way a monument, a tribute, to Japan's potentialities, but it serves to reassure Britain. The Dutch are frightened—though they don't like to admit it—because they cannot defend themselves. Holland is not a poor country, but it could not afford a military expenditure sufficient to make the Indies impregnable. One might think that the Dutch would assume that the Japanese will be busy in China for a long time, their hands too full for other adventures, but on the contrary the success of Japan in China is what worries the islands most. One adventure sometimes suggests another. An additional point, the Dutch say, is that the Japanese army in China is earning such kudos that the Japanese navy might be tempted to imitate its success in adjacent fields. This seems pretty far-fetched. But the Dutch are alarmed from every angle. I do not accuse the Japanese of aggressive intentions toward the Netherlands Indies. But I do know that ten out of every ten Dutchmen I met thought that Japan had hungry eyes on the Indies.

The Dutch assert that Japanese agents are busy already on the islands. They tell scare stories of Japanese reserve officers disguised as laundrymen, of Japanese fishing boats which are preliminary eyes for Japan's navy. Recently a Japanese trader, prowling in coastal waters, was fired on and sunk by Dutch guards. One story, which I could not confirm, described a Japanese timber concession near Balikpapan, in Borneo, where tracts of forest were supposed to have been cleared as secret landing fields for aircraft. Another story tells of a landing field—Dutch—near Samarang, Java, supposedly secret in location. Japanese spies found it. But the Dutch continue to call it their only "secret" field in the hope that the Japanese won't find others which really are tucked away.

Emperor Hirohito

The Dutch appear to be rather suspicious of their own natives in military matters. The native troops, for instance, are not allowed to train with machine-guns or heavy guns. Natives are not permitted to visit Dutch warships. So when a Japanese cruiser called at Cheribon, Java, it was smart Japanese tactics to invite the native population aboard. The Dutch, in fact, accuse the Japanese of encouraging and secretly subsidizing the more outspokenly anti-Dutch of the native political groups.

Dutch military preparation is active. The experts know that the islands could not be defended—not all of them at any rate—from comprehensive or major attack, but they are busily intent on making such an attack costly to the attacker. This, unfortunately, costs money. The Netherlands Indies defense budget went up from about 90,000,000 guilders in 1936-37 to not less than 135,000,000 in 1937-38. Part of the cost is being defrayed by a 2 per cent export tax. The rule is that the home government supports the navy, the Indies government the army. As there is no separate air force, wings being attached to both army and navy, aviation cost is split.

The Dutch navy in Indies waters would be no match for Japan; it has no battleships and only four cruisers. There are eight to ten destroyers and perhaps a dozen submarines; nine more submarines are being built. A naval base exists at Sourabaya, at the other end of Java from Batavia. The army is proportionately stronger, and it is believed that the Indies could put about 50,000 fighting men in the field, perhaps more. Most attention is paid to the air force. The navy is buying Dornier DO 24 K bombers in considerable number; forty-two are supposed to be available at the moment. The army, like the K. L. M., buys from the United States; recently forty Glenn Martin bombers arrived, and it is believed that as many more are on order. American engineers and instructors are on duty at Bandoeng, the mountain town three hours from Batavia which is army headquarters.

The major line of Dutch defense is to rely on diplomacy, which means, in a word, support from England. And British support should be forthcoming if London has any sense (something occasionally doubted these days), because an enemy in the East Indies would cut the line from Australia to India and would endanger Singapore. If diplomacy fails, the Dutch hope to fend off attack by mines, by submarines, and by attack on an enemy fleet from the air. I heard hush-hush talk of an air base built on Ambon, an islet between Borneo and New Guinea. Recently Batavia was treated to an experimental blackout. It was judged successful, though one American bomber crashed. But probably the Japanese know by this time where Batavia is.

Japanese commercial penetration is also a preoccupation in the Indies. For many years Japanese business was unimportant; roughly, from 1914 to 1929 it did not exceed 10 per cent of the total import trade. But after the crash of 1929 the Japanese began to undersell the countries of the West and to multiply their exports to the Indies. In 1928, for example, Holland contributed 20.05 per cent of the islands' imports and Japan only 9.54 per cent. But in 1934 the Dutch share of imports dropped to 12.98 per cent, and Japan's share rose to 31.88 per cent. Alarmed, the Dutch proceeded to impose quota restrictions on Japanese products, and decreed that a certain proportion of Japanese exports to the Indies—38 per cent—must be carried in Dutch ships. Even so, Japanese textiles, shoes, chemicals, rubber goods, bicycles, cotton goods, and so on continued to be pumped into the islands. The home country found it impossible to compete with Japanese low wages plus the depreciation of the yen. A Japanese-Dutch trade conference took place in Batavia, but broke up after six months of wrangling when the Japanese demanded not only trade rights in the Outer Possessions (Borneo, Sumatra, New Guinea, and other islands) but the right to "develop" them, development presumably meaning agricultural and mineral concessions.

The Netherlands Indies might be called the Big Loot of the whole South Pacific region. Consider the wealth, actual and potential, of islands which could produce all of the world's rubber, all of its quinine, and much of its coffee, and which at the moment do produce 20 per cent of the world's tin, 20 per cent of its copra, 11 per cent of its oil, 12 per cent of its tea, about 50 per cent of its wrapped tobacco, and a good share of its pepper, cloves, and other spices. No wonder the Dutch, their pockets full, fear that the Japanese have eyes on these riches.

But in any consideration of Japanese policy in this area, as well as of repercussions to that policy, one must keep three other spots in mind, not counting Singapore. First, Indo-China. Here the French are beginning to worry about complications which the war in China may bring. If the Chinese should lose the great port of Canton, or should be dislodged from Hankow, they would have to retreat farther to the southwest, and then their only outlet to the sea—and to supplies—would be the railway from Yunnanfu to the French port of Haifong. And it happens that this railway is a French railway. It is French property, serving a French port; and the French wouldn't like to see it bombed. The French are worried too by Japanese attacks on the Chinese island of Hainan. This island, part of the province of Kwangtung, lies directly opposite northern Indo-China. Several times the Japanese have bombarded the chief port, Hoihow, and attempted to make a landing, so far without success. The French would dislike it extremely should the Japanese appropriate this island: it commands Hanoi, the second town of Indo-China, and its occupation would, in effect, bring Tokyo very close to French interests.

Second, Siam. Here, in the only independent country in southeastern Asia, Japanese influence is profound. There are no British, French, or Dutch for Japan to worry about—only Siamese. The Siamese authorities deny with vigor—and truth, I think—the allegation that Japanese counsels dominate their policy; they laugh when you repeat stories that Siam is becoming a Japanese puppet state, but they admit that Japanese firms do big business in Siam, that Siam buys warships and much military equipment from Japan, and that a Japanese company is charged with the dredging and reconstruction of Bangkok harbor.

Third, the Philippines. Obviously if the Philippines get complete freedom in 1946, as the Tydings-McDuffie Act provides, Japan's already considerable interest in Manila and its environs may increase. At least most Filipinos think so, which accounts for their sudden coolness to the idea of complete and final severance from the United States. The Filipinos would like to be free, but they don't want to break off from America if it means being gobbled by Japan. The Dutch watch our Philippine policy carefully. If we let the islands go, they will be in a much more serious position vis-a-vis Japan. In fact, if we let them go, the Dutch will call us crazy, and accuse us of imperiling their own rich bag.

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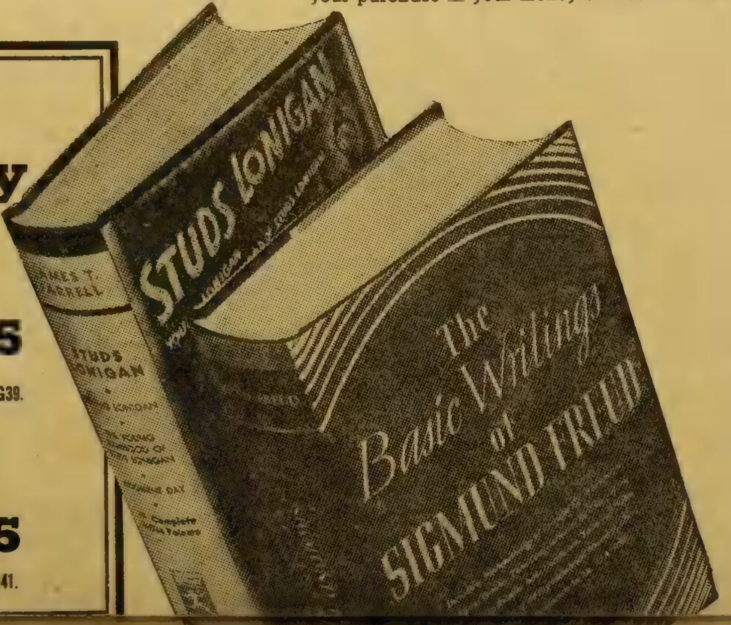

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Chile as a Nazi Outpost

BY TH. TETENS AND LUDWIG LORE

WITH a new world war tragically imminent, the Third Reich is bending every effort to establish itself on the South American continent. The German General Staff had high hopes that the Integralist putsch engineered by a conspiracy of Brazilian military men would give it control of the Brazilian government, but its expectations proved ill-founded, for the time at least. When the Brazilian putsch failed, Germany turned to Chile as the next best possibility. Strategically Chile is held by the German General Staff to be of extraordinary importance. Germany bases its war plans on the principle that in the event of a new international conflict all shipments from South America to Europe and the United States must be interrupted at once. All official publications of the German Admiralty call for a rigorous curtailment of overseas commerce from the first day of the war.

To carry out this strategy Germany must have outposts in various parts of South America from which land, naval, and air forces may be launched. It has therefore been the German government's aim for many years to place persons whom it controls in positions of power in South American states and by this means to obtain bases from which to conduct operations in case of war. Vice-Admiral Gadow advised the creation of such bases two years ago when he wrote:

> We must be farsighted in our policies. . . . This is especially true in the matter of naval outposts. The further a people extends its interest overseas, the more necessary it becomes to protect these interests, and to create adequate outposts. . . . Indeed, the past has shown that the strength and efficiency of a great sea power's naval outposts play an important and often decisive part in its foreign policy. (*Militärwissenschaftliche Rundschau,* Jahrgang 1936, Heft 4, page 492.)

German naval strategists are of the opinion that Germany, lacking naval outposts of its own overseas, must seek alliances in all parts of the world so as to obtain the use of the naval bases of friendly nations for its operations. This is held to be an important peace-time task that must be performed with all possible energy. It is the foundation of all naval war-time operations, since the German navy must begin any new conflict by waging relentless war on the enemy's merchant marine. In this war U-boats and fast cruisers in large numbers would play an important part.

The coast of southern Chile and the Straits of Magellan at the southernmost point of the continent figure largely in German strategic plans. Naval experts are all agreed that here are the best possible positions for operations both east and west of South America. Countless hidden bays offer concealment to cruisers and submarines, and a rich hinterland is an inexhaustible source of supplies. Moreover, living in southern Chile are tens of thousands of Germans who distinguished themselves in the last war by their fanatical support of German interests. Three volumes published by the German Admiralty deal with Chile's importance for German naval operations. In a foreword Admiral Raeder affirms that the operations of Count Spee's famous World War squadron would have been impossible without the active assistance of the Germans living there.

What southern Chile would be to the German navy in another war, Colombia would be to the Air Ministry. And if the Panama Canal were to be crippled or destroyed by bombing planes taking off from Colombia, the Germans intrenched along the Straits of Magellan and in the Azores would practically control all transport in the South as well as the North Atlantic. The situation of the democratic countries would then be seriously affected.

Years ago the German Admiralty assured itself of the islands of Juan Fernandez—Mas a Tierra and Mas a Fuera—off the coast of central Chile by a very simple expedient. German naval officers and sailors with a love for the beauties of these Pacific islands were sent to Mas a Tierra, popularly believed to be the island of Robinson Crusoe, to make it their permanent home. About a year ago Goebbels sent another shipload of Germans to this island to produce the story of Robinson Crusoe for the films. Nominally these islands, which lie in the Pacific about a thousand kilometers from Valparaiso, belong to Chile; actually the Germans are in complete control. According to the Valparaiso *Deutsche La Plata Zeitung* of January 9, 1938, the Chilean government made a certain Hugo Weber, a survivor of the squadron of Count Spee, guardian of the island as a "national park." That the "fishing station" which the Germans built in its easily accessible harbor would become a station for German U-boats and seaplanes in a future war can hardly be doubted. When Japan took possession of several deserted Chinese islands in September, 1937, and turned them into air bases, Major General Carl Haushofer commented:

> This merely confirms what we have always maintained, that important island naval bases can be created in peace times without a great deal of noisy prepara-

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> tion. Modern technical facilities make it possible to transform a desolate spot into a valuable naval outpost with a handful of men and a boatload of equipment. (*Zeitschrift für Geopolitik,* Heft 11, page 947.)

The first German immigrants came to southern Chile more than a hundred years ago. Since then three generations of Germans have lived and prospered there, but they still speak the German language, keep up a distinctly German culture, and feel a deep allegiance to the Reich from which their forefathers sprang. Chile's Germans have always held more or less aloof from the native population. They are the business men, the traders, and the great merchant princes of the country, well off financially and with a well-defined social status. They have their own schools, churches, organizations, and press. Three times a week German radio stations broadcast special programs in German and Spanish of interest to the South American population. German motion pictures are shown in German motion-picture houses, many of which are subsidized from the Reich propaganda fund. Speakers, exchange professors, actors, and artists of all kinds are sent from the Reich and receive an enthusiastic reception.

It is not an accident that the National Socialist parties of South America all originated in the early part of 1932. That was the period in which the National Socialist Party of Germany became a real power and obtained the backing of some of the richest industrialists in the Reich. There was money enough and to spare for the party's needs, and well-paid agents went forth to all parts of the world to organize sentiment for the National Socialist movement in preparation for its imminent rise to full power. The work of these propagandists has borne rich fruit. Besides building up a strong Nazi movement which is permeating the native population with its fascist ideology, they increased Germany's trade with South America until today it is greater than that of Great Britain or the United States. German ships carry by far the largest part of South America's trade and passenger traffic. Between Europe and Chile they have what amounts to a monopoly, and bring in an uninterrupted stream of National Socialist propaganda material.

The Chilean branch of the National Socialist Party is called the Movemente Nacional Socialista. Popularly it is known as the "Nacismo," and its members are called "Nacistas." The leaders of the movement are German Chileans who work in close cooperation with Berlin. On April 2, 1937, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* reported that the Chilean party had a "self-sacrificing membership of from 40,000 to 50,000." A dozen or so German-language publications are issued, among them the party's daily organ, the *Trabajo.* The acknowledged head of the party is Jorge Gonzales von Marées; his associates are Dr. Carlos Keller, the author of the party's agrarian program, and Dr. Schwarzenberg, the leader of the republican militia.

The program of the Movemente Nacional Socialista agrees in all fundamentals with that of the German National Socialist Party. It is anti-parliamentarian and anti-liberal, is based on the leadership principle, and aims at the creation of a single united South American authoritarian state. It proposes as a method of "agrarian reform" a sort of single taxism that would force the owners of idle land to put it to work and compel the owners of large holdings to divide and sell their possessions.

In the beginning serious differences of opinion arose over the question of race discrimination. The German population supported the anti-Semitic program of the German Nazis to the limit, but the not inconsiderable following of native Chileans was opposed to Hitler's race doctrines and in general tended to support the Italian rather than the German type of fascism. With the consolidation of the Rome-Berlin axis these differences have largely disappeared. While the Nacismo has never taken a clear stand on the question of anti-Semitism, it excludes Jews from membership and wages relentless war on Free Masons and the Catholic church.

German diplomats and agents in Chile are on the most intimate terms with men in high military and political office. General Ibañez, the Nazis' presidential candidate and the leader of the recent putsch, has been known for years as a follower of Hitler. Numerous Chilean officers were trained in the Reich. Prussian officers functioned as drillmasters and instructors of Latin America's armies for more than a generation, and the intimacies thus developed have had a good deal to do with the cordial relations existing between the Third Reich and South American governments. Chile was particularly favored in this regard. The Nazi Senator Ahrens from Hamburg, who has many connections with South America, once called Chile the "Prussia of South America." The *La Plata Zeitung* said on October 11, 1936:

> It is largely due to the good work of their German instructors that the Chilean troops can hold up their heads anywhere in the world. The Prussian spirit in the Chilean army is a fact that should fill every German with special pride.

When Hitler came to power German agents got to work at once on the Chilean officers, with the result that today many of the highest military officials in the country are ruthless supporters of Hitler's policies. Special attention was paid to the officers of the air service. Relations between Germany and Chilean aviation could hardly be closer. The chief of the Chilean air service, General Aracena, was the guest of the German government in 1937 and was entertained with marked cordiality by prominent German statesmen. His son went to Germany for his air training last year. This friendship has brought Germany not only political advantages but also such tangible benefits as a large order for airplanes from the Chilean aviation service.

Among influential Chileans who are supporting the

German cause one could mention Ross, the former Minister of Finance, who, invited by the Reich government, paid a long visit to Germany in 1937; Miguel Cruschaga, formerly Foreign Minister, now president of the Senate and also president of the German-Chilean Culture Institute; and Senator Alberto Haverbeck. Nazi propaganda in Chile, both commercial and political, is directed sharply against Great Britain and the United States. It harps on the necessity of freeing the smaller states from financial subservience to Wall Street and the London City.

The purpose of the recent Nazi putsch in Chile was to give the country a regime that would openly cooperate with Germany's military plans in the Pacific. Fortunately the Alessandri government kept the upper hand. On the firmness of its attitude in the future and the strength of its precautionary measures will depend whether these German agents and their Chilean friends will continue to be a source of fascist infection in the New World. As this article is written, the cables report from Chile that three Cabinet members have already resigned and been replaced as a result of the Nazi revolt. Just what this will mean for the development of Chilean politics is not clear as yet. Certainly the Nazi movement is by no means beaten. Investigation disclosed that 12,000 persons contributed funds to the party in recent months. We may expect new uprisings in Chile and in other Latin American countries, for Nazi agents are notoriously hard to discourage.

Just as Spain was invaded because of its strategic importance in a possible war of the fascist powers against France and Great Britain, so Latin America is being contended for as a base of operations from which Germany's military, naval, and air forces might launch a decisive attack on the United States and the Panama Canal in the coming world war.

In the Wind

DURING THE controversy stirred by Professor William Gellermann's study of the American Legion the New York *Herald Tribune* published a lengthy editorial evaluating the survey's findings. The bulk of the editorial was an indictment of the Legion's leadership for its advocacy of the bonus and its apathy toward civil liberties; it also assailed the vigilante methods used by some Legion posts. In the final paragraph, however, the editorial paid tribute to the individual members of the Legion. Recently the *American Legion Monthly* featured an excerpt from a *Herald Tribune* editorial praising the Legion. It turns out to be the same editorial—with all except the final paragraph deleted.

A CANADIAN newspaper reports that the Oxford movement is making impressive inroads among the head-hunter tribes of the Papuan jungle. It quotes Geoffrey Baskett of the Kwata mission in Papua as declaring that 300 head-hunters have been won over in the past sixteen months. Mr. Baskett reports that sorcerers are even apologizing to the relatives of those they have put to death.

ALTHOUGH AMERICAN correspondents report that the Loyalists are still clinging to their positions on the insurgent side of the Ebro, Franco's newspapers had them routed many weeks ago. In fact, on August 8 one rebel paper described in detail the "success" of the insurgent counter-attacks, attributing it entirely to the role played by Franco himself. The story announced that "the Leader, always calm, with his eyes on reality and not on the spectacular element in the war, replied to the 'reds' as he did in Brunete, Belchite, and Teruel."

IN MANY newspapers the columns of Westbrook Pegler and Eleanor Roosevelt are featured in close proximity to each other; in the Worcester *Evening Gazette* recently this resulted in a strange jumbling of type and the following shifts of style:

MR. PEGLER: "Johnny and Anne decided that they had to go back to Boston this morning to begin getting settled."

MRS. ROOSEVELT: "The big blonde began to roll her eyes and squeeze the little bald guy's hand. It looked like the rent all right."

BOOM NOTE: "Disclosed by the report of the National Resources Committee is the fact that the submerged one-third of the nation's population . . . has an average family income of $471 year—which is considerably above utter pauperism." —From an editorial in the Tampa, Florida, *Tribune*.

A YOUTHFUL Austrian refugee reports that the teachers in the all-Jewish school she attended in Vienna are now outspoken Nazis; Jewish teachers are barred from all schools. Each day the Nazi-instructed children in the all-Jewish school sing the psalm "Gott erhalte Israel" ("God Preserve Israel").

ARCHITECTURAL NOTE: Italy's Minister of National Education has announced a competition for an architectural project on a religious subject. The competition is described as a "project for a Catholic Christian temple to be erected on Spanish soil where the battle was most terrific and the holocaust of the Italian legions in defense of Latin civilization and Spanish independence was most generous. The architectural design must respect Latin feeling for religion and country."

REPORTS OF a new phase of the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo movie axis are now current in film circles here. A number of wealthy Japanese-American importers of Seattle and the Northwest are said to have raised a fund of $8,000,000 to build studios in Brazil which will make fascist films for circulation throughout the world. An American representative of the interests backing the venture has been quietly combing Hollywood for personnel.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

The Disaster in Europe

NO EVENT except our entry into the World War ever gave me a greater shock than the news of the complete surrender of France and England to Hitler and their consent to the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia. I well appreciate the terrible character of the decision with which the British Cabinet was confronted. It felt that it faced making war in cold blood; in 1914, at least, when England decided to go in, the Germans were in Belgium, the Austrians were fighting in Serbia, and a war was really on. Surely no more difficult decision ever faced a Cabinet than this question of risking a war which might easily result in the complete destruction of London, the greatest capital in the world. But still I cannot believe that Hitler would have dared to go to war if Rumania, Russia, England, and France had served notice on him that they would never consent to the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia. Perhaps it was a game of bluff on both sides. If so, Hitler certainly won. His force of personality triumphed at Berchtesgaden over that of Chamberlain; his will controlled. The outcome is one of the most fearful injustices in the history of the modern world.

Then, I may be asked again, "You favored war against Hitler?" By no means. I am as resolute against war as I ever was. The difficulty right along has been that the British government and its allies have failed to avail themselves of far more deadly weapons than guns and airplanes and warships—the boycott and non-intercourse. A great and powerful leader in England would have served notice on Hitler that if he moved on Czechoslovakia, Germany would be peacefully shut out of the family of nations. The time to have done that was, of course, when Hitler moved into the Rhineland. He would have had to retire with his tail between his legs had he been told by France, England, and Belgium at that time that no German and no German communication could cross the frontiers, and that there must be complete cessation of every business transaction with the nations in the British group. This would have been only a partial boycott, I admit, but at that time Germany could not have stood up against it. Indeed, I do not think it could stand up against a boycott now when it is dependent upon the outer world for so many things that are absolutely essential to its armament program. If anyone has any doubt about this, let him read the article by Professor Willson Woodside in the current *Harper's Magazine,* which tells the truth about Germany's economic situation from the point of view of its capacity to wage war.

Because England and the League of Nations have yielded to Hitler at every step of his advance, the German dictator has become the dictator of Europe, the most powerful man in the world. The Allies yielded on the Rhineland, yielded on Ethiopia, yielded on Spain, yielded on Austria, and now yield and consent to the most brutal rape of a country yet recorded. Talk about tearing up the Treaty of Versailles! If there is anything left of it, this is the final destruction, the final collapse of everything that Woodrow Wilson plumed himself upon achieving at Paris. Does anyone remember now that when he returned after signing the treaty he told his fellow-citizens that he had achieved every single thing he set out to accomplish? The worst of it is that every time these French and English statesmen have yielded to Hitler they thought that the last concession would content him. Nothing will content him. With the Sudeten Mountains in his possession, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Hungary, and what is left of Czechoslovakia will be his for the taking any time he is ready to move. There is nothing to stop him short of Constantinople. He will have all those states in an economic union in six months or less if he so desires, and then he will move on the Ukraine. Has France forgotten that he said in "Mein Kampf" that he would never be satisfied until France was forever destroyed?

For England this is the greatest disaster in its history. It degrades it to the position of a second- or third-rate power, and France sinks even lower. France, the country that was so especially outraged when Germany tore up its treaty with Belgium and marched into that country in 1914, now is violating its treaty of offense and defense with Czechoslovakia and actually asking Germany to walk in! I cannot see a single redeeming feature in this horrible event save only that we have escaped war—if Czechoslovakia yields, as it certainly must in the face of such black treachery and such overwhelming force. As for democracy everywhere, this is a stab in the back. I hope no one will ever speak to me again about collective security, with ourselves lined up with England and France. After the betrayal of Spain and Czechoslovakia, as well as Ethiopia, I don't see how we can ever have faith in a British government again. I see ahead only the break-up of the British Empire by Hitler and the mere postponement of the war which Chamberlain and Daladier, sincerely no doubt, have sought to avoid.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

ANOTHER BATTLE OF THE BOOKS

BY CHARLES A. BEARD

THE publication of this volume* is an event in American historiography. The author is an indefatigable worker in the field of interest, and his writings are distinguished by freshness of materials, critical acumen, and verve of style. That he finds it worth while to turn aside from his researches to consider the nature of history itself indicates a growing concern with the methods and operations of historians, professional and amateur. And that concern implies that the writing of history on the basis of what John R. Commons calls "our habitual assumptions" is on the verge of having a sharper examination, which can scarcely fail to enrich thought about history, including everything human that happens under that rubric.

The major portion of Mr. Nevins's volume is devoted to a consideration of the materials from which history is written and the methods of historians. Twelve of his fourteen chapters deal with primitive materials for history, the mighty torrent of materials that began to flow with writing and printing, the misleading document, the garbled document, Pilate on evidence, problems of historical construction and interpretation, ideas in history (religious, political, philosophical, and sociological, for instance), geographical conditionalities, society and history, biography and the great-man theory, literary aspects of history, and the reading of history. Appendices embrace brief historical reading lists, bibliographical aids to research, and a short list of works on the study of history.

All these chapters give the reader food for thought, even when he may be moved to dissent here and there from this or that particular proposition. Students and general readers of history are put on their guard against accepting "evidence" and "testimony" lightly, against running any theory into the ground, against assuming that a dull page must be true and a purple passage must be false, against believing in the necessary validity of a heavily documented chapter. Besides uttering many timely warnings, Mr. Nevins presents a large amount of pertinent information respecting writers of history and their works that ought to be a part of the equipment of students, writers, and readers in this field. With nearly all schools, except the theological and philosophical, he has great patience and seeks to show their specific contributions to the main stream of historical research and writing.

Although all of the twelve chapters which constitute the body of the book carry statements, implications, and assumptions relative to the inner nature of historical writing itself, that subject is specifically covered in a chapter entitled History versus the Dogmatists. Mr. Nevins gives his definition on page 22: "History is any integrated narrative or description of past events or facts written in a spirit of critical inquiry for the whole truth. A definition which attempts to be more precise than this is certain to be misleading." On this definition he stands, while cheerfully conceding (page 25): "Few historians of the first rank will admit that a different conception of historical aims is as good as their own." And when writing in a spirit of critical inquiry for the whole truth what is the historian actually to do? Mr. Nevins answers on page 27: "Having accumulated his facts, the historian must discover their logical connection with each other, the laws which rule them, and their significance for the period studied and for our own time." This is an excursion into causation, apparently, for Mr. Nevins adds on page 214: "Historians generally accept the statement that the cause of any occurrence lies in one or more preceding events without which the occurrence would not have taken place."

Is history, then, a science? It would seem to be, if we are dealing with causal or deterministic sequences in time. But Mr. Nevins declares (page 29): "It is obvious, of course, that history is not a science in the sense in which physics, chemistry, and astronomy deserve that term. . . . We have no precise laws in history as we have precise laws in physics, chemistry, and mathematics. . . . The historian . . . will formulate conclusions as to tendencies and lay these down as laws." And yet, "science, as the word is more properly understood, is not confined to physics and chemistry," and while "history cannot demonstrate so many uniform and enduring conclusions as biology," "in essentials it is as much a science, and no more a science."

In support of this general conception of history, as indeed for the illustrations contained in the main body of his book, Mr. Nevins draws principally upon nineteenth-century works. He is clearly more at home and more comfortable in dealing with Macaulay, Mommsen, Ranke, Buckle, Parkman, Langlois, and Seignobos, for example, than in traveling outside such charmed and charming circles.

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* "The Gateway to History." By Allan Nevins. D. Appleton-Century Company. $4.

The conception of historical writing and its nature which Mr. Nevins puts forward with assurance, as if established beyond all debate, has been challenged during the past twenty-five or thirty years by some of the most powerful minds of Europe in the field of historical thought; for example, by Benedetto Croce, Kurt Riezler, M. Scheler, and Karl Heussi. To their writings Mr. Nevins does not apply "a spirit of critical inquiry for the whole truth," which he makes an essential characteristic of correct historiography. For instance, he gives a generous amount of space to Buckle and, as far as I can discover, no consideration at all to Croce. Moreover, in his preface he exclaims with some evidence of temper that he is not "worrying about that pseudo-philosophic jargon upon Historismus, frames of reference, patterns of culture, and cyclical phases of causation which I no more understand than do most of its users."

Now it so happens that I have been among the first in America to urge upon historians the study of these very writers on Historismus, whose "jargon" Mr. Nevins dismisses without critical examination. He is aware of this and takes me for a ride as an abettor of fascism on page 43: "Charles A. Beard has urged that American scholars turn to 'the task of exploring the assumptions upon which the selection and organization of historical facts proceed.' " Then Mr. Nevins adds: "not with the object of reducing the role of assumption but with that of enlarging and emphasizing it. The implication is that one set of assumptions would be chosen as sounder than another set, and an effort would be made to organize historical writing upon this set of preconceptions. This is the doctrine to which historical writing has bowed under state pressure in Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy; it is a doctrine which regards truth as purely relative and pragmatic. Those who have a higher ideal of truth will, while admitting that their effort to attain it is often doomed to failure, never give up the attempt."

My article from which Mr. Nevins takes a single line (and adds his implications) and other articles of a similar character have made quite a storm in historical circles. One distinguished historian has called me a "defeatist" and a "sophist." An editor of *The Nation* has set me down as "a village atheist." An economist has written and circulated a pamphlet "showing me up." And now Mr. Nevins links me with fascism and speaks of his "higher ideal." Since this is so and the point he makes is the crux of the whole business of writing history, it seems appropriate for me to explore in a spirit of critical inquiry the matters at issue and to state as simply as I can just what my position is.

I have said: (1) Every historian is a person, born, reared, and educated in some time, place, and social milieu; (2) some assumptions, preferences, or aims have entered into, if not controlled, the selection, arrangement, and emphasis of facts made by all historians, at least those of the first rank, such as Voltaire, Gibbon, Macaulay, Mommsen, Buckle, and Ranke, for example; (3) an all-around appreciation of any historical work calls for a knowledge of the author and of the assumptions or preconceptions entering into his writings; (4) everyone who writes history ought to explore such preconceptions; (5) all work, whether in science or history, does rest and must rest upon some assumptions which cannot be "proved"; and (6) knowledge of this fact is the beginning of wisdom and humility.

These propositions I shall test by Mr. Nevins's own statements and contentions. In his search for an understanding of historical writings, he certainly relates authors and their ideas to their setting—social, political, and cultural. Why do it? Mr. Nevins says (page 25) that few historians of the first rank will admit that "a different conception of historical *aims* [italics mine] is as good as their own." Again (page 39), "Every true historian has a mind formed by practical experience and observation"—in part presumably before he begins to write history. Again (page 199), "Everyone recognizes the five or six principal sentiments which dominate men: racial feeling, national feeling, local feeling, political feeling, religious or sectarian feeling, class feeling, professional or vocational feeling, and the feeling of attachment to particular codes of morals. . . . Few men even try systematically to prevent the growth of irrational likes or dislikes of certain doctrines, institutions, ideas, and organizations, while those who do try *never quite succeed* [italics mine]." "It is safe to assert that more than half the historians now writing bring *insensibly* [italics mine] to their interpretation of the facts at least some fragmentary ideas" taken from Darwinism (page 265). "The unpredictable or fortuitous elements are so much vaster still [than irrational elements] that no conceivable formulae can ever deal with the past or present in any spirit of certainty" (page 309). Again, "Written history is in the deepest sense the world of our epistemological construction of reality" (page 276). "The spirit of doubt, of scientific criticism, is the beginning of wisdom in historical study. Nothing must be taken for granted; everything must be subjected to strict rules of evidence" (page 211). And more in the same vein.

On his own showing, it seems to me, Mr. Nevins admits the existence of preconceptions among historians, concedes that, however hard they try, they cannot "quite" get rid of their preconceptions, confesses that no historical formula guarantees "certainty," in other words, absolute truth as against relative truth, and tells us not to take anything for granted but to apply the spirit of doubt and scientific criticism. If so, then Mr. Nevins supports my contention that there are and ever will be preconceptions in historical writing, that we should not take them for granted but explore them, and that absolute truth of history is denied to us by the complexity of history, the fragmentary character of our records, and the frailties of our minds. I have never said that, because knowledge of the whole and the absolute truth (Mr. Nevins's higher ideal) is denied to us, we should not search for all the truths we can find with unremitting energies. To admit that one is not God may be defeatism, but it is a confession that has the appearance of "truth."

One more point is germane. How can my urging scholars to explore their preconceptions of all grades lend any sanction to fascism? Certainly the fascists assert preposterous preconceptions and forbid the exploration of any, even their own. And it is a melancholy fact to me, but highly significant, that the historians who quickly bowed to the Nazi or fascist mania were historians who had vociferously proclaimed that they were writing history "as it actually had been," that is, according to the "higher ideal" which Mr. Nevins and his school embrace. The historian of distinction in Italy who remained there boldly and refused to degrade himself into the dust before Mussolini, who suffered indignities at the hands of Fascists, was Benedetto Croce, whose "jargon" Mr. Nevins so lightly dismisses. Who, after all, have been the tyrants and persecutors in history: the inquiring skeptics who have applied the Socratic elenchus to their own assumptions, or the men who have proclaimed themselves the possessors of the "higher ideal" of "the whole truth," that is, absolute certainty?

My idea of exploring preconceptions may be illustrated by reference to three of Mr. Nevins's statements. He gives high praise to Adam Smith. I join him in that praise. But as Thorstein Veblen showed in his critical analysis, Smith proceeded on the basis of unexamined assumptions concerning "the natural order" and "the natural course" and then introduced "an invisible hand" (of God) to justify his fundamental faith in the excellence of the natural order and the natural course. On page 271 Mr. Nevins says that Macaulay wrote history according to his "individual bent" rather than according to "any school of thought" or "any special interpretation." Over against that judgment I place John Morley's devastating essay on Macaulay. According to Morley, "Macaulay was one of the middle-class crowd in his heart," that is, took the whole body of middle-class preconceptions for granted. Despite his "resplendent rhetoric" and his genius for narration, Macaulay wrote Whig history. In fact, Mr. Nevins, 230 pages earlier (page 40), says himself that Macaulay wrote "as a Whig." Then Macaulay had preconceptions and predilections, not merely an "individual bent." Finally, Mr. Nevins pays tribute to Mommsen as "thoroughly trained in sociological ideas, the comparative method, and the study of institutions" (page 308). With this judgment should be associated also the judgment of Eduard Meyer, one of the most famous of the historians who have written on ancient times; he said of Mommsen's Roman history: "One can learn more from this work about liberalism in the fifties than about the whole history of Rome to the death of Caesar."

Out of the North

MEEK HERITAGE. By F. E. Sillanpää. Translated from the Finnish by Alexander Matson. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

HORNS FOR OUR ADORNMENT. By Aksel Sandemose. Translated from the Norwegian by Eugene Gay-Tifft. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

IMAGES IN A MIRROR. By Sigrid Undset. Translated by Arthur G. Chater. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

NOW that Finland has found a place in the sun and pays its debts and plans to act as host for the next Olympic games, everyone thinks of it naturally as a pretty prosperous, cheerful place, but at the time the book now first translated as "Meek Heritage" was written—that is, in 1919 —the little northern country was just emerging from a gloomy past that reached back for centuries. And Sillanpää, who is today Finland's greatest living writer, sketched here in somber, unrelieved tones the life of a typical peasant, Jussi Toivola, and his hopeless struggles against a grim climate and an unfair social order.

Certainly Jussi's humble career has nothing of heroic material in it. It is a grimmer, less sensational "Tobacco Road" of the Far North; a long succession of grinding, dispiriting hardships and defeats gradually reduces the well-meaning but incompetent protagonist to a doddering old pauper, father of an undernourished, unhealthy brood living on a plane only slightly higher than that of domestic animals. Sickness, famine, drink, oppression in the name of an almost feudal paternalism—these were Jussi's heritage, and the heritage of a large part of the Finnish nation until after the World War. "In every phase of every stratum of the Finnish people," observes the author, "everything turns mostly to tragedy, a strange thin tragedy. Fate, instead of exterminating the nation, has subjected it to slow torture."

Permeating the whole book is the grimly fatalistic philosophy that characterizes most northern peoples. "Life is life in all its forms, and the only absolute in relation to it is that it has to be lived." Or, as Jussi concludes after reflecting on his cumulative miseries, it is "like some sour, silly substance of which every human being was given more than he could handle, so that he was always in a state of semi-exhaustion, always on the point of being suffocated by it; it was like being put to work in an enormous hayloft with dozens of carts bringing in hay at a gallop. Until at last one died . . ."

The novel opens with a brief prelude recording Jussi's execution at the hands of White Army officials for a murder which, as we learn later, he lacked the strength of character to commit. The rest of the book retraces the story of his life from birth, the story of sixty years of frustration and want that strip away what little dignity and initiative he once possessed and leave him the stupid tool and laughing-stock of the Red Guards who made an abortive attempt to establish Finnish independence early in 1918.

The book has a quiet driving power without resorting to any technical tricks, without overwhelming the reader with the ignominious details of Jussi's humble life. If anything, the author is guilty of too rigid selection; he often bridges gaps of many years with only a sentence or two of comment. The closing section particularly may not be altogether clear unless the reader knows at least a little something about the stormy upheavals that led to the establishment of the Finnish republic—say, as much as he would learn from an encyclopedia article. The book, remember, was written for an audience to whom these things were fresh and vivid memories.

The Norwegian novelist Aksel Sandemose is a younger man than Sillanpää but is already known for one book translated into English, a somewhat puzzling and loosely woven but decidedly vital novel called "A Fugitive Crosses His Tracks." The new book has a much smaller narrative scope, but intersperses its story of six men on a sailing vessel with some dozens of purely symbolical anecdotes and reflective passages that remind one faintly of the Dos Passos technique. Many of these appendages sound like prose versions of Hardy's "Satires of Circumstance."

Here again life is harsh and cruel, but mostly because the characters themselves are thwarted, inhibited, out of tune—from the hard-shelled skipper to the definitely psychopathic ex-preacher. The only well-balanced and mentally healthy one of the lot, the philosophical and unconvincing sailor, Gullhest, is killed in the end as he is about to desert his ship, and even he finds his greatest happiness, his inward fulfilment, in a flash of vision just before death.

Perhaps it is a mistake to criticize these characters as convincing or unconvincing, because, in spite of the author's brutally vivid picturization of certain moments in their life aboard the schooner, they remain symbols rather than real people, and the device of isolating them on a lonely sailing ship serves merely as a vehicle for the development of their several warped and biased personalities, together with that of Gullhest, whose view of life is presumably the author's own. Yet so vivid are the individual episodes—the rat hunt, the persecution of the preacher by his shipmates, the Gargantuan drinking bouts—that one is apt not to realize until one finishes the book how much the plot has been subordinated to the ideas.

Compared with either of the preceding books, Mrs. Undset's latest novel, "Images in a Mirror," is rather thin, both quantitatively and qualitatively. Rehearsing the theme, and even echoing the title, of one of her earlier stories, "A Fragment of the Magic Mirror"—and, for that matter, of many of her books—she has written a novelette which except for its verbal frankness might well grace any of the slick-paper magazines for housewives. She preaches the importance and inviolability of marriage without mawkishness or sentimentality, it is true, but the crisis in the plot never seems acute enough to justify all the talk that takes place in leading up to it and resolving it. A mother of four children, oppressed by domestic cares and taken pretty much for granted by her husband, indulges in a mild flirtation with a man whom she has known in childhood, and who himself is interested in her only in a semi-Platonic way. No doubt such things happen, but they aren't very exciting.

LOUIS B. SALOMON

Life of St. Patrick

I FOLLOW SAINT PATRICK. By Oliver St. John Gogarty. Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.

DR. GOGARTY has the Irish knack of putting down legend and historical fact as though they were yesterday's events. And he has the crotchets, it must be admitted, of the learned Irishman. He is in love with the Roman Empire and with the heroic period of Irish history. In the figure of St. Patrick he is able to admire the civilization of Rome and the nobility of the ancient Irish in one and the same person. For Patrick, according to Gogarty, who passes over the claims of other countries to his birth, was the son of a Roman Briton of Celtic descent (since the Irish had settled Wales). The son of a decurion, he was captured by raiders as a boy, brought to Ireland, lived there as a slave, escaped to what is now the French Riviera, and returned, after twenty-one years, to the island which Caesar's legions had never conquered, to convert it peacefully to the religion of Rome.

Gogarty has made pilgrimages to the principal points of Patrick's dramatic progress. Depending upon legend rather than upon historical conjecture, he makes a good case for his own version of debatable points in the story. His description of the Irish land as Patrick saw it—a land of "waving woods, hidden rivers, and palisaded mounds," a land without towns, ruled by native chiefs rich in land and cattle—is extremely vivid. And he brings out the combination of suspicion, reserve, and warm-hearted courtesy which characterizes the modern Irish.

When Gogarty tries to keep up his reputation as a wit, he is not always successful. He admits to being a snob, and this side is rather wearing, too. But as a writer of evocative prose, and as an advocate of the virtues of the Imperium Romanum, he is very good indeed. And when he insists that the spiritual values of Roman Christianity have persistently influenced and shaped the character and manners of the Irish, we can agree that there is something in what he says.

LOUISE BOGAN

The Story of the C. I. O.

LABOR ON THE MARCH. By Edward Levinson. Harper and Brothers. $3.

LABOR CZARS. By Harold Seidman. Liveright. $2.50.

MR. LEVINSON has written a notable record of the rise and development of the Committee for Industrial Organization. The movement is connected with the past by a short but complete sketch of the history of organized labor from the Knights of Labor to the rise of the opposition within the American Federation of Labor. The chapter on The NRA—An Opportunity Lost is of special importance for an understanding of the immediate events which led to the division in the ranks. The author gives us a sad picture of an unprepared and confused leadership unequal to the tasks before it. In contrast he shows us a confident and daring minority finally forced to disregard the formal rules in order to take advantage of organizational opportunities.

The chapters that follow are invaluable for an understanding of difficulties overcome and oppositions mastered. Having been on the spot when the events were taking place, Mr. Levinson has caught something of the dramatic excitement that surrounded these conflicts.

Despite its value as a historical document, Mr. Levinson's work is far from objective reporting. Nor is his analysis unbiased. He is clearly partisan, and his dislike of the conservative leaders of the American Federation of Labor is evident on almost every page. The notion of craft autonomy is not a strongly held principle, as he implies, but is a practical device for the protection of jurisdiction. Allow some of the craft-union bosses an opportunity to extend their jurisdictions, and they will grab every type of worker into their organization. In fact, that is what has happened. The machinists, electricians, carpenters, and many other crafts have long ceased to be craft unions in all but name. The complete breakdown of craft-union lines in the American Federation of Labor will perhaps rank as one of the great achievements of the C. I. O.

In comparing the leaders of the craft and industrial unionists the author hardly picked the most important or dynamic representatives of the American Federation of Labor. It is true that the list includes William Green; and Hutchison and Tobin are leaders of important internationals. But Frey and Woll are mainly rhetoricians, who make good copy for the daily press. While one is a copious quoter of historical precedents and the other frequently shows his knowledge of the law, neither represents an important body of unionists. Arthur Wharton of the machinists, George Harrison of the clerks, and Dan Tracy of the electricians are certainly more representative. Moreover, these men did not allow the grass to grow under their feet, but helped to initiate extensive organizational drives which have netted the labor movement hundreds of thousands of new members.

The achievements of the C. I. O. may shine more brightly contrasted with the drab activities of the American Federation of Labor. Yet it is hardly reasonable to assume that the present leaders of the unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor are without ability or drive, in view of their large membership gains in the last four years and their ability to meet the attacks of the C. I. O. on many fronts. Mr. Levinson's criticism of the inertia and inactivity of organized labor in the twenties applies to all labor groups. All sections of the labor movement suffered from severe deflation in the twenties, and radical, liberal, and conservative unions seem to have been equally affected. It seems slightly far-fetched to ascribe this situation entirely to the policies of the American Federation of Labor. Undoubtedly, these were a factor, but they were far from the single cause.

Mr. Levinson's concluding chapter raises a number of interesting questions and shows him to be a keen student of union problems. Being essentially "union-minded" he foresees the danger of the factional activity carried on by the several brands of Communists in the new organizations. He notes that transferring the problem of the relative virtues of Trotsky and Stalin to the union hall can only lead to dissension and the ruin of the new unions. He distinguishes between red-baiting and opposition to Communist control of unions—a distinction of vital importance. He also tells us that Mr. Lewis's views have undergone a change since 1925. This is scarcely surprising, but no one has yet discovered his opinions on many fundamental questions. It is all the more important to know them, since Mr. Lewis is anxious to go beyond pressure-group politics.

Many things have happened since "Labor on the March" went to press. No longer do enthusiasts believe that the American Federation of Labor is on its last legs. Increasingly, signs point to reaction. In many sections employers are preparing to attack or are actively attacking both the old and the new unions. Having made a lasting contribution to the cause of labor, and having forced the obliteration of archaic craft lines, the C. I. O. can now serve labor by a policy that will make possible the healing of the breach. It would seem that leaders who have learned the principle of compromise and concessions in their dealings with employers would know how to apply the same technique to disputes in the family of labor.

In contrast to "Labor on the March," Mr. Seidman's volume, "Labor Czars," presents scarcely anything new. It is mostly warmed-over material with a few new ingredients mixed into a rather unpalatable stew. That craft unions breed racketeering is the burden of Mr. Seidman's thesis. Many objections can be raised against the craft unions, but the available evidence indicates that racketeering has always been an exception. For that matter there have also been a few irrgularities in unions organized on an industrial basis; and even revolutionary unions have not been without corruption. The existence of racketeering is traceable to causes other than organizational structure. Mr. Seidman's volume, by exaggerating the extent of the problem and by referring to certain established, though undesirable, practices as racketeering, only helps to discredit all forms of labor organization. This conclusion is no empty speculation. A number of years ago when I called upon the leader of an anti-union employers' group for evidence of labor racketeering, he handed me a volume on that subject written by a famous left-wing author. Mr. Seidman's study will take a place in the same library.

PHILIP TAFT

Tale of a City

A SOCIAL STUDY OF PITTSBURGH. By Philip Klein and Collaborators. Columbia University Press. $4.75.

THE last depression forced many communities to acquire what for want of a better term might be designated a social consciousness. Pittsburgh was one, and to those who knew the steel city of old the acquisition appears as fantastic as the city itself with its streets and boulevards encircling the hills like so many ribbons around a Gargantuan neck.

In 1932 Pittsburgh liberal opinion gathered its forces into an organization known as the League for Social Justice. (It had nothing in common with the National Union for Social Justice later organized by Father Coughlin.) The league never had more than 200 members, although its mailing list and consequently the number of people it could mobilize for a given cause was much larger. But it became a force in the community out of all proportion to its size. One of its committees began to organize the unemployed, and before long

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the offshoot outgrew the parent and began to function independently. It brought vigorous mass pressure for better relief, while the parent organization continued to plague the relief authorities with unpleasant facts. This combined pressure eventually produced notable results.

In the beginning relief was thrust upon the established social agencies and overwhelmed them. After they had grappled with the problem for a year relief was finally separated from their functions. The change improved relief but failed to restore the social-work structure to its pre-depression equilibrium. It needed gearing not only to increased demands but to a changing concept of social work. Finally a specialist was called in to diagnose the difficulties and to suggest remedies. This 958-page volume is one of the results. Through the instrumentality of a sponsoring committee of thirty, all but one of them listed in Pittsburgh's Blue Book and two-thirds of them bankers, industrialists, or lawyers, the Buhl Foundation made a grant of $85,000. Dr. Philip Klein of the New York School of Social Work directed the study, which embraced Pittsburgh and Allegheny County, a community of approximately 1,500,000 population.

The study turned out to be the second bombshell to explode in Pittsburgh within a year. The first was the steel study financed by the Falk Foundation, which recommended industrial unionism to steel executives as the only appropriate form of labor organization in the industry. The second is a social study which says to very much the same group that in an area where great wealth is produced living conditions for the mass of workers are disgraceful, poverty is rampant, snobbery toward the foreign born and the Negro at a high peak; that Scotch Presbyterians who have attained wealth directly or indirectly rule the community, and that their rule is inefficient.

Dr. Klein delves into the background because he refuses to treat social work as if it existed in a vacuum. To give it proper setting and perspective he endeavors to probe into the life of the community, especially into those sections of it from which come the recipients of welfare grants on one hand and the distributors and administrators of the grants on the other. Broadly classified, these sections represent capital and labor. The analyses of labor's status and organizational activities are considerably dated, since the study was launched in 1934 and continued to 1936, and many changes have taken place since then. More pertinent than the factual account of conditions which prevailed at the time of the study is the author's analysis of the unchanged psychological basis of social work. The group which sponsors welfare aid, Dr. Klein points out,

> assumes that there must be those who have more and those who have less; those who have power and those who must serve; those who have wisdom and those who must depend upon others. It further not only assumes that the "better class" is an economic-social concept, but also imputes to it superiority in moral standards and stamina. Indolence and shiftlessness are associated with poverty, poverty with squalor, and the "poor" is not only description but judgment as well.

The study probes into and analyzes in considerable detail the various social agencies of Pittsburgh and the vicinity and recommends specific plans for changing and coordinating

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them in order to make them function more efficiently. While this part of the book has a distinct local stamp, the broad outlines of both the analyses and the recommendations might well be studied and utilized by other cities. There is ample room for a legitimate difference of opinion on the diagnosis as well as on the suggested remedies, but the study has aroused opposition far beyond this point. Deep resentment is felt against the outsider who tells insiders what to do, and especially over the injection of basic economic principles into a study of social work. The study is therefore destined to be ignored by those for whom it was primarily intended. But if it remains on the bookshelves gathering dust, its facts, in cold print, are still available to the student who for one reason or another, at any time, may want to bring to light a drab picture of a drab city. That is easily worth $85,000 of a foundation's money.

ROSE M. STEIN

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Anti All Europe

CONSCRIPT EUROPE. By Randolph Leigh. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.

THE title of Mr. Leigh's able book does not describe it. It is from end to end a severe criticism of England, France, Germany, and Italy. The keynote he gives in his own foreword: "If the book must be classified as pro- or anti-anything in Europe, it might be said that it is anti the whole predatory pack now dominant there—even in holy Albion!" It is a book which will give no comfort to advocates of collective security, for its purpose is in part to show that our former Allies are only sham democrats, that they batten on us Americans and our gifts, and that the European concept of things today is utterly alien to the American ideal. He finds France to be decaying "under her post-war mendicancy," while England's ruling oligarchy is despoiling its own lower class and "reducing much of Africa and Asia to peonage."

Mr. Leigh often speaks favorably of Hitler. Not that he approves of dictatorships or of Hitler's horrible maltreatment of the Jews, but he recites Hitler's positive material achievements, his endeavor in his mistaken way to uplift his people by discipline, coherence, efficiency and science in administration. Yet he brings out the extraordinary fact that despite the reclamation of several millions of acres of arable land, improved farming technique, direct governmental intervention in the agricultural wage and labor problem, a large increase in swine and cattle, and the greatest per-acre production of wheat in the world, Germany is actually rapidly nearing the danger line in food scarcity and may crash.

The reason for this paradox is that while the population is increasing—Austria's inclusion in the Reich is an injury not a gain because it produces so little food—a great many fields are being devoted to producing industrial raw materials and inedible crops such as tobacco. Mr. Leigh gives as an example the diversion of 4,000,000 tons of potatoes to the production of 120,000,000 gallons of alcohol. Germany can buy food abroad only with great difficulty because it has to devote most of its limited resources in foreign exchange and gold to buying materials imperatively needed for its rearmament and manufactures. This is, of course, no new discovery, but Mr. Leigh presents the facts so clearly and cogently that they are unusually impressive.

That Mr. Leigh has presented only one side of the case is obvious. He is determined that the United States shall keep out of any European entanglements and he wants his fellow-countrymen to see Europe as he sees it. Hence it is no business of his to give a balanced picture. But he has written a book which no one can ignore who is concerned with the question of how far the United States should again go in underwriting the policies of France and England. Its style is clear and concise; its presentation of the material logical, forceful, and challenging.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Letters to the Editors

The Credit Is the Jews'

Dear Sirs: In a letter in the issue of August 27, under the title A Briton on Palestine, N. Blew-Jones, as a devoted son of old England, tries to defend the British government for its actions in Palestine. But the facts that Mr. Blew-Jones uses for his argument are very far from the actual reality. It is true that Palestine has blossomed in the last twenty years, but this is not to be credited to the English but to the Jews themselves, who have spent millions and millions of dollars there, as well as much blood and sweat. In many instances the British have created obstacles to the Jews' progress. I was one of the first pioneers in our homeland, and I have witnessed many hindrances laid in our way for the benefit of the Arabs. The British government does not spend its own money in Palestine. There is a great surplus in the treasury of the Palestine government which comes from the taxes collected from Jewish tourists, immigrants, merchants, farmers, industrialists, and even poor workers. This surplus, moreover, would be ten times as large if the government did not spend it on the Arabs and their institutions, on their hospitals and schools, on their villages and settlements, on their sanitation and physical training. The nationalistic Arabic youth now terrorizing the Jews and the English are the product of the education given them by the English at the expense of the Jews.

We do not want young Englishmen to shed their blood on the altar of our homeland. We have asked the government again and again to let us bear arms. Does it hearken? Does Mr. Blew-Jones know that the British government recently executed a nineteen-year-old Jewish lad for carrying a pistol without a permit?

RAPHAEL SHOCHETT

New York, September 13

Farmers Fight Fascism

Dear Sirs: The author of a letter on Bleeding America in *The Nation* of August 20 seems to think that California needs the help of decent people more than the Spanish people who are fighting for their lives.

Yes, we have incipient fascism in California, and the lot of our thousands of migratory workers is deplorable, but most of them have a vote, and if they will use it correctly in November we can throw off some of the reactionary fascism we have been suffering under for four long years.

Most of the white-collar workers in California do not know of the conditions in our valley (which could feed everyone in America), but decent, public-spirited people here are trying to educate them to correct these conditions. The Simon J. Lubin Society of California, a foundation to help agricultural workers, has done excellent work. For one thing it stopped W. F. Schilling, a former $12,000-a-year man on the Hoover Farm Board, and Colonel Walter E. Garrison from organizing Minnesota farmers in pitchfork and ax brigades. California farmers are learning, too, and have organized to fight the farming banks and utilities.

MARGUERITE HAYES

Hayward, Cal., September 10

Don't Question Refugees

Dear Sirs: In your country a great number of people from Austria and Germany have found their refuge. The kindness with which we have been received encourages me to broach a subject which is of vital importance to my countrymen here. Again and again in our conversation with American friends we are questioned about Germany. Those who question us do not realize the danger. We Germans are under the strict control of our government—not only while we are in Germany but wherever we are. There is an elaborate spy system, the details of which I shall not go into here. If anything we say is overheard by spies, they communicate with Germany, and our relatives there are made to suffer.

Many Americans tell me that they are not spies of the German government and that to them personally I can say anything. Certainly we know our good American friends are not spies, but nevertheless they are at times innocently indiscreet. They may repeat to a friend something we have said, not mentioning names but referring to us as Mr. So-and-So. A German spy hears it and spares no pains to discover the German who said it. It is a common trick of German spies to procure information from Americans by pretending to be refugees.

When we are asked such questions as "How do they treat the Jews?" "What do you think about Hitler?" we cannot give information negative or affirmative, for we want neither to endanger our people nor to lie. Even if we simply explain that we must be cautious, we are endangering our people. Do not even ask, "Are you a refugee?"—"Do you wish to become a citizen?"—"Do you like it here better than at home?" By no means ask us, "Have you any money here?" And, finally, we earnestly beseech you, our American friends, *Never tell to anyone else what we say to you.*

A VIENNESE EXILE

New York, September 15

Versailles and Nazism

Dear Sirs: Being a proletarian by birth, by nature, and by various other compulsory processes, I am like the rest of my tribe pretty dumb and patient; so is the ox, but even an ox will get exasperated in time. My wrath just now is directed at those writing fellows who seem to take an infernal delight in confusing us poor producers. My reason for kicking is this: since the sons of Wotan elevated their illustrious chief Hitler to his present throne, we have been told over and over again that the Treaty of Versailles imposed by the Allies upon Germany is directly responsible for the Nazi government of Germany.

I for one deny this. I contend that no civilized person could become a Nazi no matter how many Versailles treaties were signed. If Versailles produced Nazism, by the same logic Italy, which greatly benefited territorially by the treaty, should now be a pure democracy.

As I see it, all nations at war between 1914 and 1918 played the game according to the ethics of that day; the winner took the stakes and that was all there was to it. I am neither an upholder of capitalism nor a war monger, and I have nothing but contempt for a man or a nation that starts a game and belly-aches because it loses. As I see it, writers who blame the Versailles treaty for Nazism are probably trying to give Nazism an alibi and are secretly in sympathy with that cowardly movement.

Yours for less belly-aching and a real democracy. LOUIS MOREAU

Laws, Cal., September 10

Readers, Letters, and Editors

Dear Sirs: A magazine worthy of the name must ignore its readers. "Letters to the Editor" departments are all well and good when they are taken as letters and not as messages designed to influence the policy of the magazine. A journal must formulate opinions for its readers and not take advice from them. When a publication begins to heed those who dissent from its policies and alter the latter to conform with the disagreers it is a sad day.

So let *The Nation* cease to worry about those who indignantly attack it and demand changes in strategy, tactics, outlook, opinions, and so on. The reader must never become the controller; when he does influence a magazine, either positively or negatively, the magazine degenerates into a slip of paper to be blown by the wind, when it should be the wind. A magazine is not an instrument of its readers' tastes but of its editors' minds.

SEYMOUR KAPETANSKY

Detroit, Mich., September 16

Catalonia's Effort

Dear Sirs: Louis Fischer appears to me rather hasty in his remarks on Catalonia's participation in the present Spanish conflict, contained in his latest correspondence from Barcelona in *The Nation* of September 3. He stated that "Catalonia began to feel the war only six months ago," and that perhaps war has not yet become a habit there.

To the first statement I will say that torrents of blood would have been saved if the other regions of Spain had acted as swiftly as Catalonia did at the outset of the military rebellion. As to the second remark, let me point out that the Catalans as an industrious and highly civilized people naturally love peace and detest the savagery of war. Permit me to add, in conclusion, that if we consider the relations of democratic Catalonia with monarchist Spain during the last two hundred years, Catalonia's present mighty effort in the Spanish conflict sets an example of loyalty to which no parallel is offered in the history of the world. J. VALLES SOLER

New York, September 7

Encouragement for Longo

Dear Sirs: May I call the attention of your readers to the fact that a devoted young worker for social justice, a Catholic and no "red" of any sort, framed by the Hague machine in New Jersey because of his opposition to that infamous organization, is still in prison. His name is John R. Longo, and his address is Hudson County Penitentiary, Secaucus, New Jersey. I have sent him a supply of books so that he may use his leisure time in self-education. Perhaps other authors may do the same; and your readers may brighten this young man's time by writing him letters of encouragement.

UPTON SINCLAIR

Pasadena, Cal., September 12

Justice à la Johnstown

Dear Sirs: Herewith, Justice à la Johnstown and a tip to officials of strike-bound cities: Accepting the sum of $36,499.50 from a corporation affected by the strike for the preservation of law and order and then being unable to present an accounting of the disposition of said money is not to be construed as extortion and misdemeanor in office. So decides the grand jury in the case of the People vs. Mayor Shields-Councilman Connor after a year of legal procrastination. So go ahead, boys; grab it while it's there.

Consider the social positions of the members of the grand jury—four housewives, four laborers, two clerks, a merchant, a farmer, a miner, a mine foreman, a barber, a salesman, and a proprietor—and you have some idea of how complete, how permanently effective, were the strike-breaking tactics of the Shields-Bethlehem Citizens' Committee combination. Mr. Shields has achieved martyrdom for the stoic manner in which he has suffered his "persecution" (Question: What *did* he do with the money?). Bethlehem has regained its former revered position as the benefactor of Johnstown. (What if the company should decide to move its mills elsewhere!). The steel workers—those fortunate enough to be employed at present—are very, very peaceful and no one has questioned their Americanism these many months. (One wonders what became of all the aliens, agitators, Communists, and all the other un-American blights with which Johnstown was infested during the '37 strike. Peace—it's wonderful!)

H. G. SANFORD

Johnstown, Pa., September 12

Correction from Stuart Chase

Dear Sirs: In your column "In the Wind" for September 10 you state: "The Hearst-owned *Cosmopolitan* invited Stuart Chase to write a refutation of the anti-Mexican propaganda contained in *The Atlantic Presents.*"

This is not an accurate statement, and in justice to all concerned it should be corrected. The facts are these: An editor of the *Cosmopolitan*—referring to *The Atlantic Presents,* which he had not read—asked me if I thought there might be a timely article setting forth the real situation in Mexico. I replied that I had not kept in close enough touch to do an adequate article without going to Mexico.

Cosmopolitan did not invite me to refute anything, but discussed the possibility of a straight, unbiased news story. STUART CHASE

New York, September 16

CONTRIBUTORS

VLADIMIR POZNER, a French journalist now visiting the United States, has recently published "Bloody Baron: The Story of Ungern Sternberg."

FRED WOLTMAN, a New York newspaperman, covered the recent Hines trial.

JOHN GUNTHER, author of "Inside Europe," is now writing a book on Asia.

TH. TETENS is a German writer now living in the United States.

LUDWIG LORE writes regularly on foreign affairs for the New York *Post.*

CHARLES A. BEARD, formerly professor of politics at Columbia University, is the author of "The Rise of American Civilization."

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THE *Nation*

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The Shape of Things

HITLER'S USUAL WEEKLY PRONOUNCEMENT, delivered this past Monday, was remarkably empty of meaning. It was also remarkable for its bombast, its hysterical excitement, and its display of fanatical self-appreciation. It was the speech of a man who was stalling desperately but who couldn't afford to back down. Hitler not only retailed his unappreciated efforts in the cause of peace and insisted again upon his warm friendship for France; he also disclaimed all territorial ambitions beyond the German areas of Czechoslovakia. And he made the amazing assumption that the terms of his Godesberg demands were identical with the original demands accepted under duress at the hands of Britain and France by the Prague government; at least he asserted with every show of righteous ferocity that Benes had endangered the peace of Europe by refusing the Godesberg plan and thus "breaking his promise." This calculated nonsense fooled no one outside the ranks of his insulated and hypnotized followers. The rest of the world studied it in the light of the events of the day that preceded it, and tried to calculate just how far Hitler had actually stepped down after receiving the earnest if belated appeal from President Roosevelt, and the clear statement —actually for the first time—that France, Britain, and the Soviet Union would jointly act if he sent troops across the Czechoslovak border. In our opinion one of the most sinister things that could happen would be a compromise between the Berchtesgaden and the Godesberg demands, backed again by Britain and France. Toward some such way out—a way that would still insure him the loot without the dangers involved in stealing it—Hitler's speech obviously pointed. We hope passionately that Chamberlain and Daladier will not seek a temporary peace at such a price, but their feverish last-minute efforts indicate just such an intention.

*

PRESS COVERAGE OF EUROPE'S CRISIS WITHIN the past three weeks has set a new high mark in efficiency for a system of news gathering that is one of the great contributions of our age. But what is far more important,

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because of honest reporting the weight of this powerful device has been thrown for the most part to the side of decency and democracy and against the lies and brutality of the fascist powers. G. E. R. Gedye's Prague dispatches to the New York *Times,* like his earlier dispatches from Vienna in the March days, stand at the top of the list. Profoundly moving, yet genuinely objective and informative, they have helped to mobilize the conscience of the world and given "mere journalism" a new stature. And the same can be said to a lesser degree of the work of a dozen others scattered over Europe. M. W. Fodor for the Chicago *News,* Ferdinand Kuhn and Emil Vadnay for the New York *Times,* Joseph Driscoll and Walter B. Kerr for the *Herald Tribune,* among others, have contributed to a foreign correspondence that has been an important element in stiffening American opinion in support of the Czechoslovak republic. And on this score we are glad to be able to say that the editorial policy of such conservative papers as the New York *Times* and *Herald Tribune* has matched the work of their correspondents. There have been ominous exceptions. The Hearst press has supported the Nazi program in its headlines even when the dispatches beneath told a different story. The New York *Daily News* has warmly advocated partition. And P. J. Philip of the *Times* has consistently overemphasized the sell-out sentiment in France. War would, of course, bring censorship and distortion in all countries. But in this pre-war respite the European press corps is increasing the prestige and strength of democracy itself against the day of its showdown with reaction in whatever country.

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MILLIONS OF AMERICANS, UNWILLING TO wait for their daily newspapers, have depended largely on the radio for news during the tense days of the past fortnight. In addition to the regular news dispatches, some of the chains, notably the Columbia Broadcasting System, have done a superb job in bringing frequent broadcasts direct from European capitals. As a result, the average American with a radio set has had the opportunity to obtain as broad and up-to-the-minute picture of the shifting developments making for war or peace as any but the highest European statesmen. In undertaking what may go down in history as the radio's greatest educational achievement, Columbia has developed the technique so auspiciously started in last spring's Austrian crisis. Special credit should be given to its commentator on foreign affairs, H. B. Kaltenborn, for his skilful and penetrating analysis of the various European reports, as well as to Edward R. Murrow for organizing Columbia's European service and for his informative broadcasts. Not the least of Murrow's "scoops" was the brilliant and touching speech of Jan Masaryk, Czech minister to London, on the night of the Godesberg fiasco. Among the regular news commentators George Hamilton Combs of Station WMCA (New York) stands in a class by himself. His vivid word pictures, sense of drama, and fair, intelligent interpretation put to shame many of the more highly touted commentators. The Mutual Broadcasting System also deserves credit for its Trans-Radio news and transcriptions of European short-wave broadcasts. It is at least pleasant to play with the idea of what would happen to Hitler and Mussolini, to say nothing of Chamberlain, if services of this kind were available generally throughout Europe.

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WALL STREET HAS FAITHFULLY REFLECTED the alternations of the international crisis. When fears of war arose, stocks fell; recovery followed any apparent lifting of the clouds. These movements seem to have been occasioned less by calculations of how war would affect the economic position here than by the fact that acute uncertainty always causes a helter-skelter rush for liquidity. Up to the outbreak of the crisis domestic recovery appeared to be proceeding in a sober but encouraging way, with the Federal Reserve Index of industrial production rising from 83 in July to 88 in August. It is more than likely, however, that the rate of improvement has since been checked. The atmosphere of intense alarm and the obscurity of the immediate future cannot fail to promote the postponement of business decisions, particularly those relating to long-term capital projects. The most spectacular result of the crisis has been the pouring in of European refugee funds, which in the five weeks to September 21 added more than half a billion dollars to our embarrassingly excessive gold stocks. In the event of war we may expect a still greater influx. The question of where we shall stand if our present 56 per cent of the world's monetary gold rises to nearly 100 per cent has become a matter for immediate consideration.

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MR. ROOSEVELT IS TO BE CONGRATULATED. The defeat of John J. O'Connor partially rewards the efforts for a purge not particularly effective elsewhere. Mr. O'Connor's loss of the Democratic Party renomination for Congress insures his removal as head of the powerful House Rules Committee. His victory in the Republican primary can hardly recompense a practical politician whose future depends on his reputation for party regularity. Mr. O'Connor would also lose seniority in Congress were he to win the election; but with both the Democratic and the American Labor Party supporting James H. Fay, O'Connor's retirement from office is conceded. No doubt the interests he has championed so faithfully will make his future prosperous, if less influential. Mr. Sabath of Illinois will succeed him as chairman of the Rules Committee. O'Connor's defeat was the second New Deal victory in the purge. The other was the defeat of William J. Driver of Arkansas, a conservative

Democratic member of the same committee. Mr. Sabath, whose reputation is otherwise a mixed one, has a good voting record. The two vacancies on the committee will be filled by the House Ways and Means Committee. We urge voters in the home districts of Congressmen on the Ways and Means Committee to bring pressure to bear for the appointment of New Dealers to the Rules Committee, which has too often been the graveyard of important progressive legislation.

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A NUMBER OF NLRB DECISIONS INVOLVING employers' "freedom of speech" have been criticized in recent months not only by the board's worst enemies but by some of its staunchest friends. We especially recall the dissatisfaction expressed by the Civil Liberties Union with the board's order prohibiting circulation of anti-union leaflets by the Ford Company in its plant at Covington, Kentucky. An illuminating and temperate analysis of the issues at stake in the most controversial of these cases has just been published by the International Juridical Association; its appearance coincides with the publication of a new statement by the Civil Liberties Union covering similar disputes. Both documents emphasize that in two of the most celebrated conflicts—relating to the Muskin Shoe Company and the Mock-Judson-Voerhinger Company—there is no solid ground for challenging the board's judgment. In neither case did the orders prohibit distribution of employer propaganda; they merely cited such propaganda as part of a violent and terroristic campaign in which the meaning of the Wagner Act was obliterated. The Ford case is unique, and the conclusions of the International Juridical Association in respect to it differ fundamentally from those of the Civil Liberties Union. The latter contends that in banning, among other things, circulation of employer propaganda among employees the board ignored the distinction between mere expression of employer opinion and actual coercive threats. The Juridical Association contends that the distinction, in the broad context of the employer-employee relationship, is a spurious one. This seems to us the more realistic view of an issue obscured by many fictions. Surely the effect of an employer's language cannot be measured by his tone or pronunciation; it must be seen in terms of an economic relationship that renders meaningless the theory of "equal" discussion.

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THE CAMPAIGN TO TURN THE WAGNER ACT into a means of curbing unionism will find some few grains of comfort in the report of the President's Commission on Industrial Relations in Sweden, but only by taking them out of their context. Collective agreements in Sweden are enforcible in a Labor Court. Sweden has neither the closed shop nor the check-off, and its nation-wide organizations of employers and employees are now seeking agreement on plans to guarantee against interruption of essential services and to limit the secondary boycott. But the same groups are also negotiating a limitation on the employer's right to discharge. The evolution of labor relations in Sweden is not different in its general outlines from England's, nor is its origin much different from our own. Employer organizations, formed in 1896 to combat the growth of unionism, decided after the general strike of 1902 that industrial peace could best be furthered by collective bargaining. Today 65 per cent of all the employed in Sweden, except domestics, are unionized; the proportion in manufacturing is 90 per cent. Collective agreements are made on a national scale. Strikes and lockouts are forbidden during the term of an agreement, except sympathetic strikes to assist another lawful strike or lockout. Unions need not register, incorporate, or account for their funds. Compulsory arbitration, experimented with on a limited scale and in some industries, has since been abandoned. Strike-breakers are no longer used, and violence in strikes is consequently almost unknown. The Swedish survey, like the British, demonstrates how far we lag behind the other democratic countries in labor relations, and the two reports should help to allay some of our sharp growing pains.

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IN AN ELOQUENT AND REALISTIC ARTICLE in the current issue of the *Virginia Quarterly Review*, Jonathan Daniels states with fresh insistence the old truth that the problem of the South cannot be solved until hunger in its simplest form is eliminated from the lives of the lowest stratum of Southern society. He emphasizes in particular the conditions of the rural South; the cotton pickers' strike called by the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union in southeastern Arkansas shows once more how serious that condition is. "We urge all cotton pickers," reads the strike call, "union or non-union to sit down in their homes and wait until prices reach $1 per hundred before picking another boll." The call affects some 20,000 workers, whose cause is just to the point of pathos. Over a period of twenty years cotton-picking wages have been based more or less on the price of cotton, and that is all the strikers are asking for now. Today cotton is selling at around 8 cents a pound; the government subsidy raises it to 10, but cotton pickers have been getting from 40 to 85 cents a hundred pounds. The next news from Arkansas may be violence. The strikers sitting in their homes, if they can be called homes, have no savings either for eating or for carrying on their strike for a sub-decent wage. Meanwhile, in another Southern sector, the Pecan Workers' Local, in San Antonio, which won a strike early this year after six weeks of unbelievable terrorization and brutality by the local police, are trying to raise enough money to issue a pamphlet that might let the world know what is going on in San Antonio. They have what is said to be the lowest wage scale in the entire country—about $125 a year. They are utterly without civil protection and are jailed at the pleasure of Chief of Police Owen Kilday, brother of the man who defeated Maury Maverick in the Texas primaries. The North has taken millions out of the South. The least it can do is to send a little back to the rural and urban victims of exploitation in the form of contributions—and then insist upon a real solution for our Economic Problem No. 1. Contributions to either cause will gladly be handled by *The Nation.*

* * *

AMERICA'S FUTURE IS TRULY DISCOURAGING if it is to depend on the program outlined in the first issue of *America's Future,* a new monthly published by Frank Gannett and his National Committee to Uphold Constitutional Government. In an editorial announcement which sounds like a patent-medicine advertisement, Mr. Gannett and his colleagues propose to "turn the tide from debt, depression, unemployment, and one-man rule toward real recovery with constitutional government, free enterprise, high production." These objectives are as safe as the old-time politician's stand for home, motherhood, and the flag, but the only means of reaching them which the committee seems to offer is abuse of President Roosevelt. Amos Pinchot contributes a long-winded open letter to John L. Lewis, with a sideswipe at Harry Bridges as a "protege of the Labor Department." Samuel B. Pettengill cites Thomas Jefferson, who apparently is as quotable as the Bible on either side of any issue, against the "purge." James Truslow Adams offers the expected answer to the question, "Is Capitalism Doomed?" The President's 1932 statements against centralization in government are rehashed and reprinted once more. But subversive influences are already at work on *America's Future.* Conrad H. Mann, head of the Fraternal Order of Eagles, contributes a short article on What the Wage-Earner Is Thinking, in which he says of his members, "They want a democratic government, but they don't want the kind of government that believes in letting things work out by themselves while hundreds of thousands starve. They are largely for the present Administration because they feel that at least it has made an effort to bring about a solution of problems which affect themselves and their families." Obviously Mr. Mann must be subsidized with M——w g——d.

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JAMES OWEN MAHONEY'S DESIGN FOR A mural for the World's Fair which won a prize of $5,000 in a nation-wide competition is quite as bad as the five artists who protested against it said it was. Like Reginald Marsh, who found himself in a minority on a jury which made the award, we are "damned glad to hear about the complaints."

If Hitler Has His Way

PUBLICATION of Hitler's demands on Czechoslovakia confirms the general belief that Nazi Germany is not interested so much in "rescuing" the Sudeten Germans as in bringing the whole of Czechoslovakia within the German orbit. Much more than the actual Sudeten areas are demanded, and the Nazi mapmakers have contrived a scheme which would virtually cut Czechoslovakia into two parts, a greatly reduced Bohemia and Moravia in the west being connected with Slovakia and Ruthenia in the east by a narrow neck not more than fifteen miles in width. The country would be further weakened if the Nazis, as is expected, back Poland's and Hungary's claims to Czech territory. Should Prague be forced to accept Hitler's terms, Czechoslovakia would be reduced to little more than a German protectorate. Its richest industrial areas would be in German or Polish hands; the great fortifications of its "Maginot line" would be handed over to the Reich; and what remained of Czechoslovakia would be so closely ringed by Germany that it could have no independent economic existence.

A prostrate Czechoslovakia is clearly but a means to an end. It would remove the last barrier to Hitler's control of Central Europe, and would lay the basis for early demands for Memel, Danzig, Schleswig, South Tyrol, and other territories partially populated by Germans. It is doubtful whether the German-inhabited areas will receive as much attention as the rich agricultural sections of the Danube basin. The seizure of the Sudeten territory, like the Austrian conquest, would give Germany a large industrial population and thus aggravate the food problem. The Reich would also still face a grave shortage of oil, iron ore, copper, and other raw materials necessary for its armaments and industries. Capitulation of Czechoslovakia would presumably remove Hungary's last defenses against complete Nazi domination. The Chamberlain-Daladier plan for the partition of Czechoslovakia has already driven Poland toward the Nazi camp. Yugoslavia and Rumania have reaffirmed their loyalty to the Little Entente, but it is evident that they cannot long remain outside the German orbit if the Czechs are subjugated. In the past few years Yugoslavia has fallen increasingly under German economic influence, and it will be but a short step to political vassalage. Frightened by the fate of Austria, Rumania has fought hard during the past six months to throw off Nazi domination. Rumanian oil and wheat, however, are far too vital to the Reich for Hitler to allow Carol the luxury of an independent foreign policy after the Czechs have been crushed. The Danubian states will face a choice between extinction and German economic and political domination.

Realization of the full implications of a victory for

Hitler has been a major factor in the stiffening of British and French public opinion this past week. Another has been Mussolini's incomparable sword-rattling, which has made it clear that he has no intention of yielding the position of Public Menace No. 1 to his upstart German rival. It may be assumed therefore that a Hitler victory would force Mussolini to seek a corresponding Fascist triumph. Already the Duce has espoused the cause of the Hungarians and Poles in Czechoslovakia. But he will have to go much farther if he is to offset both Austria and Czechoslovakia. He can hardly fail to redouble his efforts to obtain a prompt rebel victory in Spain even if it requires open intervention by the regular Italian army.

France's plight in the event of a Nazi triumph in Czechoslovakia has been indicated by Louis Fischer elsewhere in this issue. Great Britain's position would be little better. No one knows yet what concessions it may be willing to make for peace with Germany. For the moment the price may be a free hand in Central and Eastern Europe. Ultimately Nazi terms to Britain are likely to include not only the return of the pre-war colonies, but surrender of naval supremacy and acquiescence in further Nazi political aspirations.

But the gravest danger France and England will face if they surrender to Hitler's present demands does not lie in the Nazis' immediate territorial aspirations but in the encouragement given to fascist forces within their own boundaries. Fascism is a germ which thrives on the illusion of irresistible strength. If that illusion is fed by capitulation to Hitler's boldest and least justified demands, it may rapidly cause a pestilence of world-wide proportions.

Recapitulation

WITH Chamberlain's capitulation to Hitler, the vulture bred at Versailles really came home to roost. The monstrous bird that scared Britain and France not merely into betraying a friend but into handing over the key to their own defenses was hatched from an egg which only the naive expected to produce a dove. Yet although from the moment it pushed its ugly head out of the shell there was no doubt about its species, the rulers of the democracies insisted it could safely be allowed the run of the European barnyard.

In 1919 the great needs of Britain and France were a prolonged peace, relief from armaments, and a rapid development of international trade to make good the ravages of war and buttress stability with plenty. Instead they made a peace calculated to perpetuate fear and hate and put every possible obstacle in the way of economic revival. Only one result of Versailles offered real hope for the future. The League of Nations provided a means by which political readjustments might be made without resort to force, disarmament organized, and collective defenses built against aggression. Unhappily the League's first decade proved that its leading members would yield nothing to reason; its second, that they would yield everything to force.

The first surrender came in 1931 when Japan overran Manchuria. Conditions for a firm stand were peculiarly favorable. Apart from the importance of establishing the League's authority, the Western powers had every practical motive for preventing the domination of China. Moreover, with American cooperation for once assured, the risks were limited. Japan was highly susceptible to economic pressure, and a worldwide trade boycott would almost certainly have forced it to retreat. Yet under British and French leadership the League stultified itself with scolding resolutions and commissions of investigation whose findings were ignored. Aggression had received the all-clear signal.

In 1933 the Third Reich arose with the avowed purpose of achieving all the Kaiser's objectives and more. The British ruling classes deplored Hitler's ungentlemanly methods, but their chief emotion seems to have been relief at the erection of a new barrier against Bolshevism. Piece by piece he was permitted to tear up the Treaty of Versailles. No doubt a guilty conscience proved a brake on action, but it was a pity that conscience had not bestirred itself in Britain and France while Germany was still a democracy. Now acquiescence suggested once again that only ruthlessness won respect.

The lesson was not lost on Mussolini, preparing for a cheap imperial triumph. As his legions poured through the Red Sea during the summer of 1935, only vague mutterings were heard from Geneva. When the Ethiopian war started, the League for one moment seemed about to redeem itself. Alas, the brave words were only for public consumption; in secret, Britain and France sabotaged every effort to transform them into effective action. In the face of Mussolini's threats, sanctions were whittled down to measures designed to irritate but not in the least to deter.

Flushed with his double victory over Ethiopia and the League, the Duce joined forces with Hitler to foment rebellion in Spain. To most observers it seemed clear that the dictators were moved not merely by their hatred of democracy but still more by their desire to undermine the strategic positions of Britain and France. Leaving international decencies aside, it appeared that Britain's interest lay in lending every support to the Spanish government in order to defeat these aims. But upper-class consciousness prevailed over imperial necessity, and the farcical disguise of "non-intervention" was adopted to cover the fact that the "National" government was aiding and abetting the enemy.

The sweet fruits of apparently riskless aggression served to heighten Fascist appetites. Austria proved a simple bite, and then came the turn of the Czechs. But the proposed victim displayed a criminal tendency to resist, while the democracies showed signs of unwonted firmness. May 21 was a definite setback to Hitler: it gave the democracies one last chance to take the initiative. That was lost when Chamberlain again proved his capacity to wilt in the face of threats, and the surrender at Berchtesgaden was the result.

The latest news from England suggests that humiliation has brought enlightenment. The British people cannot escape blame for their refusal to face facts, but, it must be remembered, every effort has been made by their rulers to minimize the menace of Nazi Germany. Although Hitler published a guidebook to his ambitions, the public was encouraged to believe that so fantastic a production need not be taken seriously. Faced by the Nazis' openly declared warfare on democracy, Chamberlain and his colleagues explained soothingly that an ideological struggle was absurd—totalitarianism and democracy could exist peacefully side by side. Ignoring the fact that Czechoslovakia was the sole bulwark against German hegemony of Europe, they fostered the idea that Britain had no vital interest in its integrity.

In this tale of wilful blindness is there a moral for America? As the British were told that Czechoslovakia was no concern of theirs, so we hear that Europe is nothing to us. So too, perhaps, eighth-century France listened with indifference to the distant rumblings of the Moslem hordes. Yet the fanatical tide which flowed westward from Arabia was dammed only at Tours.

Checklist on Europe

ON THE preceding page we print a compact record of the events of the past twenty years that have brought Europe to the edge of a desperate and unnecessary struggle. For readers who wish to review the immediate background of the crisis in greater detail we list below some articles published in *The Nation* during the past year analyzing the major conflicts and maneuvers of the European powers. In most cases we can supply copies of the issues containing these articles.

1937

War—East and West, *an Editorial, September 18.*
British Labor in Retreat, *by Harold J. Laski, October 2.*
A Lesson for the Democracies, *by Louis Fischer, October 16.*
Nazi Eyes Turn East, *by Henry C. Wolfe, November 6.*
Russia and the World, *an Editorial, November 13.*
Hitler and Halifax, *by Robert Dell, December 18.*

1938

Can Hitler Be Bought? *by Robert Dell, January 8.*
Austria—Last Chapter, *by Ludwig Lore, February 26.*
Europe and America, *an Editorial, March 5.*
Chamberlain's Treason, *by Robert Dell, March 12.*
Europe Learns from Vienna, *by Robert Dell;* and Gangster Triumphant, *by Freda Kirchwey, March 19.*
Czechoslovakia Holds the Key, *by Henry B. Kranz, March 26.*
The Rise of Konrad Henlein, *by Ludwig Lore, April 9.*
How Sound Is Germany's Economy? *by A. Vidakovic and I. G. Rogin, April 16.*
Hitler Goes to Rome, *an Editorial, May 7.*
Prague Shows the Way, *an Editorial, May 28.*
The Czechs Stand Guard, *by M. W. Fodor, June 4.*
Escape from the Mousetrap, *by Anton Kuh, June 4, 11, 18.*
Can Prague Rely on Paris? *by Alexander Werth, June 25.*
Czech Patchwork, *by Frank C. Hanighen, July 23.*
Hitler's Proposals, *an Editorial, July 30.*
Czech Suicide, London's Solution, *by Robert Dell, August 20.*
Russia's Role in the European Crisis, *by Maxwell S. Stewart, August 27.*
Europe Mobilizes, *an Editorial, September 3.*
Hitler Will Decide, *by M. W. Fodor, September 10.*
Race Hate: a Sudeten Tradition, *by Arnold Hoellriegel;* and Dead End in Europe, *an Editorial, September 17*
Hitler Wants Skoda, *by Vladimir Pozner;* and The Great Betrayal, *an Editorial, September 24.*

In addition we want to recall two important earlier articles that analyzed Germany's state of preparedness: Will Europe Go to War? *by L. Lore, July 24 and 31, 1937.*

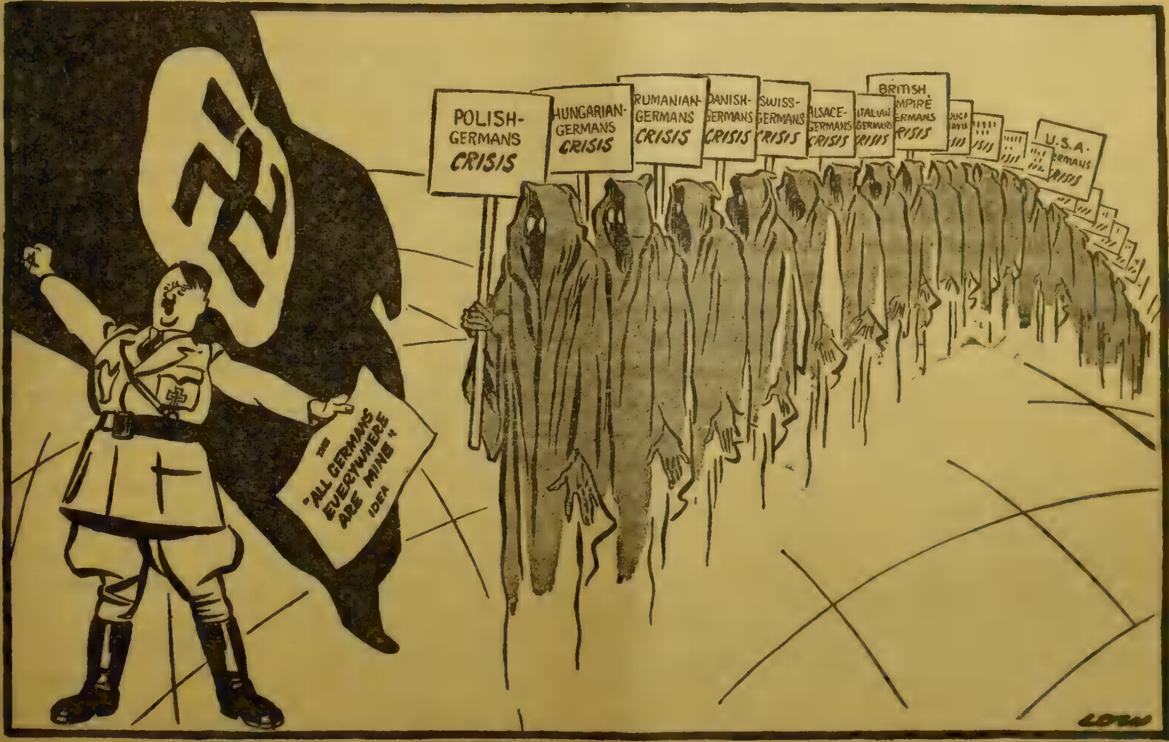
That New Party Line-up

THE hostility evoked by Mr. Roosevelt's reputed intention to create a liberal vs. conservative political line-up is easy to explain: in the past we have had two conservative major parties. The two-party system on which academic theorists have dwelt with so much pride has been a mechanism to give the voter the illusion of change without its inconveniences for our upper classes. Motion could be as furious as the participants chose to make it; now one party, now the other rose to supremacy. The sensation was exhilarating, but the contrivance itself remained as stationary as a seesaw.

Were one of our major parties to be transformed into a consistently progressive organization, we may be sure that the conservatives would be quick to organize a party of their own, to defend their interests. Under present conditions their needs are better served by the presence of a reactionary minority as a drag-anchor within the Democratic Party and by enough quasi-liberals in the Republican Party to keep it perfumed and presentable. Bourbon Senators from the South and reactionaries intrenched in the municipal machines of the North have enabled our economic overlords to hamstring the New Deal over and over again. On the other hand, the Bruce Bartons, in their cleverness, and the Landons, in their simplicity, have begun to repair the damage done the Republican Party by Mr. Hoover, who operated so openly and obviously as to give the show away. The transformation of the Democratic into a liberal and the Republican into a conservative party would, of course, clarify political thinking and simplify the voting process. That is why the right objects to it.

In this as in almost every other aspect of the President's program the attempt is being made to represent his aims as contrary to the supposed "American way," a charge that will frighten no one with any historical perspective. The idea of constitutional government was disposed of as distinctly "un-French," an idea imported from alien and subversive England, in the days of Louis XVI, and the trick of fighting reform as "un-Ruritanian" is as least as old as middle-class nationalism. The historian Henry Steele Commager, in a recent issue of the New York *Times Sunday Magazine,* learnedly set out to prove that the idea of having each of our two parties stand for a distinct approach to national problems, one liberal, the other conservative, ran counter to our national tradition.

The fact is that our major parties have been alike as two peas in a pod in those periods when the ship of state ran so smoothly that the two parties could confine themselves to fighting over which should have the best berth in the captain's cabin. Such periods comprise the greater part of our history so far, but are unlikely to bulk so large in the future. In times of social and economic change the pressure of new needs and the ferment of new ideas have tended to make the professional politician and the major parties take up more or less definite attitudes on right or left, much as they dislike to be disturbed in the even pursuit of office. The Democratic Party under Jefferson, Jackson, Bryan, and Wilson, as under Franklin D. Roosevelt, has, for all its incongruous and contradictory elements, been made into an instrument of popular protest, much as was the Republican Party under Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt. Franklin D. Roosevelt, for all his compromises and turnings, has been more conscious of his purposes and more consistent in his aims than any of these predecessors but Lincoln; and Lincoln, too, took a long time to make up his mind to the struggle for emancipation. In setting out to rid his party of those hostile to the New Deal, Mr. Roosevelt will be thoroughly justified in the light of history, and his success in molding the Democratic Party into a liberal party is essential if we are to deal clearly, efficiently, and swiftly with the problems that pile up about us. The ferment revealed in this year's primaries, the splits that have aligned some Republicans with reactionary Democrats and others with progressive Laborites, the mutually irreconcilable differences brought more sharply than ever to light in the Democratic Party, the left and right splits even in such smaller groupings as the Townsendites and the new La Follette Progressives, show that the country is ripe for a new alignment. If Roosevelt can bring that about, it will not rank as the least of his achievements.



NIGHTMARE WAITING LIST.

Interim Notes on the Crisis

BY JOHN GUNTHER

I HAVEN'T seen it pointed out yet that Hitler and Woodrow Wilson are from one point of view brothers under the skin. Hitler spends a great deal of time denouncing Wilsonism, and indeed his whole history is based on repudiation of the Treaty of Versailles. But Wilson invented the theory of self-determination as a political force, and surely the Nazi doctrine of race is nothing except self-determination carried to an extreme point. Wilson said that peoples with a common language, cultural heritage, and national history should be united. Hitler says the same thing. But he says it with guns, and Wilson said it merely with Robert Lansing.

This business of self-determination has its tricks and pitfalls. Logically and rationally if you believe in self-determination, and it is extremely difficult not to believe in it, you have to grant the Sudeten Germans have as much right to autonomy as the Czechoslovaks have to independence. Therefore Hitler's unconscionable behavior during the second Chamberlain visit has its usefulness. His brutal attempt to raise the ante proves one highly important fact now and once for all—namely, that he does not give three damns for the Sudeten Germans. He uses the convenient self-determination arguments as a pretext for something else.

For a time during the awful confusion of last week-end I was puzzled. Why, with the Sudeten Germans in his lap, did Hitler break the crisis open again? It is true that we have only very scanty information, and not many people can know the whole story, but surely it is clear by this time that Hitler did smash the business wide open because he thought, having got the promise of the Sudetens by one bluff, that he could get more by another. He must have known too that he was facing a certain risk that the second bluff—the raising of the ante—might not work. In other words, he was risking what he had always asserted to be his object, *and which he had obtained*—the promise of the incorporation of the Sudetens in the Reich—for something else.

That something else is of course power in Central Europe, power to expand beyond Central Europe, power to break the Franco-Soviet pact, power to isolate the Balkan states, power to rule Europe east of the Rhine. "The master of Bohemia," Bismarck once said, "is the master of the continent." This mastery is what Hitler wants. But let us not pay much attention hereafter when Mr. Hitler mentions "self-determination."

Another point, I think, has not been given nearly the attention it deserves. The Germans say unendingly that the Sudeten area, torn from Germany by the peace treaties, must be given back to Germany. This is pure fabrication. The Sudeten area was *never* part of Germany. It has never been German except in language. The Sudeten area was part of Austria-Hungary, not of Germany, and the frontier between Germany and Czechoslovakia on the north is one of the very few frontiers that the Versailles map-makers did *not* change. The boundary follows without alteration or divagation the historic line that always divided the kingdom of Bohemia from the German Reich. The Czechoslovaks got not one inch of German soil in the Sudeten region.

The jackals in Hungary and Poland are whining, but the whine is sour. Hungary lost far too much territory by Trianon—that is true—but the Hungarians have not a very pretty history in regard to their treatment of minorities. Hungary oppressed the Slovaks and Rumanians for generations. At the moment, with a total population of only 8,800,000, it contains at least 150,000 Yugoslavs and Slovaks and probably 600,000 Germans. We haven't heard Hitler moaning for *these* Germans.

As to Poland, it has the worst minority record in Europe. At the most modest estimate, 8,000,000 people among Poland's total of 33,000,000 are not Poles. There are about 3,500,000 Ukrainians, 2,000,000 Jews, 1,000,000 Germans, and 1,000,000 White Russians in Poland, to say nothing of smaller groups. The anti-Semitism of the Poles is, next to that of Germany, the worst in Europe, and Ukrainian nationalism has been ruthlessly stamped out. There are only about 90,000 Poles in Czechoslovakia. They have been infinitely better treated than minorities in Poland.

Two or three years ago we heard sometimes an ominous little wisecrack about the Poles. "The nearer Poland gets to the Third Reich, the nearer it gets to the Fourth Partition."

Strict application of the doctrine of self-determination would seem to give justification to the Hungarian and Polish case. But unfortunately no frontier can ever be drawn in Central Europe without leaving some minorities on the wrong side of the border. It is geographically impossible to give self-determination to such isolated enclaves of people as the Germans, for instance, in Rumania, without disrupting the state. The question of ultimate justice has to be considered. You cannot grant all minority demands in Czechoslovakia without so weakening the Czechoslovak state that it must cease to exist. After all, from the self-determination point of view some ten million Czechoslovaks have as much right to nationhood as a fractional minority of Poles—to put it mildly.

If the matter had been brought up differently, I think the Czechoslovaks would have given up some territory without too ill grace. But now Hitler by insufferable insolence and smash-and-grab-ism has made it almost impossible for them to recede.

Let the Czechs Stand Firm!

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Paris, September 26

THE partitioning of Czechoslovakia and the subsequent domination of its amputated parts and rump by Nazi Germany would convert France into a second Portugal. Paris would lose its Central and Eastern European allies and the Franco-Soviet pact would be invalidated by the new geography as well as by its worthlessness to Moscow. Germany would then be free to reach down toward the Dardanelles or to face France without the Kaiser's disadvantage of having to fight on two fronts. France's weakening means the weakening of the Anglo-French combination. Germany would exercise hegemony on the continent, and Italy would have a better chance to achieve it in the Mediterranean. Hence Mussolini's passionate support of Hitler in the entire crisis.

All this and no less is involved. There has never been a question of the rights of the Sudeten Germans or of Hitler's burning love for them. When Schuschnigg proclaimed the Austrian plebiscite, Hitler marched on Vienna; Mussolini, who has been loudly preaching in favor of self-determination for Czechoslovakia's racial minorities, has never offered the same privileges to the Tyrolese Germans nor has Hitler ever asked it; both dictators conspired to nullify the decisive Popular Front victory in the plebiscite of February, 1936, in Spain. Wilsonian self-determination has become the reactionary weapon of fascist expansionists.

Unfortunately, however, Goebbels's astute propaganda, coupled with bad Czech propaganda, has allowed population percentages and local ethnic grievances to obscure the true intentions of Nazi imperialism. A dawning appreciation of this fact is one of the differences between the Berchtesgaden and Godesberg visits. Devoid of violent prejudices against the Nazis, Chamberlain presumably accepted at face value Hitler's idealistic avowals regarding the Sudetens. In any case he considered the Sudetenland unworthy of a European war. The large-scale German maneuvers and the feverish construction of fortifications created an impression that Germany might be planning to attack France. Daladier took precautionary military measures, and so did Chamberlain; but when in the Nürnberg speech and at Berchtesgaden Hitler announced that his only concern was Bohemia, Paris and London heaved two sighs of relief, and Daladier begged Chamberlain to reply, "Take it." This should have sufficed Hitler as a penetrating wedge to split and cripple Czechoslovakia, but totalitarian regimes apparently crave totalitarian solutions, and with the Western powers in disgraceful flight Hitler felt he could achieve immediately his ultimate object. Summoning Imredy, the Hungarian Premier, and Lipsky, the Polish Ambassador, Hitler instructed them forthwith to present their claims to chunks of Czechoslovakia. Some British and French statesmen thereupon belatedly perceived the imperialist design beneath the idealistic cloak.

The democracies are incapable of the determination necessary for a preventive war even when the cost is small. The greatest asset of the fascist powers is their apparent readiness to wage war. The moment they threaten to march, England and France hurriedly inquire how much of other nations' territory will placate them. Chamberlain was as ready to sign away Spain as he was to sacrifice the Sudetenland. The cession of a part of Bohemia appeared to offer the prospect of a period of peace. That was warrant enough for scuttling Benes, but the addition of the Hungarian and Polish pretensions clearly shortened the expected peaceful interval and lengthened the alarming Italian-German shadow over Europe. French and British public opinion began to harden toward the acceptance of an inevitable conflict and the feeling that "if it has to come, it might as well come now." Had Hitler sugar-coated the pill and avoided the impression of undue haste, France and England would gladly have settled down into passivity, but his crudeness and the speed of events have humiliated and frightened many Frenchmen. Moreover, what Hitler demands—that Czech fortifications be turned over to him intact and that the Skoda works be similarly surrendered—is fantastic and exceeds every expectation.

Something else of great significance occurred between Berchtesgaden and Godesberg. During all these weeks, after every major event in Downing Street Ambassador Kennedy rang the bell of Number 10 and received a report. Although nobody doubted that the United States would keep out of at least the first phase of a European war, Washington was informed of every move, while the Soviet Union, whose troops and arms could succor Czechoslovakia before effective British and French aid could arrive, was never informed or consulted. Had the British government had any intention of saving Czechoslovakia, it should have impressed Hitler with the likelihood of Soviet intervention. The French ought to have taken a similar line, but "there is good reason to believe," as the Paris correspondent of the London *Times* stated, that Bonnet told the French Cabinet and the British government that Russia would not participate. This report was deliberately circulated in order to strengthen the case for surrender to Hitler. The Russians have always said that they would help Czechoslovakia if France did first. This attitude is not to be explained as a pedantic desire to carry out the letter of the Soviet-Czech treaty; the fact is that if France remained aloof the Russians, while they could and probably would fly airplanes to Czechoslovakia, could not send other arms or men through Poland and Rumania. These two countries have initiated at Warsaw an understanding to prevent the passage of the Red Army. If France aided the Czechs, this ban would automatically be lifted at least by Rumania. On September 21 Litvinov addressed the League and said that Moscow had proposed Soviet-Franco-Czech military conversations. This caused three members of the Daladier Cabinet to offer their resignations on the ground that they had been deceived regarding the Kremlin's plans Then on the early morning of the twenty-third Moscow warned Poland to keep its hands off Czechoslovakia if it wished to avoid Russian retaliation. The same afternoon in Geneva, Lord de la Warr, the first British delegate to the League, and R. A. Butler, British Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, sought an interview with Litvinov, who reiterated Russia's offer to assist Czechoslovakia and also probably urged a joint Anglo-French-Russian démarche to Berlin. That was the first direct contact on the Czechoslovakian crisis between the British and Soviet governments. At almost the same hour the French and British ministers in Prague intimated that it might be advisable to reoccupy military positions in Sudetenland. The Czechs immediately ordered a general mobilization.

Many changes also occurred within Czechoslovakia between the Berchtesgaden and Godesberg meetings. The Czech government temporarily kept secret its submission and foreign dailies carrying this news were confiscated. But inevitably the fact became known. The first public reaction was depression; during this phase the reactionary Agrarian Party planned a coup d'état which presumably would have ended with a fascist regime and a *modus vivendi* with the Nazis. But the mass mood quickly turned to bitterness and then violent indignation and active protest, which took the form of political strikes, workers' marches toward Prague, and demonstrations before the government buildings. The flood engulfed Hodza and even rose toward the Olympian heights where Benes dwells. The new Sirovy Cabinet is in fact, if not in personnel, a popular front, extending from the extreme right to the Communists.

I believe the immediate future depends more on this Cabinet than on any other factor. If the Czechs refuse to yield and even repudiate their earlier acceptance of the Berchtesgaden terms, the positions of those in Paris and London who urge firmness will be strengthened and the mood of surrender to the fascist threats and bluff may pass. It is conceivable that Hitler may desist if London, Paris, Moscow, and Prague band together. At this very late stage of the superbly directed game of intimidating big and small democracies, it will of course be difficult for the Führer to unwind and remain within his frontier, yet this effect was achieved on May 21 by the Czech mobilization, and the abhorrence of war is undoubtedly as widespread in Germany as in France and England.

The effect of the second Czech mobilization on Hitler's mind depends on whether Berchtesgaden and Godesberg taught him respect or contempt for the British and French and also on Hitler's and Ribbentrop's estimates of the opposition forces of London and Paris. Imperialism is in a recessive era. The British, with a broader outlook and greater material resources, are still better imperialists than the French, and in this crisis, which concerns the French more, the British have stood their ground more stoutly than the French; but Chamberlain is a relatively bad imperialist and Bonnet is likewise. Pitt would not have tolerated the Italian-German intrenchment in Spain, nor would Clemenceau have made a present of Central Europe to Germany, already bloated by the absorption of Austria. Eden, Churchill, Mandel, and Reynaud are the last of the imperialist Mohicans, and these squires, who look beyond national frontiers, find themselves strangely leagued with the anti-fascists, who see the collapse of civil rights, labor's privileges, and the remnants of international morality in the wake of the desertion of Czechoslovakia. But just as in Spain Chamberlain's and Bonnet's vestigial imperialism was counteracted by their anti-left prejudices, so their faint wavering desire to save Czechoslovakia is frustrated by the realization that this can be best achieved through the introduction of the Soviet armies into Central Europe —an event with vast social implications. The choice for a bad imperialist is a difficult one, and the ideological sacrifices required of a good imperialist constitute a severe ordeal. Hitler plays on these delicate chords. The German air waves and press are full of such phrases as "ridiculous Bolshevik Benes," "Czech atrocities worthy of Bolshevik Spain." The next decisive week therefore will be filled with lunges toward firmness and relapses into vacillation.

Missouri Misery

BY JANE WHITBREAD

ANNE MOREL, only forty-four years old but worn and stooped from years of working in the earth, straightened her bent back, leaned on her pick, and told of the bitter struggle for existence she had waged all her married life in the tiff mines of Washington County, Missouri. Her story was that of a thousand families in the region whose lives are spent in grappling with the earth and compelling it to yield the tiff on which their survival depends.

Tiff is the name given by the miners who settled southeastern Missouri at the end of the eighteenth century to the soft, heavy, pure white rock which runs in an unpredictable manner through the red clay of the region. Known technically as barite, it is used extensively as a pigment for paint, in capping oil wells, and as a filler in linoleum, window shades, and other materials.

Mrs. Morel was not very sure what was done with the rock she digs so persistently summer and winter. Her one interest is in supplying enough fried dough, coffee, and sow-belly to feed her husband, a semi-invalid war veteran, and the six of her twelve children who are still alive. I ask her if it tires her—lifting the soil and the heavy white rock. "Yes," she sighs; she's tired. She is tired to death; she has a prominent goiter; and she is nursing a child. Twelve-year-old Jimmie, the oldest of the three boys, who is working in the "diggings" with her, has had no breakfast today. There would be nothing in the house for dinner had she not been able to borrow a dollar from a fellow-miner who needed it almost as badly as she. Anne and her three boys—six, ten, and twelve—dig and scrape and haul and clean the tiff from early in the morning to late at night—in the winter "emptying out snow and water and digging down, down, to get something to eat." The two older boys have headaches all the time. The younger one couldn't say whether he did or not; he "can't talk plain." The baby has tumors in its mouth. There is no money for a doctor or for an operation.

Digging in holes approximately four feet across and from four to thirty feet deep, the Morel family had gathered enough tiff in the last few days to net them a total of $1.20. The pigment companies pay $5 a ton for raw tiff delivered to the mill. A week can easily be spent in digging holes which yield nothing. There is no way of knowing where the tiff lies. There is no way of living except by digging tiff and delivering it to the mill. At $5 a ton the miners estimate that they average $5 per week per family throughout the year. Families of ten and twelve children are not unusual. The French Catholic mothers could not afford birth control if they wanted it.

Unbalanced and inadequate diet, poor housing, and complete lack of sanitary facilities make disease a very real problem in the tiff-mining region. Families of six, eight, and ten are crowded into one- or two-room shacks without beds or windows. The shacks are made from green boards full of knot holes, and as the wood dries large spaces are left between the boards where wind, rain, and insect pests find easy entrance. Privies are almost unknown. In some settlements one pump supplies water for 100 families.

In one new shack, eleven by eighteen feet, I found seven people housed—a man and wife, four children, and the husband's invalid mother. The baby had pink eye. The little boy had a goiter, which was being treated by the simple remedy of a string tied around his neck. Someone had told his mother that would help it, but the little boy knew better. He said, "It don't get better. The string jist gets tighter, but Maw won't let me have it off." For this child, for the baby, for the ailing old lady, no help comes—no doctor, no welfare agent. Three counties in southern Missouri are assigned to one nurse. She rarely reaches the tiff miners.

When J. Porter's wife caught fire while she was cooking their scant meal over the only stove they had, an improvised outdoor fireplace, he and the other children did the best they could to put out the flames. But Mrs. Porter was badly burned. Porter, a diabetic, walked six miles to the village to get the doctor. The doctor owns the property on which they live. Fifteen dollars was his price to make the trip. Mr. Porter had no money. Mrs. Porter's burns were not dressed. When I saw her she was lying on a broken-down bed, a child big enough to walk tugging at her breasts. Her husband was cooking lunch for the five children—four slivers of sow-belly, a few fried potatoes, and fried dough. Porter has no more money for insulin; so he struggles along, working as much as he can. He does not know he cannot live without it.

The ten members of the Meilly family are fortunate enough to have two rooms in an old barn. The youngest child is about eighteen months old. The oldest is twenty-one years. One bed is all the family can afford, all they have room for. The whole family is sickly, the mother said. The baby apparently does not hear. Mrs. Meilly took it to the doctor and was told it had an ear abcess. She understands the importance of keeping the dressing clean, but any kind of cleanliness is almost impossible in the place where they live. The best worker in the family, a sixteen-year-old boy, had been "too sick to move" for the past two weeks. He said he didn't feel well enough to go to the doctor even if someone would take him. No one knew what was the matter. No one was treating him. He was feverish. His eyes were red. He had "coughed some all winter," his mother said.

Less than two hours by car from St. Louis, the tiff miners are so isolated by poverty and ignorance that they scarcely seem inhabitants of a civilized country. The public-school system, public-health measures, private social-welfare agencies, these have not touched Washington County. The only link the miners have with civilization seems to be the radios bought by one or two families on the instalment plan. Like so many others of the underprivileged, these people often sink their last pennies in what seems a pure extravagance. Perhaps partial satisfaction of spiritual hunger soothes the pain of real physical want.

To young workers who are critical of the conditions of their lives, the complete absence of opportunity for bettering their lot is even more discouraging than the tremendous amount of eye and intestinal disease and the lack of medical care, more frightening than the threat of starvation that is never stilled in Washington County. Children begin to work with their parents in the "diggings" when they are six or seven years old. Boys and girls fifteen and older who have never been to school, who do not even know their age, are not uncommon. The parents in most cases realize that their children's fate will be a repetition of their own unless they get schooling, but those who control the mines know the value of an illiterate working force. Again and again in this part of Missouri I have heard employers say: "Give 'em education and they'll want something better." I was told that five years ago the school superintendent in Potosi, the county seat, started to enforce the school-attendance law, but was warned that if he tried too hard they would find a new officer. So truancy goes unchecked. The superintendent estimated that the school attendance fell off at least 50 per cent from the fall registration during 1937, and state reports showed about one-third of the children of school age actually attending. Some children have too far to walk. Some are too hungry. Some have no clothes. But most of them have to help with the digging.

Things couldn't be much worse, and the miners think things will be better. Ardent Catholics that they are, many of them have taken down the religious pictures behind the candles in their cheerless shacks and put up pictures of Roosevelt. And here and there in the backwoods are men who have heard a rumor from the outside world. They lean on their rickety windlasses, take careful aim before they spit, and tell you with no doubt in their voices: "They say a man named Lewis is coming down this way. When he comes everything will be all right."

It's War in Palestine

BY ALBERT VITON

Jerusalem, September 4

THE war now going on in Palestine is one of the most interesting phenomena of the post-Versailles world. It is a real war: the British representative at the last session of the Permanent Mandates Commission of the League of Nations said so. From the beginning of July to the end of August about 1,200 men and women were killed or wounded by knife, bullet, or bomb—an average of almost twenty casualties per day in a population of less than 1,400,000. And this figure is without doubt an underestimate, since the Arabs try to hide their dead and wounded whenever possible. During the same period hundreds of Arab houses were blown up by the military, and probably as many as two dozen Arabs were hanged by their necks at Acre jail. The terrorists, or rebels—the name does not matter—carried out dozens of attacks on military and police patrols, on Jewish villages, and on road transportation, executed between two and three score of Arab "traitors," raided the Royal Mail for money and police stations for arms, cut down hundreds of miles of telephone wire and caused many a railway accident, planted dozens of land mines, and engaged troops and police on an average of more than twice a day. Not only have the 7,000 to 8,000 British soldiers now in the country been kept fully occupied, but at least 20,000 more soldiers, it is no exaggeration to say, are needed.

Palestine today resembles very little the Palestine I knew in 1935 and 1936. In the spring of 1936 another American and I made a walking trip through the country; today one is not safe indoors in the capital. The streets of Jerusalem are certainly not safe. Any moment a revolver may bark or a bomb explode. A few weeks ago a bomb rolled past me on Jerusalem's busiest thoroughfare. Although dozens of armored cars are patrolling the city and police and soldiers are everywhere, people who never expected to carry a gun now have revolvers protruding from their pockets when they go out. Of all the students in the advanced class in colloquial Arabic at the Jerusalem Y. M. C. A., I am the only one who comes without a pistol.

Outside the capital the country resembles a battlefield without definite fronts. Any hill or valley may become a bitterly contested no man's land. At least three dozen terrorist bands, of 80 to 150 men each, are roaming through the country, and no one knows where the next attack will be launched. Starting as small unorganized groups of peasant partisans, they have gradually drawn together and are now operating under a unified command, with a nucleus of experienced fighters who wear khaki uniforms and are known as *mustahajedin,* or holy warriors. The whole Arab countryside, and most of the cities as well, is now in their hands, and the legitimate government has lost all contact with the inhabitants except that established during periodic exchanges of bullets. These bands collect taxes from peasant and city worker, levy fines on villages which displease them, impose the curfew in areas of operations, and hold courts to try traitors. A hospital service which they have organized is equipped from government stores; orders issued from their headquarters in the mountains are written on Arabic typewriters taken from government offices; their official stationery carries at the top the legend, "In the name of God, the Merciful, the Compassionate." Although they lose anywhere from two to fifty men in each engagement with government troops, their numbers, far from decreasing, are actually increasing, and their organization and equipment have vastly improved.

The only section of the population on which the government can still rely, aside from the Christian Arabs, who are too few to count, are the 400,000 Jews. The whole Moslem Arab population sympathizes with the 10,000 men who are fighting the British administration, and helps them. I know too many Arab villagers and still speak to too many of them to believe the stories about an impending revolt of the villages against the oppressive rebels. They may make the required financial contributions with varying degrees of alacrity, but the overwhelming majority are loyal to the revolt and are proud of it. Public opinion, their own nationalist feelings, and, in some cases, threats from terrorists have forced even the Arabs in the Palestine administration to throw in their lot with the rebels and become disloyal to the government they are ostensibly serving. The Arab police give information to the terrorists and notify them of impending searches; the Arab section of the Intelligence Department has gone to pieces—or has been shot to pieces with rebel bullets; Arab judges were not a little relieved when military courts took over the task of trying rebels; *mukhtars* (village headsmen) have ceased to perform their duties or resigned; even scavengers and gardeners in military camps and government offices have become spies.

Were it not for the Jews, the whole of Palestine would long since have been in the hands of the rebels. The Jews have put up an amazingly good resistance. They have shown more military ability, more courage, and more self-sacrifice than most persons expected even from a community noted for heroism and self-sacrifice. Thousands of young men have enrolled in the self-defense organization; and though the government gives them but poor arms, they are doing an invaluable service at infinite personal risk. Jewish agricultural settlements look like fortified towns: barbed-wire fences encircle them; a twenty-four-hour watch is maintained; workers venturing outside the inclosure carry arms and are accompanied by guards. Not a single settlement has been abandoned in all these twenty-eight months of ceaseless attacks, and even agricultural work in outlying fields has been carried on. When workers fall on what has become known as "the work front," others automatically take their places—and the work goes on. At night powerful projectors sweep the horizon, and an excellent system of signals keeps all the Jewish settlements in communication.

The British military authorities have a very high opinion of the Jewish soldiers, especially of those in the agricultural settlements. Only a few days ago a high Royal Air Force officer told me that one Jew could take on three Arabs any day, and this is the general opinion of the military. Besides keeping the country's communications open, these young men are safeguarding millions of dollars' worth of property. If one hears now less often of attacks on the Iraq Petroleum Company's pipe-line, which carries Mosul oil to Haifa, it is because Jews are guarding it. They are cooperating with the British military forces, which, in contrast to the civil authorities, appreciate their fine work. It is significant that as many as twenty-seven new settlements have been established since the disturbances began, some of them in exposed strategic positions. Exact figures are not available, but there are probably no fewer than 10,000 special armed Jewish watchmen and supernumerary policemen, and the Jews are asking for many more rifles.

What began as an anti-Zionist movement has become a revolt against Great Britain of unprecedented magnitude. Palestine is only the present battlefield; headquarters are in Damascus, and rebels are also active in Bagdad, Cairo, Mosul, and in dozens of smaller cities and towns. Fanatical Jabel ed-Druze in Syria and the Shia centers of Iraq, where the flame of Islam still burns with an intensity not found anywhere else, have of late become important recruiting grounds. Until recently about 85 per cent of the fighters in the mountains were Palestinian Arabs, but the last two or three weeks have seen an influx of volunteers from outside. A *jehad*—holy war

—against the British Empire has been proclaimed by the Shia divines of Iraq.

The revolt aims at more than saving Palestine for the Arabs. It aims to defeat the British imperial scheme for the Near East which took shape when the Ottoman Empire was smashed during the World War. During the nineteenth century Turkey had performed for Britain the role of the dog at the haystack, preventing other states from establishing themselves in the Near East and thus endangering imperial communications with India. After the war British imperialists decided to substitute the Arabs for Turkey. The claims of the natives could always be urged before the world's conscience, while the Arab states would be dominated by London through protectorates, special treaties, or mandates. By setting up numerous states instead of one large Arab empire, Britain would keep them weak and impotent.

But hardly had the guns ceased thundering on the battlefields of France when the Arabs made it amply clear that the day of such convenient imperialism was past. Promises of independence and self-determination had been made to them during the war; the current declarations about the rights of subjugated peoples reached them. The seeds thus sown took root, and the plant grew much more rapidly than anyone had anticipated. When the Arabs perceived that they had been tricked, they rose in rebellion. Egypt flared up; hundreds of British soldiers were killed in Iraq. It took half a billion dollars from the British Exchequer to quell the revolt. In Palestine also riots had to be put down, and in Syria the Arab kingdom set up at a congress of Syro-Palestinian notables was blown out with heavy artillery.

Confronted with so much unexpected opposition, Britain decided on a compromise. Arab nationalism being a fact and the Near East being vital in any scheme of imperial communications, the Arab states were given a degree of independence. Although they had to surrender many sovereign rights, the Arabs accepted the compromise. For one thing, they hoped to revise the treaties at the first convenient opportunity; for another, they needed the might of the British Empire to protect them against other imperialisms, which they rightly considered a greater evil.

What the Arabs are now trying to do is to make Britain dependent upon them instead of vice versa. They do not want to kick Britain out of the Near East, but they are unwilling to remain longer in the position of an impoverished hanger-on; and while anxious to benefit from the alliance with Britain in foreign affairs, they hope to prevent Britain from meddling in internal matters. During the Italo-Ethiopian conflict and the tension with Britain that followed, the Arabs saw that London was more dependent upon them than it cared to admit. Not only did the British need the Near East for military airdromes and for naval and military bases, but the native military organizations had become important links in the chain of British defenses. Britain showed too much anxiety to organize a strong Egyptian fighting machine after it had kept the Egyptian army impotent for half a century; it showed too much interest in getting the Iraqi Parliament to approve larger military budgets than ever before. The Arabs now want to use Britain for retaining their independence instead of being exploited by London for imperialist ends.

Thus Palestine has become the battlefield of two powerful forces. "Besides establishing that Palestine is an Arab country and part of *dar al-Islam* (the territory of Islam), the struggle going on there will decide the political fate of Arabs who live right here in Bagdad," an Iraqi politician, now a member of the Cabinet, told me when I was in Bagdad last year. Enthusiasm for the rebellion in Palestine then ran high in Iraq. Government officials made substantial contributions from their salaries, and wealthy Iraq merchants donated large sums. Now, with the continuance of the struggle and its intensification, the enthusiasm has become white hot. It is the same in Syria. All the Arabs make Palestine the spearhead of their revolt against European imperialism; and there can be no doubt that the struggle has served to cement the Near East in a united anti-British front and vastly advanced the cause of pan-Arabism.

If the rebellion has developed to a point where eight or nine British battalions aided by about 4,000 policemen and twice or three times as many men of other forces can only inflict casualties without making any real headway against it, the explanation lies only partly in the strength of the Arabs. Germany and Italy have perhaps helped with money and ammunition, but their aid has not been of decisive importance. The real causes of the Arab success are to be found right here. The rebellion could have been stopped fairly easily in its early stages, for then the Arabs themselves did not realize their potential strength. It could have been crushed with the available forces in the autumn of 1936, when it had developed, in the words of the chief of staff, into a "sub-war." Since then it has developed into a full-fledged war, requiring for effective suppression at least two divisions of the British army; and blame for its progress must be laid at the doors of the British officials here. Various motives, in which anti-Zionism and even anti-Semitism figured prominently, moved the local British officials not only to sabotage all efforts to crush the revolt but even to aid it. They allowed the government machine to fall to pieces; they watched with benevolent neutrality while the rebels, by a process of natural evolution, perfected their organization and advanced from one victory to another, and did not recoil even when control of the country passed from their hands. Instead of offering serious opposition, they cleared the way for the rebels.

Consequently there will be much more bloodshed in Palestine; consequently, also, the country's political future is very uncertain. Although recognition of the blunders committed has forced Britain to change the administration, the situation has deteriorated too far to make pacification easy. The present heads of the government are anxious to crush the revolt, but they cannot. At least 20,000 more soldiers will have to be brought in before the work of pacification—which means nothing less than reconquest of the whole country—can begin in earnest. Thousands of Arabs will have to be killed in battle, unless, of course, Britain should decide to submit and grant the Arab demands. Without acknowledging defeat in so many words, though the meaning would be obvious to everyone, it might throw Zionism overboard in the face of overwhelming Arab pressure. But it is not likely to follow this course, for Zionism is a power in the world not to be disregarded, and the conscience of the world would be outraged by such a betrayal. Moreover, Britain now understands the full implications of the revolt; surrender would mean abdication from control of the Near East. More than ever Britain now needs the Zionists: they are the one rock in the Near East on which it can build without fear of the morrow.

Informed opinion here is unanimous in believing that the Partition Commission, set up to produce a detailed scheme of partition, will be unable to submit one which will stand any chance of being accepted by either Zionists or Arabs. The Arabs, for pan-Arab reasons, will not consent to any partition, however little it gives to the Jews. The Zionists are not likely to agree to anything less than what the Royal Commission gave them. But the chance that the Partition Commission will include Galilee in the Jewish state is becoming less with every day that passes; the Arabs have shown too much opposition. Nor is Britain likely to enforce at the point of the bayonet a scheme accepted by neither Arabs nor Zionists.

It is difficult to see what solution Britain can devise. Perhaps the problem is insoluble in the immediate future. Possibly the best solution is to keep the country under military rule for a few years and to open the doors for immigration till the Jews become half of the population —in other words, make Palestine a bi-national state. Certainly it would be a tremendous crime to leave the Jews as a minority here. One must look the truth squarely in the face: the fact is that today the two peoples cannot live together. Hatred has grown too rapidly during the last few years. Only numerical equality can make Jewish life and property secure in Palestine. I believe that this solution is practical. If Britain would announce in so many words that its aim was to make Palestine a bi-national state in which neither community would dominate the other, even the Arabs might make peace. But the chance that Britain will embrace so clear-cut a scheme is very small.

The Meek Inherit the Earth

By GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

THE Meek were going quietly about their work one day, emptying garbage pails and cleaning spittoons, when a telegram arrived, collect:

BEG TO ADVISE ACCORDANCE WITH TERMS LAST TESTAMENT CREATOR JUST ADMITTED PROBATE YOU HAVE INHERITED THE EARTH HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS OUR LONG EXPERIENCE INHERITANCE CASES PUTS US UNIQUE POSITION SERVE YOU STRONGLY ADVISE COMMUNICATE IMMEDIATELY.

CHETBOURNE VAN CORTLANDT CHETBOURNE
ATTYS LAW 120 BROADWAY NEW YORK

A few days later the Meek duly assembled in the outer office of Chetbourne, Van Cortlandt, and Chetbourne, having walked up sixteen flights of stairs because the elevators were crowded. The young lady at the switchboard regarded them rather haughtily.

"Yes?" she inquired.

"We—we'd like to see a member of the firm," was the reply, "but—but we can come some other time if it isn't convenient."

"What do you want to see 'em about?" asked the young lady.

"Well, it's—it's nothing important, but—we got a telegram from them."

The young lady took the telegram into the inner office, and was back again in no time with quite a different manner. "Mr. Chetbourne, Senior, will see you in about an hour," she said. "Wait out in the hall."

Promptly in an hour and a half Mr. Chetbourne swung wide the door of his office and invited them all in. Mr. Van Cortlandt was also present, and so was the other Mr. Chetbourne. Mr. Chetbourne, Senior, took charge, bade everybody welcome, and even asked them if they'd have a drink. Nobody took one—except Mr. Van Cortlandt and the two Mr. Chetbournes.

"Now," said Mr. Chetbourne, "to begin." He picked up a pile of important-looking papers. "Under the terms of the Lord's will, you and your assigns are named as sole heirs and beneficiaries. Under these terms, and with certain exceptions to be noted hereafter, you—ah" —Mr. Chetbourne consulted the documents—"you have inherited the earth. It's quite a tidy inheritance."

One of the Meek coughed diffidently. "Would you—would you mind telling us just what the exceptions are?"

"Of course if you'd rather not—" said another.

"No trouble at all," said Mr. Chetbourne. "The exceptions are Germany, Italy, and Japan. Although the will is of divine origin, we are informed that it will not be recognized in those countries. The same applies to all territory that they hope to control in the future."

"That—that takes in a good deal of ground," said the Meek.

"It includes Europe, Asia, South America, and part of Africa," replied Mr. Chetbourne, "but there is still a lot left. Legally, of course, the whole thing is yours, and you can fight if you want to."

"It's all so unexpected," said the Meek. "We've got more than we know what to do with, anyhow."

"Then that's settled," said Mr. Chetbourne. "Now, we have had no official word yet from England, but our London representatives inform us that Great Britain will almost certainly attempt to break the will. In that event Canada, the high seas, and the remainder of Africa will be thrown into litigation."

"Maybe we'd better just let them have it," said the Meek.

"On the contrary," replied Mr. Chetbourne, "I think you would have a very good chance of winning the case. After all, it is the Lord's will."

"Well, whatever you think best," said the Meek.

"Then, as your lawyers, we strongly advise fighting. That brings us to the question of counsel fees."

"How much will they be?" asked the Meek.

"It is customary to agree upon a small percentage of the inheritance," said Mr. Chetbourne. "Let us say the Eastern seaboard, running as far west as the Mississippi."

"Yes, sir," replied the Meek.

"Now," said Mr. Chetbourne, shifting his papers, "there is the matter of inheritance taxes. I think that the Middle West and Northwest would about cover those—let us say from the Canadian border to somewhere in the state of Arizona."

"Yes, sir," said the Meek again.

"And I have here a bill for back income taxes which seem to have been overlooked by the previous owner. However, those will be amply taken care of by the territory in the Southwest, extending northward to somewhere in the state of Arizona."

The Meek shifted a little in their chairs. "Could we trouble you for a glass of water?" they asked.

"We are nearly through," said Mr. Chetbourne. "You can get it at the public fountain downstairs. Now, where were we? Oh, yes. That leaves you—ah"—Mr. Chetbourne looked at a map spread out before him—"that leaves you Yuma, Arizona, completely free and unentailed. I understand it's very pleasant there."

"Yes, sir," said the Meek, getting to their feet.

"One thing more," said Mr. Chetbourne. "We shall of course have certain cash disbursements, not covered by the agreed counsel fee. If you happen to have any cash on you—"

The Meek had only about $12, but Mr. Chetbourne was quite nice about it. He took it without complaint.

In the Wind

THE "PREMATURE" editorial in the London *Times* urging cession of the Sudeten area to Germany was everywhere looked upon as a major help in shaping Hitler's demands. "Inside" reports from London now reveal that the editorial was not merely written by British friends of Hitler but actually submitted to the German embassy for approval before publication.

R. H. MACY'S celebrated New York department store recently hired James Montgomery Flagg to illustrate an advertisement which proclaimed: "I don't know of any better way of saving money than paying cash." Consumers Union discloses that in Toledo, Ohio, the La Salle and Koche store, a Macy subsidiary, used the same illustration to promote the "Handy Credit Plan With 20 Weeks to Pay."

AT THE height of the recent Maryland primaries campaign the militantly pro-Tydings Baltimore *Sun* charged that federal office-holders hostile to David J. Lewis were to be "purged" by the New Deal. Lewis supporters are still bitter over an alleged "double-cross" which, they assert, provided the springboard for that charge. This is their story: a *Sun* reporter came to Washington, mingled with Lewis's friends, denounced Tydings, and voiced his weariness of newspaper work. He was finally told that he might be eligible for a publicity job in Lewis's campaign and later for a federal post. The next thing the reporter's new friends saw was a scorching "exposé" in the *Sun* of the coming "purge of office-holders"—supposedly written by the reporter-sleuth.

AMONG OUR favorite pieces of Japanese propaganda for foreign consumption is a pamphlet called "Japanese Spirit in Full Bloom." The high point of the document is this noble sentiment: ". . . we ask one favor of the Chinese: please fight like men, civilized and brave; for enemy though you be, you have our love and respect. God save you from betraying this love and respect."

A CHAIN letter urging the disfranchisement of relief recipients was launched some weeks ago from Newark, New Jersey. The letterhead on the original document gave as its sponsor an organization called "Liberty vs. Slavery," with a Newark address and telephone number. The letter urged a "colossal petition" to Congress to bar relief workers from the polls. When this column called the number given, the operator who replied insisted at first that she knew nothing about the venture; the address, she said, was that of a law office. After some insistence she confessed that "one of the lawyers here might know about it—he likes to write." He wasn't in but she promised he would call us back if he knew about it. He hasn't called. The address is 790 Broad Street, Suite 524, Newark, if you want to inquire.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind. The $5 prize for the best item submitted during September goes to Richard Neuberger of Portland, Oregon, for the item about Claude Ingalls published two weeks ago.*]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

More Parallel Action?

I AGREE with Dorothy Thompson's statement that if the British and French sell out Czechoslovakia they will pronounce the obituary of Europe, certainly of democracy in Europe. That is, I suppose, what she means, for Europe will go on in one fashion or another, with one nation after another enslaved. But of democracy there will soon not be a vestige. Far from safeguarding England and France, such a capitulation will more than ever endanger them. Berlin will then know that they will not fight for anything save an invasion of their own countries. I hear rumors that someone has seen somebody else in the State Department and that that somebody has told the first person that England forced the Czechs to surrender originally in order to gain time to complete its rearmament next spring, when it will go after Hitler and make him disgorge. If people in official life in England believe that, then they are on the intellectual level of the cave man. What Hitler wants most after the Sudeten Mountains is the Skoda munitions works, which for a generation have made the best artillery in Europe—they rank third among all European munitions plants, coming after Krupp and Schneider-Creusot. The advantage of possessing these works will be so great that it will go far toward offsetting anything that France and England may do to increase their armaments between now and next May or June. If Hitler annexes Rumania as his next step, and Hungary voluntarily comes into his orbit, he will control everything that he wants—all the gasoline and wheat that he needs to make Germany self-sustaining. I insist that this means the licensing of Hitler to conquer any country he desires to attack.

Certainly not one country in Europe is safe today, and least of all Italy. Mussolini is either stupider than I have given him credit for being or much worse off economically than has been supposed. With Czechoslovakia completely subjugated, Hitler will be far stronger than Mussolini. He can say to the latter any day that he wants those Tyrolese Germans, and I don't see that Mussolini could fight him with the slightest hope of success. He has become the tail to the Hitler dog. Denmark, Latvia, Poland, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium—not one is secure. Why shouldn't Hitler then go to the rescue of the Flemish minority in Belgium? Why shouldn't he demand the return overnight of Schleswig-Holstein? England and France would not intervene again in Belgium if they failed to save the Czechs. Looking at what has happened to increase Hitler's power in the last five months, will anyone say that France and England together, if they abandon Czechoslovakia, will be able to stand out against this man in five years' time?

What is worst of all to me is the arrogant, brutal tone taken by England and France toward Czechoslovakia before Godesberg. They were not even polite to the victim they were turning over to the rapist. They did not consult with her before they decided to abandon her, and then they brushed aside her demand for arbitration. As I write, there is still a possibility that Czechoslovakia will literally be torn to pieces. And yet we Americans have been told that it is our duty either to go in for collective security with these two countries or to indulge in what is known as "parallel action." Less than a year ago there was a clique in Washington which thought it had this country all sewed up with Great Britain for a joint naval war against Japan. We were to shut the Panama Canal and hold the Straits of Magellan, and England was to close the Straits of Malacca and the Suez Canal and cut off the trade route around the Cape of Good Hope. Japan was to be bottled up and that was to be the end of it. In three months' time, unable to import or export, Japan would collapse and sue for peace. That was what "parallel action" at that time was leading us to. We actually had an American naval man, Captain Ingersoll, in London working out all the details, and hiding under the name of "Captain Smith."

If England and France now put themselves beyond the pale by abandoning the Czechs completely, the American people ought to let Washington know right straight off that they do not propose to have "parallel action" in the name of democracy or anything else with either of the countries that have deliberately sold out the one remaining democracy in Southeastern Europe, the democracy that those countries created, to which both pledged their faith in 1919 when Czechoslovakia was given an international guaranty of its safety. Why should we trust England thereafter any more than Hitler? Was it not Sir John Simon who let us down when we were asking England for parallel action and actual cooperation to prevent the rape of Manchuria? Perhaps we are fools to think for a moment that there can be any other outcome in Czechoslovakia. Are we so stupid as to forget Manchuria, Ethiopia, the British retreat from the Mediterranean before Mussolini's "death squadron"? And Spain, and Austria?

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

ANATOMY OF POWER

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

BERTRAND RUSSELL has the distinction of being one of the profoundest minds of our day in two not too closely connected fields of learning, that of abstract philosophical and mathematical theory and that of social analysis and philosophy. In the former field he reaches heights of abstraction which are quite beyond the comprehension of the average reader. In the latter he expresses profound insights with such clarity and simplicity that his works have become, in the best sense, popular. His ventures into the field of social theory are all readable though they are not all equally important. But this new book is important. Mr. Russell is not above producing pot-boilers on occasion. His "Freedom and Organization," for instance, published a few years ago, was no more than a series of interesting animadversions upon the history of Europe during the past hundred years.

His new book on "Power" is important not because he offers any striking solution for the problems of human society but because he subjects all proposed solutions to a withering scrutiny of glorified common sense. Russell is a foe of all fanaticism, and no one penetrates to the realities behind the veils and pretenses of social life with a defter touch or more unerring aim. Here is just one example among many:

> In democratic countries the most important private organizations are economic. Unlike secret societies, they are able to exercise their terrorism without illegality since they do not threaten to kill their enemies but only to starve them. By means of such threats, which do not need to be explicitly uttered, they have frequently defeated even governments, for example, recently in France.

The power which is the theme of Mr. Russell's new book is "power over men, not power over matter." The basic character of the will-to-power in man is recognized in terms of such thoroughgoing realism that one wonders just how far new and more realistic insights have corroded the pacifist convictions of the author, once so uncompromisingly expressed. They are not explicitly renounced, but neither are they expressed with any emphasis. He declares:

> I am informed by many people that the preservation of democracy, which I think important, can only be secured by gassing immense numbers of children and doing a number of other horrible things. I find that, at this point, I cannot acquiesce in the use of such means. I tell myself that they will not secure the end or that, if they do, they will have other effects so evil as to outweigh any good that democracy might do. I am not sure how far this argument is honest; I think I should refuse to use such means even if I were persuaded that they would secure the end and that no others would.

If all men, even good men, express themselves in terms of the will-to-power, it is difficult to see how periodic clashes of competing wills can be avoided, however terrible the consequences. It becomes even more difficult when the traditional pacifist distinction between persuasion and coercion is renounced. And Mr. Russell does renounce it.

> It is not altogether true [he says] that persuasion is one thing and force is another. Many forms of persuasion, even many which everybody approves, are really a kind of force. . . . The ethics of power cannot consist in distinguishing some kinds of power as legitimate and others as illegitimate. . . . We must judge the exercise of power by its effects, and we must therefore first make up our minds what effects we desire.

That conviction is really destructive of any type of pragmatic pacifism. Mr. Russell confesses that in the ultimate analysis he holds to another and more absolute pacifist conviction, transcending the utilitarian tests, which are usually definitive for him. It may be doubted whether, even in the chapters in which he comes to grips with ethical theory, Mr. Russell clears up this difficulty and offers a sound basis for his distinction between absolute and utilitarian ethical criteria.

To return to the theme of the book, whether or not it merely threatens or actually destroys the author's pacifist presuppositions: Mr. Russell, I think rightly, regards the will-to-power as more basic than economic self-interest, and is critical of both orthodox economists and Marxians for believing the latter to be primary.

> The desire for commodities when separated from power and glory is finite and can be fully satisfied by a moderate competence. The really expensive [expansive?] desires are not dictated by a love of material comfort. . . . Men may seek wealth as a means to power or they may forgo an increase in wealth in order to secure an increase of power, but in the former as in the latter case the fundamental motive is not economic.

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* "Power, a New Social Analysis." By Bertrand Russell. W. W. Norton and Company. $3

This conviction prompts the author to be critical of the hope that the socialization of property will solve the problem of economic power completely. "I wish to say unequivocally that I consider it valid but provided that it is adequately safeguarded and amplified." One of the safeguards is the recognition of the fact that "ownership" is not identical with control and that lack of ownership therefore need not mean lack of power:

> Under any form of socialism which is not democratic those who control economic power can, without "owning" anything, have palatial official residences, the use of the best cars, a princely entertainment allowance, holidays at public expense in official holiday resorts, and so on and on. And why should they have any more concern for the ordinary worker than those in control have now? There can be no reason why they should have, unless the ordinary worker has power to deprive them of their positions. . . . To suppose that irresponsible power, just because it is called Socialist or Communist, will be freed miraculously from the bad qualities of all arbitrary power in the past is merely childish nursery psychology.

In analyzing the various forms of power according to their intrinsic nature, their relation to each other, and their various transmutations and admixtures in actual historical circumstance Mr. Russell moves with deftness and precision amid vast and complex historical realities. He makes a basic distinction between (a) direct "physical power over the body," or "naked" and usually military power; (b) power by rewards and punishments (usually economic); and (c) "by influence on opinion, that is, propaganda in the broadest sense," as exemplified in schools, churches, and political parties. These basic forms of power are variously intermingled historically in "traditional," "naked," and "revolutionary" power. Traditional power rests primarily upon habits of obedience and is "almost invariably associated with religious or quasi-religious beliefs." When traditional power comes to an end because its pretensions of sanctity no longer elicit reverence, it is supplanted by either naked power or revolutionary power. Revolutionary power is defined as power "which depends upon a large group united by a new creed, program, or sentiment, such as Protestantism, communism, or desire for national independence." This raises the question whether there are not affinities and similarities between traditional and revolutionary power which Mr. Russell has not considered though he has called attention to the religious overtones in both. Perhaps there are only two forms of political power: that in which reverence for sanctity creates obedience, and that in which fear of naked power is the primary constituent of habits of obedience. In that case both traditional and revolutionary power are merely forms of the same power, primarily religious in quality. Mr. Russell really accepts such a view by implication, though not explicitly, for he includes Lenin consistently among the religious leaders and contributes many important insights on the place of dogma and fanaticism in the development of revolutionary power.

In seeking ways and means for preventing the power impulse in man from leading to injustice and destruction Mr. Russell offers many suggestions, none of which are new but all more or less valid. His chief contribution lies in his ability to measure the limits of every solution. He would, in terms of education, seek not to destroy the will-to-power, for that is impossible, but to prevent the love of power for its own sake from arising. He would seek to balance power against power so that no center or form of power would gain the dominance which invariably leads to oppression. He remains for this reason a consistent democrat in social theory, with a healthy disrespect for every form of irresponsible power, whether wielded by pope or commissar. He would inculcate an attitude of healthy skepticism toward all ferocious dogmatism, for "a diffused liberal sentiment, tinged with skepticism, makes social cooperation much less difficult and liberty correspondingly more possible." He remains therefore a consistent liberal as well as a democrat, believing that "to admire collective enthusiasm is reckless and irresponsible, for its fruits are fierceness, war, death, and slavery." He would, finally, abolish war, because the fears of war throw men into the arms of dictators.

This is a very wholesome book in this age of new dogmatisms and fanaticisms. It may not fully recognize to what degree fanatical loyalties may be creative as well as destructive, but it is not completely oblivious of that fact. Even if it were, its emphasis would still be on the right side in the present moment.

Romains, Continued

DEATH OF A WORLD. By Jules Romains. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

IT IS curiously appropriate that at this moment, perhaps the eve of another world war, two of the greatest living French writers should simultaneously recreate in fiction the outbreak of the war in 1914. Jules Romains's record of the embroiled events of that fatal year makes a less intense, less haunting picture than the one Roger Martin du Gard gives in the yet untranslated "Summer 1914." But though Martin du Gard shows superior penetration and a better knowledge of modern history, Romains achieves a greater semblance of universality through his conception of the cyclic novel as a panorama without a hero. More uniform in accomplishment than the sixth volume of "Men of Good Will" (which sampled "The Depths and the Heights" of its author's talent), the seventh volume also contains more variety.

The first half of "Death of a World" concerns Abbé Mionnet's secret mission to Rome on behalf of the French government to discover what the papacy's foreign policy is, and the high point of the Roman chapters is certainly the brilliant portrait of Merry del Val, papal Secretary of State. The second half traces Europe's precipitate course toward war, chiefly as seen by that astute and mysterious observer Maykosen, and reaches its peak in the portrait of Lenin as an exile in Cracow. Playing around these main themes—because Romains deliberately forbids himself to pursue a direct course—are numerous minor themes to remind us of some of the hundreds of characters introduced in earlier volumes. The sex life of Champcenais, of Sammécaud, of the dog Macaire, of the old maid Bernardine, Marie de Champcenais's colorless mysticism (one of the poorer realizations), Quinette's obsession with murder, Jallez's and Jerphanion's reaction to "Agathon's" tendentious summary of the attitude of youth in 1913, and Germaine Baader's superstition provide further documents on the variegated life of the great capital which is the center of "Men of Good Will." Often Romains returns, as Gide did in "The Counterfeiters," to the problem of creation, and when he does he produces his best chapters because he is then dealing with a subject that touches him most intimately. It is, in fact, as easy to discern in Dr. Viaur's revolutionary experiments in psycho-physiology the history of Romains's own discovery of paroptic vision fifteen years ago as it is to see Picasso in the Spanish painter Ortegal.

Unlike Martin du Gard, Jules Romains makes free use of historical figures, putting into their mouths conversations they might have had; the reader thus enters Poincaré's study, sits at the cafe with Jaurès, and steps aboard the Kaiser's yacht. This liberty became a necessity the moment Romains decided to cover all of life, all types and all activities, and Maykosen's interviews with the great are no more important to the work as a whole than the chapter on little Louis Bastide who thinks of suicide because he cannot understand mathematics. The strong family resemblance among so many of the characters, on the other hand, becomes increasingly annoying as "Men of Good Will" progresses. Besides Jallez, Jerphanion, and Mionnet, who, with their creator, are products of the greatest normal school in the world, too many others seem to have sharpened their minds studying and teaching philosophy.

After several volumes of "Men of Good Will" the reader might readily come to the conclusion that this protracted novel is above all a thriller. Spies, murderers, terrorists, the sexually abnormal, and the secretly vicious swarm through its pages; priests and old women have startling adventures, and the calmest careers suddenly collapse before impulse or intrigue. But whoever suspects Romains of greater application in the effort to thrill his readers than in the effort to seize life should be promptly referred to the tabloids and the movies for a preparatory course before he begins the next volume. Jules Romains's work does have a unity and a purpose which are visible, for instance, in the anthology piece formed by the last chapter of "Death of a World" and even more discernible in that far better selection, the initial chapters of the whole work. "Men of Good Will" is not only better reading than the tabloids; it is superior to all but the very best literary output of our day. The English translation is good without being brilliant. Often too free, or even careless, it should have been done with the sober fidelity with which Scott Moncrieff rendered Proust.   JUSTIN O'BRIEN

Mr. Adams's Empire

BUILDING THE BRITISH EMPIRE: TO THE END OF THE FIRST EMPIRE. By James Truslow Adams. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

THERE is nothing fresh or new about this book either in the facts it presents or in the interpretation of them. As for the facts, one will find them in any one of half a dozen good college textbooks. As for the interpretation, it is that of the conventional liberal of two or three generations ago. For the most part attention is confined to political history. The point of approach is indicated by the title, but the matters selected for discussion do not always seem pertinent, and many of the weightier matters of the law are quite ignored. We should suppose that any author undertaking to discuss the building of the British Empire would begin by asking what the essential elements were in that pattern of English civilization which has been imposed upon something like a quarter of the whole earth. We should expect to hear much about the English law, the English language, the English industrial organization, the currents of English thought and of English faith. But we look in vain for any adequate treatment of any of these matters. There is a good deal about parliament, but how it was chosen and what interests it represented are withheld from us. We hear much about the "quarrels of the kites and the crows" in Anglo-Saxon England, but nothing about the county court, which was, perhaps, the outstanding contribution of the Anglo-Saxons to English political arrangements. Curiously enough, the sheriff is represented as of Norman origin (page 48), though any etymologist would have known better. As for the jury, an institution which lies near the roots not only of the English system of jurisprudence but also of the whole development of representative government, Mr. Adams says less about the jury than he does about the Begums of Oudh. There is virtually nothing about the development of English thought. Hooker, whose first name, by the way, was Richard, not Thomas (page 236), is dismissed as a writer of good prose; Hobbes is a word, *praeterea nihil;* Locke, a phrase. The rise of British capitalism is not even mentioned. The whole mercantilist control of industry and trade is confined to one sentence about the bullionist theory and another sentence about the self-contained state. Mr. Adams, in identifying mercantilism with the integrated economy of today (page 305), reveals a failure to grasp the essentials of either pattern.

Those who are not already Anglicans will find out little from this book about the Church of England, and Puritanism is left about as vague as it is in contemporary jargon. As for the common man in field and workshop, we should never know from Mr. Adams how, between the sixteenth and the eighteenth century, the medieval craftsman was gradually degraded and the free peasantry completely destroyed by the encroachments of the new economy.

It is, perhaps, better that the reading public at large should know something about the rise of the British Empire than that it should be left completely in the dark. And many will read this book who would never think of reading a much better book by an author of less renown. But they will get from it only the slightest inkling of the forces which in reality built up the British Empire. Unless I am very much mistaken they will find it uncommonly dull reading. And that will be a pity, for certainly the story of the expansion of England is one of the best stories in the world.

CONYERS READ

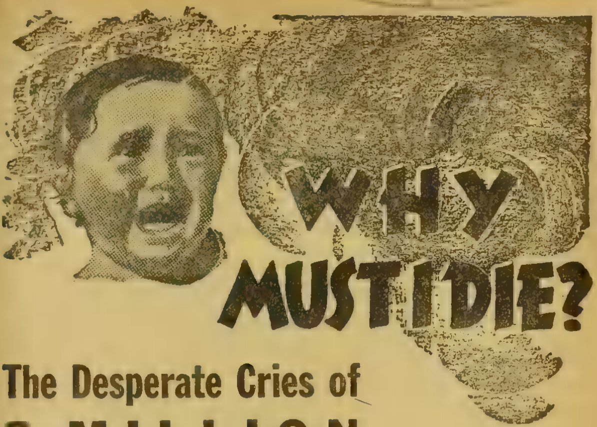
The Spirit of Nazism

THE WAR AGAINST THE WEST. By Aurel Kolnai. With a Preface by Wickham Steed. The Viking Press. $4.

NATIONAL SOCIALISM may be regarded as a form of economic regimentation or of military preparation for the purposes of political expansion. But its efforts in this direction receive their momentum from the system of doctrines, the *Weltanschauung*, which binds the different acts of the Third Reich into a unity and gives the clue to their true understanding. There is a great wealth of literature on this subject in German, written by leading Nazis and by a host of philosophers, social scientists, poets, and journalists who frequently themselves are not Nazis but have done much to prepare the intellectual climate in which alone the Third Reich can thrive. These books and articles, the number of which has grown rapidly during the last five years, soon become monotonous to read because they are all variations of the selfsame central tenets. They are rarely accessible to the foreign reader because of the difficulty of their vocabulary and syntax and because they have to convey thoughts and attitudes unknown to the Western reader and hardly adaptable to translation.

The knowledge of this *Weltanschauung*, however, is indispensable for a right evaluation of National Socialism and its international consequences. The grave errors made by some Western statesmen are to be explained not only by a breakdown of political morale and a precipitate abandonment of professed principles but also by incomprehension of the real character of National Socialism. As true Westerners—liberal, "bourgeois," and rational—they try to place Nazism in the categories familiar to them, and to treat it as if it were liberal, "bourgeois," and rational. In reality National Socialism is, and prides itself on being, the great counter-revolution against the Western revolutions of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It is an uprising against the "ideas of 1789," against liberalism and the rights of man, against any rational universal order, and against the basic attitudes of Christian and Greek civilization.

The book by Dr. Kolnai is the first comprehensive survey in English of Nazi ideology as a counter-revolution against the West. English readers will be grateful both for his selection and translation of characteristic and often little-known texts and for his own keen comments. He believes that the National Socialist doctrines, though ultimately false and immoral, are sometimes endowed with spiritual grandeur and relevancy, and that, though by no means identical with Germanism, they are deeply rooted in German history and expressive of some important aspects of the German mind. Nazism is more than Prussianism has ever been, it is more than nationalistic chauvinism; it bears within itself the seeds of pan-Germanic imperialism as well as of a semi-religious pan-fascist imperialism. It is therefore not only a menace of war but a fountain-head of propaganda.



The Desperate Cries of
3 MILLION
Helpless Victims
Must be Answered!

HOMELESS, destitute, hungry—3 million defenseless Spanish women and children, torn and battered by a daily rain of death from the skies, beg for your help.

No democratic human can turn a deaf ear to the urgent cry of maimed, starving, bewildered victims of a ruthless terror which knows no mercy, no chivalry.

To escape this relentless carnage, they have fled the ruins of their homes, seeking refuge in Government Spain. They need food and clothing to ward off the ravages of starvation and cold, medicine to fight disease.

They Need it NOW!

In their plight, they turn desperately to Democratic America, where Humanity's call has never been refused. Americans everywhere are asked to give their share, no matter how small, to help fill the American Relief Ship for Spain. This is our last appeal before the Ship of Mercy sails with 5,000 tons of food, clothing and medical supplies, bought by your generous contributions and with money raised by numerous organizations and trade unions working with the Medical Bureau and North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy.

This is YOUR chance to help

Do it TODAY! Do it NOW!

Help Fill the

AMERICAN RELIEF SHIP
FOR SPAIN

Mail this coupon with your contribution TODAY!

MEDICAL BUREAU AND THE NORTH AMERICAN COMMITTEE — AMERICAN RELIEF SHIP CAMPAIGN, 381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, ROOM 201 N-3

Enclosed find my contribution which will be used to help fill the American Relief Ship for Spain.

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Name................................

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The nationalism of National Socialism is little understood in the West because it is confounded with Western nationalism. The fundamental difference of its socialism from what we usually call socialism is generally acknowledged, but the brilliant chapter on "society and economics" in Dr. Kolnai's book will make the real character of this socialism better understood. All economic and social issues are in Germany subordinated to the one central thought—the approach of the "epoch of the Germans" in world history. With the victory of the counter-revolution over the West (and the West is a very comprehensive term ranging from Milton and Locke, Descartes and Condorcet, to Jefferson and Lincoln and all the sources of their inspiration and all the movements which have been touched by their spirit) the nation "that will crush the humanitarian life of Europe and hoist the banner of true order" will necessarily become the undisputed head and leader of Europe and of mankind. The moral standards of the non-fascist world are "mainly assessed as a jumble of cowardice, selfishness, and hypocrisy." The Western world prepares for catastrophe as for something which is to be avoided at almost any cost; Germany derives power and success from this attitude. Dr. Kolnai tries to put before English readers the whole seriousness of the decision which they face, on which depend the legacy and the hopes of Western civilization. He is still optimistic, and he concludes with Masaryk's words, "Democracy is still in its infancy." It must, however, be said that this book was written before September 18, 1938.

The book is warmly recommended because the question which it discusses touches everybody's life and future. The average reader, however—and the book should have a wide circulation—would prefer a condensation in many places, while the scholarly reader misses more detailed references which would give him an opportunity to check the quotations and to assess their value for himself. But the array of texts quoted is so rich, the author's interpretation so convincing, and the presentation so distinguished for clarity and wit that the book will be widely read not only as an exposure of the war against the West but as a revealing defense of the West and its threatened moral values.

HANS KOHN

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A Survey of Regionalism

AMERICAN REGIONALISM: A CULTURAL HISTORICAL APPROACH TO NATIONAL INTEGRATION. By Howard W. Odum and Harry Estill Moore. Henry Holt and Company. $5.

IN EFFECT Professor Odum's latest work on regionalism, written in collaboration with Harry Estill Moore, is a symposium. It draws by paragraph and page from the National Resources Committee's Report on "Regional Factors in National Planning and Development" and at considerable length from articles and books by many American historians, anthropologists, geologists, geographers, even literary critics, and from the work of other regionalists, with a sprinkling from European authorities. It quotes frequently and at length from Professor Odum's own "Southern Regions in the United States," itself an extensive work. At times it becomes a résumé of résumés. Major materials that have accumulated on the subject in the last twenty-odd years are thus brought under one roof, and the array is rich and many-sided.

The book will have great usefulness for the student, saving hours of pedestrian labor by its wealth of reference, yet Professor Odum's own earlier work, with that of others, has opened the way for something more explicit. One could wish that the authors had condensed the many problems of theoretical approach to sharp points and had posed the final and practical problems with equal sharpness. By their unstressed elaborations of theory they succeed in suggesting that the problems of administrative regionalism in the United States have a more than Balkan complexity. They come up to the question of practical solutions but do not attempt to present them. Only one short chapter on problems and strategy is given, and this remains general and discursive.

The broader objectives of regionalism, in the authors' view, are "a new . . . balance of men and agriculture and rural life within the nation's total life. . . . Regionalism is a symbol of America's geographic control as opposed to class control." These sound like fighting words, but they are not made to fight; indeed they are almost obscurely set down. Their debatable elements are clearest. The chapter on political theory, which surely is basic in this connection, is particularly scant, and the obstacles in the path of administrative regionalism created by practical politics are hardly touched upon at all. One bold full passage, in highly concrete terms, written with these objectives in view, on the difficulties which beset administrative organizations within a single region or subregion, say that of the Great Lakes, would have done more to establish final problems than the wide topical discussion of theories which the authors have given us. We are ready for a much tougher and more forthright book than the one they have produced. CONSTANCE ROURKE

The Simple Life

THE LONG VALLEY. By John Steinbeck. The Viking Press. $2.50.

A ROMANTIC ardor for the simple life is the bridge between John Steinbeck's earlier work and his later. What has always seemed to him the cure for modern neuroses is man's identification with nature. His scene has been California and particularly the Salinas Valley. His first books had to do with the psychologically sick intellectual brought to health by a return to nature; his later books have had to do with the sick farm laborer cured, again, largely by nature.

Once he stopped treating of characters like himself, Steinbeck pruned his style, swept away most of his lushness and emotionalism, and became a realist. But he continued to rely for his symbols essentially on the Freudian psychology that marked his earlier books. He merely turned to a larger circle of characters, to a new class, to exemplify his thesis that man and his natural environment should not be separated. In turning from self-examination to the applications of his thesis in simple characters, he lost something of his personal passion but became a more competent writer relying on a realistic technique and dramatic shock to make his points.

I am not asserting that Steinbeck's first books were his best. They were overwritten and sentimental, but Steinbeck himself appeared in a different light. In his latest books his Freudianism remains, but he has turned from working out a personal solution—in its nature somewhat reactionary—to the application rather than the evolution of the psychology of frustration. That society alters personal psychology he knows, but he reveals little feeling for social evolution in itself.

How does all this affect his work? Every short story in this book springs from a preconceived symbol, not from a rich knowledge of character (although the outlines of these character drawings are clear) or a social situation. In every narrative, therefore, character and action, as by a formula, exemplify a symbol. The most significant symbols to Steinbeck are always life, death, nature. This fact causes him to place his emphasis on the bravery and pathos of the simple poor of the farm laboring class. But because his symbols do not necessarily evolve out of the situations presented, nor out of his impassioned vision of his characters' significance, they seem obvious. The alert reader will know in a paragraph or two of each story just how the author proposes to prove his point.

These stories are clever, but they move toward nothing. Nor do Steinbeck's novels move toward any consistent vision of life or toward any set of values. He has written one study of labor struggle which reads like a detective story ("In Dubious Battle"), inconclusive in its social philosophy but effective in dramatic plot. "Mice and Men" is far more cer-

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tainly a study of neuroses than it is a picture of the proletarian. The best short story in this new collection, "The Red Pony," is forced, by the interjection of an act of violence, to prove that through violence life springs from death. This story of a boy's loss of his first pony, of his learning about life in watching the entire process of his second pony's conception, prenatal growth, and emergence into the world, would have been right had the author not insisted that the second pony's mother, too, meet death in order to show that life is born of death. The killing of the mare in order to save the colt is a totally forced situation, and forced, as always, to emphasize Steinbeck's symbolism.

In general, Steinbeck's Salinas Valley farmers never indicate more than their own characters, manipulated to some extent by the author. Toward what ideology, if any, do they move? Toward what ideology does the author himself move? Nothing in his work seems resolved or progressing toward resolution. His stories are competent, but reading them one goes through no authentic experience.

EDA LOU WALTON

Good, Clean Fun

NIGHTINGALE WOOD. By Stella Gibbons. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50.

IT'S a safe bet that we're in for a severe winter in the book line: the novels are already growing thicker coats of gloom, the social studies are sprouting heavier pessimistic growths, the bookworms are storing up unusually large caches of tracts on the leading ideologies. So if you want to catch a little gleam of Good Clean Fun before the long Arctic night sets in, here's a tip: "Nightingale Wood" has sparkle, zest, verve, flavor—well, everything that a good drink has and most novels these days haven't. Of course, if you still cling to that quaint superstition about the British not having any sense of humor, you may—because Stella Gibbons is British—read the book and simply refuse to be amused. Or you may be shocked. Not because of moral lapses or barnyard diction, understand, but because it violates the axiom that books about frustrated, inhibited, shortsighted bourgeois should curdle your very marrow, drive you grimly through the psychological cesspool to a grand climax involving incest, arson, rape, murder, and suicide. No, Miss Gibbons is apparently a woman to whom Nothing Is Sacred. She pokes an irreverent finger right into the short-ribs of the morbid psychological study; she shamelessly pictures the antics of a middle-class family in an English village, frustrations, inhibitions, sublimations, and all, and still expects the reader to have a good time. She even throws in a perfectly uproarious hermit, a sort of combination of Puck, Falstaff, and Jeeter Lester. All the people in the book take themselves too seriously, but somehow they muddle through, and if in the end they are no happier, they are at least no less happy than before. Now, where would we be if that sort of radical nonsense took hold—if we just went along taking our fun where we found it, not worrying because the people in the story aren't as unhappy as we think they ought to be? Well, never fear: it won't happen often. Not this winter, anyway.

LOUIS B. SALOMON

DRAMA

The James Boys in Missouri

THIRTY years or more ago one of the favorite items in the standard repertory of the traveling stock company was a piece entitled "The James Boys in Missouri," which was performed from Maine to California on the ten-twenty-thirty circuit. I have my own reasons for remembering it, and I can assure those who may be too young to do so that it was not very different from "Missouri Legend," which has just been produced with considerable éclat at no less a theater than the Empire and by no less a person that Guthrie McClintic ("in association with Max Gordon"). "The James Boys" stuck rather closer to business and therefore moved rather more rapidly, but when "Missouri Legend" is interesting it is usually interesting in the same way and for the same reasons.

I am afraid, however, that the author of the new play, E. B. Ginty, aimed vaguely at something rather different. His title seems to indicate an intention to capture the fabulous atmosphere which surrounds Jesse James as a folk hero; and, indeed, the two best scenes—that in which Jesse pays off the mortgage of an Ozark widow and the brief concluding episode in which the ballad-maker at his funeral sings the lay about "the dirty little coward who shot Mr. Howard" instead of a hymn—actually do succeed in catching the flavor of robustious legend. But Mr. Ginty never seems able to remain faithful to any one style or any one conception of his central character for more than a scene at a time, and accordingly such consistent interest as he manages to maintain is merely the elementary interest of a story of gun-play. When Jesse is not being the folk hero—and this is most of the time—he is a rather pallid figure condescendingly conceived by the author as a simple, pious soul who believes that God will forgive the murders he does not seem able to avoid in view of his persistent loyalty to the Baptist church. This rather unsuccessfully intellectualized version of the character is neither the Jesse of legend nor, unless I have been misinformed, the Jesse of history. Either of these might conceivably become the central character in an interesting play. So, for that matter, might Mr. Ginty's conception if it were given a credibility and a vitality which it here lacks. The legendary figure "exists" and so does the historical one. Mr. Ginty's conception does not.

The catastrophe of the new play is the same as it was in the old one—the hero is shot in the back when he turns to straighten a picture on the wall. At the Empire it is a picture of his mother, though I am perfectly sure that when I saw "The James Boys" in the old days it was the likeness of a race horse. I should like to argue that "Missouri Legend" is just to that degree more sentimental than "The James Boys in Missouri," but I am not sure enough of my facts. It may just possibly be that the stock company I remember had a picture of a horse and none of a mother, while Mr. McClintic, in association with Max Gordon, can command whatever props historical authenticity requires. There is a pleasant

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performance by Dean Jagger, and very accomplished ones by Mildred Natwick as the Ozark widow and Dorothy Gish as Jesse's long-suffering wife.

It is reliably reported that the coming theatrical season is to be notable for an unusually large number of plays dealing with Americana and also for an unusually large number of musical shows. "Missouri Legend" is no very encouraging specimen of the first category, and "You Never Know" (Winter Garden) no very encouraging specimen of the second—despite the fact that Cole Porter is given chief credit for the score and that the cast is composed of a collection of such favorites and ex-favorites as Clifton Webb, Libby Holman, Lupe Velez, and the dancing Hartmanns. There is an all-too-brief acrobatic dance by June Preisser and some amusingly rowdy moments furnished by Miss Velez, but time which might be devoted to the specialties of all the principals is sacrificed to the careful elaboration of a prodigiously dull plot about a valet who masquerades as his master to conduct a love affair with a great lady who—wonderful stroke of ingenuity—turns out to be a lady's maid also in disguise.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

RECORDS

THIS seemed to be the right time to investigate phonographs, that is, medium-priced phonographs; and for the benefit of readers afflicted with direct current I began with the Ansley, which is built for use with both types of current, and which I recommend even to readers who have A.C., since the difference in current makes no difference in the phonograph reproduction. Only one detail of construction need be mentioned: the curved pickup arm, which reduces wear on the record and surface noise, and which the Magnavox that I discussed last year does not have. The Ansley D-21 radio-phonograph, which lists at $170 with A.C. motor and $175 with D.C. motor, gives good reproduction that will be completely satisfactory to those who like their music at a rather low volume level. But for the depth and richness of tone and clarity of definition that one would want in orchestral reproduction at the proper volume level, or even in reproduction of piano, the instrument to get is the D-25, which lists at $205 and $210. I recommend only these two Ansleys; in a small, low-priced instrument the best buy that I know at the moment is still the Magnavox table model. But I may have other recommendations later on.

In reply to continuing questions about needles I repeat: use a Columbia chromium for new records, and then for no more than five record sides. When the loose residue has been cleaned out of the grooves (one playing will do it for a Victor record), use either a Victor halftone steel, shadowgraphed if you can afford it, and a fresh needle for each record side; or the Universal non-metallic imported by the Center Music Store, 1242 Sixth Avenue, New York. This needle reproduces almost as well as steel; it plays several record sides in succession—the better the needle-

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track alignment of the pickup the greater the number of sides; and it can therefore be used as a semi-permanent substitute for chromium. As for the sapphire, I can report that a new one which I heard briefly sounded well, but I have not been able to test what it does to a record and what an old one sounds like; and experts I have talked with advise against it, particularly against its use with an automatic record-changer, where it may be chipped when it is dropped on to the record.

As though to confound my gloomy observations one of the best Ellington records in years is at hand: "Jitterbug's Lullaby," played nominally by Johnny Hodges and his orchestra (Vocalion), and with fine solos by other Ellington players. Hodges's solo after the vocal of "Lost in Meditation" (Vocalion) makes that record also worth having; there is a good trumpet solo at the beginning of "Love in Swingtime," recorded by Ellington under his own name (Brunswick); and the same trumpeter helps Ellington to recreate "Lambeth Walk" in an amusing way (Brunswick).

And as though to confound my gloom over Irving Berlin's songs in "Carefree" there is his extraordinary "Now It Can Be Told." This you may have in an outstanding example of Mildred Bailey singing in its Red Norvo instrumental setting (Vocalion); and you may have the brilliant saxophone solo of Benny Carter at the beginning of Teddy Wilson's record (Brunswick). On this one Wilson's playing is very bad, but he approximates his old form in "Laugh and Call It Love" (Brunswick), which with its other solos is quite the best of his recent records. And the Bailey-Norvo combination offers another finely wrought example of its unique style in "So Help Me" (Vocalion).

An error in my recent piece: I remembered a Claude Thornhill piano solo in a Maxine Sullivan record and I thought it was in "Please Be Kind"; but on replaying this record I have found that it has not Thornhill's solo but a trumpet solo which I should have remembered, for it is worth the price of the record. What I take to be Thornhill and the same trumpeter are to be heard in Billie Holiday's "I Wish I Had You" (Vocalion).

Investigating Decca 75-cent records further I can report that Sonia Gramatte plays Bach's Chaconne (two records) with the vigor of three men, which is excessive; that "Roméo seul" and "Grand fete chez Capulet" from Berlioz's "Roméo et Juliette" are worth having in Pierné's performance (two records); that Bettendorf's singing of "Ich hab' nur Traurigkeit" (one record) from Brahms's German Requiem is very beautiful, and the Irmler Madrigal Choir's singing of "Wie lieblich sind deine Wohnungen" (one record) and "Herr, Du bist würdig" (one record) is acceptable; that Bettendorf's record of Senta's Ballad is fair; that Seinemeyer's singing in the finale of "Tristan" is good, but the orchestral playing is poor, and the pace is hastened and the concluding measures of the orchestra are omitted in order to get the piece all on one side; that Vaughan Williams's "London" Symphony, agreeable program music of no great consequence, is well recorded by Wood (five records); and that Walton's Viola Concerto, which I find a less impressive work than his symphony, is excellently recorded by Frederick Riddle and the London Symphony under Walton (three records, $3.50).

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Padlock Law in Canada

Dear Sirs: As an old-time reader of *The Nation* I beg a little space to inform your readers of the way the "padlock law" is applied in the province of Quebec. On Thursday, September 8, two officers of the provincial police especially charged with the application of the padlock law visited my residence in my absence, and showing to my wife their credentials from the provincial authorities, ransacked my home in search of communistic literature. I had a valuable collection of books dealing with economics and social problems, including most of the books released in the last four or five years by such authors as Sidney and Beatrice Webb, Malraux, Sender, Ralph Bates, Duranty, Agnes Smedley, Edgar Snow, Palme Dutt, and Bernard Shaw. Among the numerous periodicals confiscated was a large bundle of *The Nation.*

I cannot think of any reasonable explanation for this drastic application of the law in my case as I do not take an active part in propagandizing communism, except to attend left-wing meetings as a sympathizer. The night before the raid, as delegate from an Italian workers' organization, I attended a meeting called to lay plans for a financial campaign, sponsored by the Canadian Civic Liberty Union, to fight the padlock law through the courts, and to have it declared unconstitutional. I presume that the behavior of the provincial authorities is principally to intimidate all lovers of democracy from taking an active part in this campaign. FRANK LEONE

Montreal, Canada, September 22

"Television" and the FCC

Dear Sirs: I was somewhat surprised at the review of the Waldrop-Borkin book on television published in the July 30 issue of *The Nation.* I had imagined that the day for this type of review had passed. The technique is so obvious: pick out four or five minor errors and blow these up into a review. The fact was obscured, for those who had not read the book, that here is the first important analysis of corporation control of one great section of the communications industry. This analysis has been hailed by reviewers everywhere, and I should have thought that it was in *The Nation's* tradition to welcome such a study. I don't know why a staff member of the FCC should decide to "smear" the book, but could it be because the FCC did not get very favorable notice in the book? H. C. ENGELBRECHT

New York, September 15

Reviewer Reinforcements

Dear Sirs: Mr. Engelbrecht has allowed his loyalty to his friends, Frank Waldrop and Joseph Borkin, the authors of the book on television, to get the better of his judgment. The errors pointed out in my review were not minor, nor were they typographical, but involved important factual inaccuracies and misinterpretations of documents dealing with the very core of the subject.

The most important sources of information bearing upon control of radio and television which the authors used in their book are reports of the Federal Communications Commission's investigation of the Bell Telephone system. Of these, the following are heavily relied upon by the authors: "Scope and Structure of the Bell System," "Control of American Telephone and Telegraph Company," "Bell System Policies and Practices in Radio Broadcasting," "Corporate and Financial History of American Telephone and Telegraph Company," and "Report on Electrical Research Products, Inc."

The first three of these works were written by the reviewer with whose criticism Mr. Engelbrecht disagrees. The report on corporate and financial history was written by Dr. H. Mohat and that on electrical research products by Dr. Francis Staten. Both of these gentlemen have stated to me that, if anything, I was too generous in my review.

Mr. Engelbrecht's attempt to attribute improper motives to the reviewer as an employee of the FCC is a dud. At the time the review was written, I was doing research for the La Follette committee. If Mr. Engelbrecht's point had any significance he might be interested to know that one of the authors of the book he so vehemently defends was on the pay roll of the FCC almost up to the time of the publication of the book.

N. R. DANIELIAN

Washington, September 20

The Godkin Tradition

Dear Sirs: For several years I have watched the editorials of many newspapers, and have noticed the continual flow of writing based upon articles and subjects spaded up by *The Nation* a few days before. As these subjects are treated in the newspapers a particular bias is rooted in and the truth rooted out.

The high standard of *The Nation* and the tradition in which it is steeped, as determined by Henry Lawrence Godkin, have put a great burden upon all subsequent editors and publishers of the magazine. They have, I believe, done a remarkable job in view of the fact that the agencies and engines for publishing untruth and garbled information have so greatly increased.

ARTHUR GOLDBLATT

Chicago, September 15

CONTRIBUTORS

JOHN GUNTHER is the author of "Inside Europe."

LOUIS FISCHER has just returned to Paris from Geneva, where he attended the recent League meetings.

ALBERT VITON is the pseudonym of an American journalist in Palestine.

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MURIEL C. GRAY

The Shape of Things

THE PEACE TREATY WAS SIGNED, NOT AT Versailles this time, but at Munich. This was proper, for Munich is the favorite city of the head of the victorious power. The Premiers of Great Britain, France, and Italy attended the conference. The first two were treated with a mixture of polite intransigence and jocular condescension—with sufficient courtesy, however, considering their role. The leader of Italy, Germany's chief ally, was accorded the honor he deserved as the man who arranged the meeting at which the victory was acknowledged and the peace terms dictated. The conquered nation, Czechoslovakia, was not represented at all, though its emissaries were allowed to sit in the anteroom waiting for the terms. After all, someone had to carry them back to Prague and get them signed. The conference was efficient and expeditious beyond all precedent. It took five months to remake Europe in 1919; the job was done at Munich in four hours. The terms were unjust and harsh, but a dictated peace is seldom generous. Germany is already carrying them into effect. The army of the Reich has moved into Czech territory at four points and staged a triumphal entry for Reichsführer Hitler at Asch and Eger. The whole affair—surrender, peace terms, military occupation—followed the ancient pattern of conquest. It had only one new and unusual aspect. It preceded rather than followed the war.

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THE RELIEF OF THE PEOPLES WAS EXPRESSED in hysterical demonstrations of support for the leaders who made the peace. It would be foolish to belittle this emotion. Today it rules Europe. Whatever the consequences of the Munich agreement, whatever the second thoughts of statesmen and the public, the desperate joy that swept the people of England and France, of Germany and Italy, is a political fact that must be reckoned with. Europe's fear of war is at this moment worth a million armed men to Adolf Hitler. Under other circumstances it might mean his downfall. Honest statesmen could use it to the ends of honest peace—peace by consent, by collective agreement. Today it has been exploited

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to bring about and then to ratify the unqualified triumph of force. But even now the frenzy of relief is beginning to subside; voices of doubt are breaking through the roar of approval. If Chamberlain and Daladier want votes of confidence, they should demand them quickly.

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CHINA STANDS TO GAIN MATERIALLY FROM the action of the Council of the League of Nations in allowing members to apply Article XVI individually against Japan. For the League it represents a final retreat from the principles of collective security. Although the experience of the last few years has demonstrated that potential aggressors will not be checked by pressure from individual countries—such pressure must be collective if it is to be effective—in the present instance the League resolution may pave the way for greater Soviet aid to China. So far the Soviets have deliberately restricted such aid for fear of adverse public opinion in the democracies. But as a member of the League Russia is now morally obligated to exercise such restraint as it can on Japan, even to the application of military sanctions. The same obligation also rests on the democracies; if they fail to act, China has little choice but to turn to Russia. Should Japan capture Hankow, there would be increased pressure on the government from within China for an understanding with the Soviets.

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THERE CAN BE NO RAILROAD STRIKE FOR sixty days now that the President has used his powers under the Railway Labor Act to appoint a fact-finding committee. Meanwhile, a slow but steady improvement in traffic may, it is believed in Washington, permit a compromise with a wage cut less than the 15 per cent demanded by the companies. We hope this possibility will not encourage further stalling on the broader problem of the railroads. Mr. Roosevelt's recent suggestion that the unions and the carriers together should develop a legislative program seems as ominous as it was futile. The union heads naturally felt unable to join such a conference while threatened by a wage cut. Moreover, it is difficult to see how they could reach an agreement with the rail executives who are quite unable to agree among themselves on any positive means to remedy the chaos in their industry. Their inability to grasp what is happening is illustrated by the outcome of the latest attempt of the Eastern roads to boost revenues. A 25 per cent rise in passenger fares which became effective in July has driven still more travelers to other forms of transport and accelerated the decline in revenues. Now hopes are pinned on wage reductions. Although this might bring temporary salvation to some roads bordering on bankruptcy, it would leave the major problem untouched, while by effecting an important breach in the wage structure it might prove a serious obstacle to general recovery. It seems to us that no real contribution to the problem of reorganization can be expected from the carriers themselves. Hence the sooner the Administration decides to grasp the nettle and put forward a comprehensive program of its own the better. Otherwise it is likely to find that neglect of a chronic condition necessitates an emergency operation.

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THE NATIVE SONS OF CALIFORNIA HAVE been busy developing their own species of fascism ever since the climate was discovered. Old-fashioned vigilantism has been crossed with new-fangled European repression to produce a hardy growth of 100 per cent American fascism that has brought forth prize-winning blooms, from the labor-baiting of the 1934 strike to the lynchings of San José. The most refined specimen so far is today being carefully cultivated in all three Coast states. In Washington an initiative measure bearing the harmless label of "130" has been put on the statewide ballot to be voted on November 8; in Oregon a similar measure is pending; and in California it is the Labor Organization Act. Space prevents differentiation in detail among the three bills. They variously "regulate" picketing, require the incorporation of unions, bar "outsiders" from participating in strikes, and carry every other known provision to limit labor. The fact that they patently are in violation of the National Labor Relations Act is apparently considered of no importance out where the West begins to look like Nazi Germany.

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TWENTY THOUSAND COTTON PICKERS IN three Southern states—Arkansas, Missouri, and Oklahoma—have won great gains as a result of the brief but successful sitdown strike of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union. In many counties wages were practically tripled, rising from 35 cents to 90 cents or a dollar a hundred pounds. A few isolated plantations are still holding out, but for the most part the strike is over. The highest rate will probably mean not more than $2 a day, but that is a great increase over $1. What is just as important, the success of the strike strengthens the union in its continuing fight against the plantation owners. These owners, through their intermediary, Senator "Cotton Ed" Smith, are now clamoring for more help from Washington. They want the government, which already holds 7,000,000 bales of cotton, to supplement the present cotton price of 8.3 cents by a subsidy which would raise it to more than 11 cents—once more the dilemma of the crop-reduction program is becoming acute. The ineffable Mr. Smith, in assailing the AAA for refusing the subsidy, roared: "What's the use of talking to people we have got to get down on bended knee to, who are not even elected by the people, when they ought to come on bended knee to us." That's the way the cotton pickers,

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most of whom are denied the vote by poll taxes, may well feel after their new demonstration of the superiority of the sitdown strike over the bended knee.

* * *

IN THE GROWING SPECULATION OVER THE President's next appointment to the Supreme Court, the name of Felix Frankfurter assumes increasing prominence. Press support for his nomination is becoming more insistent and widespread; a poll by the Gallup Institute discloses that the legal profession itself would greet the appointment with far greater sympathy than any other that might be made. Unfortunately these expressions of opinion have been accompanied by a disturbing flurry of rumors. A syndicated columnist in the American Jewish press recently said that Mr. Frankfurter had actually declined the post now held by Justice Black and would repeat that refusal lest his acceptance aggravate anti-Semitic feeling. This report, we can state on extremely good authority, is entirely false. Only last week, however, a Scripps-Howard writer reported that several conservative Jewish leaders, animated by the same fear, had urged the President to refrain from appointing Mr. Frankfurter. If this is true, we believe that their move was as strategically misguided as it was morally reprehensible. The persons who would exploit this appointment for reactionary ends are still a tiny, if vociferous, band; it is unthinkable that their influence should outweigh the almost universal desire for Mr. Frankfurter's selection. And just because such groups are raising their voices, Mr. Roosevelt is presented with a double opportunity. By naming Mr. Frankfurter he can further increase the clarity and boldness of the court, and at the same time demonstrate his faith in the survival of democratic tolerance.

* * *

IN SOME REACTIONARY CATHOLIC CIRCLES it seems to be the fashion to defend Nazi Germany. The Brooklyn *Tablet,* for example, made anti-Czech statements during the recent crisis which could have appeared without much change in the *Völkischer Beobachter.* We hope Catholics and others misled by them will read the moving and eloquent pastoral letter written by the hierarchy of the church in Germany and now made available by the National Catholic Welfare Conference in this country. It tells of the suppression of Catholic literature; the pressure brought on Catholics, particularly the youth, to abandon their faith; "the attacks made upon the personal honor of the Holy Father"; the economic discrimination against Catholic functionaries, business men, workers, and students; the open declaration by "authoritative personages" that the Nazi *Weltanschauung* requires "the destruction of German Catholicism"; and "unequivocal demonstrations . . . that the fight is not only against the church but against Christianity as well." The concept of a "German God" is derided in the letter in much the same terms as those used by the ancient Greek philosopher Xenophanes in attacking polytheism. "The gods of the Ethiopians," a famous fragment of Xenophanes says, "are swarthy and flat-nosed; the gods of the Thracians are fair-haired and blue-eyed." " 'A German God?' " the Catholic hierarchy asks. "If so, then there are as many gods as there are races and nations, too many for anyone to comprehend."

* * *

WE REFUSE TO CONTRIBUTE EVEN ONE petal to the British Prime Minister's crown of lilies. The best that can be said for him is that he yielded to superior force, and even that is beginning to look doubtful. He seems to us an obstinate, ignorant old man equipped neither mentally nor morally for the tasks he took upon himself. Prior to his becoming Premier there is no record of his having any intimate knowledge of foreign affairs. He was an authority on municipal problems such as garbage disposal; he had wide experience in the fields of housing and public health; as Chancellor of the Exchequer he had been of great service to British business. Nevertheless, as Premier he has insisted on directing foreign policy, with his only guiding principle the fixed idea that no real issue divides Britain and the fascist powers, which, treated tactfully, will prove harmless. The value of that thesis has now been demonstrated.

* * *

THE EFFECTIVE WORK OF BOTH PRESS AND radio during the European débâcle has been noted in these pages. To the very end, from both sources came a generous stream of facts and interpretations. The radio had the tremendous advantage of immediacy, and undoubtedly brought news of the rush of events in Europe to millions of listeners in rural districts where the newspapers, even in a crisis, give scant space to foreign affairs. Last week we mentioned specifically several of the best jobs done on the air and in the press. This week we want to add a few names to this roll of honor in the field of public enlightenment. First, Dorothy Thompson, for her discussion of the Nazi triumph in the New York *Herald Tribune* and other papers; especially her columns entitled "Peace—and the Crisis Begins," printed on Saturday, October 1, and "Chronology of the Runciman Report," on Monday, October 3. Second, Walter Lippmann, for his analysis of the effect of the Runciman report, printed on October 1. Third, Leland Stowe, who made perhaps the most useful single contribution—a compilation in the *Herald Tribune* of September 28 of Hitler's past promises and non-performances, correlated by dates and exposing with complete clarity the value of his most recent pledge.

The Treaty of Munich

EUROPE

FORGET for a moment the fate of the Czechs; consider instead the fate of Europe. The Peace of Munich carries far greater effects than the enslavement of one small nation. It is acknowledged on all sides that Hitler has gained the long-desired control of Eastern Europe. He will make his own terms with the governments of Poland and Hungary. The broken strength of the little Entente will certainly not be able to prevent German domination of the economy of Rumania and Yugoslavia; even before Munich, they had all but slipped into the line of the axis.

Think of Czechoslovakia not as a flesh-and-blood nation but as a well-guarded line of fortified mountains. It was in these cold-blooded terms that it was conceived by the victors of the Great War—whatever may have been the hopes of Masaryk and Benes and the "experts" who created its boundaries. The Czech army, brilliantly led and strongly armed, the Czech munitions industry, controlled financially in France, the Czech "Maginot line" of fortifications, built with the advice of the French general staff (but with Czech money)—these have been, in the years between Versailles and Munich, an integral part of the defense system of the Western powers in the East. On the strength of the Czech state and its military establishment, the whole structure of French post-war alliances was built. Its collapse means, in cold fact, the end of French security. As the Reich's power has increased under Hitler, the power of France has declined. Its Eastern allies have been alienated, its own policy has become dependent on British strength and British direction. Having been ruthless toward Germany when it should have been generous, it grew timid when it should have been strong. And now at last, when it most needs friends, when the threat of a rearmed Reich looms as a monstrous reality instead of a post-war fantasy, France joins Britain in turning over its eastern defenses to the dictator at Munich.

British policy has always leaned toward reconciliation with Germany; but it has been even more friendly since Hitler's rise to power. It is hard to doubt that the successive Conservative cabinets have deliberately chosen to permit the growth of Nazi domination through fear of revolution on the Continent. British tactics in Spain support this theory and are unintelligible according to any other. The Chamberlain government strongly objects to the Franco-Soviet alliance with all it might imply in case of a Continental war. It longs for a four-power pact that would finally freeze the Soviet Union out of Europe and reduce France to a minor buffer state. The Munich pact points straight toward such an arrangement. France is properly worried. Has it betrayed its friends and abandoned its defenses in the East only to become the least significant member of an alliance dominated by Britain and Germany?

But perhaps the chief casualty of the past week was the idea and method of collective security. With the help of Chamberlain, Daladier, and especially Bonnet, Hitler knocked out the League and successfully substituted the technique of the private deal in a back room with a gun on the table for the open negotiation of agreements. At no point in the proceedings was the machinery of collective action even set in motion. Throughout the weeks of swift collapse, the League of Nations, pompously futile, sat in session and pretended to be too busy to notice what was going on. As the actions of its chief members became known, the smaller powers scuttled for shelter, shaking off their obligations as they ran. The League repudiated its own blood-tie to what is left of the Treaty of Versailles—presumably to tempt Hitler back to Geneva—and then turned to matters more comfortably remote.

Evidence is mounting that Hitler knew in advance of Berchtesgaden all about Runciman's recommendations and Chamberlain's willingness to abandon the Czechs. He also knew that the German people were horrified at the thought of war and that the country's resources were hopelessly inadequate for a long struggle. The foreign editor of *Paris-Soir*, Jules Sauerwein, says that Hungary and insurgent Spain had served notice on Hitler that they would remain neutral, and that the Italian royal family were said to be opposed to any war against Britain and France. These factors, taken together, moved Hitler to make peace instead of war, but he was able to make a German peace. The measure of British and French resistance is the distance between the terms demanded at Godesberg and the terms now being carried into effect. There is a difference, though what it will actually amount to will only be known when the new Czech frontier is finally drawn. That Hitler retreated at all proves how little he wanted war and how much might have been gained by a resolute refusal to be bluffed or bulldozed.

THE CZECHS

The terms of the Munich agreement have been carefully detailed in every newspaper and will not be reviewed here. But some of their consequences are clear.

Whatever the result of the coming plebiscites, the Czech nation has lost its power of self-defense. From now on it must depend for its existence on a vague "guaranty" provided jointly by its enemies and by the nations that sold it out with total disregard for guaranties already given. The mighty Czech fortifications and the mountain range that served as a still stronger defense lie in the area being occupied by German troops; the military equipment in the defense lines must also be turned over to Germany.

Along with its defenses, Czechoslovakia has lost a

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large part of its power of self-support. It has been transformed from an industrial into a predominantly agricultural country. The whole of the Sudeten territory along the northern and western borders is industrial. Because it is mountainous and unfit for farming, Germans were brought in centuries ago to set up small industries. None of the cities of the Sudetenland is particularly large, but textile, pottery, and glass works, paper mills, and even automobile and machine factories are scattered throughout the valleys and rural areas. At first glance it may seem reassuring that the great cities of Pilsen, Mährisch-Ostrau, and Brünn will probably remain in Czechoslovakia's hands. But the raw materials on which their industries are based will be almost entirely lost. Although little of the territory taken by Germany along the southern border of Czechoslovakia is industrial, it has big paper mills and will furnish the Reich with needed timber. The mixed-language corridors, in which Hitler demands a plebiscite, contain glass, chemical, mechanical, and textile plants.

The human results of the Franco-British sell-out include and transcend the economic and military ones. Its intimate, immediate effect has been to shock into bitter resentment and cynicism a people that has represented everything decent in European democracy. This dangerous anger will mount as the Czechs ponder the fact that they were betrayed precisely because they stubbornly and against reason trusted the honesty of their protectors. It will mount as hundreds of thousands of refugees—Czechs, German democrats or Socialists, Jews, even ex-Henleinists—flow in from the border districts to escape the terror that engulfed the anti-Nazis in Austria. The peace terms somehow omitted safeguards for these people—though Chamberlain had mentioned them so sympathetically only a few days before he abandoned them. The lands of the refugees will be forfeit to the German occupation. Private property rights, too, were mysteriously ignored in the scramble to meet Hitler's demands at Munich; no compensation is provided for seized property—small or large. The occupation has already resulted in a hopeless rout. More than 70,000 refugees have fled into the towns of the interior leaving behind most of their possessions. Will the "great democratic powers" that urged Czechoslovakia to resist and then, a week later, forced it to surrender assume financial responsibility for the victims of their policy?

The bitter grief of the Czech people will find an echo in the countries that betrayed them. Already France and Britain are sobering up. In the chill of the morning after they are beginning to realize what has happened and what it means. The fine new "peace" brought home by the two Premiers looks a bit tarnished already. In spite of the permanent friendship sealed by the signatures of Hitler and Chamberlain, the British Prime Minister has announced that rearmament will be pushed at increased speed. And the London *Times* has launched a campaign for peace-time conscription—to Englishmen an unmistakable symbol of tyranny and militarism. Apparently peace is but the moment after surrender to an armed threat, the brief interval before the next ultimatum. The violent attack on the government's policy by Alfred Duff Cooper, just resigned as First Lord of the Admiralty, may be taken as a storm-warning by his former colleagues and by the French government too. His indignation and shame may have little effect today, but they are a symbol of what the people of both countries will feel tomorrow.

Stranded Volunteers

IN THE new four-power Europe anything may happen; the men who carved up the sovereign state of Czechoslovakia in a few hours may go to work on Spain before the Chamberlain-Hitler love-feast is over. Rumors persist to the effect that Mussolini is fed up with General Franco and is planning to withdraw his troops at once. There can be little doubt that both Mussolini and Hitler are disgusted by Franco's prolonged failure, and news of rebellion against insurgent rule in Spanish Morocco would afford additional reason for abandoning the rebel generalissimo. But that is not the same thing as abandoning the rebel cause. Il Duce does not throw his money on the table before the cards are played, and it is not to be expected that he will actually withdraw his "non-intervening" troops from Spain without a substantial Chamberlain concession. Reports of the withdrawal of Italian airmen have in fact been denied by none other than William Carney, Franco's unofficial spokesman to America.

The Loyalists, on the other hand, have formally and actively begun the dissolution of the International Brigades. Premier Negrin has informed the League of Nations Assembly that "the Spanish government has just decided on immediate and complete withdrawal of all non-Spanish combatants taking part in the struggle in Spain on the government side." The withdrawal, which is to be under the supervision of a League of Nations Committee, will be undertaken whether or not the insurgents follow suit. In this way Negrin cuts the ground from under the fascist powers and, as he says, removes "the possibility of any pretext for people's continuing to cast doubt upon the purely national character of the cause for which the republican army is fighting."

Domestically the move should prove even more strategic. The extent to which Franco depends on foreign aid is one of the main causes of discontent in his ranks; the contrast with a purely Spanish republican army should deepen that disaffection. In a military sense the Loyalists will not suffer by the action. Numerically the internationals are not significant, and they have already performed their function of filling the breach while the government molded a people's army.

But what of the volunteers themselves? Now that their work is done they are pouring into Paris—hungry, destitute, and in many cases ill and wounded. It is enough that these men will not be accorded by their country the heroes' welcome they deserve; they must not also be abandoned by those who know that their defense of the Spanish republic was a defense of democracy the world over.

A rough estimate places the number of American volunteers somewhere between 1,200 and 1,500, and it will cost something like $125 per man to bring them home, with minimum medical care and the meagerest contribution toward rehabilitation. A National Campaign Committee has been formed to raise the sum of $150,000 for this purpose. Langdon W. Post, former head of the New York Housing Authority, is chairman, and the list of vice-chairmen and sponsors includes such outstanding persons as Senator Pope, Thomas Mann, and Bishop Edward L. Parsons. We make no apology for going before our readers hat in hand in this cause, and we hope they will respond liberally. All contributions will be promptly forwarded to the committee.

Lehman Should Win

GOVERNOR LEHMAN and the New Deal have been publicly reconciled. Some painful recollections must have mingled with the embrace, for his letter opposing the President's court plan had left wounds that only a crisis could heal. There are elements of poetic justice in the fact that the occasion should have been provided by Thomas E. Dewey, whom the Governor started on the climb to fame by appointing him a special prosecutor to end the link between crime and politics in Manhattan. District Attorney Dewey has haunted the New Deal for several months. That he might run for governor cast a dark shadow toward 1940. The Republican Party, thanks to its failure to cover reaction with more than the loin-cloth of pious generality, has been unable to elect a governor in New York since 1920. The winner this year will be the first governor since the term of the office was extended from two years to four, and a Dewey victory would leave the Republicans in control of the state's political machinery and patronage in 1940, a factor that might prove of crucial importance in a close Presidential contest. It was conceded that Mr. Dewey, in his romantic role as racket buster, could probably defeat any Democratic candidate but Governor Lehman or Senator Wagner. Senator Wagner declined to run. So, until the last moment, did Governor Lehman. There were other aspirants, none of them, for one reason or another, reassuring. On September 29 Mr. Dewey accepted the Republican nomination, but the crisis ended almost as quickly as it arose. For on September 30 Governor Lehman agreed to stand for reelection, and barring some unforeseen and improbable development the ballots would seem to be as good as counted.

If Mr. Dewey as a candidate seems somewhat Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Governor Lehman would appear likely to evoke only the bored indifference of an electorate. Nature richly endowed him with disadvantages. He was born into a powerful banking family, a fact that would ordinarily be enough to bar him from a political career. He lacks any flair for the histrionic, but by sheer devotion to the public service has won an extraordinary public esteem. The enthusiasm with which both wings of the labor movement indorsed him is evidence of his appeal to the workers of the state. Whatever the motivations behind his attack on the President's court plan, that act itself threatened for a time to push him into the arms of the conservatives. Fortunately it now happens that the Governor's defects are if anything more valuable to the New Deal than his virtues. Labor could not do other than support him. The right, after hailing his court stand, can hardly make him an object of sharp attack.

The platforms and the keynote speeches at both state conventions were 90 per cent Throttlebottom, but the Democrats have to their advantage an excellent legislative record, while the Republicans, fresh from framing a reactionary state constitution at a convention they dominated, can hardly expect their new liberal pose to be taken seriously. District Attorney Dewey has, if anything, fallen in public esteem by taking the nomination less than nine months after his election to clean up Manhattan. His own explanation in his speech to the convention was disingenuous and unconvincing. The plea for "aggressive fact-finding" as a step toward the solution of our economic problems is uncomfortably reminiscent of Mr. Hoover's similar device for evasion—the appointment of a fact-finding committee. Governor Lehman heads a strong ticket. The replacement of the reactionary and mediocre Bray by the liberal and gifted Charles Poletti for the lieutenant governorship both prepares an able successor for Lehman and gives recognition to the American Labor Party, for which Judge Poletti acted as spokesman at the constitutional convention. To oppose Senator Wagner with John Lord O'Brian as the Republicans are doing is to insure the former's reelection. Edward Corsi can hardly hope to defeat Congressman James M. Mead for the seat left vacant by the death of Copeland. The rest of the Republican ticket is made up of men of little reputation. The Democrats retain two reactionaries, John J. Bennett as attorney general and Morris S. Tremaine as comptroller, and it is good to see that the American Labor Party, unlike the A. F. of L., will not support them. We look for a New Deal victory in November.

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It's All in "Mein Kampf"

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, October 3

BY VIRTUE of the greatest diplomatic triumph since that achieved by the late Judas Iscariot, Neville Chamberlain has finally succeeded in losing the last world war to Germany, and has made reasonably certain of losing the next. In some quarters this is called statesmanship, and Chamberlain is hailed in London as the hero of the hour. He did succeed in getting home with his shirt and umbrella.

President Roosevelt had an important part in the events, but I question whether he is proud of the ultimate result. What he did was to induce Hitler to continue the negotiations. In doing so he must have assumed that Chamberlain and Daladier would negotiate—not accept a demand for unconditional surrender.

If there has been a more craven spectacle in modern times I cannot recall it. If Chamberlain is unable to perceive the criminal folly of his capitulation and its tragic consequences for democracy, he must be utterly blind. But that hardly seems possible. There is another and more sinister alternative. It is that he does not really believe in democracy. The influence of the Cliveden set upon the present British government has long been an open scandal. The adoration of these lily-fingered aristocrats for Hitler and his methods is well known and has been openly expressed. It appears that it was not merely poor Czechoslovakia which was sold down the river, but democracy itself.

Is Chamberlain simple-minded enough to believe Hitler when he says that he has no further territorial ambitions in Europe? If so, he should read "Mein Kampf." Thus far Hitler has followed its outline as precisely as a carpenter follows a blueprint. Will he continue to follow it? What rational person can suppose otherwise? Who is going to stop him now? He has got the rich Sudeten industrial region, and he can reach over and take the Skoda works any time he is ready. Czechoslovakia has been destroyed economically. Whether it can continue to exist politically depends on Hitler's pleasure. Certainly it can exist only in a miserable fashion.

Hitler's ultimate objectives—as everyone knows who has read his book—are, first, possession or control of the Rumanian oil fields; second, possession of the Ukraine; third and finally, German domination of Europe if not the world. The road to Rumania is now open. The Bohemian bastion has fallen—and fallen in the same way that was once planned for West Point. Very soon, unless I am mistaken, Hungarian "opinion" will become aroused over the cruel fate of the Magyars in Rumania. Hitler, with his new and tender concern for oppressed minorities and his passionate devotion to the principle of self-determination, surely will not fail his friend Horthy—especially if they have a proper understanding in advance. Result: Hungary will get the Rumanian Magyars and Hitler will get the Rumanian oil. He will then have everything he needs except agricultural lands. Those of the Ukraine are the richest in the world, and they lie just across the Rumanian border.

At this stage, however, he may run into trouble. The Russians may fight. Whether Russia can lick the new Germany single-handed is certainly debatable. Military men here do not seem to think it can. They point out that modern wars are fought on an industrial basis. German industry, perhaps the most efficient and highly organized in the world, is far superior to Russia's. Some experts believe the Russian fighting machine would collapse in a few months if matched with Germany's. Indeed, some of them say that a conviction of that fact was one of the main reasons for the surrender at Munich.

I must say that I never had the slightest faith in Chamberlain. At the very moment when the sentimentalists were being reduced to tears by his magnificent radio theatricals, I was saying: "He will still sell the Czechs out." It is edifying to recall some of those theatricals in the light of subsequent events. His most impressive line was that in which he declared that Britain would never yield to "fear of force." Threatened, she would fight. Then what happened? Chamberlain returned to Germany, asked Hitler if he still intended to march unless he got what he wanted, and Hitler said he did; so Chamberlain said all right, he could have what he wanted. If ever there was a more hypocritical and pusillanimous performance it has escaped my notice.

Senator Borah thinks that Chamberlain simply doesn't understand Hitler at all. Borah believes that Chamberlain's mind is cast in a formalistic pattern, and that he thinks in terms of negotiations and agreements carried out by gentlemen in the approved manner of high-school history books, whereas Hitler is completely realistic and ruthless, and thinks no more of breaking a promise than he would of breaking a kitten's back. All his moves are calculated to achieve his objectives, and he is entirely devoid of scruples. Borah thinks Chamberlain is completely deceived about Hitler. Well, at least that is the most charitable explanation that I have heard.

Where do these events leave France? The cold, unpalatable truth is they have reduced France to the status of a second-class power. Its system of alliances is gone. Because of the perfidy of its statesmen there isn't another nation in the world that would trust it. It has virtually become a British protectorate. Here again we find Hitler attaining one of the ends set forth in "Mein Kampf." A cardinal point in German policy, he declared, must be the isolation of France. That has now been accomplished. France will continue to be a place to be visited by tourists, and the excellence of its food and wine doubtless will remain unimpaired, but it will no longer be one of the great powers. Whether it will be permitted to keep its colonies probably will depend on the arrangements made between London and Berchtesgaden. It has been a sad week for democracy, and sadder ones probably are in store.

France's Tragic Decline

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, October 2

DALADIER, returning from Munich on Friday, made a triumphant entry into Paris, the people waving flags and shouting, *Vive la France, vive la paix.* It might have been more appropriate if he had sneaked into Paris by the underground with his hat well over his face, at least if the Munich agreement to dismember Czechoslovakia is examined in its historical perspective. But Bonnet, Czechoslovakia's chief betrayer, got the radio to announce the route of entry and, sitting beside Daladier in the automobile, smiled with obvious self-satisfaction. Despite the cheering and flag-waving, which are clearly comprehensible after several days of visualizing imminent air raids on Paris, an undercurrent of uneasiness was discernible in the crowd, especially among the working people. There seemed to be a realization of the consequences of Czechoslovakia's betrayal—the loss of France's allies and prestige in Eastern Europe and its virtual isolation except for the British alliance, which itself has been rendered less secure. That afternoon many Parisians must have scratched their heads when they saw a photograph in the *Paris-Soir* of Daladier signing the Munich agreement under Hitler's and Göring's self-satisfied grins and read the accompanying article, entitled "Peace with Honor," which proposed a public subscription for a French villa to be presented to Chamberlain.

Many Parisians rightly feel that a decisive crisis was grossly mismanaged from the outset by the French government and that the real battle was lost at Berchtesgaden. If on September 13, the day after Hitler's Nürnberg speech, Bonnet and Chautemps in the Cabinet and wire-pullers like Flandin and Caillaux had not won the day over Mandel and Reynaud, who demanded substantial mobilization, all might have been different. Daladier, faced with a conflict inside the Cabinet, lost his head and asked Chamberlain to take the lead. Since Chamberlain was not Czechoslovakia's ally and secretly had always favored the cession of the Sudetenland, this move virtually spelled repudiation of the Czech alliance. Chamberlain went to Berchtesgaden believing that France was unwilling to fight for Czechoslovakia under any circumstances, an impression strongly confirmed by the tremendous defeatist campaign in the Paris press inspired by Bonnet and Flandin, as well as by big business, fascist elements, and German cash. Hitler, who was equally aware of the French government's disposition, presented demands hitherto inconceivable. Daladier and Bonnet went to London on September 18 to approve the Berchtesgaden plan, and allowed it to be inferred afterward that the English had bullied them into it. This is untrue; resistance was possible since both Halifax and Vansittart were hypercritical of the proposals.

These proposals actually marked the destruction of Czechoslovakia. Nevertheless, the greater part of the French press continued to proclaim them the height of statesmanship and confused the public mind regarding the real issue by irrelevant talk about the Sudetens and President Benes's dilatory tactics. This also was largely the work of Bonnet, who the next day sent to Prague an ultimatum demanding acceptance of the Berchtesgaden plan. This shameful treatment of an ally produced the first outburst of public resentment in France, and three ministers—Reynaud, Mandel, and Ribes—offered their resignations. Godesberg followed, and though the damage had already been done, Hitler's arrogance stiffened French opinion immensely. On the urgent demand of the generals, who perhaps hoped that the Berchtesgaden plan might now be off, and of those in the Cabinet who advocated firmness, Daladier ordered partial mobilization. The people and the reservists showed an admirable spirit, which was, however, not reflected in the press.

Then followed the tragic days from Sunday to Wednesday, when war appeared imminent. Chamberlain's envoy, Sir Horace Wilson, returned from Berlin on Tuesday with the comment that Hitler was raving mad. There was a strong suspicion that this madness was part of a bluff, and that Hitler knew that Germany was incapable

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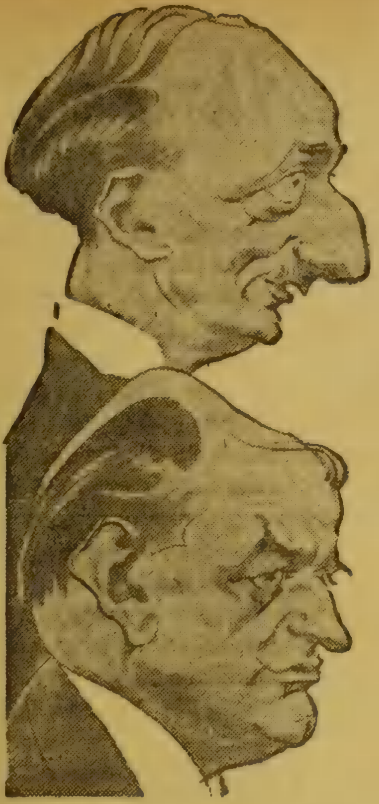

MM. Bonnet and Daladier

of winning against an Anglo-French-Russian-Czech coalition. Nevertheless, this madness was an incalculable element making war still possible. Another factor that kept the danger alive was Hitler's conceivable belief that his Siegfried line would succeed in immobilizing his western enemies while a knockout could be delivered to Czechoslovakia—whereupon a peace offer would be made to the West. But this theory minimized Russia's importance. Chamberlain's final move was the appeal to Mussolini, who arranged the Munich conference.

For Mussolini this arrangement solved innumerable difficulties, especially in view of the anti-war and anti-German feeling which had been mounting among the Italians. In Munich Hitler got all his Berchtesgaden demands plus most of those made at Godesberg. The slight modification of the latter demands constituted Daladier's "peace with honor."

Munich represents a turning-point in the post-war history of France. It is perhaps a concluding episode in its decline as a great European power which began with the reoccupation of the Rhineland in March, 1936. That move handicapped France immensely strategically and would have made direct aid to the Czechs today very difficult. Nevertheless, before Munich Germany was still susceptible to blockade treatment, but that is no longer true with the Czech and Polish, and probably the Russian, alliances lost. France's position is extremely precarious now. After the Munich terms Chamberlain considered the French alliance alone an insufficient safeguard for British security. The Anglo-German declaration of friendship which followed was a severe shock to the French. Doubtless it was prompted largely by Chamberlain's fear that the Germans would denounce the naval agreement, which Hitler had threatened to do twice during the past month, but it is also an indication of Chamberlain's lack of confidence in France's military and economic strength and a desire for reassurance elsewhere. This reassurance is doubtless precarious, as it is based on an agreement with crooks and on a four-power-pact policy in which France is a reluctant and helpless fourth partner, obliged to follow England without England's being obliged always to consult France.

A British politician identifiable as Winston Churchill warned the French reactionary deputy Kerillis a fortnight ago that "the Czech affair is much more serious than is imagined. For three centuries British policy has been based on the balance of power. But such a policy was possible only with a solid *point d'appui* on the Continent. Watching the reactions of the French and the opinions of the newspapers, we fear that such a basis is perhaps non-existent. The time may come for a drastic change in historical tradition. Instead of resisting the dominating power, we may try to come to an agreement with it."

Some observers think that this agreement with Germany may be attempted at Russia's expense; others even think at the expense of the French colonial empire, although France's own security is essential to England. Others believe that the Anglo-German agreement is the only way for England to prevent Italy's playing the balance-of-power game. Whatever Chamberlain's new policy may be, it will be a million miles removed from the idea of collective security. Ultimately England and France will be the great losers in the four-power policy, the adoption of which has always been Mussolini's greatest ambition. France, which has been incapable of any constructive diplomacy during the past few months and which gave England the lead, is now totally paralyzed, and for its independence must rely solely on the good graces of England, which in turn must largely depend on Hitler's and Mussolini's promises. Such is the price paid for the incompetent handling of the Czech crisis.

The ambition of the German and Italian fascists to isolate France is virtually fulfilled, but most papers are still slobbering over the Munich "victory" and concealing from the people the fact that France has never before been in such a tragic position internationally—a Portugal without Portugal's security. England will soon realize, as the resigning First Lord of the Admiralty, Alfred Duff Cooper, has already realized, the folly of Chamberlain's four-power policy, but the realization will be perhaps too late unless the United States takes a vigorous lead to save the values of Western civilization.

United States vs. Alcoa

BY JAMES WECHSLER

I

THROUGHOUT his political lifetime Senator Tom Walsh was the aluminum trust's most intransigent enemy. Few legislators have waged so lonely, so persistent, so picturesque, and so ultimately disheartening a battle. For Alcoa—symbol of the Aluminum Company of America—was not merely supreme in its own region of industry; it was a far-flung empire which listed Washington among its subservient dominions. When Andrew Mellon, its financial overlord, became Secretary of the Treasury, the social note of a decade was written, announcing the marriage of monopoly and government. Walsh's anger was generously permitted to appear in the pages of the *Congressional Record;* Mellon could always trot across the thin strip of grass which separated the Treasury Department from the White House.

With the advent of the Roosevelt Administration, Alcoa for the first time faced a threat commensurate with its power. Walsh, who had stubbornly accumulated an arsenal of documents with which to attack the nation's number one monopoly, was at once designated attorney general; his appointment was expected to revive the most notorious lost cause of the 1920's. The rejoicing was tragically premature. It was halted by Walsh's sudden death, which occurred before he took office.

There remained, nevertheless, an impressive heritage and a formidable indictment—the Senator's anti-Alcoa library. Shortly after Walsh's death, his secretary received a call purporting to come from the Department of Justice, instructing her to assemble his files on the aluminum trust. She did so promptly, then closed the office and left for the day. Overnight those files inexplicably vanished. Their real fate has never been determined; the government never saw them again.

These episodes—Walsh's untimely death and the disappearance of his file—strangely dramatize the immunity which has fostered Alcoa's rise. But the era of good fortune and bad prosecution may now be nearing its close. This month, just fifty years after the formation of the Pittsburgh Reduction Company, from which Alcoa's enormous structure was ultimately derived, the federal government resumed its prosecution of the aluminum trust for large-scale violations of the Sherman Act. Most of the politicians who used their last drop of whitewash to protect Alcoa have left Washington, superseded by men who are pushing the most ambitious anti-trust prosecution ever launched. The defendant is not merely Alcoa, not merely its myriad subsidiaries, not merely an isolated area of heretofore invincible monopoly. The defendants are all those economic autocracies which the anti-trust laws have hitherto failed to curb.

These long-term aspects of the proceedings are as plainly perceived in Wall Street as in Washington. They were in evidence last spring when the trial got under way. The story of Alcoa's development set forth in this article is based upon the charges embodied in the opening statement of the government's young prosecutor, Walter L. Rice, who at thirty-four already has behind him the notable triumph of the Sugar Institute case.

Is the Aluminum Company of America a monopoly? Does it demand either systematic dissolution or social regulation? The questions indicate the gap between legal lore and the facts of economic life. The basic facts are that Alcoa owns the four plants which produce virgin aluminum in the United States; its sister company, Aluminium Ltd. of Canada, operates the only other such plants on this continent. One need not probe much farther to understand the nature of the trust's supremacy. Yet these facts offer no decisive clue to the outcome of this trial. In a half-century of legal debate stirred by the anti-trust laws no consistent, workable criteria of legal judgment have emerged. In our economic processes the sheer fact of monopoly control is vital; in the courts the nebulous question of intent has steadily loomed large.

After fifty years Alcoa is more than a streamlined corporation; it has built up an imposing superstructure of forced loyalties, popular prejudices, and concealed influence. Consider all the difficulties that have hampered the preparation of the government's case. More than fifty witnesses who could have shed damaging light on Alcoa's operations died while the so-called anti-trust staffs of Harding and Coolidge were flashing a green light to Alcoa's rulers. Those who have survived are frequently almost as inarticulate. Alcoa can buy off dissenters, threaten its critics, take over the fortresses from which hostile guns might be fired. There is, for example, a man named Robert J. Anderson who was once slated to play a leading role in this trial. Squeezed out of business by Alcoa, he was not merely a symbol of the empire's ruthlessness toward minor competitors but an unimpeachable expert. Anderson contended that if the price of aluminum were reduced five cents a pound, the market would expand fivefold. Such testimony would obviously have grave bearing upon Alcoa's role as pricefixer. Appreciating this danger, Alcoa not long before the trial began quietly placed Anderson on its pay roll; the government thereupon decided to dispense with his testimony.

George D. Haskell might have been an even more formidable witness. In the 1920's Haskell made a daring effort to establish a genuine rival to Alcoa in the manufacture of aluminum. So devastating was the treatment he received that he carried his grievances to court for a protracted legal battle. While Haskell has actually appeared at the current trial, his testimony was merely a reaffirmation of charges to which he had sworn in his own suit. He could scarcely have been expected to develop these accusations since he now receives $20,000 annually as an "adviser" to Alcoa. And the law firms which represented Haskell have been similarly hynotized; two of Haskell's principal attorneys now receive annual retainers from this benevolent institution.

It is frequently unnecessary to place prospective witnesses on the pay roll. Many will get the point for nothing; they will be sufficiently influenced by the knowledge that Alcoa can shatter whatever business they conduct. If they seem recalcitrant, a single image is likely to bring back their timidity—the image of a man who once owned a million-dollar aluminum plant, then dropped out of sight. When government investigators found him, he was scrubbing floors at $1.50 a day, his penalty for doubting that Alcoa's word is the aluminum industry's law.

Even more extraordinary perhaps is the extent to which Alcoa's influence transcends the boundaries of the industry. There was the case of Professor Wallace of Harvard, who had conducted extensive research in the aluminum field. Word leaked out that certain passages in a book he was preparing would reflect discredit on Alcoa. The Harvard Overseers were promptly besieged with admonitions and threats to compel revision of the text. It was revised.

These impediments to prosecution are real, but they would be less damaging if earlier administrations had not stacked the cards so flagrantly in Alcoa's behalf. The only important federal intervention occurred in 1912: during that high tide of trust-busting a consent decree was obtained outlawing a series of restrictive agreements. Alcoa took this decree no more seriously than did succeeding national administrations. As the surge of antitrust emotions receded, administrators became aggressively cynical or dutifully reconciled. A typical sequence began in 1924 when the Federal Trade Commission published a report on the high cost of house furnishings. Unlike most reports bearing upon Alcoa, this document was vigorous and forthright. Its publication provoked audible demand for federal inquiry into Alcoa's whole domain. The Department of Justice promptly named an investigator to probe the charges. After toiling with what Walsh called "amazing leisureliness," the investigator announced that everyone in the industry was satisfied with Alcoa's behavior. Suspicious of this conclusion, Harlan F. Stone, then Attorney General, indicated a desire to press the matter farther. He was promptly elevated to the Supreme Court.

The post-war years were replete with such case histories in secret government. Ultimately the incongruities of Mr. Mellon's dual personality became too glaring and he was dispatched to the Court of St. James's. By that time the last efforts of competitors in the aluminum industry had been effectively thwarted; the Mellon era supplied Washington with a series of government reports, signed by government officials and presumably written by them, testifying to the impeccable integrity of Mr. Mellon's business. They are now Alcoa's prize exhibits to prove that prosecution is unwarranted.

Aluminum is derived from an ore called bauxite, which is reduced to virgin aluminum through an electrolytic process which requires immense resources of inexpensive power. The quest for supremacy in the aluminum industry therefore involved two fundamental achievements: control of abundant bauxite areas and access to cheap water power. It was a corollary that possible competitors should be barred from use of the same resources.

To what extent these horizons lured the founders of the Pittsburgh Reduction Company in 1888 it is fruitless to speculate. The Pittsburgh venture was not too promising a child; capitalized at only $20,000 it showed few signs of a great future. Within two years, however, its prospects had been fundamentally altered, for in 1890 it was adopted by the Mellon family and endowed with a good name and valuable connections. From that year its development showed the customary pattern of monopoly. Its first act was to obtain the second of two patents governing the manufacture of aluminum. One it already owned; the other it purchased from another firm for $250,000 and a lavish royalty agreement.

This was an important beginning, but the safeguards against competition which it provided were at best temporary. The Pittsburgh Reduction Company, which soon afterward became the Aluminum Company of America, quickly prepared to protect its hegemony against potential rivals whose strength might assume menacing proportions when the patents expired in 1909. Such opposition never materialized. The General Chemical Company owned large bauxite deposits; in 1905 that company signed a pact with Alcoa pledging to refrain from selling bauxite to any other manufacturer of aluminum. The Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Company appeared to constitute an even more imposing threat since it owned both bauxite and cryolite deposits sufficient for large-scale production of aluminum; in 1907 that company, in return for vast purchases by Alcoa, promised to keep out of the aluminum business and to sell no alumina—the metal in the stage before the electrolytic process—to any of Alcoa's competitors. In 1909 Alcoa completed the rout of its incipient enemies; under an agreement with the Norton Company it acquired the stock of the Republic Mining and Manufacturing Company, still another owner of bauxite deposits. Although Republic was capitalized at only $100,000, Alcoa paid $312,000 for an enterprise which is today Alcoa's major subsidiary in bauxite mining.

While thus eliminating any sources of future conflict, the aluminum magnates still faced the task of making their conquests pay. In its early years Alcoa found no great demand for virgin aluminum to convert into finished products. It proceeded to create this demand by entering the fabricating business. This move also served to lay the foundations of the structure of monopoly, as Arthur V. Davis recognized at the time: "We expect competition in the aluminum business and we are going to take over for consolidation all the foundries, so that no matter who goes into the aluminum business they will have no one to sell their product to."

These considerations dictated the birth of the Aluminum Castings Company on May 29, 1909, a concern which represented the consolidation, under Alcoa's guidance, of six large foundries. Alcoa broadly adhered to the terms of the consolidation agreement, under which it promised to hold no more than 50 per cent of the stock in this enterprise for ten years. When that interval had elapsed, its patience was rewarded. In 1919, having assumed a controlling interest in the company, Alcoa launched an operation which is jovially called the "squeeze." Although the company had prospered until Alcoa assumed outright control over its affairs, it suddenly began to lose money after the 1919 deal was consummated. In that boom year alone it lost $2,500,000. For this loss there were abundant compensations—for Alcoa. In reality it was manipulating the spread between the price of virgin aluminum and the price of the finished product—made by the Castings Company—to smash rival producers of similar products.

These maneuvers were supplemented by others. Shortly after the establishment of Aluminum Castings Company, Alcoa organized the Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Company. In the making of aluminum specialties the New Jersey Aluminum Company had played a major role; its owners were persuaded to sell out and to pledge to stay out of the business "east of Denver." Soon afterward Arthur V. Davis and Roy A. Hunt, chieftains of Alcoa, assumed prominent posts on the board of the Aluminum Goods Company.

In baseball the "squeeze" play is fraught with risk; in the aluminum industry it became a terroristic method of discipline applied by Alcoa with impunity in ensuing years, especially to those who sought entrance into the business of rolling aluminum into sheets. The Standard Aluminum Company made such an attempt, and as early as 1913 it began to encounter difficulties. When its officials sought aid from Arthur V. Davis, he reminded them that Alcoa "takes care of its friends" and that they did not belong in that special category. Their debts to Alcoa mounted; their resources ebbed; they met increasing obstacles in trying to obtain raw materials. To ease the pain of strangulation Standard sold out to the Aluminum Manufacturing Company (read Alcoa). But Standard's owners, making another desperate bid to survive, set up a new rolling mill in St. Louis. Again the "squeeze" began. By 1919 the St. Louis enterprise belonged to the past. Alcoa was leading a double life with eminent success. As the sole producer of virgin aluminum it fixed its own price. As a large-scale manufacturer of the finished product it could relentlessly manipulate the differential. This was, and is, an invincible combination.

Shortly before the World War, Alcoa sighted a new challenge to its already affluent empire. International amity—among the aluminum kings—had once more broken down: French and German interests, attracted by the American market, set up the Southern Aluminum Company to enter the field against Alcoa. They found a strategic site in North Carolina and inaugurated an elaborate construction program. Alcoa's patriotism was outraged. The outbreak of the European war provided the signal for the demolition of so militant an aggressor. Having already spent six million dollars on the enterprise, the foreign interests still needed seven million more. With the onset of war, money was scarce in their native countries; the only way they could escape from the trap was to sell out at a loss and salvage some part of a bad investment.

Enter Alcoa. With the situation ripe for a merciless bargain, Alcoa breathed warmth and charity. Instead of cracking down savagely, the American aluminum trust agreed to pay the French and Germans for every dollar they had expended here, including preliminary prospecting expenses, and to assume all outstanding obligations. Of course this was extravagant overpayment, as Alcoa realized, for it later sought to get a tax refund on the ground that it had paid $1,700,000 more than the property was worth. But why not hang the expense? This wasn't an isolated purchase. It gave Alcoa domination of a valuable site, richly suited to a potential competitor, and removed from this continent the representatives of the nation best fitted to combat Alcoa, since the French possess important bauxite deposits at home. Supplementary to these accomplishments was the acquisition of control over additional favorable water-power regions.

The water-power acquisition was incidental to this transaction; it was not incidental to Alcoa's general policy.

As early as 1895 Alcoa's lust for such sites was frankly demonstrated; as late as 1938 the social issue created by this quest for cheap power was being argued in the New York State constitutional convention. It was in 1895 that the Niagara Falls Hydraulic Power and Manufacturing Company negotiated a handsome arrangement with Alcoa and pledged not to sell power to other aluminum firms. Seven years later Alcoa invaded Canada, obtaining a preferential contract from the Shawinigan Falls Power Company. A sixty-two-year agreement with Niagara Hydraulic sealed in 1905 gave Alcoa sensationally low rates and simultaneously barred its competitors from the same resources; in 1906 Alcoa simply took over the St. Lawrence River Power Company and a number of other power companies in the same area. When Alcoa obtained riparian rights on the Long Sault Rapids of the St. Lawrence, however, rumblings of public hostility became audible; they have never subsided. That site would have given Alcoa sufficient electric energy to produce ten times the world's consumption of aluminum. So limitless an adventure had obviously no relation to Alcoa's real needs.

Alcoa's penetration of other regions has encountered no resistance of similar proportions or effectiveness. Despairing of the Long Sault enterprise, Alcoa in 1929 made friends with the Niagara Hudson Corporation, which controls water power on both the American and Canadian sides of Niagara Falls; today Alcoa owns 250,000 shares of its stock. In the same interval Alcoa has been acquiring large-scale riparian rights on the Tennessee River and obtaining sites adequate for the construction of several power plants.

By 1924 Alcoa's command of American water-power sites was so well established that potential rivals were forced to turn to Canada for power. When they did so, they ran headlong into the Shawinigan Company, one of Alcoa's numerous allies.

[*Part II of this article will appear next week.*]

Living Philosophies

III. LIFE CAN BE WORTH LIVING

BY JULIAN HUXLEY

I BELIEVE that life can be worth living. I believe this in spite of pain, squalor, cruelty, unhappiness, and death. I do not believe that it is necessarily worth living, but only that for most people it can be.

I also believe that man, as individual, as group, and collectively as mankind, can achieve a satisfying purpose in existence. I believe this in spite of frustration, aimlessness, frivolity, boredom, sloth, and failure. Again I do not believe that a purpose inevitably inheres in the universe or in our existence, or that mankind is bound to achieve a satisfying purpose, but only that such a purpose can be found.

I believe that there exists a scale or hierarchy of values, ranging from simple physical comforts up to the highest satisfactions of love, aesthetic enjoyment, intellect, creative achievement, virtue. I do not believe that these are absolute, or transcendental in the sense of being vouchsafed by some external power or divinity; they are the product of human nature interacting with the outer world. Nor do I suppose that we can grade every valuable experience into an accepted order, any more than I can say whether a beetle is a higher organism than a cuttlefish or a herring. But just as it can unhesitatingly be stated that there are general grades of biological organization, and that a beetle *is* a higher organism than a sponge, or a human being than a frog, so I can assert, with the general consensus of civilized human beings, that there is a higher value in Dante's "Divina Commedia" than in a popular hymn, in the scientific activity of Newton or Darwin than in solving a crossword puzzle, in the fulness of love than in sexual gratification, in selfless than in purely self-regarding activities—although each and all can have their value of a sort.

I do not believe that there is any absolute of truth, beauty, morality, or virtue, whether emanating from an external power or imposed by an internal standard. But this does not drive me to the curious conclusion, fashionable in certain quarters, that truth and beauty and goodness do not exist, or that there is no force or value in them.

I believe that there are a number of questions that it is no use our asking, because they can never be answered. Nothing but waste, worry, or unhappiness is caused by trying to solve insoluble problems. Yet some people seem determined to try. I recall the story of the philosopher and the theologian. The two were engaged in disputation and the theologian used the old quip about a philosopher resembling a blind man, in a dark room, looking for a black cat—which wasn't there. "That may be," said the philosopher; "but a theologian would have found it."

Even in material matters of science we must learn to ask the right questions. It seemed an obvious question to ask how animals inherit the result of their parents' experience, and enormous amounts of time and energy have been spent on trying to give an answer to it. It is, however, no good asking the question, for the simple reason that no such inheritance of acquired characters exists. The chemists of the eighteenth century, because they asked themselves the question, "What substance is involved in the process of burning?" became involved in the mazes of the phlogiston theory: they had to ask "what sort of process is burning?" before they could see that it did not involve a special substance but was merely a particular case of chemical combination.

When we come to what are usually referred to as fundamentals, the difficulty of not asking the wrong kind of question is much increased. Among most African tribes, if a person dies, the only question asked is, "Who caused his death, and by what form of magic?"; the idea of death from natural causes is unknown. Indeed, the life of the less-civilized half of mankind is largely based on trying to find an answer to a wrong question: "What magical forces or powers are responsible for good or bad fortune, and how can they be circumvented or propitiated?"

I do not believe in the existence of a god or gods. The conception of divinity seems to me, though built up out of a number of real elements of experience, to be a false one, based on the quite unjustifiable postulate that there must be some more or less personal power in control of the world. We are confronted with forces beyond our control, with incomprehensible disasters, with death, and also with ecstasy, with a mystical sense of union with something greater than our ordinary selves, with sudden conversion to a new way of life, with the burden of guilt and sin. In theistic religions all these elements of actual experience have been woven into a unified body of belief and practice in relation to the fundamental postulate of the existence of a god or gods.

I believe this fundamental postulate to be nothing more than the result of asking a wrong question: "Who or what rules the universe?" So far as we can see, it rules itself, and indeed the whole analogy with a country and its ruler is false. Even if a god does exist behind or above the universe as we experience it, we can have no knowledge of such a power; the actual gods of historical religions are only the personifications of impersonal facts of nature and of facts of our inner mental life.

Similarly with immortality. With our present faculties we have no means of giving a categorical answer to the question whether we survive death, much less the question of what any such life after death will be like. That being so, it is a waste of time and energy to devote ourselves to the problem of achieving salvation in the life to come. However, just as the idea of god is built out of bricks of real experience, so too is the idea of salvation. If we translate salvation into terms of this world, we find that it means achieving harmony between different parts of our nature, including its subconscious depths and its rarely touched heights, and also achieving some satisfactory adjustment between ourselves and the outer world, including not only the world of nature but the social world of man. I believe it to be possible to "achieve salvation" in this sense, and right to aim at doing so, just as I believe it possible and valuable to achieve a sense of union with something bigger than our ordinary selves, even if that something be not a god but an extension of our narrow core to include in a single grasp ranges of outer experience and inner nature on which we do not ordinarily draw.

But if God and immortality be repudiated, what is left? That is the question usually thrown at the atheist's head. The orthodox believer likes to think that nothing is left. That, however, is because he has only been accustomed to think in terms of his orthodoxy.

In point of fact, a great deal is left.

That is immediately obvious from the fact that many men and women have led active, or self-sacrificing, or noble, or devoted lives without any belief in God or immortality. Buddhism in its uncorrupted form has no such belief; nor did the great nineteenth-century agnostics; nor do the orthodox Russian Communists; nor did the Stoics. Of course, the unbelievers have often been guilty of selfish or wicked actions; but so have the believers. And in any case that is not the fundamental point. The point is that without these beliefs men and women may yet possess the mainspring of full and purposive living, and just as great a sense that existence can be worth while as is possible to the most devout believers.

I would say that this is much more readily possible today than in any previous age. The reason lies in the advances of science.

No longer are we forced to accept the external catastrophes and miseries of existence as inevitable or mysterious; no longer are we obliged to live in a world without history, where change is only meaningless. Our ancestors saw an epidemic as an act of divine punishment; to us it is a challenge to be overcome, since we know its causes and that it can be controlled or prevented. The understanding of infectious disease is entirely due to scientific advance. So, to take a very recent happening, is our understanding of the basis of nutrition, which holds out new possibilities of health and energy to the human race. So is our understanding of earthquakes and storms; if we cannot control them, we at least do not have to fear them as evidence of God's anger.

Some, at least, of our internal miseries can be lightened in the same way. Through knowledge derived from psychology children can be prevented from growing up with an abnormal sense of guilt and so making life a burden both to themselves and to those with whom they

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come into contact. We are beginning to understand the psychological roots of irrational fear and cruelty; some day we shall be able to make the world a brighter place by preventing their appearance.

The ancients had no history worth mentioning. Human existence in the present was regarded as a degradation from that of the original Golden Age. Down even to the nineteenth century what was known of human history was regarded by the nations of the West as an essentially meaningless series of episodes sandwiched into the brief space between the Creation and the Fall, a few thousand years back, and the Second Coming and Last Judgment, which might be on us at any moment and in any case could not be pushed back for more than a few thousand years into the future. In this perspective a millennium was almost an eternity. With such an outlook no wonder life seemed, to the great mass of humanity, "nasty, brutish, and short," its miseries and shortcomings merely bewildering unless illuminated by the illusory light of religion.

Today human history merges back into pre-history, and pre-history again into biological evolution. Our time scale is profoundly altered. A thousand years is a short time for pre-history, which thinks in terms of hundreds of thousands of years, and an insignificant time for evolution, which deals in ten-million-year periods. The future is extended equally with the past; if it took over a thousand million years for primeval life to generate man, man and his descendants have at least an equal allowance of time before them.

Most of all, the new history has been a basis of hope. Biological evolution has been appallingly slow and appallingly wasteful. It has been cruel; it has generated the parasites and the pests as well as the more agreeable types. It has led life up innumerable blind alleys. But in spite of this it has achieved progress. In a few lines whose number has steadily diminished with time it has avoided the cul-de-sac of mere specialization and arrived at a new level of organization, more harmonious and more efficient, from which it could again launch out toward greater control, greater knowledge, and greater independence. Progress is, if you will, all-round specialization. Finally, but one line was left which was able to achieve further progress; all the others had led up blind alleys. This was the line leading to the evolution of the human brain.

This at one bound altered the perspective of evolution. Experience could now be handed down from generation to generation; deliberate purpose could be substituted for the blind sifting of selection; change could be speeded up ten-thousand-fold. In man evolution could become conscious. Admittedly it is far from conscious yet, but the possibility is there, and it has at least been consciously envisaged.

Seen in this perspective, human history represents but the tiniest portion of the time man has before him; it is only the first ignorant and clumsy gropings of the new type, born heir to so much biological history. The constant setbacks, the lack of improvement in certain respects for over two thousand years, are seen to be phenomena as natural as the tumbles of a child learning to walk or the deflection of a sensitive boy's attention by the need of making a living.

The broad facts remain. Life has progressed, even before man was first evolved. Life progressed by evolving man. Man has progressed during the half million or so years from the first Hominidae, even during the ten thousand years since the final amelioration of climate after the Ice Age. And the potentialities of progress which are revealed, once his eyes have been opened to the evolutionary vista, are unlimited.

At last we have an optimistic instead of a pessimistic theory of this world and our life upon it. Admittedly the optimism cannot be facile, and must be tempered with reflection on the length of time involved, on the hard work that will be necessary, on the inevitable residuum of accident and unhappiness that will remain. Perhaps we had better call it a melioristic rather than an optimistic view; but at least it preaches hope and inspires to action.

I believe very definitely that it is among human personalities that there exist the highest and most valuable achievements of the universe—or at least the highest and most valuable achievements of which we know or, apparently, can have knowledge. That means that I believe that the state exists for the development of individual lives, not individuals for the development of the state.

But I also believe that the individual is not an isolated, separate thing. An individual is a transformer of matter and experience; it is a system of relations between its own basis and the universe, including other individuals. An individual may believe that he should devote himself entirely to a cause, even sacrifice himself to it—his country, truth, art, love. It is in the devotion or the sacrifice that he becomes most himself; it is because of the devotion or sacrifice of individuals that causes become of value. But of course the individual must in many ways subordinate himself to the community—only not to the extent of believing that in the community resides any virtue higher than that of the individuals which compose it.

The community provides the machinery for the existence and development of individuals. There are those who deny the importance of social machinery, who assert that the only important thing is a change of heart, and that the right machinery is merely a natural consequence of the right inner attitude. This appears to me mere solipsism. Different kinds of social machinery predispose to different inner attitudes. The most admirable machinery is useless if the inner life is unchanged; but social machinery *can* affect the fulness and quality of life. Social machinery can be devised to make war more difficult, to promote health, to add interest to life. Let us not despise machinery in our zeal for fulness of life, any more than we should dream that machinery can ever automatically grind out perfection of living.

I believe in diversity. Every biologist knows that human beings differ in their hereditary outfits, and therefore in the possibilities that they can realize. Psychology is showing us how different are the types that jostle each other on the world's streets. No amount of persuasion or education can make the extrovert really understand the introvert, the verbalist understand the lover of handicraft, the non-mathematical or non-musical person understand the passion of the mathematician or the musician. We can try to forbid certain attitudes of mind. We could theoretically breed out much of human variety. But this would be a sacrifice. Diversity is not only the salt of life but the basis of collective achievement. And the complement of diversity is tolerance and understanding. This does not mean rating all values alike. We must protect society against criminals; we must struggle against what we think wrong. But just as if we try to understand the criminal we shall try to reform rather than merely to punish, so we must try to understand why we judge others' actions as wrong, which implies trying to understand the workings of our own minds and discounting our own prejudices.

Finally, I believe that we can never reduce our principles to any few simple terms. Existence is always too various and too complicated. We must supplement principles with faith. And the only faith that is both concrete and comprehensive is in life, its abundance and its progress. My final belief is in life.

In the Wind

THE CONSERVATIVE Chicago *Tribune* recently launched a bitter attack on the WPA, charging "loafing" on Chicago projects. But illustrations adorning the articles betrayed the bias behind the accusation. A picture appearing in the paper's final edition showed two men leaning idly on their shovels. Upon investigation WPA officials reported that the same picture, when it appeared in early editions, showed a background of men busily working; it was reduced to a single column and the background blotted out for the final edition. Another illustration of "shovel-leaners" carried this caption: "Two men employed on River Grove sewer projects discuss distribution of tomatoes bought from peddler." There is no WPA project in the area specified; the only sewer construction there is by a private company.

THE FATE of baseball in contemporary Japan evoked wide controversy during a "revaluation" of the nation's sports program. It is authoritatively reported that the Education Ministry impressed the chairman of the Tokyo University baseball league with the necessity for "more seriousness" in the conduct of the game. He warned that in the next spring series "bats, balls, and gloves must be handled with loving care such as a samurai would expend on his sword. . . . The habit of tossing gloves in one direction or another between 'raps' must now be abandoned. Also the contending teams must line up and bow to each other before the game, in accordance with the old samurai custom."

AN UNPUBLICIZED case growing out of the settlement of the estate of the late Lord Astor, American expatriate and British nobleman, was recently decided in the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. At issue was the motive behind Lord Astor's creation of certain trusts. The government insisted that his motive was to evade American estate taxes; attorneys for the Astor estate claimed that he had wished to evade a capital tax then being planned by the British government. The court decided that the two aims were not inconsistent and that both might readily have been behind the trusts' formation.

BEHIND THE war headlines a sharp controversy has been raging among White Russians scattered throughout Europe, especially in Bulgaria and Yugoslavia. Many of these exiles have been turning to Hitler as their prospective deliverer, and the shift of allegiance has alarmed Grand Duke Cyril, whose followers have always viewed him as the Czar in exile. Recently a magnificent Greek Orthodox church was built in Berlin; shortly afterward a congress of the Russian émigré clergy near Belgrade, replying to a message from Cyril, addressed him as "Excellence"—but the same meeting sent a letter of thanks to Hitler hailing him as "Savior." The pro-Hitler émigrés believe that the Führer is planning not the conquest of Russia but its deliverance to representatives of the true faith.

SOME WEEKS ago this column noted that the Japanese press had quoted Major General James G. Harbord, president of RCA, as urging foreigners to "withhold judgment" of Japanese policy in Asia. Upon his recent return to the United States, General Harbord delivered a series of national broadcasts describing his travel impressions. He said, among other things, "Whatever actuated this undeclared war in China, I cannot resist the conviction that Japan is now fighting the battle of the Western world against a Communistic Asia."

WHEN SENATOR Edward R. Burke, ardent foe of the NLRB, returned from Europe last week, the New York *Herald Tribune* reported that "he praised without stint the accomplishments of the Nazi regime in Germany." The New York *Times* simultaneously published an account of Burke's interview with the ship reporters but did not mention his impressions of Germany. Its article was headlined: "Burke, Back, Urges 'Freeing' of Labor."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

The Price of Peace

"OPEN covenants of peace, openly arrived at"—this is about the best that one can say of the horrible tragedy which has been enacted under the eyes of the entire world. True, the actual sessions of the latest Big Four—ominous number!—were secret. Still we knew pretty well what was going on although we do not yet know the whole of the fearful price which has been paid for peace. That we may not learn for months or years. I, for one, consider that nothing else was possible under the circumstances. That does not mean that I acquit Chamberlain (and Baldwin) and Daladier (and his predecessors) of their guilt in this surrender, for 90 per cent surrender it is—an almost complete triumph for Hitler. Not at all.

The disaster at Munich was only the final act in a long series of events going back to the early days of the Hitler regime. Czechoslovakia was lost when the Allies permitted Hitler to destroy the German Republic; when without protest they permitted him to outrage the world by his fiendish cruelties to the Jews and the dissenting liberals, Socialists, and Communists; when they allowed him to rebuild the army the Allies fought for four years to destroy, and to remilitarize the Rhineland; when England officially approved Hitler's tearing up of the Treaty of Versailles by making a separate naval agreement with him.

Czechoslovakia's doom was actually sealed when England yielded to Mussolini's threats in connection with Ethiopia; when England and France jointly permitted the ruin of Spain by Franco. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that the fate of Czechoslovakia and of Europe was determined when the Allies—and the United States—failed to live up to their own obligations to disarm, as they had solemnly obligated themselves to do under the Treaty of Versailles. The Munich catastrophe is but the reaping of the harvest that was sown by these dreadful blunders, these betrayals of humanity. British and French weakness was the food on which this Hitler "grew so great."

Beyond doubt Chamberlain will be widely praised. Already it is written that he has set a new precedent in human affairs by putting his pride in his pocket and going to Hitler himself. No doubt the Commons will cheer him again when he next appears before them. But then will come the cold, clear morning after; then the needless price that has been paid will be visible—after the first joy that Europe has been saved from final disaster. Let no one be deceived: if the Allies continue to yield in this way, their doom is also sealed. The British Empire's prestige is shattered all over the world. It faces a Moslem holy war all through the Near East, directly incited by Mussolini, as he admitted when he signed his not yet enforced treaty with Great Britain and agreed in it to desist.

Neville Chamberlain may believe Hitler's promise that now, having destroyed Czechoslovakia—at least rendered it economically so weak that it is questionable whether what is left can survive—he will be good and seek no more "Germans" and no more territory. No one else can place any faith in his words when he has written in "Mein Kampf" that he would use any chicanery or deceit to achieve his ends and that he will never rest until France is reduced to the point where it is no longer a menace or rival to Germany. Worst of all is the exclusion of Russia from the whole procedure; for that alone France and England will pay dear. It is quite clear that England will not lift a finger if Hitler now turns on Moscow.

Only two things give me a little consolation. One is that the whole world has "listened in" on this affair; millions have known each hour what was happening where not dozens were aware of the international intrigues and councils which led to the crash of 1914, and they have understood what happened. A friend tells me of seeing seven men—attendants and customers—with their heads in a car in a Vermont filling station listening to the radio. "For God's sake," said one of them to him as he approached the car, "Chamberlain's gone to Munich to see Hitler. What do you know about *that?*"

The other is the undeniable fact that there was a tremendous wave of opposition to Hitler and the Nazi program within Germany itself. The people did not want war and especially did not want a Nazi-created war, and they said so openly. For this statement I rely not merely on dispatches but on the report of eyewitnesses—one an American cleric who has just landed here, a man who speaks German and knows Germany like a book and has been there for months. It is possible that Hitler's victory may eventually prove a defeat for him at home, though his triumph at Munich will doubtless postpone that day.

THUCYDIDES IN PRAGUE

[Thucydides avowedly wrote his great "History of the Peloponnesian War" in the hope that "those who desire an exact knowledge of the past as a key to the future, which in all probability will repeat or resemble the past" would find it profitable. The following section is taken from the Fifth Book of the "History," which deals with the tenth year of the war followed by the interval of "insecure peace." It is condensed from the Jowett translation and remains as it was written by the historian with the exception of a few deletions and the substitution of the Czechs for the Melians, the Nazis for the Athenians, and the British for the Lacedaemonians. The time was 416 B. C. instead of 1938 A. D.—ARCHIBALD MACLEISH.]

THE scene is an office in a state building in Prague. There are present three high functionaries of the Czechoslovak Republic with their secretaries and interpreters and three officials of the German Nazi Party with their entourage. The time is the summer of 1938. The two parties seat themselves at opposite sides of a table.

THE NAZIS: Let us have no set speeches at all but do you reply to each several statement of which you disapprove, and criticize it at once. Say first of all how you like this mode of proceeding.

THE CZECHS: The quiet interchange of explanations is a reasonable thing, and we do not object to that. But your warlike movements, which are present not only to our fears but to our eyes, seem to belie your words. We see that although you may reason with us you mean to be our judges; and that, at the end of the discussion, if the justice of our cause prevail and we therefore refuse to yield we may expect war; if we are convinced by you, slavery.

THE NAZIS: We Germans will use no fine words; we will not go out of our way to prove at length that we have a right to rule because we overthrew the Austrians; or that we now attack you because we have suffered any injury at your hands. We should not convince you if we did. But you and we should say what we really think, and aim only at what is possible, for we both alike know that into the discussion of human affairs the question of justice only enters where the pressure of necessity is equal, and that the powerful exact what they can and the weak grant what they must.

THE CZECHS: Well, then, since you set aside justice and invite us to speak of expediency, in our judgment it is certainly expedient that you should respect a principle which is for the common good, that to every man when in peril a reasonable claim should be accounted a claim of right. Your interest in this principle is quite as great as ours, inasmuch as you, if you fall, will incur the heaviest vengeance and will be the most terrible example to mankind.

THE NAZIS: The fall of our empire, if it should fall, is not an event to which we look forward with dismay; for ruling states such as Great Britain are not cruel to their vanquished enemies. And we are fighting not so much against the British as against our own subjects, who may some day rise up and overcome their former masters. But this is a danger which you may leave to us. And we will now endeavor to show that we have come in the interests of our empire, and that in what we are about to say we are only seeking the preservation of your city. For we want to make you ours with the least trouble to ourselves, and it is for the interests of us both that you should not be destroyed.

THE CZECHS: It may be to your interest to be our masters, but how can it be ours to be your slaves?

THE NAZIS: To you the gain will be that by submission you avert the worst; and we shall be all the richer for your preservation.

THE CZECHS: But must we be your enemies? Will you not receive us as friends if we are neutral and remain at peace with you?

THE NAZIS: No, your enmity is not half so mischievous to us as your friendship; for the one is, in the eyes of our subjects, an argument of our power, the other of our weakness. They think that states like yours are left free because they are able to defend themselves.

THE CZECHS: But do you not recognize another danger? For, once more, since you drive us from the plea of justice and press upon us your doctrine of expediency, we must show you what is for our interest, and, if it be for yours also, may hope to convince you: will you not be making enemies of all who are now neutrals? When they see how you are treating us they will expect you some day to turn against them; and if so, are you not strengthening the enemies whom you already have, and bringing upon you others who, if they could help, would never dream of being your enemies at all?

THE NAZIS: We do not consider our really dangerous enemies to be any of the people inhabiting Western Europe, who, secure in their freedom, may defer indefinitely any measures of precaution which they take against us, but small Central European powers who, like you, happen to be under no control and are already irritated by the necessity of submission to our empire—these are our real enemies, for they are the most reckless and most likely to bring themselves as well as us into a danger which they cannot but foresee.

THE CZECHS: We know only too well how hard the struggle must be against your power and against fortune if she does not mean to be impartial. Nevertheless, we do not despair of fortune; for we hope to stand as high as you in the favor of heaven, because we are righteous, and you against whom we contend are unrighteous; and we are satisfied that our deficiency in power will be compensated by the aid of our allies, the British; they cannot refuse to help us for the sake of their own honor.

THE NAZIS: When you imagine that out of very shame the British will help you we admire the simplicity of your idea, but we do not envy you the folly of it. The British are exceedingly virtuous among themselves, and according to their national standard of morality. But in respect to their dealings with others, although many things might be said, a word is enough to describe them—of all men whom we know they are the most notorious for identifying what is pleasant with what is honorable, and what is expedient with what is just.

THE CZECHS: That is the very reason why we trust them; they will look to their interest and therefore will not be willing to betray the Czechs, lest they should be distrusted by their friends and play into the hands of their enemies.

THE NAZIS: But do you not see that the path of expediency is safe, whereas justice and honor involve danger in practice, and such dangers the British seldom care to face?

THE CZECHS: On the other hand we think that whatever perils there may be, they will be ready to face them for our sakes, and will consider danger less dangerous where we are concerned.

THE NAZIS: Excellent. But what encourages men who are invited to join in a conflict is clearly not the goodwill of those who summon them to their side but a decided superiority in real power. To this no men look more keenly than the British.

THE CZECHS: But they may send their allies.

THE NAZIS: Help may come from Britain to you as it has come to others, and should you ever have actual experience of it, then you would know that never once have the Germans retired from a siege through fear of a foe elsewhere. You told us that the safety of your city would be your first care, but we remark that in this long discussion not a word has been uttered by you which would give a reasonable man expectation of deliverance. Reflect once more when we have withdrawn and say to yourselves over and over again that you are deliberating about your one and only country, which may be saved or may be destroyed by a single decision.

The meeting breaks up.

BOOKS

Science for the Million

SCIENCE FOR THE CITIZEN. By Lancelot Hogben. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

FEW men have both the intellectual ability and the social outlook necessary to write a book of this stature. Lancelot Hogben has written of science from out of the depths of his knowledge, yet he has not divorced it from everyday life or made it seem the playground of the wizard and the aesthete. His concept of science is so fundamental that many a scientist may read this book with profit. "Science is organized workmanship. Its history is coextensive with that of civilized living. It emerges so soon as the secret lore of the craftsman overflows the dam of oral tradition, demanding a permanent record of its own." Today the dam of oral tradition is lost in the depths of the printing press, but other obstacles have arisen to impede the free flow of discovery. Not the least of these has been the aloofness of the scientist from the layman. It was not always so, and Hogben, in the tradition of Faraday, Huxley, and Tyndall, writes of science in such a way that the average man can understand both the history of discovery and in some cases the reason for present researches.

No one who has read "Mathematics for the Million" need be told that Hogben is an engaging writer. His story of discovery and social application keeps a steady pace, reaching its highest point in the section on biology, where the author is most at home. The reader is introduced to difficult subjects with a simplicity that high-school teachers would do well to cultivate. The impact of science on society and, in turn, of society on science, is continually brought out. The science of measuring time gave rise to the clock-maker's art; but it was the use of the clock by priest and navigator that led to the building of instruments of high precision; which in turn led to further scientific discovery. So today the scientific discovery of wireless by Hertz and Marconi may well be appraised as a powerful factor in the disruption of the Rome-Berlin axis. There is no separation possible of science from society.

To catalogue the contents of the book would be to recite the encyclopedia, and would give no hint of the interconnection of ideas. Many old facts are put into such new context as to give them modern significance:

> Coincident with the public menace of epidemics, which reached a climax in the Great Plague, two significant occurrences which have not been mentioned also merit comment. One is the publication of the "Bills of Mortality" which represent the first recognition that the census

> of population should be concerned with health as well as with taxation and the mobilization of military resources. The other was the beginnings of life insurance. These bore fruit in the noteworthy pamphlets of Graunt and Petty and in the construction of the first life table for the calculation of annuities in one of the earliest numbers of the "Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society" (1693). Halley's Life Table is of dual interest. It signalizes the beginnings of practical encouragement for medical science in conformity with the interests of the financier.

Physics, chemistry, biology, and sociology are not packed into the watertight compartments invented for them by the college syllabus, but intermingle as they actually do outside the cloister walls. The entire work is splendidly illustrated by J. F. Horrabin, some of whose depictions rival the author's descriptions in their clarity. At the end of each chapter is presented a group of related problems. This is in keeping with the stated function of the book—self-education for the masses. Hogben takes his place as the outstanding humanitarian in science. HUGH H. DARBY

An Educated Man's Daughter

THREE GUINEAS. By Virginia Woolf. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

VIRGINIA WOOLF'S three petitioners got their three guineas—one for a women's-college building fund, one for a society promoting the employment of professional women, and one to help prevent war and "protect culture and intellectual liberty"; but they also got more than they bargained for. "Guineas are rare, guineas are valuable," says Mrs. Woolf in a familiar cadence, and she is much too complicated a person to give her money without speculating on the value she will receive for it, the uses to which it will be put, and the possible connection among her three charities. She sets herself down as an Englishwoman, "an educated man's daughter," a liberal intellectual, a special product of the upper and moneyed middle class whose daughters were blessed beyond their aristocratic or working-class sisters with brains, books, privileges, decent homes, and wholesome culture; she is also an artist. By this self-portraiture she acknowledges herself a highly specialized product of progressive liberalism and gentility, and she knows by what a long struggle she came into that hard-won sanctum of her class—a room of her own. Yet she enters it with a guilty conscience, for she is aware that modern woman, having gained her measure of freedom from the "prostituted culture and intellectual slavery" of the male-dominated world, is finding it only too easy to slip into that world's pattern of vanity, muddle, and violence.

She admits—though she considers their tardy arrival as still something of a miracle—the triumphs of feminist reform in the past eighty years: civil rights, women's colleges, domestic freedom, professional standing, full citizenship, and at last the vote. She also knows that these gifts of fortune still apply to a fairly microscopic portion of society—her own. The modern woman still lacks the real status and prestige of her rights. She stands at the mere edge of politics, government, economic reform, university education, and intellectual leadership. She has not found her own weapons of offense and competition, and the headlong pace of the Western world toward self-destruction leaves her standing on the sidelines in dismay, self-doubt, and a tormenting suspicion that man's world was hardly worth the long labor of her challenge and conquest. And the saddest aspect of the educated man's daughter's plight is that she, the best-educated, professionally equipped woman, still remains the weakest instrument of justice in the modern state.

Mrs. Woolf writes with the humility of her limitations, which are further specialized by her nationality and her artistic status. The problem she describes is, like the Englishwoman's belated emancipation from incredible suppressions, hard for an American to appreciate in its full outlines. In the pioneer society of the United States the feminist reformer never labored under the disabilities of her English sisterhood. Here, where the matriarchal ideal was strong from the first, women passed on a tradition of culture, taste, and moral leadership. They had their colleges, seminaries, property, household keys, and citizenship. They compelled men and stamped society in a way that Englishmen, until after the war, hardly dreamed of. But it is the very extremity of the Englishwoman's position that gives her a dramatic value. Two generations ago she was still a domestic and social puppet, coerced by dominant fathers and husbands, denied the rudiments of systematic education, enslaved by antiquated social and economic standards. By 1870 she had her colleges; by slow degrees she was allowed to earn her living; her professional value enabled her to take part in a great war; and as a reward for that femininely deplorable activity she got the vote. The logic of this progress was the logic of sheer necessity and desperation. It is now time to bring it to a halt and declare a new tactic of feminine purpose. Mrs. Woolf would do it by casting the word "feminist" and all it connotes from the working vocabulary of reform; by extirpating from the consciousness of woman her last shred of envy for man's symbols of ascendancy and systems of power—his gowns, wigs, keys, badges, miters, and robes; by renouncing the fetishes and tyrannies of social convention; by forming an "Outsider's Society" which will make isolation and conscientious passiveness a law for all enlightened women who would struggle "by their own methods for liberty, equality, and peace."

Mrs. Woolf argues this with characteristic art and ingenuity—and under the handicaps of both. The crisp and convincing edge of "A Room of One's Own" here gives way to her most web-woven and wire-drawn mannerisms. Her talent as a novelist has multiplied her sensibilities and fretted her mind at the risk of enervating her argument. Her pages glance, digress, quote, and play about her subject to the point of dazing the reader in his struggle to extract its central force and to grasp its slippery sleights of continuity. And if he penetrates the mesh of allusions and ellipses he is likely to find that the manner is not altogether unsuited to the matter: that her argument, for all its realism, courage, and seriousness, is on certain fundamental points as evasive as her exposition. She begins by admitting the economic necessity that brought about the emancipation of women in the last hundred years, but avoids it when debating the solution of the problem of war. She clouds her issues by appeals to feminine aloofness and superiority, by a strain of something very like nineteenth-century genteel quietism, when she is

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confronted by the necessity of correcting the fact that societies release "what is most selfish and violent, least rational and humane in individuals themselves." Far from coming to terms with the positive and militant advantages of workingwomen, she retreats to arguments of feminine superiority or isolation when she faces the social and economic conflicts upon which the workingwoman has made some impression by the courage of her equality with the workingman. And it would take more space than the present occasion allows to trace the subtle evasions and dilemmas which Mrs. Woolf confers upon many aspects of her ramifying discussion—dilemmas which are often and too obviously the result of a collision between the lady and the artist in her own temperament and which her noblest impulses of social and humanitarian justice have not been able to resolve.

These difficulties entangle the reader despite the limpid seductions and crowding interests of Mrs. Woolf's pages, but after they are admitted, one must also admit that she has written a remarkable—in its best parts a brilliant—book. She knows the full import of her problem; she knows her highly specialized approach to it; she writes with art and with great richness of reference; she takes her place among the small number of vocally gifted spokesmen in a movement which has been long on energy and heroic courage but short on literary talent. Her logic and force might have been stronger had she been less of an artist, but had she been less of an artist she would probably have left her study in the formulated pattern of propaganda or scholarship. Her fifty pages of notes form a fascinating compendium of social lore and human ironies, and when Mrs. Woolf's gifts of social range and economic reasoning become as great as her skill in quick-eyed and quick-connecting imagination, she may be able to compose a complete manifesto for the future activities of her sex. That work will probably fall on her descendants, but meanwhile she may bow across the decades to Mary Astell, Mary Wollstonecraft, Margaret Fuller, and Ellen Key with her offering of two pamphlets to their classic sheaf.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

Fascism in Latin America

THE COMING STRUGGLE FOR LATIN AMERICA. By Carleton Beals. J. P. Lippincott Company. $3.

"THE coming struggle" for Latin America has come. Latin America, a vast, wealthy, half-exploited reservoir of raw materials in peace time and an important source of supplies in war time, is the valuable kitty in the sharp game of imperialism being played by Japan, Germany, Italy, Russia, England, and the United States.

Guatemala excepted, there is not a single Latin American country which is not experiencing fascist infiltration. From Cuba and Mexico to the Argentine and Chile, the fascist powers are weaving a close network of economic, political, diplomatic, and military influence, chiefly at the expense of British and American interests. If today Russia is no longer a contender in the game, this is due to the thorny fact that the Third International's initial excursions in South America a few years back ended in fiasco—although, as Mr. Beals suggests, Russia's chance may come again.

Latin America is fertile ground for imperialisms. The tremendous wealth of the area cannot be exploited by native capital and ingenuity alone. Labor is cheap, and manufactured goods must be imported. Politics are often unstable, and governments are in need of foreign funds to bolster up their support at home. Basically, the Latin American economy is agricultural and "semi-colonial."

Moreover, Latin America is particularly fertile ground for fascist expansion. The continent is spotted with large colonies of Germans, Italians, and Japanese. Today these expatriates are organized along intensely nationalistic lines. In many places fascism is home-grown, but the present ominous rise of fascist power throughout the world has enormously increased the prestige of Italy, Japan, and Germany in Hispanic America. In addition, the clergy, landowners, industrialists, and army officers have instinctively never been altogether averse to fascist doctrine.

In recent years this fertile ground has been plowed and sown in systematic fashion. South American trade, industry, education, press, radio, communications, politics, and armaments have fallen increasingly into the hands of the fascist powers. In the harvest that they are beginning to reap, Italian influence, strong in Brazil, overwhelming in Peru, and important in Argentina, is expanding, and in alliance with German and Japanese efforts "may well bring the European struggle to American shores." Japan's "commerce and cultural influence to the south of us—though it may be weakened by defeat in China—in the long run is apt to increase rather than decrease," while "for another war Germany is far better prepared in South America than before. The equivalent of strong Nazi regimes exists in several countries."

This shifting balance of power among rival imperialisms has been mainly, as in Europe, the Mediterranean basin, and Asia, at the expense of the English. "Despite all her efforts, she is slipping badly," and even in the Argentine, where British capital and influence are paramount, Italian competition is steadily increasing.

The United States, on the other hand, is "far from being beaten in the struggle to control southern countries. And with our new government push southward, we are expending more efforts than any single European power." We have lost a good part of our commercial advantage southward, but under the cloak of pan-Americanism and the good-neighbor policy, we are still trying to keep Latin American countries in the position of "dutiful little colonies" under our tutelage. In this, Mr. Beals believes, we are making a grave mistake. He believes that Roosevelt, Hull, and Welles are inadvertently aiding the rise of fascism to the south of us by lending support to the fascist-minded regimes that already flourish and by imitating fascist methods of propaganda which, in the long run, will only make our southern neighbors more suspicious of us. "The only possibility for sound American influence in Latin America," Mr. Beals concludes, "is to stand squarely with the democratic and progressive forces of those countries. We can gain nothing by imitating the political tactics of the fascist powers, though we might learn something in the field of economics."

As an American free-lance correspondent of long standing in the Hispanic world, Carleton Beals knows whereof he speaks. He goes out on the limb of excited prophecy at times

—it is difficult to believe that war between Brazil and Argentina is as imminent as he suggests, or that American policy is on the whole as muddle-headed as he pictures it—but for the most part he is very judicious. His book is important, objective reading, and as a source book on what is brewing south of the Rio Grande it is indispensable.

JULIAN BACH, JR.

Literature in Clay

THEY WROTE ON CLAY. THE BABYLONIAN TABLETS SPEAK TODAY. By the late Edward Chiera. Edited by George G. Cameron. University of Chicago Press. $3.

NEAR EAST archaeologists have been finding so much "Oriental influence" that we look eastward for our cultural beginning. Meanwhile, with Botta, Rawlinson, and Layard showing the way, Assyriologists have unlocked for learned students the records from Kouyounjik and other clay tablets. Sayce in his "Babylonian Literature" and now the late Professor Chiera have opened the door for all. We do well to enter by reading "They Wrote on Clay," even though we are ignorant of the Sumerian treasures in Assyrian cuneiform or prejudiced against Assyrian "barbarism in the robes of civilization."

Professor Chiera, no mere treasure-seeking archaeologist, both emphasizes the value to cultural history of the record and describes the tablets themselves, their locale, materials, and form, their numbers and their uses. He explains and illustrates the cuneiform, developing from pictograph to phonetic symbol its distribution from Boghazkeui to Tel-el-Amarna and its alphabetic form at Ras Shamiru. The illustrations are many and good. Of the cuneiform culture itself we read: "Practically all existing literature is put down in written form a century or two after 2000 B. C." Will someone write of us: "There was practically no European literature after Hadrian"? We may read how astronomy begins in astrology, medicine in magic, science in empiricism, mathematics in commerce, law in contract and administration, literature, philosophy, religion in myth, cosmogony, superstition. Babylonian legends parallel Biblical stories as to plot, background, and language. Even archaeology dates from Ashurbanipal, a collector of clay tablets in his day (600 B. C.).

By direct inheritance of this culture we count time by Babylonian sexagesimal system. Indirect inheritance is shown in the transformations of the Tiamat legend: Sumerian Entil, Babylonian Marduk, Assyrian Ashur, Hebrew Jehovah, Christian St. George triumph over the same Chaos. Of social interest are the records of an Assyrian private family whose capitalistic alliance with legalism is exposed. Professor Chiera gives Hammurabi's code, of discouragingly long ago, "Definite purpose of protecting the weak against the strong and making justice available to all." He might have enlarged upon Assyrian records, "by might of the terrible arms," of victory over neighbor and subject, looting, taxing, deporting, boasting, all so inspiring to tyrants of today except for the sequel of overthrow and undying hatred.

ROBERT S. DARBISHIRE

Period Picture

THE FATHERS. By Allen Tate. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

SOMEONE has said that there are two kinds of novels—"War and Peace" and the rest. Debatable as the classification may be, it suggests another, less questionable. Are there three kinds of historical novels—"War and Peace"; novels like "The Three Musketeers," "Ivanhoe," and "Gone with the Wind"; and, thirdly, that largest group of period pictures which frequently have a certain validity and popularity at the time of publication but which, reread anywhere between ten and fifty years later, seem doubly dated, first with the deadness of the period they have tried to reproduce, and, secondly, with the style and mannerisms of the time in which they were written?

The more valid of these books few of us are likely ever to have read, for they failed to achieve popularity even in their own day. Most of us, in our youth, read "Coniston" and "Richard Carvel," "When Knighthood Was in Flower" and "Janice Meredith." But in how many libraries, even soon after its publication, was there a place for Edward Bellamy's "The Duke of Stockbridge," one of the few attempts by an American novelist to tell the exciting and historically significant story of Shay's Rebellion?

Allen Tate's first novel, "The Fathers," although its subject matter is much more familiar, is in its limitations comparable to the little-known novel by the author of that extraordinarily popular book "Looking Backward." "The Duke of Stockbridge" is written in the convention of the late Victorian romantic novel, which is more remote from us than even the picaresque novel or the chronicle. Mr. Tate's approach to his Virginia family in pre-Civil War, and war time is psychologically entirely contemporary. There are no moral values, only an effort to understand and report the inner workings of the minds and emotions of his characters. But the literary device he has chosen is one of the oldest and, unless expertly used, stalest of conventions. An old man tells in the first person the story of his family, their relations to one another and to society, beginning with his fifteenth year in 1858 through the outbreak of the Civil War. The main character is a violent and complex young man, in some ways not unlike Rhett Butler. But seen through the eyes of an old man, described in the inevitably indirect manner of reminiscence, he never becomes three-dimensional or wholly alive to the reader.

Henry James and Mrs. Wharton both experimented endlessly with the device of the narrator, and both have written fully of its dangers and difficulties. I have not the space here to discuss them. Suffice it to say that for Mr. Tate, who until now has been a biographer, and a very distinguished one, this method has been a handicap, if not almost his cancelation as a novelist.

The blurb says that Mr. Tate is "a born story-teller," but this is not true. He is a born biographer perhaps, at least of his own heroes, but a historical novel poses a very different problem from biography. A biography, growing as it does out of known facts, need only establish a historical picture. It is in short a branch of history. A novel, even if it is based on facts, is essentially fiction. It must, in order to be credible, establish an illusion, the illusion that the past is as real as the present, that in relation to a history-book occasion people behaved just as we would today. And in order successfully to break through the prejudices and taboos that the bad teaching of history, particularly American history, has established in the minds of the reading public, the historical novelist must possess a directness of approach, an impact, which is not essential to the psychological novelist or the story-teller.

That Mr. Tate is incapable of writing an undistinguished book, a book that is not both sensitive and significant, no reader of his poetry or his biography need be told. But he has not as yet mastered the essentials of the novelist's craft. His story is one of violence. This book is composed of scenes of great personal and emotional excitement, all played against the dramatic background of the Civil War at its inception. There is an almost medieval tournament, in which the hero wins his bride. There is the rape of a young girl, beloved by two brothers, by her own mulatto half-brother, and the subsequent murder both of the mulatto by one of her suitors, and of the suitor by her own brother, the mulatto's half-brother. Here is obviously material made for the novelist of action. When Scott and Dumas wrote of such events it was not through the eyes of "an unmarried old man . . . with a competence saved from the practice of medicine."

The character who is suited to Mr. Tate's method is the father, old Major Buchan. "The epitome of the rigid code of chivalry and honor," the blurb says, but he is much more than that. He is the character whom no Northerner, unfamiliar with Virginia, even today, knows. He is the Southerner who believed neither in slavery nor in secession, the patriarch who lived honorably and successfully in a private world, as long as he could ignore the economic system. For the honest understanding of American history he is much the most important character in the book, and in his depiction, more than in anything else, lies the distinction of "The Fathers."

MINA CURTISS

Science as Rhetoric

THE DOCTRINE OF SIGNATURES. By Scott Buchanan. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.75.

MR. BUCHANAN has been actively associated with the educational policy of President Hutchins of the University of Chicago; and as dean of St. John's College, Annapolis, he now has the opportunity to experiment with a radical program of undergraduate instruction, unhampered by unsympathetic academic interests. His present book, though nominally a discussion of medical theory and practice and not a deliberate formulation of educational theory, is therefore of considerable general interest, for it reveals the larger assumptions behind the Annapolis educational experiment and underlying Mr. Buchanan's revolt against established college curricula.

Mr. Buchanan believes that far-reaching analogies, speculatively employed, are essential to a healthy intellectual life. And he is impatient with current tendencies in philosophy and science that aim to interpret the statements of science in terms of the operations which they involve and to which they

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lead. Such tendencies he brands as anti-intellectualistic, and there is little doubt what thinkers head his list of enemies of the intellectual life. Indeed, he finds contemporary science and philosophy badly confused and seriously impaired in their development, partly because of their failure to recognize the analogical character of all language, and partly because of their failure to develop and expand analogies in a properly sophisticated manner. His book therefore offers a general therapy for the serious ills from which contemporary thinking is alleged to suffer.

It is, however, difficult to discover from Mr. Buchanan precisely what it is that is supposed to be troubling modern science and especially medicine, or what is the remedy he is proposing. For he makes no explicit analysis of specific conclusions and procedures of science for their faults, and in spite of his plea for demonstrated discourse he presents no explicit arguments. He is content to remain safely oracular and darkly profound. He reveals an overwhelming nostalgia for the terminology and doctrines of ancient and medieval philosophy, and gives much space to suggesting that the hard-won procedural canons of modern science are simple illustrations of ancient principles; for example, the dogmatic use of authority by the medievals is found to be analogous to the modern use of the norms set up by instruments. It is not easy to avoid the conclusion that Mr. Buchanan wins resounding intellectual victories by playing fast and loose with words. The parlous state of medical theory and practice is attributed by him to the modern neglect of the medieval trivium (grammar, rhetoric, and logic) and of the insights of Greek rationalism. His specific against the ills he detects is the reinstitution of the trivial studies and the intensive study of Aristotelian logic and of Galen. Since he takes seriously the well-known figure of speech that the scientist is decoding the book of nature, he naturally regards the task of the scientist to be essentially that of the grammarian and rhetorician. This is perhaps the main burden of the book. Mr. Buchanan is convinced that those who will have mastered the trivial arts will be especially well equipped to translate the "language" of nature into the "analogous" language of science and also to supply the first principles for "rational" demonstrations. In the end, everything seems to turn on the mastery of the six allegedly ultimate transcendental distinctions of the medievals, for from them appropriate maxims can be extracted for the conduct of any inquiry.

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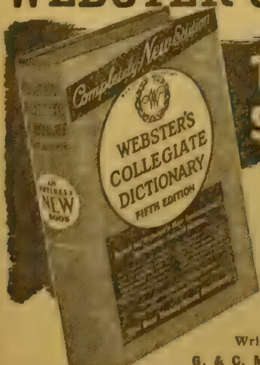

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Mr. Buchanan's central thesis is the radically figurative character of language. When examined in its own terms, it is readily seen to be self-stultifying; for if it were sound, his own statements could not be alleged to be literally true. When it is examined in terms of intellectual traditions, it is found to issue from his uncriticized acceptance of the Platonic interpretation of mathematics and the rationalist conception of inquiry. The fundamental assumptions of these views have long since been expertly catalogued, probed, and devastatingly criticized; and it might have occurred to Mr. Buchanan that modern neglect of the intellectual apparatus he so highly prizes may be due to the sterile and verbal results it yields. However, one can have genuine admiration for the high quality of Greek science and medieval speculation, and yet be dismayed and puzzled by the quality of Mr. Buchanan's latest performance. His book is built on an arresting analogy, but he has not taken the trouble to chart out its limitations or to face seriously his philosophic adversaries. The book is perhaps not a sufficient basis for prejudging Mr. Buchanan's educational experiment. But what can one reasonably hope from the latter if the general assumptions behind it are marked by a conspicuous absence of clarity and logical rigor, and if the unquestionable intellectual gifts of one of its leaders are deliberately used to produce a learned punning?

ERNEST NAGEL

Recent Fiction

OLD HAVEN. By David Cornel DeJong. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

Holland is a strange country. Imagine a people so unmilitaristic that children and grown-ups alike turn up their noses at a man in uniform, even shout "Filthy soldier!" at him whenever he shows himself in public. All this because soldiers are symbols of compulsion, and the Dutch are unaccustomed to any compulsion except that of their own stern Calvinist consciences. At least, that's the way it was up to about 1925, according to DeJong's picture of life in the Netherlands, and particularly in the little North Sea village of Witsum, where peace and age-old custom have grown into the very walls of the houses, the stones of the dike, the lives of the townsfolk. Here Tjerk Mellema grows up; here he brings his modern young wife, Antoinette, to set the town by the ears. Don't come to the book looking for the simpering little-Dutch-mill-

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Cal.

on-a-little-Dutch-hill type so dear to the sentimental American heart; here are real flesh-and-blood people, fisher folk, landsmen, builders, stolid burghers, grim-faced religious fanatics, passionate rebels. They are no blue-china miniatures; even Holland, to them, is not small—it is their world, and its intersectional differences are felt almost as strongly as those of our own country. "Old Haven" is the fifth of the Houghton Mifflin Fellowship books, and, while it is not likely to rank in popularity with its predecessor, "Young Man with a Horn," it is an eminently readable novel that deserves a public. Mr. DeJong is a native Hollander who spent the first thirteen years of his life in just such a village as he uses for the setting of his story.

DYNASTY OF DEATH. By Taylor Caldwell, Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.

Joseph Barbour, servant to an English squire, brought into the world two sons, Martin and Ernest. Martin was soft, idealistic, a dreamer, easily hurt, a born fugitive from reality. Ernest was an absolute realist, his sole emotion a lust for wealth and power, in pursuit of which he would crush men, institutions, theories as he would crush a cricket underfoot, without passion or anger, simply because such destruction served his purpose. Coming to America with his father, Ernest entered the small armament firm of Barbour and Bouchard, founded by his uncle and a French émigré. In twenty years he made it a tremendous munitions firm, with himself as its head; in fifty years his company had become an international power, controlling railroads, mines, newspapers, and governments, and working hand in hand with European armament-makers—called by fictitious names in the book, but obviously Krupp, Schneider-Creusot, Armstrong-Vickers, and Skoda. But just as his business flourished on death and hatred, his touch brought death to those whom he, in his driving, acquisitive fashion, most nearly loved—his father, his brother, his children, and Amy Drumhill. All of this has the making of a powerful story, and certainly if mere bulk can add value, the eight hundred pages of "Dynasty of Death" should clinch its place as an important book, but unfortunately its epic framework is sadly obscured by a welter of genealogical data and family trivia intended to make the reader minutely acquainted with every one of the fifty-two leading characters whom the author has obligingly listed in a dramatis personae at the beginning of the book. Nevertheless, the figure of Ernest Barbour stands out in impressive silhouette, repellent yet not unsympathetic, against the background of more flexible men and women who struggle, usually in vain, against the relentless steam-roller of his will. While the above-named foreign armament firms and a few historical personages are introduced, there seems to be no direct parallel between the story of Barbour and Bouchard and that of any actual American manufacturer.

THE TRIAL OF HELEN McLEOD. By Alice Beal Parsons. Funk and Wagnalls Company. $2.50.

Here is an example of that most annoying literary phenomenon, a novel that is much duller than it needs to be. The hero of the story, for all practical purposes, is the late Clarence Darrow in person, defending civil liberties in a synthetic Middle Western town in 1920 during the post-war vogue of

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red-baiting. There's literary gold in those hills, but "The Trial of Helen McLeod," by some subtle alchemy, turns out to be mostly pyrites. For one thing, the proportion is sadly out of joint: the trial, which is the only really blood-quickening part of the book (and incidentally it isn't the trial of Helen McLeod, but of one of her confederates), doesn't begin till page 276. Three-fourths of the book is flooded with irritatingly irrelevant small-talk and rehashings of social theory that may have sounded dangerous in 1920 but today are merely trite, but in the very places where we should most like to have vivid detail—for instance, in Darrow's closing speech to the jury—the author frequently summarizes. Another structural weakness is that the author herself seems uncertain which character should occupy the center of sympathy, and she is constantly pushing one into the background and pulling another into the glare of the footlights—Helen McLeod, Darrow, Oles Anderson (the man actually on trial), an idealistic college professor, and so on. The dialogue is often stilted, and even the narrative style labored and periphrastic. In college composition classes you are flirting with the blue pencil if you write of a dinner: "Altogether it was an inviting scene, and the guests surveyed its many subtle promises with unalloyed enthusiasm and verve." But that's only one of many such sentences in the Parsons book. And it's too bad, because there's an opening for a good novel about Darrow; yes, one that you can read with unalloyed enthusiasm and verve.

DRAMA

Dame Who?

THE first substantial play of the new season is still to come. While awaiting it one may find a certain amount of mild interest in the odd little work called "Dame Nature" which Patricia Collinge has translated from the French and the Theater Guild produced at the Booth Theater. A few, I imagine, are going to like it very much indeed. The rest, I fear, will complain that it lacks that *sine qua non* of the drama—a breath of life.

The story sounds horrendous enough, for it is concerned with a French schoolboy (*aetat.* sixteen) who finds himself the father of a child by a fifteen-year-old girl. The author has, however, avoided both melodrama and the psychology of sex in order to imagine a sort of idyl, told with witty and humorous embellishments but depending chiefly for its appeal upon the sentiment and pathos which always lie just below the surface and which from time to time rise above it. The writing, like that of many contemporary French plays, is suave, deft, and "civilized," but it is also without force or energy; taste is everywhere apparent but of creative imagination there is not a trace. "Dame Nature" does not live, nor is it even—there is a real distinction—intellectually convincing.

That one cannot really believe it is probably due in part to the fact that the author, in order to achieve the idyllic effect at which he aims, has felt compelled to endow the two protagonists with an almost preternatural purity, and to attribute their predicament not to precocity but to a childlike innocence paralleled only by that of Daphnis and Chloe or Paul and Virginia—an innocence, in other words, which may be acceptable in a pseudo-naive romance but which can hardly be credited in a play that is, after all, superficially realistic. He is so anxious to emphasize the absurd pathos of the child-mother and the child-father that he makes them behave as though they were infants instead of adolescents and seems sometimes to forget that the boy is not six but sixteen.

The almost farcical last scene, in which the boy's mother, having learned something of the situation from an anonymous letter, leaps to the conclusion that it is her husband, not her "baby," who is the responsible party, is well managed and so, too, is the introduction of the quietly suggested moral which points at parents who do not bother to find out what their children are thinking or doing. Yet even here there is something a little unsatisfactory, and one doubts the propriety of proving a thesis so extensively applicable by an example admittedly so extraordinary as to be almost monstrous.

By far the best performance is contributed by Jessie Royce Landis as the vain mother of the erring youth. The latter is played as well as is perhaps possible by Montgomery Cliff, and much the same may be said of the role of the orphan girl, in which Lois Hall is compelled to impersonate a fabulously innocent and yet fabulously self-reliant child-wife, so near perfection as to have no character at all. Last winter I suggested that American audiences were ready for a Little Nell who knew all the four-letter words. Leonie, in "Dame Nature," does not even know the anatomical and physiological facts to which such words refer, but she is a Little Nell who has had a baby and that is something.

In the first act of Clare Booth's "Kiss the Girls Goodby" (Henry Miller Theater) a sophisticate is explaining to a bewildered innocent that she will soon get the hang of smart conversation: all you have to do is be rude. That, unfortunately, is a dangerous conviction for a comic writer to have and goes a long way toward explaining why the wit in both the present play and the same author's success of last year, "The Women," seems less brilliant to me than it does to the audiences which greet it with visceral guffaws. The present play is concerned with a series of wildly farcical events taking place during a Connecticut week-end made hideous by the presence of lewd and drunken "big shots" from New York and Hollywood. Ostensibly the aim is to expose them for the rotters they are, but the play is too noisy and vehement to be taken very seriously and will owe the success to which it is probably destined almost exclusively to the broad and obvious wisecracks with which it is liberally sprinkled. They are vehement and often bawdy, but I belong to a minority which finds them more conspicuously rude and violent than original or funny.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

[*In an early issue of* The Nation: *Eighteen volumes of the American Guide series, compiled by the Federal Writers' Project, will be reviewed in an article by Jared Putnam.*]

Letters to the Editors

How Non-partisan Is the Workers' Alliance?

Dear Sirs: "Under Lasser's leadership," says Selden Rodman in his article concerning David Lasser and the Workers' Alliance in *The Nation* of September 10, "democracy, non-partisanship, no discrimination, and militancy in action were firmly established." Perhaps. But recently the Workers' Alliance announced its intention to raise a $50,000 fund to "help elect its friends to public office." Whatever this is, it is not non-partisanship. Formerly the alliance left old-party politics alone, and concentrated on the direct struggle for jobs and for decent relief. It has been argued, originally by Sam Gompers and more lately by Earl Browder and his followers, that the policy of "rewarding one's friends" is a sound one, but never that it is non-partisan.

In the states of Washington, California, and New York members have been expelled from the Workers' Alliance for their political views. To say, as it has been said, that they were Trotskyites is to affirm rather than to deny the charge that discrimination is practiced within the alliance and on the projects by certain alliance members and officers. In the unemployed division of the New York Workers' Alliance booing and hissing squads are organized at every meeting. Recently they were used to shout down members who rose to disagree with Vito Marcantonio speaking in support of his own candidacy before the "non-partisan" Workers' Alliance.

As to militancy in action, the last time the alliance ran a demonstration in Washington while the New Deal Congress was in session is beyond the memory of man. In New York, City Hall demonstrations have practically been outlawed, though the Mayor and other city officials are responsible for the present relief crisis, which is leaving the local bureaus without funds toward the close of each month.

I resigned as chairman of the New York Workers' Alliance when it became apparent that the organization was losing its non-partisan and militant character and that political discrimination was being practiced by a controlling majority. Since that time the anti-democatic forces in the organization have consolidated their position. The split is on in the Workers' Alliance of New York; how far it will penetrate depends upon whether the alliance continues to depart from the principles of genuine non-partisanship, militancy, and democracy upon which it was founded.

BRENDAN SEXTON,
Vice-President, Workers' Alliance of America

New York, September 16

Refutation of the Charges

Dear Sirs: Mr. Sexton's public charges against his own organization fall under three headings. Claiming to be militant, democratic, and non-partisan, the Workers' Alliance, he says, is none of these.

Non-partisanship, in the political sense in which that term has always been used in America—for example, by North Dakota's Non-Partisan League and more recently by Labor's Non-Partisan League —means simply that the organization is not affiliated with any political party. To assume that in addition it should fail to distinguish between its political friends and enemies, making no effort to support the one or defeat the other, is incredibly naive. The Workers' Alliance is not a charitable institution or club for the unemployed. It is faced constantly with the effects of the very practical political struggle in which the forces of reaction are trying to strip from labor and the unemployed every advantage they have gained by organization. If the Democratic Party were homogeneously progressive, the Workers' Alliance would certainly affiliate with it. Since it is not, it remains "non-partisan," recognizing, nevertheless, in contrast apparently to Mr. Sexton, a world of difference between a reactionary and a progressive, between a Hoover and a Roosevelt, in whatever party he happens to be.

Democracy, in the Workers' Alliance, is based on the free discussion and voting which take place in the weekly membership meetings of the small neighborhood units. If there has been any exercise of discrimination or dictatorship on the part of the national leadership, I have yet to hear of it. The very presence of Mr. Sexton himself on the National Executive Board would seem to argue against him.

As for militancy, the "memory of man" will most recently remember the extremely effective National Job March of August, 1937. Congress, afraid of this action, ran out just two days before the marchers arrived. Because the demonstration was well organized and orderly it helped to stop the layoff of hundreds of thousands of WPA workers. Perhaps Mr. Sexton regrets that the alliance has now developed to the point where it is able to get concessions by the power of its organization and influence rather than by bloody battles with the police which arouse the antagonism of the general public. SELDEN RODMAN

New York, September 21

The "Gum-Miners'" Record

Dear Sirs: The United Rubber Workers of America was born of battle. The strike of the workers in the huge Goodyear plant at Akron, Ohio, in the bitter winter of 1936 gave the C. I. O. its first major victory and opened the way to the unionization of the automobile workers. It also gave the young union a militant morale which has served it well through the depression years. The "gum-miners," meeting recently in convention at Trenton, New Jersey, had reason to be proud of their record. Vacations with pay have been won for 95 per cent of the union members. Average wages of rubber workers have been raised 33⅓ per cent since 1934, with increases for the rank and file as high as $1,500 in many instances. The six-hour day is standard in tire and tube plants. Moreover, advances have been made by the union in once-sweated districts, and contracts have been signed by employers whose anti-unionism has been notorious for years. Many large plants in the South are still without union protection, but plans were discussed at the Trenton meeting for organizing campaigns below the Mason and Dixon Line.

That the union is no fair-weather friend is evidenced by the work of the relief committees, which function to obtain relief or WPA jobs for out-of-work members. An Educational Department publishes a lively weekly. A legislative committee is on the job to prevent runaways to non-union territory; it is sponsoring a bill introduced by Congressman Herbert Bigelow of Ohio making decentralization of operations illegal without the permission of the federal government. A financial committee takes care of the bookkeeping of new locals, sixteen of which have been added this past year.

When John Brophy told the rubber workers' delegates that the drive of the C. I. O., far from being checked, as per the wishful thinking of William Green, was going along in good shape, he was talking to progressive-minded, militant unionists who have contributed a large part of the dynamics to that drive. The story of the United Rubber Workers is a definite repudiation of the reactionary charges about labor's irresponsibility and lack of statesmanship.

MC ALISTER COLEMAN

Radburn, N. J., September 28

Misplaced Blame

Dear Sirs: Paul Y. Anderson's contributions in *The Nation* are always of the highest order. But in his article on California's Blackshirts he made a mistake when he spoke of the organization responsible for certain outrages in the San Joaquin Valley as the "Farmers' Alliance." The Farmers' Alliance has, historically, a pretty fair reputation as to aims and methods, and the organization Anderson referred to was the Associated Farmers. Even this chosen name is misleading enough, as there are no real dirt farmers in the organization; only some Eastern concerns and California bankers and industrialists.

KARL J. ELLINGTON

Seattle, Wash., September 20

A Weapon Against Hitler

Dear Sirs: As was pointed out by Mr. Villard in your issue of September 24, the British government and its allies, in their efforts to stop Hitler, have failed to avail themselves of far more deadly weapons than guns and airplanes and warships—the boycott and non-intercourse. May I in this connection call the attention of *The Nation's* readers to the fact that Hitler obtained the foreign exchange so vitally needed for his rearmament from those European democracies he wishes to destroy? Germany's exports in 1937 totaled 5,911 million marks, of which 4,093 million marks, or more than 69 per cent, went to European countries. This is sufficient proof that Germany could not stand up against a boycott.

With public opinion in this country so much aroused against the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia, a mass movement in support of the anti-Nazi boycott would be really effective action. At present the boycott is certainly the only peaceful method of combating fascist war-makers.

JUDITH GRUNFELD

New York, September 23

McAdoo at Home

Dear Sirs: A correspondent in your paper states that Senator McAdoo was defeated in the California primaries by the $30 pension plan. This is decidedly inaccurate. Although the pension planners did not favor him, not all whom they did favor were elected.

The reputation of Mr. McAdoo in his home county accounted for the fact that he was defeated there three to one. In the bankruptcy of Carl Pustau, in the local federal court there was filed the statement of Pustau consisting of 118 pages of charges well-buttressed with 85 exhibits tending to prove that McAdoo's firm had received $15,000 for work with regard to a contract on our Post Office building. Other contracts and federal positions were mentioned as having been bought and paid for. There was also the very serious charge that a large sum of money was involved in an effort by A. P. Gianinni, of the Bank of America, through the McAdoo firm to make some change in the federal branch-banking law. These are all matters of public record, and were thoroughly publicized by our press.

On behalf of Sheridan Downey, let me state that in April, 1932, he publicly indorsed Roosevelt and has been with him ever since. He is a much more sincere Roosevelt supporter than Senator McAdoo ever was, and his nomination was in no sense a defeat for Roosevelt policies.

MICHAEL RUDOLPH

Los Angeles, September 28

St. John's as Work Project

Dear Sirs: Concerning Mr. Villard's criticism of Bishop Manning's request for a million dollars for work on the Cathedral of St. John, in common justice there is this to be said for it. The greater part of the sum asked for will go direct to labor for quarrying, stonecutting, and work of like character. For the most part the money will be drawn from wealth which could be put into circulation in no other way. If in these times help is provided for those who pursue the art of the musician, painter, or sculptor, then surely something can be asked for workers in the art of the builder. Quite apart from one's views on religion, enjoyment may be had from a beautiful building like the cathedral as well as from music and other arts.

HENRY CHEQUER

Kingston, N. H., September 24

Corrections

Dear Sirs: The publisher of Sigrid Undset's "Images in a Mirror," Alfred A. Knopf, has called attention to the fact that the book was first copyrighted in Oslo in 1917. While it has never been translated into English before, it is by no means her latest work—an impression which I unfortunately gave in a review in the issue of September 24.

LOUIS B. SALOMON

Brooklyn, September 29

The broadcasts of George H. Combs, Jr., to which reference was made in last week's issue, are carried by Station WHN.—EDITORS THE NATION.

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The Shape of Things

WALL STREET ECHOES FATHER DIVINE—peace, it's wonderful! Within a week of the Munich agreement the Stock Exchange recovered all the ground lost during the international crisis and began to discount a further measure of recovery. Without attaching undue weight to Wall Street's elasticity, it seems clear that the recovery which set in last June has not yet lost its momentum. It is equally certain that business improvement is still decidedly spotty and has a long way to go before loud cheers become justified. There is little sign so far of an increase in real capital investment, which most economists believe is essential for a prolonged recovery. Heavy industry remains largely dependent on government contracts, which are rising sharply as the pump-priming program develops. Thus engineering construction awards are consistently running above 1937 figures, with last month's total the best for any September since 1929. But while public construction is 37 per cent above a year ago, private awards are 28 per cent lower. The new-issue market was checked by the war scare but currently enjoys good prospects. This financing, however, is largely of a refunding nature and represents only a meager amount of new real investment. At the moment, therefore, government expenditure is the mainstay of both consumer and capital-goods industries. With inventories still declining in many lines, there is danger that as the government program approaches its peak next spring demand will temporarily outrun supply in some lines. Such an eventuality appears to have been the inspiration of the Presidential warning last week against letting prices go through the roof. If business is far-sighted, it will heed these words and use the coming months, while public spending sustains recovery, to prepare to meet a rising demand without such a strain on facilities as will start new price inflation.

*

THE CRY OF STATES' RIGHTS WAS NEVER more hypocritically raised than in the current outcry by the Governors of Vermont and New Hampshire over federal proposals to aid in flood control. As between the

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risk of flood and the "risk" of building dams that might generate electric power, these New England stalwarts unhesitatingly choose the former. New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, and Connecticut some time ago framed a flood-control compact. "The compact commissioners had kept the power question out of the flood-control plan, believing that the reservoirs it proposed to create were valueless for power." Congress refused to ratify the compact. Now President Roosevelt's $11,000,000 flood-control program is assailed by Governor Aiken of Vermont and Governor Murphy of New Hampshire out of fear that it might become the basis for a "little TVA" in New England. We hesitate to accuse Their Excellencies of being more anxious to protect the private power companies from competition than their own people from floods, but we find it hard to take their high-sounding protests at face value. "Much as we need these protective dams," Governor Murphy said, "we cannot sell our inherent rights." We wonder whether Governor Murphy is as unwilling to sell his state's "inherent rights" in power-producing streams to private companies.

*

MEXICAN AMBASSADOR NAJERA'S HURRIED trip home has raised hope of a possible settlement of the troublesome Mexican land issue. The basis for compromise which is said to have emerged as a result of protracted conversations between Najera and Secretary of State Hull involves the earmarking of certain governmental revenues, to be used as eventual payment for the expropriated land. Arbitration is to be carried on under the terms of the Gondra Treaty as requested by President Cárdenas. Meanwhile, the United States is asking Mexico to agree that in the future expropriations will not be made without some provision for immediate payment. This is a far cry from Secretary Hull's original demand that the principle of immediate payment be applied retroactively. If an agreement is eventually reached, Mr. Hull will deserve credit for coming down off his high horse and facing Mexico's problems in a thoroughly realistic manner.

*

THE MEMORANDUM ON EUROPE'S CRISIS issued by the National Peace Conference is as startling for its cynicism as for its naivete. As the unanimous declaration of America's most influential peace societies, the document mirrors the prostration which has afflicted European democrats; it lacks, however, even that remorse and foreboding which accompanied Europe's sighs of relief. Although it grants that some aspects of the future are still unclear, the statement expresses hope that "the Munich conference may lead to a complete new deal in international relations." The Czechs are paid generous tribute as a "brave people" and are assured that "out of it all has emerged a nation of increased spiritual stature, a nation which commands and will receive the respect and admiration of the world." It is difficult to imagine a document more at variance with the already visible consequences of the Munich agreement; nowhere is there any rebuke for those who sold Czechoslovakia into fascism or any recognition of the class interests which motivated the betrayal. Instead, there are elaborate proposals for a general international settlement in the same spirit of peace at any price in the territory of defenseless nations. Few approaches to the question of world peace could be less opportune or more suicidal.

*

AFTER WHAT HAS HAPPENED IN EUROPE WE should do well to consider seriously the testimony on Nazi activities in this country offered the Dies committee by Arnold Gingrich, editor of *Ken, Esquire,* and *Coronet,* and John C. Metcalfe, a special investigator. That the Gestapo has a branch in the United States, that the Bund is seeking to organize other fascist groups into one united movement, that the Silver Shirts sought to make contact with Tom Girdler—all this is far from incredible. The spread of anti-Semitism in the United States is a particularly important objective of Nazi foreign policy, for it offers the best way to combat growing American dislike of the Reich. A majority of German-Americans are now hostile to Hitler, as the United German Societies demonstrated by barring Nazis from participation in New York City's German Day celebration. The attack made by war veterans on a Bund meeting at which Fritz Kuhn was to speak in Union City, New Jersey, is another case in point and shows how far anti-Nazi feeling may go. While we may be gratified at the sentiment, however, we have nothing but condemnation for the veterans' method of expression. The way to deal with the Bund is not by vigilantism but by legislation against political armies and by thorough exposure—the kind of exposure which the Dies committee is neither disposed nor equipped to make. We hope the new Congress will authorize a liberal and trustworthy investigation into fascist activities. We should like more light in particular on the charge that certain American industrialists have been aiding the Nazis and on the activities of Italian Fascist agents in this country as described by Mr. Schnapper elsewhere in this issue.

*

IN THE PAST WEEK PALESTINE'S WAR HAS assumed proportions fully as alarming as those predicted in Mr. Viton's article in *The Nation* for October 1. On October 2 a rebel Arab band descended on the peaceful little town of Tiberias on the Sea of Galilee and killed nineteen Jews, including eleven children. In retaliation, British troops, supported by airplanes, tracked down the Arabs and killed more than a hundred in two days of fierce fighting. A fresh bombing outrage has occurred in

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Jaffa; attacks on Jews have become daily occurrences throughout the country. Faced by conditions that have long since got out of control, Sir Harold MacMichael, High Commissioner for Palestine, has returned to London, where Jews believe new capitulations to armed force are being considered. Support for this belief is found in the fact that Taufik al-Suwaidi, Iraq's Foreign Minister and one of the leading Arab spokesmen, is also in London and has been having frequent conferences with high British officials on the Palestine situation. The Iraqi statesman is understood to have urged an early statement by Britain to the effect that the Balfour Declaration was not meant to say what it very plainly did say, but was only intended to suggest that the Jews might have an "intellectual" national home in Palestine. With British prestige already at its lowest ebb in history as a result of the Munich agreement, Chamberlain can ill afford to give further proofs of weakness in handling the Palestine crisis.

*

THE PROXY INVESTIGATION WITH WHICH the monopoly inquiry is beginning its work was inspired by the sensational battle last spring between the rarely challenged House of Morgan and two youthful free-lancers for the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, the one profitable road still left in the old Van Sweringen "empire." The securities that control this $3,000,000,000 network were sold at auction in September, 1935; Robert R. Young and Allan P. Kirby eventually obtained—for $250,000—the holding-company tail that wags this huge dog. They dominate Alleghany Corporation, which holds 70 per cent of the stock of Chesapeake Corporation, which in turn holds 30 per cent of the stock of Chesapeake and Ohio, an amount sufficient under ordinary circumstances to insure control of the road. But with the whole "empire" hopelessly tangled in the bankruptcy courts Young and Kirby found themselves unable to vote the stock held by Chesapeake Corporation. The Morgan firm, which financed the Van Sweringens, did not intend to let Chesapeake and Ohio, the one profitable railroad in the whole network, slip from their hands. The fight ended in a compromise and a year's truce, but not before the attention of the SEC had been called to the methods by which proxies were being corraled. Managements, of course, have the inside track, make it hard for individual stockholders to obtain lists of their fellows, and use company funds to solicit proxies for their own perpetuation. But a large amount of floating stock in brokerage offices is at the disposal of powerful banking houses if they choose to discipline unruly managements. Full disclosure of the facts in the Chesapeake and Ohio fracas might lay the basis for reforms designed to protect not just the minority stockholders but the helpless and hapless majority.

Black Progress

THE fascist advance continues. The democracies, either to placate triumphant dictators or to strenthen their own powers of resistance, turn to totalitarian methods. Czechoslovakia, embittered by betrayal, now willy-nilly accommodates itself politically and economically to Berlin. The democrat Benes becomes a liability and goes, while the Prague Cabinet takes on a neo-fascist complexion and calls to the Foreign Office a diplomat on whom Hitler and Mussolini have been known to smile. The Slovaks, granted autonomy, rejoice in a reactionary clerical government.

Meanwhile the *Drang nach Osten* gathers speed. Walther Funk, Nazi Minister of Economics, who has superseded Schacht as Balkan drummer, finds his sales-talk doubled in impressiveness. The Yugoslavs, formerly doubtful of the value of the German barter agreements, have thought again. Turkey, a few weeks ago ranged definitely in the anti-Nazi camp, has been persuaded to accept a large credit.

In the West, democracy, sold abroad, cheapens at home. The Führer-like tactics which both Chamberlain and Daladier adopted during the crisis have apparently come to stay. British and French Parliaments are becoming automatic machines for the registration of *faits accomplis*. Both are now dismissed while their bosses seek to repeat their Munich triumph at the expense of Spain. Nor are totalitarian methods likely to be confined to the diplomatic field; signs and portents are not wanting of their application in other spheres.

Despite Chamberlain's pact with Hitler, despite his talk of peace in our time, Britain and France are going to make an intensified effort to build up their armed strength. Having by their sell-out of the Czechs added, in effect, a million men to the German army, they are now to attempt a desperate race to catch up. It is an action irresistibly reminiscent of Chaplin's efforts to mount a swiftly descending escalator.

A valuable study of the economic consequences of rearmament, just published by the Foreign Policy Association, shows that Britain and France respectively are already spending on armaments the equivalent of 6.6 per cent and 11 per cent of their national incomes, while in both countries taxes absorb over 20 per cent of the national income. These figures suggest that the existing burden is the limit they can bear without shifting their whole economy on to a war basis. Hence to enlarge their program they will be compelled to imitate totalitarian methods, to learn the principles of *Wehrwirtschaft*—war economics—that unique Nazi contribution to science.

But while the fear of fascism is the only possible warrant for magnified rearmament, the British and French governments cannot enlighten their people about the true nature of the enemy; to do so would not merely offend dictatorial susceptibilities but would be an admission that the critics of Munich were right. Hence the probability, as Churchill warned the House of Commons, of restrictions on freedom of speech and press.

Under their present leadership the democracies seem doomed to a confusion of purpose which can only undermine morale and foster defeatism. Not the least tragic feature of the situation is the lack of effective opposition. French socialism seems thoroughly demoralized, while British labor, neglecting strategy for tactics, hesitates to inject a sour note into the popular rejoicing over peace. Are they not, like Chamberlain, showing too little faith in their cause to take risks for it? Cannot determined and realistic leadership still forge among the democracies that dynamic unity so magnificently shown in Spain? If British and French labor leaders have no answer to this question they will rank with the Chamberlains and Daladiers among the makers of a new Dark Age.

Neville Chamberlain in Washington

HOW much responsibility President Roosevelt bears for the tragic setback that democracy suffered at Munich cannot yet be determined. That his share is a heavy one was suggested by Sumner Welles in a radio address delivered last week—and this interpretation is further borne out by what is known of the Administration's activities. The President's two messages to Hitler asking him to continue negotiations may not have been sent at the direct instigation of Mr. Chamberlain and may not have been as decisive in leading to Munich as Mr. Welles intimated; but the British Prime Minister hailed them with suspicious alacrity and warmth. Mr. Roosevelt's cable to Mussolini may not have been as fulsome in its praise of the Duce as Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen have suggested in their "Washington Merry-Go-Round" or as decisive as is whispered in some other quarters, but it unquestionably reinforced Mr. Chamberlain's frantic importunities.

The Munich pact and the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia would have occurred without the President's last-minute intervention. The cards were stacked, and it is doubtful whether any eleventh-hour action could have given the Czechs a fair deal. But that the United States had a part in stacking the deck can hardly be denied. In the early days of the crisis the Administration attempted to indicate the extent to which the American people opposed aggression. Mr. Roosevelt's speech at Kingston, Ontario, and those which Ambassador Bullitt and Secretary Hull delivered in early September carried a clear intimation that the United States might not remain aloof in a war precipitated by fascist aggression. These statements were in line with the President's famous "quarantine" speech of last October and were noted in Berlin, Rome, and Toyko. Then, a week before Nürnberg, the President went out of his way to take back what he had previously said, declaring that we had no commitments of any sort in Europe. This statement, like Mr. Roosevelt's last-minute appeals, may have had little influence on events, since Hitler was already convinced that he could outbluff the democracies, but it destroyed any influence that the United States might have exercised in preventing or limiting the sell-out. It said, in effect, that none of the principles or issues at stake concerned us. When the most powerful democracy in the world, a nation which had played an important role in the establishment of Czechoslovakia and one which is not exposed to immediate aerial or other attack, intimated that it was indifferent to an assault on that country, its example could not fail to influence other nations less favorably situated.

If the United States had merely made an honest mistake, some excuse might be found in the extreme pressure of events. But there is no escape from the suspicion that the President's messages to the fascist leaders were sent at the suggestion, if not at the urgent request, of Mr. Chamberlain. It would not be the first time that the foreign policy of the United States was devised in Downing Street. Only last spring a definite decision on the part of the Administration to raise the embargo against the Spanish Republic was reversed at the behest of Mr. Chamberlain.

We would be last to deny that cooperation with Great Britain should be one of the objectives of a realistic foreign policy. But following Britain's lead regardless of the government that is in power, or of its program, cannot be defended on grounds of realism. Our State Department seems unable to distinguish between the Britain that believes in collective security and international cooperation—the Britain of the Peace Poll—and the anarchistic Britain of Simon, Hoare, and Chamberlain. It may be argued that the State Department can only cooperate with the Britain that happens to be in power. This is quite untrue. Lifting the Spanish embargo would have been a clear act of cooperation with the anti-fascist Britain that is our natural ally.

Having thrown Czechoslovakia to the wolves in order to placate Hitler, Mr. Chamberlain's Britain is now planning a fresh betrayal of Spain in order to conciliate Mussolini. The terms have been drawn up by the Duce. For a nominal withdrawal of Italian troops, Britain is to grant belligerent rights to Franco. At first sight it might be thought that this would be merely a moral victory for the rebels. British and other foreign ships are now being sunk in Loyalist ports. But most of the losses have been in Barcelona; farther south, in Cartagena, it has proved possible to protect most incoming

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ships. If Franco were granted belligerent rights, there would be nothing to stop him from "borrowing" Italian submarines and destroyers and establishing an effective blockade of all Loyalist ports. For the southern portion of Loyalist Spain at least this would be fatal.

President Roosevelt is in a strategic position to prevent this second betrayal. The whole plan would collapse if this country would lift its embargo against the Spanish Republic. Britain may be counted on to exert every effort to prevent this from happening. But Chamberlain is in a rather awkward position. During the recent war scare he is believed to have asked for assurance that the Neutrality Act would not be applied against Britain in the event of hostilities. It might be difficult, therefore, for him to press too hard for retention of the act in a civil war, where it was never meant to be applied.

Repeal or revision of the Neutrality Act must await the next session of Congress. But, as *The Nation* has repeatedly pointed out, the embargo against Spain can be lifted by the President without Congressional action. If Spain is to be saved and the Administration cleared of suspicion of Chamberlain domination, immediate steps must be taken to give the Loyalist government the rights to which it is entitled under international law. The President and the State Department must be made to feel, in these pre-election days, the full force of American public opinion.

Labor Marks Time

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S recommendation, in his message to the convention of the American Federation of Labor, that labor cease its warfare dramatizes once more the no man's land that separates A. F. of L. and C. I. O.—a no man's land in which industry and business have been quick to establish strategic emplacements from which to snipe at both contenders. What are the chances that his advice will be followed? What factors in the two labor camps are working for, and against, a reconciliation which every friend and defender of labor not only desires but has a right to demand?

An objective analysis of the present mood and status of the two organizations is in order. In the first year of the C. I. O., when it piled up an amazing growth of two millions, it seemed as if the A. F. of L. would soon follow the Knights of Labor into oblivion. But several unforeseen factors, external and internal, intervened. The new industrial unions for the unskilled were by their very nature particularly exposed to the ravages of the "recession" that set in some months later. At the same time the growing conflict with the A. F. of L. and internal struggles for power, particularly in the United Automobile Workers, took their toll of morale and strength.

In spite of difficulties the C. I. O. has hung up an amazing record—but the A. F. of L. is stronger than it was two years ago, its membership having risen as a result of the wave of organization. Today the two groups stand formidably matched in numbers. At the top, at least, there is bitterness on both sides. The A. F. of L. executive council made a valiant effort to keep Daniel Tobin's plea for a new peace move out of debate at Houston, though it obviously reflects strong rank-and-file sentiment. John L. Lewis's call for a C. I. O. convention, coming as it did after and not before President Roosevelt's appeal for conciliation, would seem to indicate that Lewis is determined to establish the C. I. O. as a formal rival of the A. F. of L.—which would certainly freeze the present deadlock and make peace more difficult. Incidentally, it will bring to a head his conflict with Dubinsky of the International Ladies' Garment Workers, whose nostalgia for the A. F. of L. has continued to exist side by side with an uncompromising belief in industrial unionism. It is unlikely that the garment workers will take part in the C. I. O. convention, at which a permanent organization will presumably be substituted for what has remained technically at least a provisional committee.

Lewis's reported move for centralization, meanwhile, serves to stress the one element in the A. F. of L. which has kept it from being the unified enemy of the C. I. O. and industrial unionism that its most reactionary leaders have tried to make it. Because of the irrevocable autonomy of the federation, the C. I. O. has been able to enlist strong support from such individual and powerful A. F. of L. and former A. F. of L. unions as the I. L. G. W. U. and the Typographers, Maritime Workers, and Teamsters. Aside from the intrinsic desirability of autonomy and the dangers inherent in personal power, this demonstration of the advantages of self-determination and flexibility stands as a trenchant criticism of the drive for centralized power in the C. I. O. Space prevents an extended discussion of this issue at this time, but here as in every other field there exists the problem of achieving administrative efficiency, which seems to require centralization, without permitting too great a concentration of personal power.

For the rest, the deliberate vices of the A. F. of L. stand in dreadful contrast to its now involuntary virtue of autonomy—which unfortunately stops with the leadership of its component unions. Its continued attack on the National Labor Relations Board is nothing less than suicidal. Its campaign against the C. I. O. and its imposition of dues for that purpose on a rank and file which for the most part has no quarrel with the C. I. O. rank and file is criminal; while its formation of dual unions to combat an organization against which it professes to hold only the grievance of dual unionism damningly speaks for itself.

Munich and the Americans

BY ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

WHAT Czechoslovakia means is clear enough to the American isolationists. We have sat through another performance of the great European classic. We have seen Hitler and Chamberlain divert the attention of the audience from a peculiarly gritty and unpleasant rape by calling off a peculiarly unlikely and preposterous war. We have seen the act succeed so brilliantly that the Labor opposition in Parliament cheers and the Archbishop of Canterbury bestows upon the sickening consequences the benediction of the Almighty. Nothing is left for us to do but to rise noisily from our seats, jam our hats over our ears, and stamp out of the theater.

What Czechoslovakia may mean to American history is another matter. This much, however, is certain: it will mean more than the theories of the isolationists would admit. Conceivably it will mean precisely the opposite of what the isolationists contend. Isolationism is only possible to a nation which is indifferent to the issues. The issue raised and determined at Munich is an issue to which this country can never be indifferent. It affects the existence of this nation as a nation and with it the national existence of every other state upon the American continents.

The issue is the issue of race. More specifically it is the issue of the relation of racial status to political status. The partition of Czechoslovakia by and with the consent of France and Great Britain has established as a principle of international action the proposition that a man's racial derivation establishes his political adherence. Members of a given race belong as a matter of right to the country of their racial origin, and the claim of right—which may be made, it should be observed, from either end—overrides all other claims. It overrides not only the claims of common morality and the claims of self-respect but the claims also of treaties and international commitments.

The acceptance of that proposition by the two great democracies of Western Europe, and its elevation to a principle of international action, is not and cannot be a matter of indifference to the nations of the Americas. For the nations of the Americas were established and are still maintained upon a proposition totally different. They were established upon the proposition that citizenship was a matter of free choice, that immigrants from Europe left their race behind them upon the docks of Boston or Buenos Aires or Valparaiso, and that the New World was to be settled by men of many racial stocks who would beget among themselves not another race but a people. Whitman has stated the emotional content of that proposition. It has been accepted so long and so completely in the United States that it is taken as a matter of course. It is the American Principle. To challenge it is to challenge the civilization of this hemisphere.

Munich challenges it for the first time in our history. Prior to Munich the racial superstitions of the Nazis were matters of complete indifference to the citizens—at least to the non-Jewish citizens—of the United States. It was more or less apparent to those who bothered to think about it that a theory of racial and political identity would ravel the vigorous stock of the New World back to its provincial origins in Europe. But so preposterous was that notion to most Americans that they dismissed it as idiotic nonsense. They had the word of those anthropologists and ethnologists who retained their honesty and their self-respect that race, in the Nazi sense of the term, existed nowhere, and least of all in the peopled and repeopled, conquered and reconquered forests of Germany. They had the word of their left-wing intellectuals that racial myths were quack political medicines and could safely be ignored. And they assumed, when they thought about the matter at all, that the racial theory, like its anti-Semitic practice, was merely an attempt to give point and content to a revolution which apparently had neither. A dictatorship of the proletariat is a paradox capable at least of meaning. A dictatorship of the race is merely paradox.

The consequence was that few North Americans saw the danger to America of the Nazi ideology. They believed, having been so instructed, that Nazi Germany concerned the Americans only in so far as it was fascist. They believed that the great issue of the time was the issue raised by the fascists upon the one side and the democracies upon the other. It did not occur to them that the real issue might be an issue nearer home—the issue posed between the American dream of the people and the Nazi superstition of the race.

The failure to make that observation was not the fault of the Nazis. From time to time during those years the Nazi doctrine was most explicitly enunciated and its American implication most expressly declared. In the late summer of 1937, for example, Göring said to a Congress of Germans abroad:

> The National Socialist government expects every German residing abroad to put the interest of his Fatherland before his own. You Germans abroad must remember that, wherever you are, you represent the interests of

> Germany. Always remember that the Fatherland comes first and the rest of the world after. The German living abroad can be nothing else but a National Socialist.

Two months later, on October 25, 1937, Göring's official organ, *The Four-Year Plan,* carried an article by one Richard Csaki which was even more explicit. Demanding the organization of the thirty million Germans living abroad, Herr Csaki said:

> Foreign nations and foreign statesmen must recognize that in the future fruitful relationships between Germany and other world peoples can take place only on the basis of the organized activity of foreign Germans as natural agents of German culture and commerce. The Motherland, which now takes active responsibility for all members of its racial family, raises the questions: Upon which men of German blood can I lay claim, even if they are no longer conscious that they belong to us? Upon which can I depend to undergo all sacrifices and accept full responsibility in the present struggle of the whole German race?

Neither Herr Csaki nor General Göring frightened the citizens of the United States in 1937. For one thing Göring has always seemed to Americans something of a comic figure. For another the language was the language of Germanic bombast, which has invariably sounded tinny in American ears. And for still another there were several miles of water between Sandy Hook and the portentous Herr Csaki. The idea that the old Germans of St. Louis and Milwaukee with their enormous stake in the American continent and the American idea might be seduced to treason by rhetoric of that kind was merely silly. The New York *Times* gave a few inches to the matter, and most American papers ignored it.

General Göring

There were, however, signs, even as long ago as last fall, that the German design on the Americas, fantastic as it seemed, could not be ignored. In Chile, where Germans have been settled in peace and relative prosperity for years, the German settlements became restless. People who had thought of themselves as Chileans for generations began to think of themselves as Germans. A German-speaking radio station at Valdivia in the heart of the German area became so abusive of the Chilean state that the government was obliged to interfere. The same thing happened in Argentina, where 220,000 Argentines of German descent are leavened by 40,000 German citizens. Nazi Labor Fronts, Hitler Youth Groups, German-speaking Nazi schools became so common and so brazen that a large section of the Argentine press was aroused against them, with the result that a Nazi attempt to celebrate the Austrian *Anschluss* last April ended in a riot in which two Argentines were killed. In Brazil the activity of Nazi agents was sufficiently open in the winter of 1937-38 to provoke police intervention, and an international incident was avoided only because the German government, after protesting, backed down.

It was therefore apparent as long ago as last winter that the racial propaganda of the Nazis could cross sea water. But prior to the partition of Czechoslovakia the racial propaganda of the Nazis was propaganda and nothing more. It is Czechoslovakia and the acquiescence of Great Britain and France in the Nazi claim of racial right which raise that propaganda to the level of a principle of international action. The seizure of Austria was a gun-man seizure which established no precedents. The partition of Czechoslovakia is a "lawful" partition which establishes the racial claim of the Nazis as the master-principle in contemporary Europe. As such it becomes a present and pressing danger to Americans. Mr. Chamberlain has publicly congratulated himself, and has been piously congratulated by others, upon his success in avoiding war. He has avoided a war which no one wanted to wage, at the cost not only of certain priceless imponderables affecting his own country but to the injury as well of the basic conception underlying our own.

Those who imagine that we can still continue to relax in a self-righteous indifference to the Nazi conquests in Europe, those specifically who suppose that we can continue to despise Nazi racial theories because of the undoubted loyalty of the American Germans, will do well to ponder a further paragraph in Herr Csaki's remarkable paper. The loyalty of the Germans in America is not questioned. It was proved in the Army of the Tennessee, in the fighting in the Argonne, and in the peace between. But the loyalty of the Germans of America is not enough. There are various ways of turning Nazi in these times, and choice, as many a Sudetenlander could testify, is not the chief of them. Herr Csaki does not trouble to camouflage the automatic rifle and the length of rubber hose.

> The question of regaining as organic members of the German racial body those who seem to have forgotten their race is no longer theoretical. This issue is raised justifiably in view of National Socialist concepts regarding folk biology and race policy. Conscious German groups abroad must feel with the National Socialist ideology and eventually accept it whole-heartedly. Furthermore, we see now that people of German character everywhere, even if they are not conscious of their Germanism, can no longer avoid the necessity of considering the National Socialist ideology.

Radio Comes Through

BY JAMES RORTY

DURING the past thirty days radio has been used in the attempt both to make war and to make peace, to rescue Western civilization and to push it over the abyss. The issue of life or death for millions of men, women, and children has hung, or seemed to hang, on the turn of a sentence or on the inflection of a voice, while all over the planet those millions have listened in terror and anguish.

A new dimension had been added to politics and diplomacy. For the first time history has been made in the hearing of its pawns. Radio has given them not only the words but the voices of the protagonists: Hitler, Benes, Chamberlain, Daladier, Mussolini.

The radio has our ears. It is scarcely too much to say that the future of civilization will be determined to a considerable degree by who rules radio and how.

In the absolute sense radio is not free in this country. But it is more nearly free, probably, than anywhere else in the world. The result has been that American radio—meaning the whole personnel and apparatus of our broadcasting system—delivered a day-by-day performance during the European crisis that can only be described as magnificent. In justice, the tribute should be extended to include the news services and the newspapers. The two services interlock and supplement each other of course. American newspaper correspondents were almost continuously on the air, speaking from European capitals. The newspapers an hour or two later gave the eye a chance to read and digest what the ear had heard; gave us the shaded maps that the radio can't give us this side of facsimile broadcasting or television. But in a number of important respects the radio gave us more than the newspaper.

Commercialism took a back seat during the crisis. Program after program was postponed or interrupted by flash bulletins and special broadcasts. All three networks report their belief that virtually all their affiliated stations used practically in full the enormously expanded news, news commentary, flash bulletin, and foreign-broadcast service that went on the air. From coast to coast the small hamlet and the isolated farm heard what New York heard, and for the most part with equally good reception.

In the network studios and offices the technical and program staffs worked almost continuously, ate and slept where and when they could. One of the most overworked men in the country was Columbia's sixty-year-old H. V. Kaltenborn, dean of American news commentators, son of an officer of the Hessian Guard who emigrated to America after the *Anschluss* of Prussia and Hesse. Kaltenborn hung up the almost incredible record of fifty hours on duty between September 10 and September 29—all of his talks "ad libbed" from rough notes or without notes, all of them poised, accurate, and expertly timed, many of them brilliantly illuminating.

During this period 443 separate news broadcasts, including flash bulletins, were sent out over NBC's Red and Blue networks, taking fifty-eight hours and thirteen minutes of time on the air for both networks. This is an average of nearly three hours a day. Columbia's network sent out a total of fifty-four and one-half hours of news broadcasts. During the crisis, according to *Variety*, Columbia made 151 short-wave pick-ups from Europe, while NBC's total was 147. Mutual, which depended largely on the cooperation of foreign broadcasting stations in transmitting government news in English, including unedited but balanced official programs from Prague, Berlin, Paris, and Rome, rebroadcast more than 130 programs during the crisis. Press-Radio sent out 788 special bulletins, totaling 104,540 words. American citizens with nothing else to do could have listened during most of their waking hours to the "sound of history" as it poured out of their loud-speakers.

Kaltenborn perceived the approach of the crisis early. His August broadcasts for CBS were full of anxious and informed foreboding. During the first week of September the European representatives of the networks started signing up newspaper correspondents and emergency personnel.

Few of the millions who heard it will forget an NBC broadcast by Walter B. Kerr, New York *Herald Tribune* correspondent, describing with a kind of weary and tragic exaltation the retaking of the Sudeten districts, when Henleinists fled before the mobilized Czech army: "The sound of the tanks and the sun on the bayonets were enough to do the trick." So charged with emotion were Mr. Kerr's numbed, halting syllables that one expected them to be interrupted at any moment by the crash of a shell, marking perhaps the definitive beginning of the war.

An American passenger on a homeward-bound transatlantic liner heard a British voice from the loud speaker crying as if into an uncomprehending void: "This is London speaking. We can tell you now—I know it seems strange, I know you will laugh, but it seems very important to us here—that there will be no outbreak of general war for the next twenty-four, or perhaps even seventy-two, hours." Some of the passengers *were* laughing—while the British fleet was mobilizing, while German liners canceled their sailings or scudded back to home ports, while volunteers dug bomb shelters in the London parks.

On one occasion John T. Whitaker, Chicago *News* correspondent in Prague, found all wires stopped and took to the ether on short wave. WOR picked up his dispatch and telephoned it to his paper.

The strangest and perhaps the most fortuitous triumph on the air was Prime Minister Chamberlain's on his return from Godesberg, a broadcast which circled the globe on the British Broadcasting Corporation's empire hook-up. Listening for the authentic voice of the London City, and of empire, one heard instead an old man so exhausted and despairing that destiny seemed to be slipping through his fingers—he seemed unable to make peace or war. Possibly for this very reason the effect was to stiffen public sentiment in England, in the colonies, and in all the democratic countries. It had its effect in Germany too; BBC put a translated version on the air immediately. Not that the masses of the German people heard it; most of them had only their one-tube *Volksradio,* limited in reception to the output of the nearest Nazi propaganda "cannery." The few families that had dared to secrete more powerful sets feared the step of the radio warden whose duty was to round up audiences for official broadcasts and to arrest anybody caught listening to those from abroad. But the Nazi Party leaders and the German general staff undoubtedly did listen both to the Chamberlain broadcast and to everything else that went on the air, including the output of the American network short-wave transmitters. They heard Anthony Eden's speech at the Stratford-on-Avon meeting of the English-speaking Union, broadcast by Columbia in spite of Mr. Eden's reluctance but not broadcast by BBC to English or empire audiences. They heard during the three days between Godesberg and Munich the voice of world opinion rising in pitch and volume, and becoming more articulate and more menacing.

British and French radio—the former a government-controlled monopoly and the latter a mixed system of commercial and government stations—played a relatively timid, unenterprising, and heavily censored role during the crisis, serving inevitably as instruments of the cautious and uncertain policies of their respective Foreign Offices. Czech radio, of course, worked overtime to meet and counter the German radio offensive. On September 28 all three radio systems gave blanket permission to American networks to rebroadcast British, French, and Czech programs; Mutual took advantage of this permission eight minutes after it was announced. Mutual also distinguished itself by immediately transcribing important morning and afternoon broadcasts and rebroadcasting them during the more popular evening hours, a policy it had followed during the Vienna putsch.

Tribute was paid to the fine performance of the American networks in the September 29 issue of the British weekly news magazine *Cavalcade.* It said:

> The best information on the development of the international situation for many days past has come from American short-wave stations. Vivid on-the-spot relays from European capitals, plus expert commentaries by students of foreign affairs, have kept Americans abreast of events. Fortunate are those Britons who have receivers which bring in the Columbia broadcasts.

Nazi broadcasting stations were used continuously to implement the Führer's hypocritical banditry. Helplessly the Sudeten peasants, most of whom had wanted autonomy but scarcely the Nazi yoke, watched their sons listening as if hypnotized to Berlin screaming against "the Czech mass murderers," "the Hussite mob," the "red horde." Plenty of "jamming" attempts were made to blot out competing stations with code signals or static. Both Hitler's Nürnberg speech and Premier Hodza's speech were interrupted in this way.

With a desk load of scripts before me, I cannot attempt any detailed evaluation of the commentators. Besides Lowell Thomas, who read headlines and digested dispatches with his customary competence, NBC during the concluding week of the crisis had Leland Stowe, Stanley High, and John B. Kennedy for a score of broadcasts. Quincy Howe was conscripted by Mutual and gave a generally good account of himself. In his September 29 broadcast Bryce Oliver, who incidentally fully deserves the growing audience he is building for station WEVD, pointed out perhaps more clearly than any other commentator the interests of international capital as motivating the Franco-British surrender to Hitler. With this exception, however, the crisis was reported and interpreted on the air strictly from the capitalist point of view. True, we heard the voice of Maxim Litvinov echoed by Communist spokesmen everywhere. But his was not the voice of the social revolution which all the fevered statesmen, including President Roosevelt, so evidently feared if war came. Litvinov, too, spoke for a dictatorship struggling vainly to preserve its capitalist alliances. And if the microphone had been turned on the libertarian demonstrations in Paris which were shouting revolutionary slogans, both Moscow and Berlin would probably have hastened to "jam" the broadcast.

All three networks claim one or more scoops, the outstanding being Columbia's exclusive broadcast of Anthony Eden's speech, Mutual's pick-up of Chamberlain from the Croydon airport, and NBC's forty-six-minute priority in broadcasting the terms of the Munich peace.

It was the broadcasters' big chance to prove the validity of the "American system" of advertising-supported, privately owned broadcasting. They certainly went to town in a big way, and as a result some of our uncritical advocates of government ownership of radio are thrown back on their heels. But the conclusion that all is for the best in our best of all possible radio worlds and that our commercial broadcasters are animated by pure devotion to the public good is too simple. The radio coverage of the crisis was good not only because of the professional competence, sense of public responsibility, and devotion of the journalists and network executives who did the job but also because the radio networks and individual stations seized a glorious opportunity, first, to establish radio as our dominant system of news communication and thereby to consolidate a greater listening audience, and then to sell that audience to advertisers. The industry spent lavishly in covering the crisis (about $160,000 in all, plus an additional $35,000 in rebates to advertisers). It expects to get this expenditure back with interest. At the peak of the crisis one Midwestern executive stated that his station, which previously carried eight scheduled news broadcasts a day, of which five or six were sponsored, now had only sponsored ones and a waiting list of advertisers who wanted to buy news programs. Since news and news commentaries are already among the most popular radio programs with both audiences and advertisers—during the week beginning March 6, 1938, 663 American stations used 8.5 per cent of their time on the air for news broadcasts—it is quite possible that the dissemination and interpretation of news will now be recognized as the most important function of the industry.

Will radio's continuous scooping of the newspapers during the crisis result in a renewal of the press-radio war? Possibly, but probably not. Newspaper circulation zoomed during the crisis, and many publishers believe that radio served to stimulate rather than limit newspaper sales. Moreover, the newspaper business is rapidly "joining" the radio business; close to 250 stations are now owned or controlled by newspaper interests. This trend, of course, suggests other problems affecting the public interest of a democracy.

One of the most interesting questions raised by radio's performance during the crisis is this: What would the performance have been if America had been directly involved? Or if it had been a domestic crisis involving a general strike or civil insurrection? The answer is found in Section 606-c of the Federal Communications Act:

> Upon proclamation by the President that there exists war or a threat of war or a state of public peril or disaster or other national emergency, or in order to preserve the neutrality of the United States, the President may suspend or amend for such time as he sees fit the rules . . . may close any studios, may authorize their use or control by any department of government.

This sword of Damocles hangs over the American system of broadcasting night and day and should serve to sober our view of the probable future of news on the American air. We heard Europe's crisis. Well, perhaps Europe will hear ours when it comes, whereas we in all probability shall not. If the crisis is planetary in scale, the only sound we shall probably hear will be static or its moral and intellectual equivalent.

Mussolini's American Agents

BY M. B. SCHNAPPER

BACK in 1929 the Fascist League of North America enjoyed lush days. It had 129 fascios, or branches, scattered through the country, and each of its 12,000 full-fledged members paid dues of $13 a year. Articulate and influential far beyond its size, it held sway over four million Italian-Americans by means of incessant propaganda and intermittent violence. By the end of 1929, however, its activities were checked by a mounting indignation at its aggressive methods. In opposition to it the American Friends of Italian Freedom was formed under the sponsorship of Oswald Garrison Villard, Stephen S. Wise, and other distinguished defenders of democratic rights. Senator Borah, alarmed by the League's growing influence, turned a glaring light upon it. Senator Tom Heflin dropped his pomposity for a moment and offered a resolution to investigate it. An article by Marcus Duffield in *Harper's* exposed its ramifications in damning detail. Overnight the Fascist League seemed to have aroused the hostility of the American people, and in consequence the organization was hastily —almost frantically—disbanded.

To all appearances there has been no Italian Fascist movement of consequence in the United States since that time. Yet probably more Italian-Americans are today favorably inclined toward Italian fascism and Mussolini than when the Fascist League was in existence. Walk through any Italian community in this country and you will see Mussolini's picture everywhere—in the clubroom, in the church, in the grocery; you will hear that fascism has made Italy a great and powerful nation; you will learn that most Italian-Americans of local or national importance are—indeed, have to be—pro-Fascist. What has nourished the growth of these sentiments? Ever since the dissolution of the Fascist League, Mus-

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solini's American lieutenants have been operating with more zeal, and with a good deal more shrewdness, than is generally realized. Recognizing American antipathy toward colored shirts and foreign symbols, they have discarded both. With great care and thoroughness they have blended fascism into the Italian-American scene so skilfully that crude or objectionable evidences of it are hardly discernible. In place of the Fascist League they have organized a network of societies which seem to have little in common with their predecessor and yet work perhaps far more effectively toward the same ends.

An ominous warning to America is contained in the charges recently placed before the House Committee Investigating Un-American Activities by Girolamo Valenti, chairman of the Italian Anti-Fascist Committee. We can ill afford to ignore evidence that the O. V. R. A., a branch of the Italian government's secret service, operates in the United States; that Italian consular officials enjoying diplomatic immunity are laying the foundations of a Fascist movement in this country; that Fascist propaganda is being broadcast through some 200 Italian-American organizations; that Black Shirt units employing strong-arm tactics are located in the major cities of the country; that Fascist propaganda is being insinuated into public and parochial schools.

In the very year that the Fascist League was disbanded there came quietly into existence the Lictor Federation. It began where the Fascist League left off, drawing into itself the latter's fascios, or branches, almost all of which had simply become clubs in order to escape criticism. Few changes in personnel or policy were necessary, but the more blatant procedures were toned down. The wearing of uniforms was restricted to special occasions and limited areas. (Today, as Italian fascism becomes more arrogant, the black-shirt costume is increasingly in evidence at Lictor Federation meetings.) At the Lictor Federation's eighth congress last year Secretary General Joseph Santy concluded a report of the organization's activities with a proclamation of "fealty toward the Fatherland in all our efforts." There followed "interminable applause for the King-Emperor and the Duce," according to a glowing first-page story in *Il Progresso*, a New York Italian-language newspaper not unfriendly to the Fascist cause.

All the Italian clubs and societies which constitute the Lictor Federation are openly sympathetic with fascism. Invariably their quarters are decorated with Fascist symbols and pictures of Mussolini. The Mario Morgantini Club is typical: its walls are literally covered with Fascist decorations; its members give each other the Fascist salute; no one may enter without saluting the vigilant entrance guard. Organized a few years ago by Pietro Carbonelli, the organization is nominally governed by a triumvirate, with Triumvir Ronzi Abbondanala in the ascendant at the moment. It has approximately 1,000 members. Every Fascist event of importance—the founding of Rome, the anniversary of fascism, and the like—is observed as patriotically by the members of the club as by the faithful in Italy. In line with Mussolini's present affection for Hitler, the club cooperates closely with the Nazi German-American Bund.

The organ of the Lictor Federation and its affiliates, *La Scure* (the Hatchet), is supplemented by *Il Grido della Stirpe* (the Cry of the Race), an avowed "organ of Fascist propaganda." The contents of this publication are what one might expect: distorted news, editorial vituperation, headline hysteria. The United States is treated with about as much restraint as it is in *Il Popolo,* Mussolini's personal organ. President Roosevelt is slandered in the same paragraph with Stalin, democracy in the same breath with anarchy. On the fifteenth anniversary of Italian fascism last October a special issue contained messages from Achille Starace, general secretary of the Fascist Party of Italy, Fulvio Suvich, Italian ambassador to Washington, Giuseppe Bastianini, Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Felice Felicioni, international president of the Dante Alighieri Society, and a score of lesser Fascist notables.

The Italian Historical Society, organized shortly after the liquidation of the Fascist League, took over most of the publication functions of that organization. Unlike the league, however, it has directed its propaganda not only at Italian-Americans but at the public at large. For protective coloration it has frequently enlisted the aid of Americans sympathetic with Italian fascism. Among the authors of its pamphlets is Harold Lord Varney, formerly editor of the Fascist *Awakener.* Its most popular English publications are "The Italo-Ethiopian Controversy," "Handbook for American Students in Italy," "Nationalism in Italian Education," "The Child in Italy Today." The scholarly pretensions of the society are seldom challenged; only when scrutinized carefully has it been recognized for what it is. Shortly after it received a permit to use a Paterson, New Jersey, school for a meeting, local citizens became curious about its activities, launched an informal investigation, and on the basis of carefully sifted facts protested to the Board of Education that the organization had no right to the use of public buildings. The Mayor of Paterson revoked the permit, and the meeting was never held. The chairman of the society's board of trustees, Giuseppe Previtale, was second only to Count di Revel in the Fascist League.

It is natural that the Italian Historical Society should share its office with the American Italian Union, an organization with which it has much in common. The union was founded in 1935 by Ugo V. D'Annunzio, the son of the poet, to counteract the ill-feeling aroused in America by the rape of Ethiopia. With this object it has published "Roman Peace and Civil Progress in Redeemed

Ethiopia," "The Youth Movement in Italy," "Italy Incorporated," and other pamphlets.

The Italy America Society serves up its propaganda chiefly in cultural guises. Avowedly it is an "association of Americans and Italians who, appreciating the need of awakening Americans to the actual conditions and achievements of modern Italy, desire to create and sustain a broader and more intelligent understanding of Italy and the advantages that will result from a sound and stable relationship between the two nations." Actually it is an organization of Italian-Americans and Americans interested in Italy financially or otherwise. The active officers are for the most part Italian-American pro-Fascists, the inactive such prominent Americans as Chester Aldrich, Myron C. Taylor, Thomas W. Lamont, William Guggenheim, Paul D. Cravath, and Marshall Field. Although it has ostensibly a cultural purpose, artists and writers are conspicuously absent from its rolls. And although it claims to be purely an "American organization," it maintains offices in Rome and branches in twenty other Italian cities and lists Italian noblewomen as its Italian officers.

The Dante Alighieri Society was in existence before the advent of fascism, but was an inconsequential organization in this country until recent years. Today it is an important propaganda arm of the Italian consulates in the United States. In New York, for example, the consulate and the society occupy the same offices, and Mario Giani, cultural attaché of the consulate, is president of the local branch. That the true aim of the Dante Society is the furtherance of the Fascist cause is indicated by the fact that its international president, Felice Felicioni, is a high Fascist official, by the Fascist character of most of its activities, and by its sponsorship of schools more concerned with the inculcation of fascism than with the Italian language.

Last summer, according to *Il Progresso,* the presentation of Dante Society awards to young people excelling in affiliated schools was marked by the Fascist salute, the Fascist anthem, and Fascist speeches. In opening the meeting, which was attended by several thousand children and parents, Count Vacchetti, a Fascist propagandist, said, "Let us stand in the name of our Italy and salute our King-Emperor and our Duce." Mario Giani revealed in his speech that he sent reports of Italian schools in the United States to Pieri Parini, international head of the Bureau of Fascism Abroad. A few weeks later the Dante Society and Italian consulate officials arranged for eighty youngsters to visit Italy under the auspices of the Fascist government.

Three other groups—the Sons of Italy in America, the Independent Order of the Sons of Italy, and the Grand Lodge of the Sons of Italy—despite petty differences are as one in their sympathy for fascism and Mussolini. The Sons of Italy in America, the largest Italian fraternal order in the country, has branches in seventeen states and a reported national membership of 350,000. Trips to Fascist Italy are frequently arranged by it.

The object of the Young Italian-American Federation, as stated prominently on its stationery, is an "Italo-American youth front." In its efforts to achieve this it has found it necessary, among other things, to launch a vigorous boycott campaign against the New York *World-Telegram, Post,* and *Daily News* as "anti-Italian, anti-American, and communistic." To prove its charges of communism the federation declared that neither the *Post* nor the *World-Telegram* had ever "lost an opportunity, in column, or editorial, or cartoon, to disparage and denigrate Italy and its leaders." The editorial page of the *World-Telegram,* it declared, "fairly bristles with 'leftists' who, while not so outspoken as the *Post* writers, have nevertheless been deliberately offensive in their references to the Italian people." Heywood Broun, Westbrook Pegler, Dorothy Dunbar Bromley, and Harry Elmer Barnes were all denounced as Moscow agents. Among the officers of the federation are some twenty New York Democratic politicians; at the time of the boycott campaign six were aldermen, six assemblymen, and one a Tammany representative.

As revealed by *The Nation* in 1934 and 1935, the Casa Italiana at Columbia University is the center of Fascist cultural activities in the United States. It is enough to note here that Professor Giuseppe Prezzolini, a scholarly spokesman of fascism, is its director; that it acts as host to visiting Italian Fascists, sponsors frequent lectures on Fascist topics, and receives funds from the New York consul general; that its officers are in regular correspondence with Fascist organizations within and outside the country; that Mussolini discussed its establishment with Peter M. Riccio, secretary general of the Institute of Italian Culture, and Professor Prezzolini; that Mussolini himself supplied much of its expensive furnishings; that anti-Fascists such as Gaetano Salvemini and Guglielmo Ferrero have been barred from speaking at its headquarters; that a newly appointed Italian consul general was greeted in its auditorium with the Fascist salute and the Fascist anthem; that on June 17, 1935, *Il Popolo* tersely announced that "Il Duce has received Giuseppe Prezzolini, who reported to him on the activities of the Casa Italiana of Columbia University."

The influence of Italian fascism is felt in some degree in every phase of Italian-American life. Even the Italian sport clubs show a Fascist tinge. And even the radio has been enlisted as a medium of Fascist propaganda. Italian broadcasts over WBNX, WOV, WHOM, and WFAB feature talks on the virtues of fascism and Mussolini and end with the singing of "Giovinezza," the official Fascist anthem. These broadcasts have as sponsors not only various pro-Fascist organizations but also merchants doing business with Fascist Italy.

United States vs. Alcoa

BY JAMES WECHSLER

II

FOR the Aluminum Company of America the first decade of this century was an era of economic penetration; the second was one of emerging industrial empire. By the 1920's the setting was auspicious for consolidation of the gains so fiercely won. Senator Walsh's angry protests were a still, small voice beside the whispered influence of Andrew Mellon; trust-busting was an archaic slogan with few contemporary advocates. In a tangibly hostile environment George D. Haskell conceived the altogether visionary scheme of competing with Alcoa in the production of aluminum. He failed, but only after a stubborn and dramatic struggle; and the circumstances of his failure are an incomparable illustration of the aluminum trust's power.

Haskell, who was president of the Bausch Machine Tool Corporation, decided to undertake the production of duralumin—an alloy composed 95 per cent of aluminum. News of his intention traveled swiftly to Arthur V. Davis, president of Alcoa, who, after he had recovered from his astonishment, expressed the conventional reaction: Buy him out. Davis tried in person to persuade Haskell to sell. He assured him that he would be "taken care of"; he urged him to behave like other boys. Defiantly rejecting these advances, Haskell sought to buy 20,000 pounds of aluminum with which to experiment in duralumin production, announcing that if his bid was turned down he would negotiate at once with foreign producers. "You might as well buy from me," Davis observed, "because we have an agreement so that we all sell at about the same price."

The negotiations ended in a deadlock, and soon afterward both Alcoa and Haskell obtained licenses to carry on duralumin experiments. By 1925 the venture was progressing favorably; Haskell was selling 30 per cent of the duralumin consumed here, and Alcoa was furnishing the rest. With his concern operating profitably, Haskell's optimism grew and his ambitions expanded. His confidence was increased when he learned that General Motors was contemplating the use of duralumin; if he could obtain that order Haskell knew that his position would be impregnable. But to effect the deal he needed Alcoa's aluminum. Again he went to Alcoa seeking a large shipment, and a price concession because of the volume of the purchase.

His request was refused. Throughout the interview Davis evaded the issue, tried to ascertain the name of Haskell's prospective customer, badgered him for details of the transaction. Finally, when Haskell continued to emphasize the size of his order, Davis blandly outlined Alcoa's basic philosophy. He informed Haskell that Alcoa was not interested in a large order at a low price; it preferred to restrict production and maintain the price at its current level.

With Alcoa plainly determined to sabotage his plans, Haskell was caught in an impasse from which there appeared only one way out: to discover an independent source of bauxite which he could draw on for his duralumin. He knew there was no longer an accessible supply in the United States, but the world's resources beckoned. Thus was started a frenzied, spectacular race around the world. Haskell set the pace; Alcoa pursued him. Each time that Haskell was about to close a deal, Alcoa snatched the prize.

Norway, which still produces the major portion of the foreign aluminum imported into the United States, was Haskell's first stop. While he surveyed the scene, Alcoa acted. First it launched negotiations which culminated in the purchase of a half-interest in the Norsk Company, one of Norway's two major aluminum plants. Then, in collaboration with French and British interests, Alcoa bought a one-third share in Det Norske Nitrid, the other important Norwegian plant. These moves not only forestalled Haskell's bid but gave Alcoa a foothold in the European market. And Attorney General Daugherty announced that the 1912 consent degree would not interfere with the transactions.

Shifting his attention to Canada, Haskell wrote to the Shawinigan Company in an effort to obtain water power, since the available American power which Alcoa didn't own was too costly for Haskell's enterprise. But Shawinigan was a faithful servant of Alcoa. Its officers told Haskell that they were unwilling to "tie up" the large block of stock he tried to buy, although they had never refused to do so for Alcoa.

At that moment James B. Duke, the tobacco millionaire, abruptly informed Haskell that he was interested in his project. This was momentous news, since Duke himself owned a huge power development in Canada which could be harnessed for the production of aluminum. Later Duke assured Haskell that he would sympathetically consider a partnership with him in the aluminum industry, on one condition—that adequate bauxite deposits be found.

So Haskell resumed his explorations. In May, 1924, he opened negotiations with a Viennese company one of whose subsidiaries owned large bauxite areas. Before an agreement could be sealed, Alcoa appeared and quietly bought the subsidiary. The race shifted to bauxite deposits in Dutch Guiana. Once more Haskell took steps to purchase the property; he was brushed unceremoniously aside by one of Alcoa's subsidiaries. An American company owned bauxite deposits in British Guiana. When Haskell tried to buy them, Alcoa formed a syndicate and bought the whole company.

In his search Haskell had traveled to remote regions. While he was away, the final act of his quest and failure was staged. In June, 1925, with Andrew Mellon figuring prominently in the transaction, Alcoa purchased the power sites of James B. Duke. The terms were conspicuously generous: Duke was given one-ninth of Alcoa's stock, worth at least $25,000,000, for his still undeveloped water site, which an Alcoa official has described as "a bunch of huckleberry bushes with water running through." Haskell was left bewildered and disconsolate somewhere in the Guianas.

Today he is drawing $20,000 a year as "adviser" to Alcoa.

The war against Haskell carried Alcoa's emissaries around the world, but not for the first time. In fastening its grip on the American market, Alcoa had been compelled to maintain a constant defense against the threat of foreign penetration. To this end two policies have been alternately pursued: one based on signed or "gentleman's" agreements with foreign interests, the other on the seizure of strategic sites in Europe to be used as a first-line trench when agreements broke down. The combination has been magnificently effective; today less than 6 per cent of the aluminum sold in America comes from abroad. While this amount tends to blur the rugged outlines of Alcoa's monopoly, it is certainly not of competitive dimensions.

Before the World War agreements with foreign companies were most characteristic of Alcoa's policy; in the post-war years such alliances were sought less often. There was, however, no important resurgence of foreign rivalry in the American market, for Alcoa's representatives continued to be active in foreign zones, capturing valuable sites and threatening to unload huge quantities of aluminum on the European market if Europeans tried to invade the United States. In 1927, weary of the burden of maintaining this armed threat to foreign enemies, Alcoa was ready to return to the pacts which made such armaments unnecessary. That purpose was behind the formation of Aluminium Ltd. in Canada. In deference to this nation's anti-trust laws, Aluminium Ltd. was officially heralded as an independent agency presumably ready to fight Alcoa's monopoly on this continent. All this, of course, was stage play. In actuality the stockholders of Alcoa and Aluminium Ltd. were identical; Andrew and Richard Mellon, together with Arthur V. Davis, owned 51 per cent. Edward K. Davis—Arthur's brother—was named president of the Canadian Company; Roy Hunt was made president of Alcoa, replacing Arthur V. Davis, who became chairman, a post created for the occasion.

Aluminium Ltd. has never competed with Alcoa, although its equipment for such a contest is admirable. It ships its product halfway around the world to Japan rather than intrude upon Alcoa's private domain. Its value to Alcoa, however, does not lie in this self-effacement but in its services as Alcoa's spokesman in the signing of international agreements which Alcoa itself, because of anti-trust restrictions, dare not sign. To celebrate America's Independence Day in 1931, an international cartel of unsurpassed scope came into existence with the avowed blessings of Aluminium Ltd. and the concealed approval of Alcoa. While Alcoa was only a silent partner to that accord, its rules for the future conduct of the aluminum industry on a world scale would have been meaningless without Alcoa's consent. Aluminium Ltd.'s participation gave that consent.

Alcoa's lawyers are prosperous, glib, truculent; most of them dedicated to the struggle for corporate immunity, they acknowledge the present trial as a turning-point in that war. To separate their sublime rhetoric from ridiculous sophistry, to break down detailed controversy over time, place, and intent, is essentially the problem of the courtroom; the pattern of economic ascendancy can scarcely be challenged. Some of Alcoa's most imaginative thrusts are worth recording. In explaining the formation of Aluminium Ltd. it hotly repudiates any dream of monopoly. The real story is much simpler, embroidered only by grateful sentimentality. The starting-point, we are told, was the fact that both Roy A. Hunt and Edward K. Davis, having devoted their lives to the aluminum industry, deserved their varsity letters in the form of some title of great magnitude. Since it was impossible to designate both of them president of Alcoa, the only earthly reward commensurate with their deeds, an equally impressive title was needed. So Aluminium Ltd. was set up—an independent, virile, competitive Canadian corporation. Edward become president of Ltd., Roy of Alcoa, each the master of his own industrial fairyland.

Alcoa offers an equally rhapsodic rebuttal to the government's accusation of unlawful foreign agreements. Its chieftains concede that emissaries of Europe's leading aluminum firms came to the United States in 1931 when the latest accord was allegedly being drafted. They were, it is acknowledged, greeted warmly by the American manufacturers—Americans and foreigners traveled together to inspect Alcoa's plants and dined and lived together for several weeks in an atmosphere of great conviviality. But during this entire time, Alcoa now

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insists, no conversations of a business nature took place. In similar vein is Alcoa's emphasis upon the recurrence of sheer coincidence. Deals are made, plants are bought out when rivals threaten to buy first, Duke sells out at the moment that Haskell is placing reliance upon him—all these are recorded as pure coincidence, not symptoms of the drive for monopoly.

The details of the legal defense must be considered in the broader social framework within which Alcoa's attorneys operate. In its major outlines the case they submit echoes the traditional plea of American big business resisting social regulation. The issue is shifted from the plane of economic imperatives to the misty level of economic morality; from the proprietary instinct emerges a charter of sacred rights which the New Deal is allegedly violating. The government is accused of despising "bigness" and penalizing "initiative," of persecuting "success" and glorifying "incompetence."

The prosecution contends that these outcries merely distract attention from the crucial economic consequences of Alcoa's power. Today the aluminum trust deliberately sustains prices rather than extend the use of aluminum to pioneering industries. Today Alcoa is stifling the final faint vibrations of competitive vitality in this economic sphere. When its attorneys insist that competition is provided by other commodities, such as copper and steel, they are denying the existence of monopoly in almost any area.

In finally establishing, however, that aluminum is a gigantic manifestation of monopoly, we do not automatically discover the steps which must be taken to deal with such growths. The problems which emerge from the aluminum trial are a miniature of the dilemma presented by our whole economic structure in its advancing years. Facing us are vast tasks of social engineering which the monopoly inquiry was presumably initiated to meet. If the court sustains the government's contention, various formulas of reorganization must be explored by the industry. These range from the prosecution's plea for separation of the trust's units to schemes for federal regulation of the present structure. Upon one axiom there must nevertheless be general agreement, except in the higher regions of Wall Street: Alcoa's monopoly is incompatible with the social imperatives of our time. It is a state within a state, writing its own laws, obeying only its own conscience. The current trial may disclose whether the courts, under existing laws, can identify the abuses which monopoly has engendered. The ultimate question is how far it is possible, within the boundaries of the profit system, to check the trend toward industrial dictatorship. In hastening the decline of the aluminum empire, the government may in some measure illuminate these greater issues.

[*This is the concluding section of Mr. Wechsler's article. Part I appeared in last week's issue.*]

Pocket Guide

BY HELEN WOODWARD

THE PURE IN SILK

I'D LIKE to begin this series by saying that you, the customer, are always right. But at the moment you, in the role of consumer, are trying to make the Federal Trade Commission do something about silk which will take money out of your own pocket.

The consumer is now trying to divide all silk into pure and impure, and in the innocence of her heart she is winding herself into a snarled cocoon. She thinks she's fighting for better silk, but she's really fighting for the Japanese silk industry.

This grew out of the fight on rayon. Three or four years ago hundreds of thousands of women rolled up their sleeves in a crusade. They were sick and tired of buying fancy names that merely looked like silk. Advertisers offered "*vitalized* Tropicana," "Ciré Satin," "Laughing Leaves," "Angel's Breath." Some were put out by good firms. But what were they really made of? Who could tell?

So when speakers came around to the club and said, "Let's get together and stop this," it sounded good. Letters went out far and wide signed by Consumer This and Consumer That. Articles appeared in magazines that carried no fashion advertising. All showed that the women were being cheated—as they were.

The crusade won. The industry and the Federal Trade Commission got together. They made rules that rayon should be marked rayon and silk silk. The rules are working all right. Some concerns are trying to slip from under, but the Federal Trade Commission gets after them.

All that is fine. But surely the women should have known while they were about it that this campaign was primarily to the advantage of Japan. This is how it worked. The rayon-silk industry is organized into two groups, the National Federation of Textiles, supposed to be the rayon group, and the International Silk Guild, which is the silk group. There is some confusion because a good many of the biggest houses manufacture both rayon and silk. The silk group, the International Silk Guild, gets its funds from its members and also from a tax collected at the port of export in Japan. Over the telephone the guild said that it was naturally much benefited by these new rules, but that it didn't take any special part in the campaign. This is contrary to the general impression in the trade.

The Japanese naturally wanted to increase the export and sale of their silk. But they didn't send around their own speakers or sign the articles and circulars with their names. So far as the average woman knew, the campaign sprang entirely from the initiative of consumers. It was a good campaign, but, oddly, it backfired. It didn't boost the sale of silk. Instead, it boosted the sale of rayon. And here's why.

Rayon first appeared on the market in 1911. It was ugly and sleazy. It improved slowly, but not enough. Then along came the campaign I've just told you about. That scared the rayon people. They got busy. They improved their product, wove better patterns, designed lovely clothes. And on top of that they did an immense amount of advertising. Moreover, they called the product by honest names. In return for the ads, the fashion magazines pushed rayon editorially. The sales rose, and the rise in the sale of rayon meant a drop in the sale of silk because women couldn't buy more than a certain amount of fabrics.

Today rayon is often as beautiful as silk, and it's usually cheaper. Though pure silk is the strongest of fibers, good rayon wears well. Rayon taffeta doesn't crack, as does silk taffeta.

The rayons have three bad marks against them. One group, the acetates, has to be ironed with a cool iron. A hot iron melts the fabric. Rayon, warmer than silk, is uncomfortable in summer. Rayon stockings have not yet shaped themselves closely to the foot, though du Pont claims that it has a new rayon which will correct that.

But now the silk-yarn people have jumped into a new phase of the fight, and the women have jumped in with them—jumped in, I fear, over their heads. This new fight has nothing to do with rayon. Here's the story.

Silk cannot be all pure silk. It has to contain a certain admixture for dyeing and finishing. And a few silks must contain lead salts for weighting. In the mind of the consumer, the addition in both cases sounds like adulteration—and sometimes it is. In many silks weighting is swindling, but some silks—like taffeta, which needs body and stiffness—have to be weighted. Lapels on men's evening clothes must be weighted 400 per cent.

The new consumer movement demands that silk should be marked with the exact percentage of weighting. As you can see from the fact that lapel silk is weighted 400 per cent, such markings would have no real meaning to the buyer. Why are women's groups backing such provisions? Goodness knows. But it's clear enough why the International Silk Guild is enthusiastic over the proposed rules.

The big thing in silk is hosiery. Eighty per cent of all silk imported goes into stockings. There weighting is not necessary, and there, indeed, it is very bad. Obviously, the less weighting the more actual silk will be imported.

Now take the dyeing and finishing content. The Federal Trade Commission has laid down a rule that the dyeing and finishing content of silk must not be more than 10 per cent, and—here's the little devil in this story—it must be as much less than 10 per cent as possible. But how can that percentage marking mean anything to a woman buying a few yards of silk at a counter? Only an expert can tell whether a piece of silk needs 10 or 6 per cent.

It is a good thing to have your silk or rayon clearly marked. It would be sensible perhaps to mark the silk by government grades, with all those below standard rejected. Or they might be marked slightly, medium, or heavily weighted. But the present plan on which the women are working is merely confusing.

The point of all this is: while it is fine for women's clubs to fight for the consumer, they really ought to know what they're doing and why. It might not be a bad idea to get in touch with experts. A few of their members might even find it exciting to take a hard course of study and themselves become experts. Then the club could look all around and through the subject instead of just in its face.

In the Wind

INSURGENT AUTHORITIES at Bilbao, according to trustworthy sources, recently made elaborate preparations to unveil a statue of the late General Mola, killed in an airplane accident. On the day of the unveiling, only officials—including Germans and Italians—were allowed near the platform. A Falangist leader stepped forward and with a florid gesture drew aside the covering; the statue of General Mola appeared—minus its head. A furious search for the perpetrators of the deed brought no results.

UNFAIR TREATMENT of the NLRB by important newspapers has been frequently noted in Washington. Hence this comment now circulating, particularly among newspapermen, in the capital: "The NLRB has a batting average of .500; it wins all its cases in court and loses them all in the newspapers."

AT THE HEIGHT of the European crisis this announcement came over Chicago's station WGN (operated by the Chicago *Tribune*): "Miss Sigrid Schultz, Chicago *Tribune* correspondent in Central Europe, will speak this afternoon from Munich. Her discussion of the four-power conference and the possibility of war will be heard at 4:55 or 5 p.m., or whenever the Cub-Pirate game is over."

LIFE MAGAZINE recently ran a picture of the Ku Klux Klan's latest "ride" in Lakeland, Florida; accompanying the picture was a caption derogatory to the Klan. It evoked this comment from the Tampa *Tribune*: "About time to light a cross on East Twenty-second Street, Chicago, where *Life* is published."

A VISITOR to New York's luxurious Junior League clubhouse was startled by the bleak, crowded tenements which adjoin it. "You really ought to do something about those people," observed the visitor, pointing to the poverty-stricken women and undernourished babies. "Yes," came the hostess's innocent reply, "for four years now we've discussed putting up screens—or perhaps a hedge."

CATALOGUE NO. 297 of the Union Library Association carries this advertisement: " 'Lady Chatterley's Lover,' by D. H. Lawrence. Unexpurgated, except for the obscene passages."

IN HIS famous final Nürnberg address Hitler referred to an earlier speech which he said he had delivered to the Reichstag on February 22. Actually his Reichstag address was delivered on February 20. He may have been reluctant to mention that date because in many German block calendars February 20 bears the inscription: *Um des Friedens willen lerne schweigen* (For the sake of peace learn to be silent).

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

I NEVER dreamed that I could feel so badly about a bad peace as I do about the settlement of Munich. But now it has come back to me that like all other pacifists I have repeatedly said that those who believe that war must be avoided at all costs must be prepared to suffer grievous injustice and wrong, and the same is true of nations. That has now come to pass: most grievous wrongs have been inflicted upon Czechoslovakia in order to preserve peace, and there is no remedy possible—at least not for a long, long while to come and perhaps never. The Czechs have obeyed the Biblical injunction, "Resist not evil," and they are paying the price.

They are not the only ones who will pay. Those who have inflicted these wrongs upon Czechoslovakia are also going to pay an enormous price, how great no man today can possibly measure. Take the French. They who have been so bitterly critical of Hitler because after telling Austria that he would forever respect its independence he nevertheless broke his word, have now violated their part in the agreement with other nations to guarantee the independence of Czechoslovakia, and, as the *Journal of Moscow* has well remarked, thereby invalidated their offensive and defensive alliance with Russia. France stands alone today unless it can count upon the support of England, and if the Chamberlain policy continues to control in England it is not impossible that the inner group of big-business conservatives, who in the last analysis pull the strings, will put England into a hard and fast alliance with Germany and drop France.

Who will deny today that British policy is now definitely anti-Soviet? Thanks to Chamberlain, Hitler achieved vastly more than the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia. He has gained a springboard for future attacks upon Rumania and Yugoslavia. He has destroyed not only the alliance between Czechoslovakia and Russia, but what is vastly more important, that between France and Moscow, which he desired to do above all else. The latter seems to me the most dangerous of his achievements from the Allied point of view. Without the Russian alliance I do not believe that England and France can stand up to Hitler; probably the enlarged Reich will soon be in a position to fight France and England single-handed with every possibility of defeating them.

Is not France a vassal nation today, more than ever a vassal of England, if not of Hitler? What incentive is there, then, for Rumania to continue its alliance with France, or for Poland to put any faith in French promises? Only twenty-four years ago the whole world was outraged because Germany tore up its treaty with Belgium and invaded that country. Now France has put itself morally in exactly the same position, even though its troops have not invaded Czechoslovakia. In England, too, the defenders of Chamberlain are turning upon his critics and saying, "There was nothing else for us to do unless we wished to go to war in behalf of a small country with which we are really not concerned." Yes, but that is precisely what England did do in 1914. It told the world that it fought Germany then primarily to save Belgium. Then it shifted its ground and discovered that it was really fighting to prevent Germany's becoming the dominating power in Europe—dominating by force, by sheer naked brutality and stark military power. And that, too, is precisely what has come to pass. Hitler dominates Europe by the abject fear of his airplanes on the part of France and England.

I am not of those who say that there are worse things than war. I merely share the opinion of any number of observers that Hitler could have been stopped and both Austria and Czechoslovakia saved without the firing of a gun if only the French and English leadership had been vigorous and determined from the very beginning of the Hitler regime. Undoubtedly peace-lovers, pacifists if you please, are in the hardest position in which they have ever been put. Their case rests largely upon their belief that the rise of Hitler could have been blocked several years ago by a united front, threatening not war but economic pressure, non-intercourse. Now the men who believed in force and military power are the ones who have knuckled under, and as a result of their policies have installed Hitler as the dictator of Europe.

As for Russia, there is nothing left for it to do but to fortify, fortify, fortify, diverting more and more of its man power and national wealth to preparing for war. They are realists in Moscow, which is something that cannot be said of Daladier or Chamberlain, and if the Russian generals know their business they are today recasting their plans in the light of the fact that the line-up against them in the West is now Germany plus England plus Poland and probably the buffer states on the western Russian boundary, with Japan on the other flank ready to sail in at the first opportunity. Peace in Europe? Chaos, that's what it is, absolute moral chaos, with not a single nation except perhaps Russia paying the slightest attention to the sanctity of treaties.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Life and Times of Franklin

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. By Carl Van Doren. The Viking Press. $3.75.

A REVIEW of Mr. Van Doren's "Benjamin Franklin" can be nothing short of a eulogy. The greatest American has found a biographer worthy of him. Franklin's universal activity; his multifarious interests—scientific, political, personal; his relations with contemporaries; his share in events which shaped the destiny of mankind; and not least his constant observation of his own life and the world about him which resulted in the great number of his writings, sometimes thrown off for ephemeral publication in journals and pamphlets, often written for himself alone or in personal correspondence—all this puts upon the biographer a labor of Hercules. "This is a long book," the sentence with which Mr. Van Doren begins his preface, is followed by a complete justification of its length in the list of sources examined and of references to materials hitherto unknown or unused. The amount of these last is astonishing, as are Mr. Van Doren's acumen in discovering and industry in collecting them. The generous recognition which he gives to the assistance of some forty institutions and individuals is a reminder that a modern historical biography is essentially a cooperative enterprise of which the author is the engineer, selecting and organizing material and employing helpers in carrying out his design.

Such is evidently the conception which Mr. Van Doren has of his function. He does not undertake as artist or psychologist to provide an interpretation of Franklin. He lets the facts speak for themselves. Yet from these facts emerges a personality of extraordinary attraction, embodying those characteristics which we like to think of as peculiarly American. There is Franklin's practical competence shown in handling his own business and that of his city, his province, and his nascent nation. There is his ceaseless curiosity in inquiring into nature, his energy and skill in pursuing these inquiries, and his power of brain and hand which resulted in useful inventions ranging from the Franklin stove to bifocal spectacles. There is what Matthew Arnold called his "victorious common sense" in dealing with human affairs in a spirit of conciliation and compromise. When British pride was affronted by the silly affair known as the Boston Tea Party he offered to pay for the tea out of his own pocket. There is his tolerance extending even to the Indians; his affection for his family and friends; his indulgence of human frailty with no conviction of sin. There is his sense of humor, appearing sometimes in satire not unworthy of Swift, as in "The Speech of Polly Baker," throwing her five bastards by the law of nature in the face of New England Puritanism; sometimes in anecdotes with the force of fables to bring intellectual disputes to the test of homely wisdom; and again in an abundant sense of play ranging from crude practical jokes in primitive Pennsylvania to the refined gaieties of speech and manners in the Paris of Louis Seize. There is finally his capacity for large conceptions, which in politics ranged from the first plan of cooperation among the colonies to the design of imperial unity of the English race, and which included ambitious projects of personal perfection and an international "United Party for Virtue." In this comprehensive character Franklin reminds us in turn of one and another of the great Americans. It is true he showed none of the severe integrity of Washington; but he had the philosophic faith of Jefferson, the inventive genius of Edison, the mingling of realism and idealism of Emerson and of Lincoln, the humanism of Channing and of Whitman, the humor of Mark Twain.

Among the fine qualities which Mr. Van Doren exhibits as a biographer is his evocation of the background against which we see the sturdy figure of Franklin. The atmosphere of Puritan Boston is clearly differentiated from that of Quaker Philadelphia. The small-city manner and matter of London is far from the cosmopolitan spirit of Paris in the same decade. Franklin was equally at home in both the latter capitals, and his personal relations included the historic figures of both. The story of his long residence in London as agent of the colonies involves an account of the complicated political history preceding the Revolutionary War, and the mutations of English party control. The story of his career as commissioner in France involves an account of the various aspects of European interest, economic and political, in the Revolution, and of the Continental coalition against the British Empire. In these affairs, as Mr. Van Doren remarks, Franklin combined the departments of state, treasury, and navy of the young republic. The biography becomes a "Life and Times of Franklin." But Mr. Van Doren does not fall under Lowell's criticism of Masson, who allows Milton to pop up only casually in his own biography. Everything in the background is centered on Franklin. Two episodes in particular are handled with dramatic skill: one when Franklin as agent for the colonies stood in contemptuous silence before the Privy Council in London, while Alexander Wedderburn, the "sarcastic Sawney" of the English bar, loaded him with objurgation designed to break him and his cause; another when Franklin met Voltaire in public and responded to the popular cry: *Il faut s'embrasser à la Française.*

Mr. Van Doren more than any previous biographer of Franklin has had access to his letters to women, to those young girls who afterward grew up to become Catherine Greene and Polly Hewson, in whose families he passed from the relation of father to grandfather; to the ladies of Paris, Madame Helvetius and Madame Brillon, with whom he exchanged "philosophic ribaldries" and elegant philanderings. Franklin's philosophy was an outdoor muse. She served him well in his conduct of life and in a multitude of human relations, in which appear his humor and tenderness, his light touch upon life and his joy in it. If Franklin was an embodiment of the most notable qualities of his great fellow-countrymen, in one respect he surpassed them—in the richness and abundance of those gifts which are essentially humane. It was this humanism, translated into the larger social sphere as urbanity, which consolidated Franklin's place in history as a citizen of the world. Certain figures tend to become regarded as summing up the spirit of an age—Petrarch in the fourteenth century, Leonardo in the fifteenth, Erasmus in the sixteenth, Milton in the seventeenth. Franklin joins this august company as the gonfalonier of the eighteenth century. He is the sign of the real revolution of that age in the supremacy of the middle class; but in his progress from runaway apprentice of a provincial town to eminence in the civilized world he left behind the philistinism that marks so much that is harsh and unlovely in that class, and revealed in many ways its possibilities of contributing to a higher manhood and a better world. ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

Scandinavia Revisited

THIS IS DEMOCRACY. By Marquis W. Childs. Yale University Press. $2.50.

THE realistic Swedes, when asked for an opinion on Marquis Childs's earlier work "Sweden: The Middle Way," are apt to raise their eyebrows. We appreciate the author's kind words, they say in effect, but we feel his enthusiasm has led him into painting too rosy a picture. The truth is that any sensitive American is apt to be rather dazzled by his first impressions of Sweden. There is such an air of general well-being, so few outward signs of poverty, so few indications of overbearing wealth. The degradation that industrialism has stamped on the face of our cities seems wholly absent. There is a feeling of a society which, by general acceptance of the basic essentials of democracy, has raised social conflict to a more civilized plane than elsewhere.

These first impressions are not wholly unjustified, but they leave room for other considerations which make the whole picture rather more subdued. In his new book Mr. Childs, following further visits to Scandinavia, achieves a clearer vision. This time he deals not merely with Sweden but with Norway and Denmark as well, approaching all three from the labor angle. The result is a study which does not pretend to be either exhaustive or profound but achieves an essential balance. There is no uncritical ballyhoo, no claim that labor relations have reached perfection, no assumption that practices successful in one corner of Europe can be applied *en bloc* to the totally different conditions of this country.

The first three chapters cover much the same ground as the recent report of the President's committee of inquiry into labor relations in Sweden, but also give information on parallel developments in Norway and Denmark. They describe the ways in which workers and employers have organized, the methods evolved for collective bargaining, and the role played by the state. Mr. Childs is careful to point out that all the machinery that exists for adjusting industrial disputes has not produced industrial peace. The Scandinavian unions are militant; the employers, who are no less well organized, decidedly hard-boiled. Negotiations frequently prove unavailing, and actually in the decade from 1927 more man-days per thousand workers were lost through wage disputes in Norway than in any other country. Sweden and Denmark occupied second and third places on the list.

Sober Scandinavian realism recognizes that the interests of employer and employed must frequently clash; it refuses to accept the theory that such clashes must involve "total war." Thus espionage is unthinkable, violence practically unheard of. Employers have abandoned attempts to smash trade unions; in the long run, they have become convinced, it is better to deal with a strong union which is in a position to keep as well as make a bargain.

From the efforts of labor to improve its status by industrial organization Mr. Childs turns to its endeavors to obtain a larger share of the national income by political action. All three countries have for some years had Social Democratic governments. Although none of these enjoy independent majorities, they have made considerable advances on the lines of social reformism. But, the author reports, in Norway and Sweden there is a growing feeling that the limits of achievements on present lines are near. They have to take into account the shrinking tendency of international trade, so important to them, and the moral and economic pressure of growing Nazi power. They have been immensely impressed by the wretched fate of Social Democracy in Germany, which they see as the result of sectarianism and insistence on outworn dogmas. So, rejecting totalitarianism of either right or left, they are groping for new formulas.

Scandinavian labor is now tending toward a much wider conception of its field than it has had hitherto. It is seeking to harmonize the interests of the manual workers with those of the peasants, the small middle classes, and the technicians. The trade unions are paying greater attention to those groups which have lagged behind the general advance. The political wing is looking for ways of achieving a stable but not static economy: it is concerned not merely with securing a higher proportion of the national income for the workers but in positive action to increase that income.

This reviewer would have sacrificed the final chapters of this book, which are no more than good feature articles on various aspects of social advance in Scandinavia, for a much more detailed account of these new trends in labor thought. We must be grateful, however, for the information the author has garnered and for the news he brings us of labor movements which are neither in retreat nor complacent about their successes. KEITH HUTCHISON

Storm Piece

IN HAZARD. By Richard Hughes. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

RICHARD HUGHES'S second novel survives two inevitable comparisons: with his first, "A High Wind in Jamaica," and with Conrad's "Typhoon." He has written here the tale of a single-screw turbine steamer, the Archimedes, passing through an almost fatal seven-day hurricane in the Caribbean, and he has had the style, wit, and dramatic invention to keep its dangerous parallels with the other two stories from becoming either obvious or distracting. The cleanness of his writing, the simplicity of a narrative that opposes strength to madness in both men and elements, his coolly scientific description of the storm, the laconic objectivity of which sets up a subtle ambivalence of mood that mirrors the minds of the trained seamen fighting their rising fear and helplessness—these combine to produce the desired effect of "scientific possibility," around which plays a brilliant effect of imagery and poetic suggestion: pictures of birds riding the decks through the tornado, of the play of dolphins, of the silent whirling of the giant screw, of the mate's gnomic lemur, of terrorized Chinese firemen and greasers heaping up "like a pile of half-dead fish on a quay," and the day-long pouring of oil on the waves.

> A thin film only a few molecules in thickness [once it had spread out] it bound millions of tons of water. Huge spires of water would dash at the ship, like maddened cathedrals: then the oil spread over them: they rounded, sank, passed away as harmless as a woman's bosom. Or even if they broke, it was only harmless dead water.

Hughes has exchanged Conrad's dramatic focus and intensity for a method of contrasts and irony. He produces the full cold menace of the storm, but where Conrad presented the drama of an astonished soul braving its first full test of strength, Hughes elaborates his tale with description and meteorological analysis, and serializes the emotional impact of his drama over the contrasting reactions of his crew. Each of these becomes a locus of far-reaching implications, moral, social, and even political, and in the end the voyage of the Archimedes becomes a parable of society itself, its conflicts of character and idealism converging upon the single point of a superhuman test of life. Whatever simplicity Hughes's story at first shows is soon proved deceptive, for by the skill of his humor and suggestion he has made it, without excessive underscoring, an allegory of complex proportions, of a kind not unfamiliar in the literature of the sea.

There are, however, several points at which the weight of these suggestions is not sustained. Unlike "A High Wind," "In Hazard" lacks the continuous center of attention there provided by the children; it undertakes instead the complex problem of setting its divided minds and destinies in counterpoint to one another. At times this produces telling and highly successful effects, particularly in the final retrospects where Buxton the economic man, Dick Watchett the human child, Captain Edwardes the man of iron-clad responsibility, and Ao Ling the political poet, thrown into irons as a Kuomintang agitator just as the storm dies, bring the strands of the tale into a final unity. But in their weaving these strands mix and scatter, and the already difficult business of sustaining a storm piece through 250 pages is strained to the point of fatigue. And when set beside "Typhoon," "In Hazard" shows the disadvantages of rejecting the method of dramatic unity and action in favor of one of ironic analysis and poetic elaboration. Conrad's novel lacked neither of these qualities but they remained implicit, dominated by a force that brought into complete focus the conflicting dramas of Jukes, Rout, and the Chinese pilgrims: the shattering disillusionment of Captain MacWhirr's life-long complacency as a seaman.

> Dirty weather he had known, of course. . . . But he had never been given a glimpse of immeasurable strength and of immoderate wrath, the wrath that passes exhausted but never appeased—the wrath and fury of the passionate sea. He knew it existed, as we know that crime and abominations exist; he had heard of it as a peaceable citizen in a town hears of battles, famines, and floods, and yet knows nothing of what these things mean. . . . Captain MacWhirr had sailed over the surface of the oceans as some men go skimming over the years of existence to sink gently into a placid grave, ignorant of life to the last, without ever having been made to see all it may contain of perfidy, of violence, and of terror. There are on sea and land such men thus fortunate—or thus disdained by destiny or by the sea.

Both the language and the explicit moral force of that idea—central to all Conrad's work—would be outside Hughes's preferences, but in it lies the dramatic and emotional superiority of Conrad's drama, and the likelihood of its remaining the permanent classic on a theme which Hughes has skilfully and often brilliantly expanded but left at the level of a *tour de force*. Yet among the ruck of novels his book is an achievement of keen writing, imagination, and descriptive art, a more than adequate fulfilment of the ten years he took to write it and of the high reputation he earned by his other novel.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

Also in Memoriam

MIRRORS OF VENUS. A NOVEL IN SONNETS. By John Wheelwright. Bruce Humphries. $2.50.

HOW the sonnet has changed! Cummings and others have shattered its form, disjointed its lines. Now another New Englander has stood it on its head. In John Wheelwright's discursive novel in sonnets, the sestets frequently lead, the octaves follow. Not content with these inversions, in instances he builds the sonnet of two sestets knotted with a final couplet, and in one has compressed its seventy-two feet in Alexandrian measure into twelve lines. He also has variously distorted the rhyme schemes. In one case he defers the fourth recurrence of the second rhyme till the last line of the sestet. In another he builds the octave not on rhyme but on woven assonance and coupled dissonance. Still another sonnet is in free verse with crisscross sound patterns. In a fourth the scheme of the two equal parts is muted by false rhymes; and in a fifth the rhymes fall not at the endings but at the commencements of the lines. He takes still other liberties; and as numerical tables marking the schemes flank many of the verses, certain of the pages appear like weird areas of Dürer's "Melancholia."

But Wheelwright for his part needlessly defends his formal innovations. It is his claim that "the original intention of sonnets—the representation of thought with melodic skill—is frustrated by sequences less varied than 'The New Life' of Dante, which includes among its sonnets a ditty, two fragments, and three canzone." Whether this is true or not, distortions of the sonnet form born of inner necessity and not merely as trick and the means of creating a fictitious interest require no defense. They are not only in the spirit of Petrarch, Michelangelo, Spencer, Shakespeare, and Milton, but in that of the sonnet's Provençal and Italian originators. The Gothic spirit which inspired its creators, we all know, formed and ordered feelings not only in accordance with numerical relationships mystically reverenced but with numerical relationships corporeally experienced. Besides ritualistic feeling, at the base of their interweaving sonnet and tercet schemes there

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....N was the new feeling of space and the feeling of the chain dance: above all, the delight in the ability to adjust vitality to *self-imposed* constraints. The form, in other words, fluidly corresponded to the feeling.

And despite their mathematical whiskers, Wheelwright's unconventional sonnets are patently integral, the forms of an experience. Long, in instances singing, in other instances staccato breaths or periods sustained by an individual, racy, infrequently exalted idiom harmoniously compose them; and these harmonies—in some cases somewhat cryptically but in other clearly and fully—convey a fresh grasp of life, particularly of the ways, fortunes, and tragedies of friendship. "The signification of the title is that (as in Burne-Jones's picture) the mirror of Venus reflects loved ones as each would be seen." Indeed, the closest analogy of the quite un-Tennysonian, quite unmellifluous, and humble sequence would still seem to be "In Memoriam"; for the reason that it too laments a dead friend and records, if not a progress from desperate unbelief to faith, at least a growth in faith from what the author terms Immortal Selfhood to what he calls Eternal Solidarity. Among the strongest of the homely sonnets are those which represent this change. Yet the mood of the sequence is grimmer than "In Memoriam's," since together with grief over the loss of a friend it expresses grief over the likelihood that unless the friend die, friendship dies. "Had you not died, our friendship might be dead," the poet groans. Solitude alone preserves solidarity. "None but a God can be his brother's keeper. . . . Quit now of friendship we can never be. Sundered our hearts, but never more our minds." Yet many who can no longer read "In Memoriam" will be able to read with grave interest this very other, and brainy, realistic, and reserved little book of a true poet who also is a loving friend. PAUL ROSENFELD

Fascist Objective Realities

GOVERNMENT IN FASCIST ITALY. By H. Arthur Steiner. McGraw-Hill Book Company. $1.50.

THE author points out that "there is danger when the democrat is ignorant that his distaste for fascism has blinded him to its objective realities." He opens his book with a description of the holiday celebrations which punctuate the year in Italy. But he says not a word about that system of regimentation through which the Italians are marshaled into displaying their enthusiasm day in and day out. Peter Hutton, an Englishman who is not an innocent, after four months of motoring in northern and central Italy, wrote as follows in the London *Nineteenth Century* last year:

> On such festal occasions everyone receives a ticket, ordering his presence at such and such a place to cheer whoever and whatever may be passing. The tickets are of various colors; red is reserved for special occasions when no excuse for absence will be accepted. In May, when the King-Emperor came to Florence . . . all the peasants for many miles around received the red ticket. Some of them were working after midnight as a result, to make up for their lost days. . . . These extraordinarily numerous public holidays are unpopular.

To tell the truth, even Mr. Steiner is not entirely without suspicion. The foreign observer, he says, does not know "whether the demonstration is a spontaneous outburst of popular applause for the regime, a coolly planned and skilfully executed propaganda display, or a grotesque fraud perpetrated on a gullible public for the benefit of such foreigners as himself." But the author is in a position to state that "a Fascist celebration is all three." I do not understand how it can be at one and the same time a spontaneous outburst, a coolly planned display, and a grotesque fraud. Neither do I understand what "objective realities" the author had in mind when he entitled his chapter on the Fascist demonstrations Historical Forces in Contemporary Italy. Are demonstrations ever historical forces, even if they are authentic and not fraudulent?

While devoting eight pages to Fascist demonstrations, the author neglects to mention the penal islands to which are sent those who "manifest the deliberate intention of opposing" the state authorities, and gives only five lines to the Tribunal for the Defense of the State, saying that it functions "in full secrecy." The "objective reality" is that when the government deems it convenient the trials are given many columns in the daily papers. From February, 1927, to June, 1932, the press gave out information concerning 1,902 persons who received from the tribunal an aggregate of 10,157 years' imprisonment. From July, 1934, to April, 1935, 315 persons were sentenced to terms ranging from one to twenty-two years. But these seem to be less "objective realities" than are street demonstrations.

On page 9 the author states that Mussolini "rises from the masses which he dominates and without whose support he could not long survive." But on page 13 we learn that "for several years the recruits of the Fascist movement represented only outspoken minorities in their respective categories; this is true of the industrialists, politicians, and militarists and probably more true of the workers." How, then, can one say that Mussolini rose from the masses? Are minorities masses? And how can one say at one and the same time that Mussolini "dominates" the masses and that he could not long survive without their "support"? Support is spontaneous consent, while domination is control exercised over unwilling or at least passive people. Which of the two contradictory words covers "objective realities"? Perhaps the "objective reality" is that there is in Italy an organized and armed minority which "supports" Mussolini while it "dominates" the masses in his behalf; there are sections of the population which are content, others which are not content, and others which are indifferent, and there are fluctuations from time to time among these groups. A people does not form a homogeneous block. Of such "objective realities" the author seems never to have had the least suspicion.

Do Italians believe in fascism? "The point is largely irrelevant, since Italians, believing or not, respond" (page 30). What "objective realities" are behind the word "respond"? A chain-gang of prisoners "responds" to its guard, a regiment of soldiers to its colonel, an orchestra to its conductor, classroom pupils to their teacher. It seems that as far as the author is concerned there is no difference between those different ways of "responding." The author adds to his regard for "objective realities" a marked disregard for clear thinking. He should devote himself to Hegelian philosophy.

Mr. Steiner confides to us that he is "unable to divest him-

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self of his affection for democratic and liberal ideas." If I am not mistaken, he has wholly succeeded in divesting himself. A liberal who avows that he is unable to divest himself of his affection for liberal ideas while he dresses up the Fascist point of view as "objective realities," has many chances of being regarded as "unbiased." No wonder that with so many liberals like the author of this book democratic doctrines and institutions are going to rack and ruin all over the world. GAETANO SALVEMINI

Sholem Asch: Three Novels

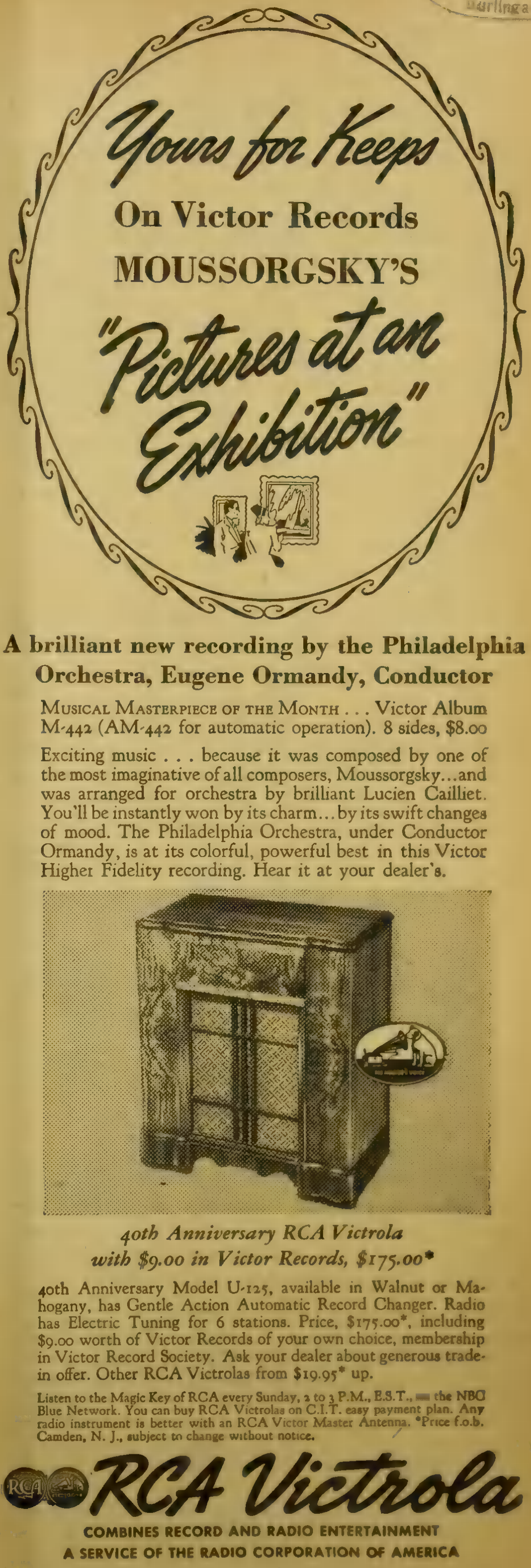
THREE NOVELS: UNCLE MOSES, CHAIM LEDERER'S RETURN, AND JUDGE NOT. By Sholem Asch. Translated from the Yiddish by Elsa Krauch. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.

THE three short novels in this volume were written between 1916 and 1923. Since that time Sholem Asch has become a major novelist, and to say that this early work is indelibly stamped with the temper of its times is not gravely to his discredit. Already it shows some of the characteristics, such as social awareness and colorful portraiture, that have become Asch's greatest assets; and certainly it is far less sentimental than "The Mother." Nevertheless, one is obsessed with the feeling that the point of approach of novelists has changed vastly in the last twenty years, and that none would write today as Asch did then.

This is particularly evident in the first novel, "Uncle Moses." It is typical of the rather stereotyped melting-pot novels that followed the great wave of Jewish immigration to New York. The Jews had been torn from the ancient, static, but intense culture of the ghetto and thrown into a community in which their traditions were burdensome and obstructive. Some made the adjustment and some did not, but in either case the general, superficial, and external aspects of the problem so engrossed Yiddish writers that they had little time for individualities.

Thus Uncle Moses is a flat character, a type. Under the pretext of benevolence he has brought his fellow-townsmen from Kusmin to his tailoring establishment and set up an elaborately paternalistic system. His sweatshop wages are apparently counterbalanced by his fatherly interest in his workers and his assistance in times of crisis; actually, however, he regulates their intimate personal habits for his own welfare. When he is in his sixties he forces Mascha, the young daughter of one of his workers, to marry him. It is on this episode that the novel turns, for his marriage, and the encroachments of trade unionism, undermines his position.

While this material has a certain interest, Asch's treatment of it seems strange. Harry Hansen has pointed out that it is the trend of modern literature to report the environment through the limited apprehensions of a single character, and Bernard DeVoto has added that the intensity of a modern novel depends upon the use of a single means of perception—a central observer—and upon the surrender of the auctorial privilege of omniscience. It is intensity that these three novels lack. In the later stories Asch shows some advance in this respect. The second and best story, "Chaim Lederer's Return," deals with a rich Jew who has retired too soon from



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business. He is bored. His children, ashamed of his East Side habits, push him aside. He would like nothing better than to go and sit with his countrymen in the back room of the factory, but his ambitious son does not consider this dignified. The story starts slowly amid a mass of rationalizations, but when in the later scenes Asch penetrates to Chaim's mind he produces a genuinely moving and effective crisis.

The last story is more modern still, but less effective. From the beginning of the narrative we view the world through the eyes of Max Stone, a modern, cosmopolitan Jew who has made a success of banking. He is trapped into committing murder in the heat of passion. Up to the point of his conviction Stone is treated sympathetically, and the story maintains its intensity. We feel that he is truly a victim of circumstance. But toward the end Asch, apparently in order to damn the world of high finance, suddenly tries to make Stone an unsympathetic character. To do this without ceasing to use Stone as the means of perception, Asch would have us believe that Stone welcomes execution for his sins. He simply is not convincing.

HAROLD STRAUSS

DRAMA

LAST week was one of those—unfortunately not as rare as they might be—when even a drama critic was wisest if he spent most of his evenings at home with a good book. Or, in this case, with two good books: John Mason Brown's discursive "Two on the Aisle" (W. W. Norton, $2.75) and Burns Mantle's compactly informative "Contemporary American Playwrights" (Dodd, Mead, $2.50).

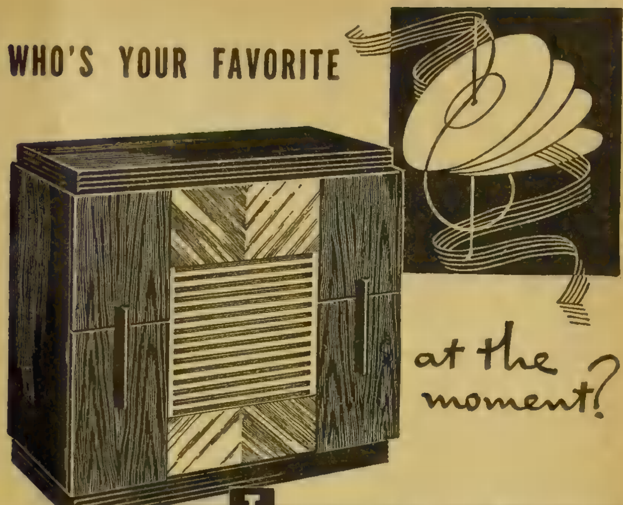
In his preface Mr. Brown confesses that he shares the widespread distrust of the books which journalists compose with paste-pot and scissors. The distrust is healthy but it may be dismissed in the present instance, and for two reasons. In the first place, the very act of sharing it has led Mr. Brown to judge himself so severely that he selects only enough for a very modest-sized volume from the large body of writing he has contributed to the New York *Post* during the ten years he has served it. In the second place, his writing has both a wit and an ebullience which keep it sweet. A number of the short essays are concerned either with productions of standard plays or with the first performances of new works like O'Neill's "Mourning Becomes Electra" and Behrman's "End of Summer," which have an enduring interest. But these are hardly more rewarding than others in which his exuberant account of some foolish play is as entertaining as the occasion for it was dismal.

There are two sorts of critics of the drama: those who know—or think they know—what the theater ought to be, and those who know what it is and has been. Mr. Brown is of the second part. He is appropriately moved and appropriately grateful on those rare occasions when a great actor or a great play transforms it into a temple of art, but he does not like some others sit glumly through the long intervals between such occasions, for he prefers to participate in the lesser pleasures for what they are worth. One might explain that by saying that he is, among all the New York commentators upon things theatrical, quite the most enduringly stagestruck. But one might also put it in a different way. One might also say that none of the others has so wide an understanding of or so deep a sympathy for what Charles Lamb once called "the cheerful uses of the playhouse." None respects it more not only as a place where great actors act great plays but also as an institution for social entertainment, or an institution whose ministrations to the needs of a great and not always very critical public even a wise man may study with sympathetic interest. Some of his best essays are devoted to an analysis of such great clowns as Ed Wynn and Beatrice Lillie; others, perhaps the most amusing of all, to descriptions (which would be crueler than they are if there were not so much more fun than malice in them) of the lush world of Miss Zoe Akins's imagination or of the inveteracy of Mr. Clayton Hamilton's willingness to leave the subject under discussion in order to bring in a reference to one more great man who once talked to him.

Mr. Brown has also a gift which suggests that of the late Percy Hammond. Unlike Mr. Hammond—whose fatal defect it was to distrust pretensions so thoroughly that he despised them even when they were justified—he can appreciate sincerity and greatness when they are present; but like Mr. Hammond he is master of the telling phrase and, above all, of the irreverant summation. His account of a certain performance of "Antony and Cleopatra" includes a contrast between that play and "Romeo and Juliet" which is as fundamental and meaningful as any I know: "This man and the woman he loves are not in love with love. They are oppressively in love with one another." But that review is introduced by a wisecrack—"Tallulah Bankhead barged down the Nile last night, and sank"—the full ingenuity of which can be appreciated only by those who know and who stop to realize that "barge" as a colloquial verb is as appropriate to Miss Bankhead's manner as the luxurious pleasure craft was to the lady she undertook to impersonate.

Everyone who is concerned with the contemporary theater is already under heavy debt to Mr. Mantle for the annual volumes in which he compiles a record of the preceding theatrical season. The debt is made heavier by the publication of the new "Contemporary American Playwrights," which replaces a somewhat similar volume issued some ten years ago. It includes biographical data and a list of the principal works of more than 300 dramatists, as well as brief, informal critical comments on a large number of the more important or more successful among them. Much of the information is not to be found conveniently elsewhere, and the volume is indispensable.

"The Big Blow" (Maxine Elliott's Theater), the first of the season's Federal Theater productions, concerns itself with the troubles of a family of Nebraska farmers who settle on a sort of Tobacco Road in Florida. The local color is good and so, in a way, is the melodrama, but the latter runs so true to form that one ends by being rather less sure that the faithful Negro servant, the child of nature whom he saves from rape, and the lynching party frustrated at the last moment are a veracious picture of life in Florida than that they are true to a well-established stage convention. There is also



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FALL BOOK ISSUE

A New Feature: Notes by the Way
by *Margaret Marshall*

E. M. Forster
by *Morton Dauwen Zabel*

Edith Wharton's "The Buccaneers"
Reviewed by *Louise Bogan*

"Letters of Henry Adams"
Reviewed by *Odell Shepard*

Helen Woodward's "It's an Art"
Reviewed by *Stuart Chase*

Odell Shepard's "Journals of Bronson Alcott"
Reviewed by *Robert Morss Lovett*

Irving Stone's "Sailor on Horseback"
Reviewed by *Louis Kronenberger*

James T. Farrell's "No Star Is Lost"
Reviewed by *Philip Blair Rice*

"Letters of Lincoln Steffens"
Reviewed by *Oswald Garrison Villard*

Literary Cartoon by *William Steig*

Next Week in *The Nation*

Will you join Louis Bromfield, Langdon W. Post, a group of others and me for dinner at the Commodore Hotel on Tuesday, October 18th, at 6:30 P.M.?

An emergency situation has arisen with regard to all the Americans now serving in Spain who unselfishly volunteered for the cause of the Spanish Republic. It also affects hundreds of their buddies wounded in the fight for democracy.

Louis Bromfield, outstanding American novelist, who is in charge of the Paris Committee, and who will return to this country in time to attend this dinner, will speak on the measures to be taken to meet this critical situation.

Sincerely,

Stephen Vincent Benét
Chairman, City Campaign Committee

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something a bit fortuitous in the opportune arrival of the storm which not only saves the Negro but proves that the settler from the outside world was right when he disregarded the jeers of the shiftless crackers and built a house of logs. The big bad tornado huffed and he puffed but he couldn't blow *that* house down. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Film Note

"THE STORY OF A CHEAT" is engaging knavery, moues, winks, gestures, and brazen mugging, executed mostly by Sacha Guitry in the dozen guises of his enactment of his own novel, "Le Roman d'un Tricheur." Except for a few moments of dialogue, the footage itself is shot like a silent; but Guitry has added an insinuating commentary, so that the whole becomes a picaresque autobiography. Since the screen record alone, with a few of John Erskine's superimposed titles, makes a complete narrative, Guitry's voice is released from synchronous duty and flicks over sundry other things, returning at times even to criticize his own acting.

Though it pretends to be a sympathetic account of the life of a card sharp, the chief charge of the film is released in little static shocks of subtle distinction—which in the end are not distinctions at all but trivialities of taste, sustained only by the spice of an epigram and as obvious as the variations of a beard whereby the hero accomplishes his cheating. The film is so focused on Guitry that it is *lèse majesté* to assign credit elsewhere; but more effective than the entendres of his voice is the masterful use of a novel cinematic device to support the easy amorality of the narrative. Time after time the camera swivels lightly between life and death, palace and hovel, wife and mistress, will and chance, good and evil. Where the guards of Monaco are shown marching forward, the reel is reversed and they parade backward. Backward, forward, right, left, it is all the same. It is precisely in the discernment of such options and in the easy swiveling of moral judgment between them that the scandalous essence of Guitry is distilled. SIDNEY KAUFMAN

RECORDS

THERE has been no satisfactory version of one of Brahms's finest works, his Fourth Symphony; and it is a pleasure to discover that Weingartner's new Columbia set (five records, $7.50) offers an excellent performance excellently recorded (but oh, those surfaces!). What is excellent and effective in the performance is its simplicity and sobriety, manifested in its steadiness of pace. These qualities have made Weingartner's old version of Brahms's First preferable to Stokowski's recent one, which inflates unbearably what is inflated in the work to start with; and Weingartner's remains, I think, preferable to the latest version (five records, $7.50) made for Victor by Bruno Walter.

Bloch's magnificent Sonata for violin and piano, which was first recorded by Gamut last year, is now issued by Victor in an impressive performance by Josef Gingold and Beryl Rubinstein (3½ records, $5.75) that has the advantage of

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superior recording. And Mussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition" is now to be had in a new orchestration by Caillet played by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy (four records, $8). The English horn that Caillet uses for "The Old Castle" turns out to be exactly right; I have never been able to see anything in this picture that required the saxophone Ravel used; and I have suspected a mere desire to shock, which betrayed a judgment and taste that were at all other points unerring and superior to Caillet's. Listen to Caillet's handling of Schmuyle and then to Ravel's, or compare what they do with a detail like the cry of the chicks, and you will appreciate how much the greater master Ravel is—with how much greater fineness he uses his colors, and with how much greater point and wit. This may be said also of Koussevitzky's performance as compared with Ormandy's; and its superior quality is still apparent on the old records.

The Ormandy performance and recording of this work are opulent; but what Ravel does to Caillet Stokowski does to Ormandy with his new set of Borodin's Dances from "Prince Igor" (two records, $4.50). The marvelous sounds from these records offer breath-taking evidence of Stokowski's extraordinary talents for the technical side of conducting; and the performance offers evidence of his powers as an interpreter of music without, for once, any disturbing evidence of his weaknesses.

Leonore's great aria from the first act of "Fidelio," sung by Flagstad with the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy (one record, $2), suffers from recording that is over-brilliant and harsh. And there is a similar fault in Szigeti's Columbia recording of a Tartini Concerto (two records, $3) that I do not find interesting. The Bach Sonata for harpsichord and viola da gamba that is well played by Messrs. Wolff and Scholz on another Columbia two-record set ($3) is for the more fanatical lovers of Bach's exercises in instrumental writing. But Beethoven's Serenade for string trio is one of the most charming of his works in the eighteenth-century feeling and style; and to the excellent performance by Goldberg, Hindemith, and Feuermann is now added a beautifully polished one by the Pasquier Trio (three records, $5).

Victor has issued in two volumes ($22) all of Chopin's Nocturnes played by Artur Rubinstein. It is in these works that one finds the personal weakness and morbidity which are considered peculiarly Chopin's, and in some of them the weakness extends even to the invention; nevertheless there are among them things as fine, of their kind, as Opus 15 and Opus 27, and the superb Opus 48 No. 1. I am speaking of the music; but there is also the performance of the music—or rather the traditional performance, which is based on the belief that if a composer has a weakness the thing to do is to exaggerate it. I don't accept that belief, and I dislike the kind of performance—of Chopin and Tchaikovsky—it results in. Chopin's music being what it is, I think it should be played as unaffectedly as possible; and for this reason I like Godowsky's performances in the Columbia set of the Nocturnes better than most of Rubinstein's. Godowsky also omits several of the weakest specimens; but with these he omits Opus 48 No. 1; and as it happens Rubinstein does a magnificent job with this one. And Rubinstein's performances gain by marvelous recording of the sound of his piano.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Self-Determination Origins

Dear Sirs: When two writers in the same number of *The Nation* make the same historical error, and when Louis Fischer fails to give the Communists the credit that belongs to them, somebody ought to speak up.

Wilson did not originate "self-determination." The idea is perfectly explicit in the second paragraph of the Declaration of Independence, where all Americans (including, by Aristotelian logic, Wilson) got their introduction to it. It was not put into the Declaration as a new invention but as being already a standard principle in the discussion of British constitutionalism, so that a reference to it was to give the Declaration the tactical advantage of orthodoxy.

The word "self-determination" was started, so far as I know, by the Communists and their associates in the Zimmerwald conference of 1915. In the Russian Revolution it became, even under Kerensky, Russian orthodoxy. The Germans thereupon took it up as a convenient *ad hominem* point against Russia in all their moves to disintegrate Russia into fragments that should have no military power. They raised the shout so loudly that in the eyes of the world it began to pass for a German slogan. Then, just as the Germans had taken the word up to use against Russia on the ground that the Russians were already committed to accept it, so Wilson took it up out of the mouths of the Germans as a weapon against which the Germans had no defense because they were already committed to accept it. Wilson, as a disciple of the Declaration of Independence, had the advantage that he could profess the principle with sincerity, as the Germans had never done. The rest of the world caught it from Wilson; but that does not mean that it started with him.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON

Ballard Vale, Mass., October 3

Warning to the Americas

Dear Sirs: The sinister significance of recent events in Central Europe and their lesson for North Americans (and South Americans) seem to have escaped many commentators. The decisions reached at Munich last week did not register a "surrender" by allegedly democratic governments to dictator states. They indicated something more ominous—the deliberate and long-premeditated cooperation of four fascist governments which have for the moment united on a common objective—the organization of Western Europe for war against the Soviet Union.

For North Americans, including the most rabid isolationists and conservatives, the simple fact of a fascist Western Europe, in control of powerful navies and air fleets, changes the whole defense outlook. It seems to this observer that the people of the United States, Canada, and Mexico, while maintaining the closest possible contact with those progressive elements which are struggling against fascism in Britain, France, and other European nations, should consider the urgent necessity of closer relations with both Soviet Russia and China. America and Asia together will need all their strength to extinguish fascism. If we do not help our friends now, this continent may be in dire need, and friendless, before this century is much older.

H. K. SMALL

Toronto, Ont., October 1

Immoral and Stupid

Dear Sirs: It seems to me that the betrayal of Czechoslovakia marks the defeat of a philosophy which for centuries has been inculcated in the children of the Western world by the schools, the churches, and the homes. One was brought up to believe that injustice was wrong because every life—whether that of a private person or of a nation—would be a failure if based on it. One's mode of doing business was based on the concept that honor was practical. One believed it a duty to bring up children to be good—to stick to their word and be outraged by evil.

What philosophy is to guide our thinking and our conduct now? Instead of being praised Chamberlain and Daladier are to be cursed. They have given Hitler all he needs to destroy what we were taught to believe in.

If Hitler was sincere in his emotion over the Germans of Sudetenland, why could not the problem have been solved as was solved the similar problem that arose between Turkey and Greece—by exchange of their minorities?

The four-power pact signed in Munich is immoral and stupid. Can anything worse be said of any man's work?

JOHN M. LADD

Madison Heights, Va., October 6

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933.

Of *The Nation*, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1938.

STATE OF NEW YORK }
COUNTY OF NEW YORK } ss.:

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Hugo Van Arx, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and said that he is the business manager of *The Nation*, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in Section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse side of this form, to wit:

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HUGO VAN ARX,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1938. R. B. COUSINS.

(My commission expires March 30, 1939.)
(Seal)

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The Shape of Things

*

THE SEEDS OF ANARCHY SOWN AT MUNICH have sprouted with terrifying speed. Already the Czechoslovakia which stood almost alone against the Nazi military machine from early May until late September is gone. In its stead stands the federal state of Czecho-slovakia, helpless militarily and economically, governed by what, in effect, is a fascist regime aligned with the Rome-Berlin axis. The election of a President to succeed Benes will be conducted along accepted Nazi lines with but one candidate permitted to run. Groups such as the Free Masons and Communists which might resist the pro-fascist trend have been summarily dissolved. The 500,000 Sudeten Germans still remaining inside the boundaries of Czechoslovakia are to be organized along Nazi lines under the direct control of Hitler. Taking advantage of the disappearance of all regard for law and justice, Hungary has sought to press its claims for Ruthenia by mobilizing 200,000 troops along the Czech border. But Hitler has made it clear that Hungary's claims are to be settled neither by force nor by the preferences of the people affected but by considerations of Nazi foreign policy. Chamberlain and Daladier, the saviors of "peace" at Munich and joint guarantors of Czechoslovakia's new boundaries, have unaccountably disappeared from the scene. No longer is there even any pretense of covering up the triumph of reaction and chaos.

*

URGENT ACTION IS NECESSARY IF THE tragedy of Sudeten refugees is not to become still more ghastly. For tens of thousands of anti-Nazis and Jews from the "conquered" regions Czechoslovakia is now a trap whose jaws may spring closed at any moment. The Prague government may seem harsh, but it is in a desperate situation. On the one hand, the presence of a mass of penniless refugees adds to its staggering economic difficulties; on the other, it cannot resist Nazi demands, prompted by a thirst for victims, for the return of anti-Nazi Sudetens. The democracies cannot salve their consciences by blaming Prague. They have bought peace at the expense of these refugees, and the least they can

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do is to help them to escape, even if it means revising their own immigration laws. The United States, too, is a beneficiary of the dubious peace and ought to do more than it is now doing. Since 1929 the total immigration quota has been 153,900 annually, but for years it has been nowhere near filled. In 1937 only 50,244 alien immigrants were admitted, including those coming from American countries, to which the quota does not apply. With emigration allowed for, the net inflow of aliens was a mere 23,508. Surely a nation of 130 millions could absorb two or three times this number without economic disaster. Would it not be possible to transfer part of the quotas of countries such as Britain, which uses only a fraction of its allowance, to Germany and Czechoslovakia and thus speed up the evacuation of refugees?

*

WITHDRAWAL OF 10,000 ITALIANS FROM Spain has brought greater jeopardy to the legitimate government of that country than the presence of some 100,000 in the rebel fighting forces. For although the Italians were never effective fighters, their departure is clearly intended to be the occasion for a second Munich deal to bring Spain definitely within the orbit of the fascist powers. The exact terms of the sell-out are not yet known. But Mussolini has made no secret of the fact that he expects the powers to grant full belligerent rights to the rebels in exchange for his "sacrifice." Granting of belligerent rights to the insurgents is the one measure which the government would be unable to withstand. With the aid of Italian warships recently "sold" to the rebels, Franco would be in a position to starve the Loyalists into submission. The government is self-sufficient as far as munitions are concerned, not so with respect to food. The agricultural sections of the country are largely in rebel hands. Premier Negrin has ruled out any possibility of compromise as long as foreign troops remain on Spanish soil. But even the most indomitable courage cannot prevail against starvation. The United States and other countries which still believe in the right of a people to choose its own government must see to it that the Spanish people obtain food. Contributions may be sent direct to the warehouse of the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy, 14 Wooster Street, New York.

*

MOST IMPRESSIVE OF THE WITNESSES TO appear before the fact-finding board appointed by the President in the railway-wage dispute was Senator Wheeler. He spoke from the detailed knowledge acquired as chairman of the Senate subcommittee which has been investigating the railroads, and he itemized twenty-one sources of waste in the present management of the roads. The wage cut for which the railroads are asking would save them, roughly, two-thirds of a million dollars a day. Senator Wheeler declared that the carriers could save a million dollars a day by plugging the "leaks" he listed. Unfortunately, as Senator Wheeler himself well realizes, we are dealing here not merely with a mismanaged industry but with one that is a victim of operations beyond its own domain. The Pullman monopoly, the fixing of steel-rail prices, loans to stock-market syndicates, exorbitant financial charges, the milking of the roads by holding companies, speculation in railroad stocks—all cost the roads millions of dollars a year, but the causes of these abuses lie in the control of both the railroads and their major sources of supply by the same bankers. We hope in a later issue to make a closer examination of Senator Wheeler's careful report. In the meantime it is clear that there will be no solution of the railroads' problem until control of them has been wrested from that "small inner group" of investment bankers to which W. Jett Lauck pointed in his testimony before the board. The question is whether the railroads are to be run for the benefit of these bankers or for that of the workers, shippers, investors, and consumers.

*

THE STEEL INDUSTRY NOW HAS A MORE competitive appearance than for a long time past. Less than a month ago the general price list was reaffirmed for the fourth quarter, except for some modest concessions on railroad materials. In the past week, however, efforts to obtain the new season's automobile business have led to further price cutting of rolled sheets, and reductions on other material are in prospect. Taking into account the earlier breach in the price structure, resulting aggregate savings are conservatively estimated at an average of $10 per car. When competition first raised its head in the spring, there was much talk of price cuts necessitating wage cuts. No active move in this direction was made, owing, it is said, to the refusal of "Big Steel" to take the lead. Today, although no rumors of wage changes have been heard, Philip Murray of the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee has expressed grave alarm at "the terror-stricken condition of the steel industry brought about by cutthroat competition" which is "leading the nation away from the objectives of recovery." Nevertheless, we doubt that a new attack on steel wages is contemplated, or that cheaper steel will hinder recovery. Lower automobile and tractor prices suggest the opposite. Moreover, business is showing increased signs of faith in the upward trend, and it would be poor strategy on the part of the steel industry to make itself responsible for a setback by provoking labor trouble. It seems more likely that efforts are being made to stimulate consumption and so hasten the return of output to the "break-even" stage, now within striking distance. It is also possible that steel executives are not averse at this moment, with the monopoly inquiry starting, to staging a show of old-fashioned competition.

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A NAZI MOB LAST WEEK STORMED THE palace of Cardinal Innitzer, Archbishop of Vienna, chanting "Death to the black dog! To Dachau with Innitzer!" The building was sacked, books and religious relics were tossed on to a bonfire, the Cardinal himself was slightly injured by flying glass, and a member of his staff was hurled headlong through a window. The authorities first blamed "Communists" for the attack on the Cardinal; then, somewhat confusedly, Joseph Bürckel, Nazi Commissioner for Austria, declared that the rioting was provoked by a demonstration in favor of the Cardinal by "Czechs and Jews." After the shock of the affair wore off, Nazi officials abandoned such silly pretense and made it plain that this was only the first skirmish in a war on the Catholic church in Austria. Because of the "church attacks" against Hitler and his party," Herr Bürckel announced, Catholic proposals for the release of Kurt Schuschnigg would be ignored, preparatory schools for the priesthood would be forbidden, amnesty for "religious politicians" would be postponed, and marriages, schools, and the public streets were to be understood to "belong exclusively to the state." Exhorting Nazis to leave the church, he thundered, "We shall not tolerate that agitators attempt to pray Christian Austria away from the German Reich." On Innitzer himself we waste no sympathy. He is the prelate who advised Catholics to vote *ja* on *Anschluss* with Nazi Germany in order to check the "Communist menace" and who so outdid himself in heiling Hitler that the Pope had to call him to book. For the Catholics of Austria we have every sympathy. We hope that before it is too late they—and Catholics everywhere—will force their church to repudiate its Innitzers who, like Chamberlain, believe that there is peace and safety in conciliating a paranoiac.

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THE REAL ISSUES INVOLVED IN THE REFUSAL to admit John Strachey to this country are being obscured. Whether or not he is technically a Communist seems to us irrelevant. The fundamental question is whether the slightest legal warrant exists for excluding a Communist or anyone else purely on the basis of his opinions. The law permits refusal of visas to persons who believe in or advocate the overthrow by force or violence of the government of the United States. But what evidence is there, other than popular prejudice, that Communists fit this category? Is the State Department prepared to make a definite ruling barring Communists *qua* Communists, and if so why should it not bar fascists *qua* fascists? By a curious coincidence, another member of the versatile Strachey family, Major James Strachey Barnes, has just arrived here ostensibly to tell us about the virtues of Mr. Chamberlain. Hitherto Major Barnes has been better known as a trumpeter for Mussolini and a writer and lecturer on the virtues of fascism. He has the unusual distinction of being an honorary member of the Italian National Fascist Party; he has received a high Italian decoration, no doubt for services rendered; and he is a former secretary of the International Center for Fascist Studies. We have no wish to stand between Major Barnes and the ladies' clubs, but if the State Department is so set on keeping America unsullied, we cannot see why sauce for Cousin John is not equally good sauce for Cousin Jim.

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THE CURRENT ATTEMPT TO LOWER POSTAL rates on books deserves to succeed. Perhaps the most vivid way of presenting a situation that should be corrected is to point out that at present, while a two-pound magazine can be shipped by mail from New York to Los Angeles for 3 cents, the mailing cost of a book weighing two pounds is 26 cents. The charge varies according to the zone, but in general, books suffer by comparison with all other printed matter. Since 1913 they have been lumped with "miscellaneous merchandise." Before that they were classified with other printed matter and transmitted through the mails at a flat rate of 1 cent for every two ounces. Newspaper publishers have been more powerful than book publishers in influencing postal rates, yet the easy distribution of books is at least as desirable socially as the spread of other printed matter, most of our press and periodicals being what they are. High postage has increased the price of books, and has thus made them less available since New York is the capital of publishing, while the groups most in need of better and cheaper distribution of books live in rural sections. The President now has under consideration a proposal that book rates be lowered. A letter, or a wire, to the White House would help.

"Class Justice"

> Time and again men have gone before it [the Supreme Court] without friends or money, without influence or power, with nothing in God's world save the Constitution over their heads, and appealed for their liberty, and I challenge any living man to show a single instance in which the court denied it.—SENATOR BORAH, in a radio address attacking the President's court plan, March 20, 1936.

ON the day that the Supreme Court declined to hear the appeal of Tom Mooney it granted review in the Ford NLRB case. The question of what constitutes due process of law was basic to both decisions. But "due process" was applied so differently to these two petitioners that one is compelled to conclude that our highest tribunal does in effect administer one law for the rich, another for the poor.

This favoritism has deeper roots than the personal predilections of the present membership of the court. We find it hard to believe that Justices Brandeis and Stone and (judging from the Mooney decision he wrote in 1935) Chief Justice Hughes would not be as glad as Justices Black and Reed to give Mooney the new trial for which he has been pleading for almost twenty-two years. Nor do we believe that grant of a review in the Ford case necessarily foreshadows a victory for Ford. Nevertheless, such is the momentum of habit and institutional bent, that the court grants Ford a hearing while denying one to Mooney. The injustice is sharpened by the disparity of the grievances. Mooney is still waiting for a chance to present before a jury the evidence that led Judge Franklin A. Griffin, three months after sentencing Mooney to be hanged, to appeal for a reversal of the sentence he had himself imposed. The Supreme Court of California rejected that plea on the barbarous doctrine that "a judgment," even a judgment depriving a man of his life, "cannot be set aside because it is predicated upon perjured testimony." Is this due process of law? The United States Supreme Court, thrice appealed to, has never seen fit to answer. But in the Ford case the court is willing to discuss a conception of due process that seems as far-fetched as Mooney's seems elementary. What Ford is really trying to do is to establish a vested interest in a legal error. His appeal from the Circuit Court asks not justice—for the Labor Board wants to grant Ford a new hearing in order to correct an error involved in its previous proceeding—but preservation intact of the supposed injustice as basis for reversal and further delay.

In the protection of property rights the Supreme Court has revealed creative ingenuity as well as indifference to states' rights and administrative efficiency. But when individuals, particularly if their views were radical, have been deprived of their rights in state criminal courts, the reaction of the Supreme Court has been a sudden concern for "our federal system" and "comity between state and nation." Principles so unequally applied are properly suspect. It is true that the present court has moved, though but timidly, toward a more liberal interpretation of due process. In 1918 neither Holmes nor Brandeis could see grounds for ordering a new trial in the Mooney case. In 1935 the court was provoked to take a sounder position by California's bland contention that even conviction on testimony known to be perjured by the prosecution did not constitute a denial of due process. But the court was not provoked far enough. It handed Mooney back to the mercies of the same state courts that had so long denied him justice, and it declined to review the result, although no one can read the California Supreme Court's subsequent decision without feeling the impact of animus, prejudice, and political passion.

The United States Supreme Court has too much discretion in appeals of this kind. Almost all cases now come before it on certiorari, a writ of review which the court may grant or not as it pleases. It is true that Chief Justice Hughes, in his letter to Senator Wheeler last year opposing the President's court plan, declared that the court always granted certiorari if four justices thought it called for, and often when only three or two did. In this case Justices Black and Reed took the unusual step of publicly registering their dissent. Yet the court did not grant a hearing.

We call on Congress to take three steps in the Mooney case. One is to ask the Supreme Court why a hearing was refused. The second is to bring Mooney before a Congressional investigating committee. The third is to revise the Judiciary Act in such a way as to force a review in cases of this kind. That this will increase the work of the federal courts is an argument of convenience. It has been no obstacle to the interminable reviews given propertied interests under the due-process clause in appeals from state regulation. The shadow of the Mooney case lengthens, and not to act is to acquiesce with shameful passivity in Mooney's own verdict: "Class justice."

Arming for What?

THE President's plan to expand our already large armament program is not likely to encounter successful opposition. In the light of Munich armed preparedness looks more and more like a dismal necessity—the lesser of two gross evils. Britain and France, taking stock after their shattering defeat, are laying great stress on the deficiencies of their armed forces. Nor can this be regarded solely as a face-saving excuse. There is plenty of evidence that had war come they would have been at a serious disadvantage at least as regards air power.

Giving full weight to military factors, we must, however, emphasize the point made by Robert Dell in his article this week, namely, that the real source of British and French weakness lay in their moral unpreparedness and their lack of a firm, definite foreign policy. If the clear approach of Nazi aggression had been met by an organized front of all the nations threatened, the fact that Britain and France, by themselves, were inferior in armed strength would not have been so important.

No security is to be won simply by multiplying armaments. An intelligent arms policy must be related to an intelligent foreign policy. In considering the President's program we must ask against what dangers we are arming and what measures, other than military, we can take to prevent those dangers from developing. If, for instance, we regard the growing strength of Germany and Italy as a possible menace, it is important to inquire whether there is sense in a Spanish policy which plays directly into their hands.

The President in making his statement to the press on the arms situation studiously avoided any reference to the political aspects of the question. Bernard Baruch, who has been among his chief advisers on the subject, was less reticent. Engaging in a little kite-flying—which drew a significantly heavy fire from the Nazi sharp-shooters—he laid stress on the danger of fascist penetration of Latin America. That is undoubtedly a factor which our foreign and military policies ought to take into account. We cannot neglect the possibility that the techniques developed in Spain may some day be practiced on our southern neighbors, in which event an augmented Atlantic fleet might prove necessary. But at present the fascist danger in this hemisphere arises from the use, not of military weapons, but of the tools of intrigue. Against these our best defense is to broaden the good-neighbor policy and eschew those "heavy uncle" methods which have encouraged Nazi trade relations with Mexico.

The thwarting of European or Asiatic interference in Latin America and the defense of our own shores from invasion must naturally form our primary objectives. But in pursuit of these ends we must also ask ourselves whether we can be completely indifferent to the fate of Europe. Should we feel more or less secure were the British Empire to collapse and be succeeded by a German empire of even more imposing proportions? Should we find, perhaps, that by keeping ourselves to ourselves, by refusing to cooperate with those whose cause is fundamentally the same as ours, in the end we were left to fight alone? That is the question Winston Churchill put to this country in his radio speech last Sunday. We cannot answer it adequately by referring to tradition. We have now to consider our future, not as a continent aloof physically and mentally from a Europe kept in uneasy balance by a number of more or less equal imperialisms, but as a possible democratic island in a worldwide ocean of fascism.

Wildcat Pensions

THE Townsend Plan is not so much dead as dissipated. The original movement has broken up into a multitude of state and local plans, each promising a golden millennium to the millions of Americans who are facing an old age of poverty and dependence.

Of all the current schemes California's "Ham and Eggs at Fifty" plan, described elsewhere in this issue, has aroused the greatest excitement. The scheme departs from orthodox Townsendism at four important points: (1) its provision for $30 a week is somewhat more modest than Townsend's demand for $200 a month; (2) it would start payments at fifty instead of sixty, thus greatly increasing the number of possible recipients; (3) it is statewide rather than national; and (4) instead of being financed by a "transactions tax" it utilizes the familiar Gesell stamped-money panacea which was widely discussed a few years back.

California has more old persons in proportion to its population than any other state in the union outside New England. Although its present average monthly pension of $32.34 for dependents over sixty-five is higher than that granted by any other state, it is not enough to give a decent standard of living to the state's aged. To make matters worse, less than a third of those over sixty-five and only about one-fifth of those over sixty receive a pension.

In view of this situation West Coast liberals are deeply troubled. They hesitate to line up with the reactionary forces which have been mobilized to defeat the "Ham and Eggs" bill. Yet they cannot fail to recognize that the proposal, in its present form, is fantastic and that if enacted it would lead to disaster. Several calculations have been made of its probable cost. Perhaps the most reliable is that of the Social Security Board, which estimates that the plan would call for the issuance of $1,560,000,000 in warrants each year, an amount four times as large as the present combined revenues of the state and all its local units. This would be equal to about one-third of the total income of all the people in the state, and would mean that every employed person in California would have to pay about $625 a year to support the idle over fifty. Proponents of the plan argue that the added buying power would increase production and thus make it possible to support the plan without extra burden on anyone. But the reverse is obviously true. It would be impossible to withdraw all or most of the persons over fifty from paid labor without a serious decline in production. Most fantastic of all is the proposal to finance the plan by self-liquidating warrants. In small doses the stamped-money plan has worked in isolated localities. But the one attempt which has been made to put it into force over a wide area—that of Premier Aberhart in Alberta—failed utterly. Backed by an intensive propaganda campaign, the warrants might circulate for a few weeks at par. But shrewd merchants would soon tire of paying a two-cent tax every Saturday and demand payment in legal currency. The result would be that the warrants would soon suffer a substantial discount and end by being virtually valueless.

Progressives might support such a plan if they believed that in so doing they were furthering the causes of adequate old-age pensions. But nothing is so likely to discredit the entire old-age pension movement as financial collapse in the states where liberal pensions are adopted. The only constructive approach to the problem is through federal legislation. Reasonably adequate provision for all America's aged could be achieved if the energies which are now being dissipated in wildcat schemes could in some way be harnessed to responsible efforts to liberalize the present Social Security Act.

Inside Out

BY JOHN GUNTHER

EVEN to the dumb, the halt, and the blind the immutability of the law of cause and effect is sometimes made manifest. I refer of course to the Japanese invasion of South China as a direct consequence of the Munich "peace-in-our-time" agreement. It is now clear that in effect Chamberlain and Daladier sold out not only the Czechoslovakians but the Chinese.

For at least a year the Japanese, to my certain knowledge, were tempted to an invasion of the Hongkong region; they refrained out of fear of British annoyance and retaliation. Separation of Hongkong from its hinterland suffocates British trade in this highly profitable quarter. It also greatly diminishes the strategic value of Hongkong as an imperial base. So for a long time the Japanese did not dare send an expeditionary force to South China. Came Munich: the Japanese knew they had no more to fear. Give an aggressor an inch these days and he takes twenty miles. Thus the Japanese are now fighting in the Hongkong area.

The invasion is a desperately serious matter for China. In a recent *Nation* article I sought to explain the extreme and crucial importance of routes of supply to the Chinese Army. The Hongkong-Canton-Hankow route was by far the most important of these routes. It is now apparently cut. The Chinese may be heroes, but it isn't pleasant to fight the armored Japanese with bare fists.

THE ARAB extremists in Palestine, as unmitigatedly worthless a gang of ruffians as I have ever come across, are fighting their holy war with renewed savagery and some considerable success. Here the line of cause and effect to Munich cannot be quite so sharply drawn, but everyone knows that Hitler invited a hundred spoon-fed Arabs to Nürnberg and that he several times compared them to the "heroic" Sudeten riffraff. The Arabs continually call Hitler their hero. But in general the ebb and flow of Arab terrorism has been closely associated not with Germany but with Anglo-Italian relations. When Mussolini is feeling sweet and being nice to Britain—naming his price the while—the Arabs are usually quiet in their holes. When Mussolini waves the big stick in Britain's face, the Arabs rise. No one has ever found a check signed by Il Duce in the Grand Mufti's pants, but everywhere in Palestine I found agreement that Italian influence and probably Italian money had their methods of getting around the unhappy little lump of country. This incidentally produces a peculiarly painful paradox for Dr. Weizmann and the Zionist leaders. They know that the best hope of peace in Palestine is a settlement in Europe; only then can Britain pay full attention to Near Eastern affairs. But for Dr. Weizmann to approve a settlement like that of Munich means applauding his worst enemies, Hitler and the newly anti-Semitic Duce. Jews in Palestine, in other words, unfortunately stand to gain security only by the success in Europe of those who persecute the Jews.

SPEAKING OF the Jews, it is interesting to recall that the Japanese recently took up anti-Semitism. There were scurrilous anti-Semitic exhibitions in Tokyo pointing to the Blum government in France and to Jews in the British Cabinet. Speeches against Jews were made in the Diet. This was obviously because Japan, an earnest pupil in the totalitarian school, understood the need of an enemy to whack at. The Chinese could not be the enemy because the official yarn is that Japan is "liberating" its "friends," the Chinese people. The anti-Jewish campaign was a failure, however, for the simple reason that no Jews could be found in Japan. Next the Japanese set about harassing the Free Masons, à la Mussolini. But there were hardly any Free Masons in Japan either, and the campaign fizzled out. Of course, if they gave speech to their inmost thoughts, the Japanese could name what they consider the real enemy easily enough, that is, the white race. This, if developed, produces a nice equation: We whites, whom Hitler calls Aryans, become the equivalent of Japanese Jews.

CHINA ASIDE, it seems to me that the most interesting subsidiary phenomena to the Munich pact are three. First, I am amazed that so little attention has been paid to Hitler's remarks at Saarbrücken that inclusion in the British Cabinet of Eden, Churchill, or Duff Cooper would be considered an unfriendly gesture. This in effect means that Hitler is suggesting that he has veto power over the composition of the British Cabinet.

Second, the German Minister of Economics, Dr. Funk, has lent 150,000,000 marks to Turkey. This comes atop a very considerable British loan to Turkey earlier in the year. The Germans are trying to outbid the British on the road to Bagdad. We shall see much more of this sort of thing. Not only Dr. Funk is on the march. General funk is marching, too.

The third is the *ballon d'essai* by Augur—a Russian whose real name is Vladimir Poliakov—probably deriving from Ribbentrop and suggesting an Anglo-German air pact limiting the British air fleet to 33 per cent of the German. Hitler has wanted an air pact in the West for a long time. The power that is strongest always takes the initiative in trying to make other powers accept permanent weakness. The theory that Munich would bring conciliation to Europe is exploded from the long-range point of view by the acceleration of arms programs everywhere. We have "peace in our time" to the rollicking tune of an armament race even more violent than heretofore.

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"Peace"—Abroad and at Home

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, October 18

AS THE full import of Neville Chamberlain's treachery strikes home, Washington is breaking out with a nasty case of jitters. The first tendency was to discount the importance of the Munich betrayal to this country; the present tendency is to exaggerate it. Persons who felt at the time that, while it was too bad, still it was none of our affair, are now succumbing to nightmares in which Nazi hordes swarm northward from the South American jungles while Italian bombers drone over Manhattan and the Japanese fleet descends upon the Panama Canal. Before examining this state of alarm, let us look into the circumstances which have produced it.

Foremost among them is the mounting conviction that the British ruling class has definitely decided to salvage its own social and economic stake by entering a partnership with Hitler for the control of Europe, with Mussolini occupying the position of junior partner. Every indication supports the belief here that France will be sold out as ruthlessly as was Czechoslovakia, if not so completely. What will happen to Spain heaven only knows, except that it may be expected to go down fighting. On the French bourgeoisie who have gone about muttering, "Better Hitler than Blum," sympathy would be wasted, although one may grieve for the betrayed workers. In any case, that is the picture which has unnerved official and unofficial Washington.

Granting that it is not pretty, the question remains whether it justifies the United States in plunging headlong into an enormous armament program such as has been indicated since Bernie Baruch stumbled into the White House last week with every hair standing on end. Suppose Hitler does complete his conquest of the Danube basin, and Mussolini gets Tunisia and Spanish Morocco. Suppose the Japanese do take Hankow and consolidate their position in central China. Does that mean that "it will be our turn next"? Not necessarily, or even probably. The pillars of the Colosseum will be dust before an Italian soldier crosses the Atlantic. In a word, we are in little if any more danger than we were before the ascendancy of the dictators in Europe.

Since I am neither Miss Dorothy Thompson nor the Lord God Almighty, I do not pretend to know all the answers to all the questions, but I have consulted experts and they tell me that an invasion of this country by a hostile force is almost inconceivable under any circumstances that now can be imagined. The only force which could attack us with any hope of success is the British navy. While the Tories will play ball with Hitler in Europe, the only expeditionary force which they plan to send over here will consist of George and Elizabeth. There isn't a bombing plane in Europe capable of carrying enough gasoline to fly the Atlantic round trip, to say nothing of explosives. Even if our present Atlantic fleet were sunk with all hands, there are not enough carriers in existence to bring to our shores a fleet of planes sufficient to engage our air-defense forces. As for establishing a hostile air base in Latin America, those things are not done under cover of darkness, and we have a number of excellent bombers of our own.

Baruch's analysis of the military situation interests me considerably less than his suggestion that a sales tax might be imposed to meet the cost of additional armament. His knowledge of military strategy may be slightly less than Napoleonic, but he is thoroughly familiar with the tax question from the point of view of great wealth, and this is not the first time he has put his influence behind that darling of the rich—the sales tax. Together with John J. Raskob and other financial angels of the Democratic Party, he almost got one through Congress several years ago, and probably would have succeeded but for the terrific resistance mustered by Representative Fiorello LaGuardia. I seem to detect an odor, and it is not the odor of gunpowder. The situation is calculated to tempt Roosevelt, because he has always been a big-navy man, and because a lot of political capital can be made out of a war scare. I doubt that he will fall for it completely, but for once it is a comfort to know that Congress will soon be in session.

And while we are being realistic about war on the foreign side, we may as well be realistic about peace on the domestic front. The impression seems to be widespread that a truce between the C. I. O. and the A. F. of L. is imminent. I do not share it. On the contrary, I am persuaded that the end of labor's civil war was never more remote. Just consider the facts. At its preceding convention the A. F. of L. set up a three-man committee to "negotiate" with the C. I. O. When the parleys were actually held, it soon developed that while the committee might "negotiate" till the cows came home, it lacked authority to settle anything. Between the Willard Hotel, where the negotiations took place, and the Hamilton Hotel, where the A. F. of L. Executive Council sat in a smoke-filled room, George Harrison trotted back and forth until his tongue was hanging out, but nothing came of it. His principals were determined that nothing should come of it. Very well. The recent convention did not prolong the committee's life, nor did it authorize the Executive Council to conclude a peace which would override any of the jurisdictional claims over which the international unions are in conflict with the C. I. O. Only a convention can authorize such a settlement, and the next convention is a year off.

The truth is that the position of the A. F. of L. leaders has not changed in the slightest degree. That self-perpetuating hierarchy of labor lords never intended to take any action which would disturb its own sinecure. It will never take such action unless forced by pressure from below. It is true there is considerable dissatisfaction among the rank and file, but most of it exists among the recent recruits. The aristocrats of the building trades are content to sit tight while *hoi polloi* of the mass production shifts for itself—or permits John Lewis to shift for it. Dan Tobin and his teamsters are merely the exception.

Meanwhile, out where the job begins, C. I. O. men and A. F. of L. men have been able at many points to establish a form of peace which is entirely practical without being formal. On the West Coast Dave Beck and Harry Bridges are working in perfect harmony to defeat ballot proposals which would restrict picketing and make some strikes illegal. When Bill Green sent a letter to Pennsylvania indorsing the candidacy of the ineffable "Puddler Jim" Davis for reelection to the Senate, the State Federation promptly told him to go to hell, and joined the C. I. O. in support of George Earle. When peace comes it probably will be through such amalgamation at the bottom.

Fraud Rules in Europe

BY ROBERT DELL

Geneva, October 6

SOME of my friends thought that my article published in *The Nation* of August 20 was too pessimistic and that I was too hard on the British Prime Minister. Now that the predictions of that article have been fulfilled to the letter, they are inclined to attribute to me some special gift of prophecy. Yet I was not alone in my view of the significance and probable consequences of the Runciman mission, which was the only hypothesis that fitted all the known facts. Besides, if one puts the worst possible construction on any act of the British government, one is sure to be right in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. It is as simple as that.

The betrayal of Czechoslovakia by the British and French governments is now consummated. And the representatives in Parliament of the English and French peoples have approved the crime, thus becoming accessories after the fact. In the French Chamber 535 deputies approved the action of the government, and only the 73 Communists, 1 Socialist, and 1 deputy of the right voted against. The names of these two just men deserve to be recorded. They were Pierre Bloch and Henri de Kerillis.

This terrible moral collapse of France is the greatest disillusionment of my life. For nearly sixty years France has been my second country and my spiritual home. The French people have their faults like all other peoples, but they have always been courageous and have had a high sense of honor. I cannot believe that they have suddenly changed in the course of a couple of weeks. When they realize how they have been tricked and betrayed by cowardly or corrupt politicians and by a venal press, they will, I am confident, turn on the men who have betrayed and dishonored them, but, alas, it will almost certainly be too late.

Let us not deceive ourselves. The probability—the heart-rending probability—is that this is the end of France as a power in the world. The guilt of France is greater than that of England, for France was the ally of Czechoslovakia and England was not. Moreover, several times during the last six years Germany has made overtures to Czechoslovakia. On one occasion the German government proposed a pact of non-aggression on condition that Czechoslovakia denounce the treaty with France and the pact with Soviet Russia. Each time the Czechoslovakian government consulted the French government and was told to reject the German proposals and assured that France was firmly and irrevocably behind Czechoslovakia. Thus, out of loyalty to the French Alliance, the Czechoslovaks lost the opportunity of coming to an arrangement with Germany on conditions less unfavorable than those imposed on them by the British and French governments. Up to September 18 the French government continued to assure the Czechoslovak government of its support, but on that day Edouard Daladier and Georges Bonnet agreed to impose on Czechoslovakia the proposals of Hitler and Lord Runciman. At 2 a. m. on September 21, after the Czechoslovak government had refused to accept the German-British-French plan, President Benes was presented with an ultimatum by the British and French Ministers to Prague. He was told that if he rejected the proposals, France would not fulfil its obligations under the treaty of alliance and Czechoslovakia would therefore be left to fight Germany alone.

And this crime was committed by politicians of the left. Anatole France said that the reactionaries never needed to be in office in France because they could always find men of the left to carry out their policy. The events of the last three years have indeed justified him. No government of the right could have done what the Daladier Cabinet has done. It would have met with the opposition of all the parties of the left, including the Radical Party of which Daladier and Bonnet are distinguished ornaments. This conduct on the part of Daladier and Bonnet is not surprising. Daladier has been true to his past, for it was his policy in 1933 and, in particular, his secret negotiations with Hitler, in which Fernand de Brinon acted as intermediary, that drove Poland into the arms of Germany.

Not only the French Radicals, however, are responsible for the crime. Their responsibility is shared to the full by the French Socialist Party and its leader, Léon Blum. The moral collapse of Léon Blum is as great a disillusionment as the moral collapse of the French people. After having betrayed the Spanish Republic he has now helped to betray and destroy the only democratic state left in Central Europe. For Czechoslovakia has been destroyed. The new Czechoslovakia, deprived of its fortifications, with an undefendable frontier, with its whole economic system shattered, cannot lead an independent life, either politically or economically. It must become a vassal state of Germany and at any time Hitler can annex it, if he thinks it worth while, but perhaps he will not. As for the British and French guaranty of Czechoslovak independence, it is an insult added to injury. What honest man will dare to say that England or France will ever go to war to defend the territorial integrity of the remnant of Czechoslovakia? We all know that they will not, and so do the Czechoslovaks. The guaranty is a piece of arrant hypocrisy. Léon Blum has a special responsibility for the destruction of Czechoslovakia. He prepared the way for it when in 1936, under British pressure and to avoid annoying Mussolini, he refused the offer of a pact of mutual assistance made both to France and to Germany by the countries of the Little Entente.

The most sinister part in this shameful affair has been played by Georges Bonnet. For some time past, while he has been assuring the Czechoslovak government of French support, he has not concealed in private conversations his opinion that France should throw over Czechoslovakia to get an understanding with Germany. He even went so far as to tell the German Ambassador to Paris that he was in favor of a plebiscite in the Sudeten German districts. He has inspired the defeatist and anti-Czechoslovak articles in the French press, on which Goebbels descended like Jupiter in a shower of gold. Bonnet has been working with Flandin, who is the representative in France of the British pro-German group and who sent a telegram of congratulation to Hitler after the capitulation at Munich. Bonnet's utter cynicism is shown by some remarks that he made in private conversation with a certain delegation to the League Assembly during his flying visit to Geneva on September 11. He said that, if there was war, Italy would be on the side of Germany, Poland would at the best maintain a malevolent neutrality, and it would be necessary to send troops into Spain to destroy Franco and turn out the Germans and Italians. Thus France would have to fight on three fronts, which would be like "jumping off the Eiffel Tower." On the other hand, if Hitler were allowed to have his way in Czechoslovakia, he would soon become the master of Central Europe and ultimately France would sink to the level of a third-class power. Such, on Bonnet's own showing, will be the result of his policy. Bonnet's attitude convinced diplomatic circles in Paris and also, no doubt, Hitler that France would not fulfil its obligations to Czechoslovakia.

Although this time it was the French government that took the initiative in the final capitulation to Hitler—it was Daladier who proposed the visit to Berchtesgaden—there is no doubt that French diplomacy was outwitted by British diplomacy, as it has been consistently for the last three years. One of the few Frenchmen I have ever known who realized that the British ruling class is the most intelligent, unscrupulous, and perfidious ruling class in the world was Anatole France, whose perspicacity was almost superhuman and who was completely free from illusions. Even some of my most intelligent French friends refused to believe me when I told them that "close cooperation with England," practiced in the way in which it had been practiced since the beginning of 1936, would end in the ruin of France. I do not hesitate to say that Laval's policy of an understanding with Germany and Italy to exclude British influence from the Continent would have been less disastrous to France than the policy of the Front Populaire. It would have been better to treat with Germany on equal terms in 1935 than to capitulate ignominiously in 1938. This does not mean that, in my opinion, Laval's policy was the right one. France had not the choice between two evils. Had the policy of Louis Barthou been continued, France would now be stronger than ever.

In fact, the betrayal of Czechoslovakia is the result of a put-up job, just as the betrayal of Abyssinia was in 1935. Chamberlain's decision to dismember Czechoslovakia was not made at Berchtesgaden on September 16 but in the middle of June, when he first proposed to send a British mediator to Prague. And, as I said in *The Nation* of August 20, Runciman was sent to Prague to induce Czechoslovakia to commit national suicide, so that Hitler might get what he wanted without resorting to force. The Runciman mission was imposed on the French government, and when that government weakly consented to it, the initiative passed out of its hands. The following passage in Chamberlain's speech in the House of Commons on October 3 is significant:

> Ever since I assumed my present office my main purpose has been to work for the pacification of Europe, for the removal of those suspicions and those animosities which have so long poisoned the air. The path which leads to appeasement is long and bristles with obstacles. This question of Czechoslovakia is the latest and perhaps the most dangerous. Now that we have got past it I feel that it may be possible to make further progress along the road to sanity.

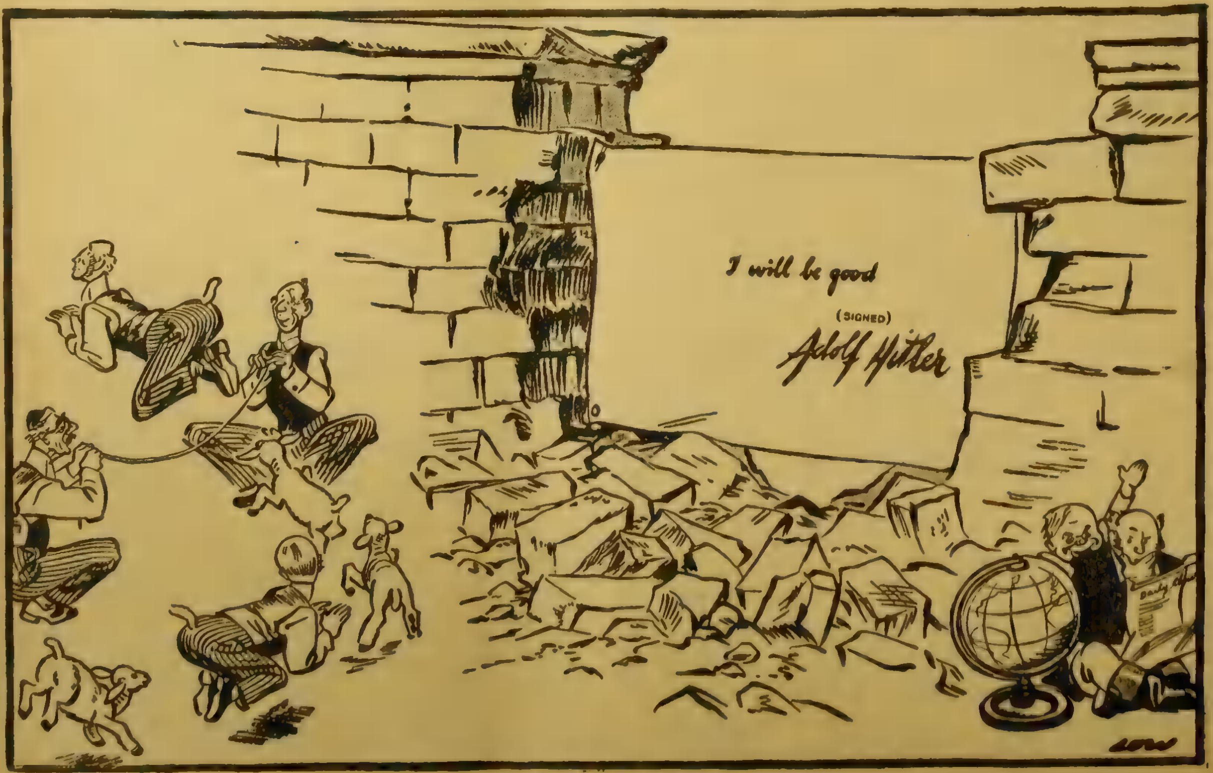
That is to say, Czechoslovakia was the last and "most dangerous" obstacle to Chamberlain's policy of an Anglo-German-Italian understanding and therefore had to be destroyed. The great difficulty in the way of its destruction was the French-Czechoslovak alliance, which, therefore, had to be got rid of. It was got rid of.

Runciman's report, dated September 21 but actually given to the British Cabinet immediately after Chamberlain's return from Berchtesgaden, shows that Runciman had decided to recommend the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia before Hitler formally demanded it. In some ways Runciman went even farther than Hitler. For example, he suggested that after the transfer of Czechoslovak territory to Germany "a representative of the Sudeten German people should have a permanent seat in the Czechoslovak Cabinet." He further recommended:

> . . . that those parties and persons in Czechoslovakia who have been deliberately encouraging a policy antagonistic to Czechoslovakia's neighbors [that is, the anti-Nazi parties] should be forbidden by the Czechoslovak government to continue their agitations and that, if necessary, legal measures should be taken to bring such agitations to an end.

Runciman admits in the report that he had "much sympathy with the Sudeten case," and that he believed that any arrangement other than the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia would not have been lasting. Runciman's views were, of course, known to the Sudeten German leaders and through them to Hitler, and it cannot be doubted that his presence in Czechoslovakia was an obstacle to any agreement between the Sudetens and the Czechoslovak government. Runciman's attitude also, no doubt, convinced Hitler that the British government would never take any action to prevent him from having his way in Czechoslovakia.

On the other hand, certain members of the Runciman mission undoubtedly did their best to obtain a settlement. When Henlein went to Berchtesgaden on September 2, the Sudeten Germans were disposed to accept the third plan of the Czechoslovak government as a basis of negotiation. On September 3 Basil Newton, British Minister to Prague, informed President Benes that he must accept Henlein's eight points. This became known almost immediately to Hitler, who thereupon ordered Henlein to reject the third plan. Chamberlain said in his speech in the House of Commons on September 28 that "Lord Runciman strongly supported Mr. Newton's representa-



Britain's New Defense

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tions to Dr. Benes." Benes gave way and proposed the "fourth plan," which was communicated to the Sudeten German representatives on September 6. Chamberlain said in his speech on September 28 that "in Lord Runciman's opinion this plan embodied almost all the requirements of the eight Carlsbad points." On September 12 Hitler made his violent speech at Nürnberg, and on September 14 Henlein issued a proclamation stating that the Carlsbad points were no longer enough and demanding the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia. He then fled to Germany, where he proceeded to form a Sudeten legion to attack Czechoslovakia. After the flight of Henlein and the other Sudeten extremists the more moderate Sudeten leaders, who remained in Czechoslovakia, showed a disposition to come to terms with the Czechoslovak government, and it is possible that an arrangement could have been arrived at had they been left to themselves.

Violent as it was, Hitler's Nürnberg speech showed that he did not want a general war. Diplomatic opinion in Europe was almost unanimous in thinking that if England, France, and Russia had together informed Hitler that a German attack on Czechoslovakia would mean war with all of them, he would never have dared to make such an attack. The British government persisted in refusing to make such a declaration because Chamberlain wished Czechoslovakia to be dismembered in the interest of his pro-Fascist policy. Above all, he wished to avoid cooperation with Soviet Russia. There was always a certain risk that Hitler might be mad enough to go to war with England, France, and Russia, especially when he had committed himself so far as he had in his Nürnberg speech. A successful war against Germany would have involved the support of Soviet Russia and of organized labor in England and France. The British and French ruling clases recognized what a danger that would be to them, and they dared not risk it. The chance that Hitler would really have forced a war, however, was very small. Certainly he could not have counted on the support of Italy, where the feeling was such that if he had gone to war in support of Germany the Fascist regime would have been overthrown. There is good reason to believe that the King of Italy refused to sign a mobilization order and said that he would abdicate rather than agree to war.

All the British assurances were worded in such a way as to leave a loophole for the British government to get out of intervening in defense of Czechoslovakia. The official statement made to the international press on September 11 said that Great Britain could not remain outside a general war "in which the integrity of France might be menaced." The question in what circumstances the integrity of France would be menaced was thus left to the appreciation of the British government. The statement issued by the British Foreign Office on September 26 said: "If in spite of all efforts made by the British Prime Minister a German attack is made upon Czechoslovakia the immediate result must be that France will be bound to come to her assistance, and Great Britain and Russia will certainly stand by France."

As in all previous British declarations on the subject the whole responsibility of resorting to war was thrown on the French government. Those who knew Daladier and Bonnet knew that they would never have the courage to take it. As Daladier said in his speech in the Chamber, it was he who suggested to Chamberlain by telephone on the night of September 13-14 that there should be "direct meetings between the responsible men." Apparently Daladier wished to go to Berchtesgaden himself with or without Chamberlain, but the latter insisted upon going alone and Daladier yielded as usual.

Why did the French government suddenly climb down in this way at the very moment when public opinion in England was stiffening? It was not for military reasons, for General Gamelin had reported that the French army was ready for war and that the chances were strongly in favor of a German defeat. In my opinion the reason was that Daladier and Bonnet had never intended to go to war in any circumstances. On September 17 Chamberlain returned to London from Berchtesgaden, and on the next day Daladier and Bonnet went to London and were informed of the Hitler-Runciman plan. When they returned to Paris, Daladier declared that they had yielded to British pressure, but this was not true. The truth was that both Halifax and Vansittart, especially the latter, raised great objections to the Hitler-Runciman plan, and if Daladier and Bonnet had supported them, Chamberlain would have been obliged to yield. Daladier and Bonnet supported Chamberlain against them.

In the course of the meeting in London on September 18 Bonnet gave a completely false account of the conversation that he had had with Litvinov at Geneva on September 11. He declared that Litvinov had told him that Russia could not intervene to defend Czechoslovakia in the event of war. In fact, Litvinov had told him exactly the contrary. Bonnet had already told the same lie to his colleagues in the French Cabinet. Further, Bonnet took with him to London General Gamelin's report, of which he read only the first few pages in which General Gamelin set forth the weaknesses of the French army. In the rest of the report Gamelin set forth the strong points of the French army and concluded in the sense already mentioned. When Bonnet returned to Paris, he circulated in certain French papers a report that the Russian government had been asked to start military conversations with the French and had refused. Again the truth was exactly the opposite. Before Litvinov left Moscow for Geneva he had proposed military conversations, and he repeated that proposal to Bonnet on September 11. He publicly declared in two speeches made in Geneva, one in the League Assembly and the other in the Sixth Committee of the Assembly, that Russia would fulfil all its obligations under its pact with Czechoslovakia. While Chamberlain was at Godesberg on September 22, Lord de la Warr had a conversation with Litvinov at Geneva on instructions from the Foreign Office, and Litvinov again asked for military conversations. As soon as Chamberlain returned to London from Godesberg, all contact with the Russians ceased. The French government refused to hold military conversations up to the last moment, even when it was ostensibly making preparations for war. This, to my mind, is a convincing proof that the French government did not intend to go to war in any circumstances.

Chamberlain's own account of what happened at Godesberg shows that he himself wished to accept the Godesberg ultimatum. When he was leaving Godesberg he said to the press, "It is now up to the Czechs." The indignation aroused by the ultimatum both in England and in France was, however, so great that it was impossible to accept it. Thereupon, Chamberlain and Daladier decided to frighten the British and French peoples into allowing capitulation to Hitler. The military preparations in both countries were nothing but an extremely expensive stage-set for the purpose of spreading panic and of enabling Chamberlain and Daladier to pose as the men who had saved Europe from war.

According to Daladier's statement in the French Chamber on October 4, it was again the French who were on the run first. On September 26 Chamberlain sent Sir Horace Wilson to Berlin with a letter to Hitler, whose reply, which Wilson brought back the next day, was uncompromising. During the night of September 27-28 Daladier and Bonnet telephoned to François-Poncet, the French Ambassador to Berlin, instructing him to see Hitler at once and to tell him that the French government would agree to an "extension" of the Anglo-French plan of September 19, which would allow Germany to occupy on October 1 the whole of the territory to be ceded by Czechoslovakia. Thus, on that date the French government capitulated completely to Hitler. At the same time Daladier and Bonnet telephoned to the French Ambassador in London instructing him to ask Lord Halifax to have the British Ambassador to Rome ask Mussolini to support the idea of a four-power conference.

On September 28 Chamberlain sent a personal message to Hitler informing him that he could "get all essentials without war and without delay" and proposing to go to Berlin to discuss arrangements for transfers with Hitler and representatives of the Czech government together with representatives of France and Italy, if Hitler so desired. "I feel convinced," Chamberlain said, "that we can reach an agreement in a week." In fact, they reached one in twenty-four hours, because the agreement was simply a capitulation to Hitler. At the same time Chamberlain also appealed to Mussolini, at whose request Hitler was alleged to have postponed the German mobilization for twenty-four hours. What this meant it is difficult to say, for Germany was already mobilized. Hitler refused to allow Czechoslovakia to be represented at the conference and Chamberlain gave way.

France is now in a terrible position. It has lost the last of its allies and has not a friend left in the world. The destruction of the Czechoslovak fortifications means that from thirty-five to forty German divisions will be set free in the event of war to attack France. It was for that reason that successive French governments prevented Czechoslovakia from coming to any agreement with Hitler. It is to be feared that the French will soon be obliged to realize that in joining in the murder of Czechoslovakia they themselves committed national suicide. In *The Nation* of July 24, 1937, I said that the aim of British policy was to compel France to abandon all its commitments east of the Rhine and to intern it in Western Europe. Perhaps I may be allowed to quote the following passage from that article:

> The calculation is that by the time Hitler has made himself master of the Continent east of the Rhine, England will be so strongly armed that it will be hopeless for Germany to attack it, and England will be in a position to make an alliance with Germany on its own terms. This is the real reason for England's rearmament. France would then be forced to come into the Anglo-German combination and would sink to the position of a second-class power under Anglo-German control. In my opinion this policy, which is not unlike a division of the world into British and German spheres of influence, is a serious menace to the United States of America.

Thanks to the folly and the weakness of the rulers of France, British policy has completely succeeded. At Munich Neville Chamberlain initiated the last stage. The joint declaration that he signed with Hitler without consulting the French government or even the British Cabinet was as great an act of disloyalty to France as the Anglo-German naval agreement, which it declared to be "symbolic of the desire of our two peoples never to go to war with one another again." Yet England is bound to go to the aid of France if that country is attacked by Germany. Are we to conclude that this treaty is to go the way of the treaty of alliance between France and Czechoslovakia?

Without any doubt Anglo-French friendship will be weakened by the Munich capitulation. People always despise those whom they have successfully swindled, and the contempt for Daladier and Bonnet in British official quarters is hardly disguised. Already people are saying in England: "We are not dishonored, because we had no treaty with Czechoslovakia, but France is dishonored." The whole blame for the capitulation will once more be thrown on France, this time, unfortunately, with rather more reason than on previous occasions.

Living Philosophies

IV. WHAT I BELIEVE

BY JOHN STRACHEY

MY PHILOSOPHY of life is simple. I know what I want for myself. I want the opportunity to live a reasonably secure and full life, with the opportunity to contribute from whatever capacities I have to the common store and to receive, in return, the benefits of the capacities of others. In a word, I want Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness; I am not aware that the thing has been better put since the time of your founding fathers.

I presume that other people want this too. I presume this because I do not believe that in these fundamental respects human beings differ very significantly, and secondly because I observe that, however confusedly, men's efforts are directed toward this end. I also note that up till now in human history by far the greater part of mankind has never succeeded in getting anywhere near the attainment of this end. I do not, of course, know what the world would be like if mankind as a whole succeeded in obtaining secure and reasonable conditions of life. Maybe nothing much would come of it. Maybe, as the poet of late nineteenth-century disillusionment has it:

"The troubles of our proud and angry dust
Are to eternity, and shall not fail."

Nobody can prove the contrary; and nobody but an ass believes that the attainment of satisfactory conditions of life would do more than make it possible for men to approach the most intricate and interesting problems of living. But for that very reason it may be, and I for one believe that it would be, that the attainment of such conditions of life would open up a new epoch of human history which would make our present concerns seem very small beer indeed.

What, pray, is there to do with one's life in this twentieth century of ours except to take part in the struggle to build a world of security and peace? The only practical alternative, for men and women of any vigor, is to try to get money and power for themselves. There is, to be sure, this old ideal of personal advancement, not indeed, from log cabin to White House—that is old stuff—but from slum tenement to bank parlor. There was a time, no doubt, when a reasonable man could feel not dissatisfied with such a career, for his own personal success in the struggle was, up to say 1914, genuinely bound up, to some extent at any rate, with the development of the community. A man could hardly make a great fortune or build up a financial empire without, if only incidentally, building great railroads or public utilities or what you will for his country. But today who can doubt that the road to great personal wealth and power lies, in the representative examples, not so much through building anything as through preventing things from being built; not so much through the provision of more and better supplies of food or clothing or what you will to the community as through the cornering or restricting of such supplies as there are; not through the development of the community but through a hold-up of the community.

Once that has become apparent, it seems to me that there must be something a bit queer about a man who can feel real satisfaction in devoting his life to the struggle for money and power. He must be either so frightened of poverty that he can think about little else or he must have a slightly pathological love of accumulation. Or again he must be so frightened of being powerless that he cannot feel safe unless he feels omnipotent—or something of that sort. There are no doubt lots of people with one or other of these kinks; present-day conditions of life tend to breed them. But for more normal people the old success-story ideal must surely be profoundly stale. And what else is there, I repeat? Do you wish to turn your back on the whole world in despair? It is two or three centuries too late for that. The command, "Get thee to a nunnery!" makes no real sense today.

By far the greatest and by far the worst thing that has happened in the world for the past two decades is the appearance of the armed and organized Nazi heresy. I call it heresy advisably, for the innermost core of Nazi doctrine is precisely a denial that men can identify their interests with those of humanity as a whole. The core of Nazi doctrine is the denial of humanity. And whether we like it or not, it is a historical fact that the concept of humanity appeared in a religious form; it appeared, above all, in the specific form of the Christian doctrine of the infinite worth of every human soul.

Moreover, and this is very much to the point in connection with the Nazi heresy, the Christian doctrine of the infinite worth of every single human being was the disguised expression of man's revolt against slavery, the basic institution on which the whole ancient world was founded. This doctrine was the dissolving agent—"the un-saying word"—which undermined the institution of slavery, and undermined with it the whole gigantic structure of the empires of antiquity.

Now it is, whether they realize it or not, the object of the Nazi leaders to drive the mass of mankind back to a new form of slavery, as a condition necessary to the continuance of the private ownership of fields, factories, and mines. It is the declared object of Nazi economic policy —and this is the first act of any fascist government—to withdraw from men their right to sell their power to labor, freely and as they will. The first and decisive step in this withdrawal is to make it a criminal offense for workers to strike. This is clearly the first step in the introduction of compulsory labor; in a word, it is the first, long step in the reintroduction of slavery. Is it not intensely interesting, significant, and ominous that the Nazi philosophers (and do not make any mistake about it—there *are* Nazi philosophers, and important and powerful ones) have found it necessary simultaneously to attack the Christian idea of humanity and the infinite worth of every individual human being? For this was the idea which dissolved the old slavery. This, therefore, is the idea which must be overthrown if the new slavery is to be established.

It will, I am convinced, in the end become clear to every sincere Christian that, in spite of their apparently greater regard, not indeed for religion itself, but for the churches as institutions with property rights, the specifically Nazi, and generally fascist, view of life is incomparably farther from, and more irreconcilable with, the Christian view than is the Marxist or Communist view of life. For the Marxist does, explicitly, accept the ideal of a united humanity as the ultimate object with which the individual must identify himself. The Christian clothes this belief in language and concepts which are so different from those of the Marxist that he may, and indeed almost always does, fail to see that at the bottom they stand for the same thing. Above all, the Christian is shocked by what he has been told of the Marxist doctrine of the class war. Now it is perfectly true that Marxists believe that the 90 to 95 per cent of the population of any community which does the work of that community has to take power out of the hands of that 5 to 10 per cent which lives by virtue of its ownership of the fields, factories, and land of the community before the ideal of a united humanity can be realized. It is perfectly true that the Marxist believes, as a result of experience, that this 90 to 95 per cent of the population will only be able to achieve power by political struggle.

Now this Marxist view may be right or wrong, good or bad; that is not the point. The point is that the whole object of the class struggle as conceived by the Marxist is to achieve a united humanity. It is precisely this ultimate ideal which the Nazis specifically reject. Every Nazi philosopher, like every Nazi politician or statesman, reiterates that there is no ideal beyond that of the nation or race. Their ultimate world view is one of endlessly warring races. It is precisely in order to make such a future possible that the Nazi philosophers, both by writing their own books and, more concretely, by burning the books of former philosophers, make war upon any idea which includes that of a united human race. It is thus gravely to underestimate the scope and sweep of the Nazi movement to suppose that it is directed simply against Communist, Marxist, or Socialist thought, or even that it limits itself to attacking humanitarianism and liberalism. On the contrary, it is indispensable for the Nazis to attempt to eradicate every tenet, including above all that basic element in Christianity, which tends, in however mystical a manner, toward the ideal of a united humanity. For so long as such ideas can reach men's minds the world cannot be made safe for slavery at home and war abroad.

Well, my philosophy is that this movement must be fought. Every year of the twentieth century which passes makes it more clear that humanity must move down this incomparably dark path if it does not succeed in the struggle to create a new world. For that very reason we now see that the enormous impetus, the overmastering drive, needed to create that new world is coming, not primarily from amiable "idealistic" people who want to make things better (they could never be anything like strong enough to do the job by themselves), but from millions of men who, though they may not see very clearly what they are doing or whither they are going, are determined at any rate not to go down the dark path. We realize that it is fear of, and horror at, the regression of the world to slavery and war which drives men to achieve a far higher basis of freedom and peace than they have ever yet known. It is precisely out of and by means of the gigantic defensive struggle against fascism and war, for which worldwide forces are today massing, that the struggle for a new world is being generated.

I am bound to say that the basic problem seems to me almost embarrassingly simple. The problem is so to arrange the life of society that its members can get their livings in peace and security. Until and unless they can do that, there is no chance of their living decent lives. Is that so hard to see? Does one need to subscribe to some special interpretation of history to agree with that conclusion? Is it, for example, so difficult to understand that the citizens of Germany cannot today live very decent lives when their community is so arranged that the final object of all their work is the piling up of instruments of slaughter; when they are told that war and its preparation are the be-all and end-all of human life; when everything—material prosperity, truth, reason, science, and religious belief—must be sacrificed to that end? Or again, is it so very difficult to see that that great part of the citizenry of the United States which now, every ten years or so, is suddenly deprived of the opportunity to work or earn, and passes into a period of months or years of semi-starvation without having the slightest possibility of controlling, much less averting, the catastrophe by anything which they can do—is it very difficult to see that, no matter what moral virtues are preached, people in such a situation will not be able to be very reliant, satisfactory, or hopeful citizens?

Nor, for my part, do I believe that there is any mystery as to why the people of Germany, for instance, are being maddened into the belief that war is the only object of human endeavor, or as to why the people of the United States periodically lose their livelihoods. The reason is that the means of production—the fields, the factories, and the mines, the capital of their respective countries—have passed out of the possession of the mass of the population and have become the exclusive possession of a small class or group. It is this extraordinary and unparalleled concentration of the ownership of the means of production in the hands of a small class of persons which is making it impossible for the American people, for example, to get their livings at all, and for the German people to get them at any other task than armament building.

This is, of course, no place to attempt to prove this statement (the larger part of my written work is devoted to no other purpose than this), but again, is it so difficult to see that this extreme concentration of property in the means of production at one end of the social scale will produce just those monstrous results which we see around us? I do not know of any exact figure on the concentration of capital ownership in the United States of America. But in Great Britain, according to the latest figure—that of Messrs. G. W. Daniels and H. Campion, in their standard work, "The Distribution of the National Capital"—80 per cent of the capital of Great Britain is now owned by 6 per cent of the population. The concentration would not, I think, be quite so extreme in the United States, for you still have a fairly large class of independent farmers owning their own land; but there is no doubt that the American situation is rapidly moving in that direction.

For example, the census of 1930 revealed that four out of five actively employed Americans were wage or salary earners. In a word, four out of five Americans today get their living by working for that small group of Americans who own the capital of the country. (But perhaps these four out of five wage-earning Americans themselves own the capital of the country, through diffused share-holding, and thus employ themselves, as it were; but no, according to that authoritative work, "America's Capacity to Consume," "with the masses of the population, the income derived from investments is negligible." Hence the masses of the American population certainly do not own the capital of the country, for if they did, they would draw incomes from it.)

Now the fact that the ownership of the capital of every one of the great capitalist communities has got into the hands of a small class of from 5 to 10 per cent of its inhabitants would not matter in itself. It only matters because the ownership of capital inevitably carries with it the receipt of all the really large incomes. The maldistribution of capital necessarily carries with it a maldistribution of income so extreme that the system simply will not work any longer. In the case of America we have figures to show just how far that maldistribution of income has gone. In 1929 (notice the year) the 36,000 richest American families each got an income of over $75,000 a year. These families, taken together, got ten billion dollars. But there were twelve million American families which had each an income of less than $1,500 a year. And these twelve million American families, taken together, also got almost exactly ten billion dollars a year. "Thus it appears," write the authors of "America's Capacity to Consume," "that 0.1 per cent of the families [at the top of the American social scale] receive practically as much as the 42 per cent of families at the bottom of the scale."

That is the kind of inequality in the distribution of income which the private ownership of the capital of the country by a small group of persons inevitably produces. When once income has become as maldistributed as that, the economic system must inevitably begin to break down. For that horrible, familiar situation arises in which it is impossible to sell the final products of industry and so keep the masses of the population in employment. The rich, the 0.1 per cent of families at the top of the social tree, will not buy this final product since they are already gorged with luxuries, while the 42 per cent of families at the bottom of the social scale, who taken together got no more than the 0.1 per cent, have no money to buy the final products, however bitterly they need them. And so nobody buys them; they are not sold, and the men and women who made them fall out of work and become poorer still.

There are all sorts of palliatives, many of them very useful, by which this situation can be dealt with. You can take some of the money, by one means or another, which flows into the hands of the 0.1 per cent of families and distribute it, by one means or another, to the 42 per cent of families. That is, I understand, what your President, Mr. Roosevelt, is attempting to do at the moment; and it is well worth doing. But is it not clear that this can be no more than an attempt to deal with the consequences of a fundamentally unsound system? The only real cure is so to alter the system that the initial maldistribution of income does not occur. And you cannot do that so long as between 5 and 10 per cent of the population owns the means of production, the capital of the country. The only way to produce a distribution of income sufficient even to make it possible for the population to buy the total product of industry and so keep themselves in employment is, in the long run, to redistribute the means of production themselves, which are the source of income, to the mass of the population. But you cannot distribute big modern means of production such as railways and power stations by cutting them up and giving little bits of them to individuals. You have got to place them in the collective ownership of the whole population. It will not be until you have done that that you will have made it possible for people to live decent lives. But that is all you have got to do. And that is socialism.

"Ham and Eggs" in California

BY JOHN B. CANTERBURY

ON A recent Sunday afternoon nearly seven thousand people packed the mammoth Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles. Some of them had met before—first in the Mayan Theater downtown, seating 1,500 persons, then in the Philharmonic Auditorium, capacity 3,900 persons. Now they were at the Shrine, seating 6,700—the biggest auditorium in town. Next, they would have to move to the Olympic Stadium, the largest outdoor arena in the United States, accommodating 120,000. Such has been the development of the California Pension Plan—the most amazing and the fastest-growing movement of the people ever to hit California. Epic, Utopians, Doctor Townsend—all these pale into insignificance beside what has come to be known as the "Ham and Eggs" movement: "Thirty Dollars a Week for Life," or "Life Begins at Fifty."

Incredible as it may seem, the thirty-dollars-a-week plan has developed into a major issue in the coming fall elections, in which it will be voted on as an initiative referendum. Unknown a few months ago, it caught California's business and political leaders napping. The scheme as outlined by its leaders is as follows:

> California Pension Plan proposes an amendment to the constitution of the State of California to be known as the Retirement Life Payments Act—to pay $30 a week for life to every senior citizen of California who is fifty years of age or over who has retired or will retire from active business or employment for compensation. These Retirement Life Payments will be paid with state warrants, like the millions of dollars' worth of interest-bearing warrants already issued by the State of California and now outstanding, except that these warrants will be non-interest-bearing and self-liquidating, and will be in denominations of $1 each.
>
> These warrants will be redeemed or self-liquidated by the sale of two-cent state redemption stamps, which will be affixed to each warrant each week. At the end of fifty-two weeks the warrants will be paid by the state at full face value with United States money which has been received by the State of California from the sale of stamps. Thus the warrants are self-liquidated—paid—without increase in taxation. Our proposed constitutional amendment, the Retirement Life Payments Act, makes it possible for all of our senior citizens to enjoy an honorable and secure retirement; their increased purchasing power will stimulate business tremendously; new opportunities will be created for all the residents of California under fifty; and the whole tendency is forward to an orderly balance between production and distribution.

The fundamental idea of the thirty-dollars-a-week plan was first introduced to Southern California by Robert Noble, easily one of the foremost rabble-rousers in existence. Noble was formerly chief lieutenant for the late Huey Long on the Pacific Coast and has espoused various other popular causes. His plan as first launched was called "Twenty-five Dollars Every Monday." He talked to good crowds and soon built up a big following. Then one Lawrence Allen, a radio attorney who had acted as his legal adviser, managed to obtain Noble's radio time and launched the California Pension Plan. Rumors circulated concerning unsavory intrigues among rival pension factions, with Noble's followers declaring that Allen had stolen the plan from their popular leader. Allen and his brother established headquarters in Hollywood, raised the ante to "Thirty Dollars Every Thursday," and the snowball was started rolling. Soon some sixteen pension plans were bidding for public favor. California citizens tried to decide whether they would prefer to have twenty-five dollars every Monday morning, thirty dollars every Thursday, or thirty-five dollars every Friday. The Los Angeles *Times* hinted that "Los Angeles was a lunatic asylum every Sunday."

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Since its beginning last October the California Pension Plan has shown steady growth, mainly as a result of highly efficient exploitation. The Allen brothers owned a recording studio where radio transcriptions were made, and a dramatic radio program hammered away daily at the ears of receptive California listeners. Enthusiastic and well-attended mass meetings were held each Sunday afternoon in the downtown theater. In a few short months the movement spread to the northern part of the state and the great central valleys. In mid-July leaders of the plan filed their petition. It was signed by nearly one million persons, the largest number ever to sign an initiative petition for any measure in California. The figure indicates a statewide following rivaling or exceeding the mighty Sinclair Epic army of 1934.

More than three thousand active workers are engaged in spreading the gospel, more than a hundred speakers take nightly turns, three million pieces of literature have been placed in circulation, and two sound trucks roam the state holding daily meetings. Probably twenty-five meetings on an average are held every evening, attended by at least 25,000 people. The promoters are making particularly good use of the radio.

The financial organization of the "Thirty Dollars Every Thursday" drive is equally far-reaching. To advance the plan, more than 162,000 members contribute a penny a day, a total of $48,600 a month. An illustrated hundred-page booklet, "Ham and Eggs," sells for 25 cents. "Liberty Bell" lapel buttons also bring a quarter each. Copies of the act sell for 10 cents, and donations are continually solicited.

Inevitably strenuous opposition to the plan has been aroused. Not all the elements in the state share the philosophy of the "Ham and Eggers." The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce has branded it "a dangerous monetary reform" and circularized its members with strongly worded warnings. The California State Chamber of Commerce has raised an emergency fund of $65,000 to oppose it. A large corporation of chain grocers has announced it would not accept the proposed warrants. This opposition reached a climax when several petitions were filed before the California Supreme Court on behalf of taxpayers seeking to keep the pension plan off the ballot. Asking a "writ of mandate," these suits contended that the titling of the measure was faulty and that it covered more than one point, thus confusing its purposes. At once 150 attorneys offered their legal counsel to the pension-plan leaders, including several high in the state's political and legal life.

In the California primary elections of August 30 the "Ham and Eggs" measure became the major issue. On the eve of the primary attacks came from two directions. Doctor Townsend, father of the pension movement, branded the California Pension Plan "unsound." President Roosevelt in a statement from Hyde Park reiterated his previous warning against "short cuts to Utopia or fantastic financial schemes" and declared that the "thirty-dollar" plan would "represent a tax on all the people and would fall particularly heavily on the poor." In record numbers Californians went to the polls. All candidates who had supported the pension plan won by substantial majorities. These included Sheridan Downey, who defeated Senator McAdoo in the contest for the United States Senate, and Culbert L. Olson, who won the Democratic nomination for governor. Congressman John F. Dockweiler, an outspoken advocate of the plan, polled a large vote as runner-up in the Democratic race for governor. Senator McAdoo frankly blamed his defeat on the "thirty-dollar" issue.

The California Pension Plan may be described as the use of credit based on unproduced wealth. The purpose of the plan is to "synchronize production and purchasing power." Underlying it one may detect the technocratic philosophy. "Technological disemployment," it is declared, has forever displaced a great proportion of our population. To meet this changed condition, the argument runs, some method of distributing more purchasing power must be devised.

The main objections to the plan are based on the question of where the money to pay the warrants is coming from and on doubt of its constitutionality. Although there are 1,667,000 persons over fifty in California, plan leaders expect only 500,000 to apply for the payments. They estimate that the plan will require $780,000,000 a year. The net wealth produced in California in a normal year is placed at approximately four billion. The sum of yearly transactions reaches a total of forty billion. Bank checks are said to constitute the circulating medium by which nine-tenths of this business is done. Business in California, it is asserted, will be about doubled by the use of the new credits if the warrants turn over once each week as expected. The pension plan will be paid for in the "increased production."

The Constitution of the United States provides that no state shall "coin money, emit bills of credit, make anything but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts." To get around this clause, spokesmen for the movement point out that the proposed warrants are not "bills of credit" but "credit instruments." And they refer to the Retirement Life Payments as an "internal economy" designed to function only within the state, explaining that the warrants will not replace the present currency but merely act as a "supplementary medium." The warrants are redeemed out of new wealth created—business not now being done—and do not depend for their value upon tax sources or existing wealth.

Suggesting that the President was "misinformed," the plan leaders have stated that the burden does not fall upon the poor, for the operation of the sales tax levy of 3 per cent is suspended where the warrants are used, and, admittedly, the sales tax is a poor man's tax. One tax authority has expressed the belief that no taxpayer, small or large, has anything to fear from the operation of the plan; on the contrary, the restoration of purchasing power will undoubtedly have the effect of replacing upon the tax rolls of all counties the property now permanently delinquent—property which has become delinquent because of the loss of income of the great middle class.

Opinion as to the feasibility of the plan is sharply divided. Irving Fisher of Yale, principal proponent of the warrant idea, and author of a book "Stamp Scrip," believes that the proposed plan in California would not be workable. He has repeatedly declared that stamp scrip would not work on a statewide basis and would not prove practical unless issued in strictly limited quantities. Many persons believe that the issue of a small quantity might act as a stimulant to the business mechanism, while a tremendous quantity would clog it and throw it out of kilter. Professor Fisher commends the good sense of Woergl in Bavaria, who issued $4,500 worth of stamp scrip for a town of 4,300 and then withdrew two-thirds of it to avoid inflation. This, Fisher says, "showed great wisdom on the part of the municipal administration, as it kept the purchasing power of scrip on a par with regular currency." Professor Fisher, it is reported, with other leading Eastern economic authorities, will be brought to California by business interests to talk against the measure. The drafters of the Life Retirement Payments Act admit that prices might rise and have provided for such a contingency by making possible the issuance of more warrants per capita. Many fear abnormal price rises and disastrous inflation if the plan is adopted.

Roy G. Owens and Sherman J. Bainbridge are the chief economists supporting the plan. Owens is responsible for most of the ingenious features of the well-documented act. He will serve as administrator if the amendment becomes law. Bainbridge, an able speaker, possesses a remarkable fund of technological data which has been used to good advantage in arguments for the amendment. Both men were formerly members of the once-powerful Utopian Society and have been the authors of several "money bills." The educational work of Owens and Bainbridge, coupled with the legal sagacity of Lawrence Allen, has contributed perhaps more than any other factor to the success of the movement.

The booklet describing the plan begins with a quotation from Roger W. Babson: "We will have prosperity for another two years . . . and then God help us!" Whatever its possibilities, the "Ham and Eggs" crusade cannot be airily dismissed as merely a crackpot scheme; in its motivation at least it is an economic revolution.

In the Wind

PRIME MINISTER CHAMBERLAIN'S last-minute deal with Hitler was warmly praised in the Spanish rebel press. *El Correo Español*, hailing Mr. Chamberlain's one-man methods, said: " . . . in the last few years democracy had begun to undermine the foundations of English security and continuity. Chamberlain, as far as was in his power, was able to restore them. . . . He has been able, therefore, to make a bold attempt to save Europe from war—thanks to all that is not democratic in England."

A PROMINENT WASHINGTON service which supplies material on current events to editorial writers recently prepared an issue for Columbus Day editorials. Entitled Two Successive Birthdays, it announced that "the day before Americans will be joining in celebrating the birthday of Columbus, Poles will have celebrated the birthday of Pulaski." Farther on the release warned editors that "October 12 as the birthday of Columbus is largely conjectural." Shortly after the material arrived, editors received a hasty postscript: "October 12, of course, is the day on which Columbus discovered America. . . . The birthday of Columbus is unknown."

THE WASHINGTON *POST* recently published an Associated Press "word picture" of "tomorrow's war." The last two paragraphs of the story, notes *Editor and Publisher*, appeared this way:

"The war may be won or lost as a result of the struggle on the industrial front.

"For quick results at the lowest cost, use *Post* classified ads."

THE ITALIAN government's bread policy has aroused growing public hostility. Bread intended for the poor is made partly of maize so that reserves of wheat may be available in case of war; white bread is being baked for the wealthy. The distinction has given rise to a new *mot* now heard around the countryside: "At last an opposition paper has appeared. It is the *Daily Bread*."

THE RESIGNATION of Herbert Little, Scripps-Howard expert on labor and the Supreme Court, marks the departure of another liberal from that chain's Washington staff. Little will work for the National Youth Administration.

TO STIR flagging spirits Japanese officials launched a "national-mobilization" drive; as evidence of its auspicious start, Mr. Koyama, speaker of the House of Representatives, pointed to the cooperation of even "the mountains and rivers." He was referring to the Asama volcano, whose smoke usually drifts toward Joshu. This year it is blowing in the opposite direction, proving, said Mr. Koyama, that "the goddess of the mountain is cooperating with the nation in its national mobilization."

[We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Dear Mr. Villard: In view of what is happening in Europe, and I agree with what you have recently written in *The Nation* regarding it, has it occurred to you that the world would be a better place today if the Germans had won the Battle of the Marne? Think it over, and perhaps you will do a piece on what you think the state of the world would be today if that had been the case instead of the Allies having been the "victors"—if victors they were.

(*Signed*) E. Y. (formerly of Prague)

THROUGH the mail has come this letter. I confess the thought in it has occurred to me more than once, when I have had a rare moment to think of what might have been. I suppose I rejoiced as much as any spectator at a distance that the French won the Battle of the Marne. We none of us had any idea that that meant the war would last for four years. We were as heartily glad that Paris was spared bombardment as the world is relieved now that for the moment Berlin, London, and Paris have escaped aerial attack. When we consider the present situation of the world, however, it is hard not to admit that the world would be far better off had the Germans won at the Marne.

Here are the facts: Had the Germans won at the Marne they would have taken Paris within a few days. Their advance guard had already seen the Eiffel Tower, and the government of France had moved from Paris to Bordeaux. With Paris in German hands it is difficult to believe that France could have held out or England could have resisted until Kitchener had raised and drilled his millions. Paris is the heart of France, but the Germans would not have stopped there. They would have swept westward to the sea and mopped up all the northern part of France at their leisure; it would then have taken only a small force to capture the Channel ports. Had the war ended then with Germany the victor, no less than 9,500,000 lives would have been saved and an amount of human misery and suffering prevented which no words and no figures can possibly describe. That is the one great outstanding thing.

Next Italy, Rumania, Bulgaria, Turkey, Greece, and the United States would not have entered the war, to say nothing of China, Japan, Cuba, Haiti, and other countries. As a result there would be no fascism today and certainly no bolshevism in Russia—if Russia had made peace immediately after the surrender of France. There would be no Nazis, no Hitler, no Mussolini. There would have been no Lusitania case and none of the thousand sinkings without warning of cargo and passenger ships. While the economic shock of the war would have been great, if it had lasted only three months the present economic prostration of the world would never have come to pass. There would not have been the millions of unemployed all over the globe. We should not have seen the rise of the intense nationalist movements or the drift toward autarchy, or the raising of tariffs everywhere. The world, for better or worse, would probably still be on the gold standard. The Austrian Monarchy would perhaps still exist, and the pitiful old Kaiser, with all his stupidity intact, would doubtless still be reigning.

So much for the credit side. On the debit side we should have an overbearing Germany—just what we have now—a Germany dominant in Europe, with France in its power—exactly as is the case today. The individual German would be so puffed up with pride and arrogance as to be just as unbearable to all civilized people as the Nazis are today. Germany would still be misgoverning its colonies; it would undoubtedly have grabbed a piece of Belgium and added more French territory to German Alsace-Lorraine. Poland would not have been reconstituted, and the Kaiser would probably have helped himself to a good bit of the Ukraine. Undoubtedly military limitations would have been put upon France, its fleet would have been reduced to insignificance, its people condemned to the paying of indemnities which would probably approximate the vast sums they are now paying for their Maginot lines, their increased fleet, their greatly enlarged army, and their huge air force. Europe would be an extremely unpleasant place to live in—just as it is today; and everybody would be wondering where the Kaiser would strike next—just as we are all wondering whether Belgium or Denmark or what is left of Czechoslovakia will be Hitler's next objective. Germany would be well on the road to Bagdad, precisely as it is today.

So there is the picture. I have honestly presented it as I see it. If I have omitted unintentionally any factors on the debit side I hope the readers of this column will point them out to me, for I want to be absolutely just. Finally I want to stress the fact that evil comes with every war, and that the lot of humanity would have been adversely affected whoever had won the World War. Militarism breeds militarism, and mass murder entails more mass murder. It is a pressing question whether those who took up the sword will not perish by it.

BOOKS and the ARTS

E. M. FORSTER

BY MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

E. M. FORSTER, at sixty, lends himself no more easily to superficial recognition than he did thirty-three years ago, when his first novel appeared. He offers few of the appeals that today qualify a novelist for popularity or timely respect: no dogmatic beliefs in politics or social thought, no stylistic novelty or group affiliations, no yearly appeal to his public with a new book. For an author described by his publishers, with admissible justice, as the "most distinguished living English novelist," he suggests few tags of easy distinction; perhaps only one—that he has practiced with success the difficult strategy of writing little but making it stand for much, of keeping the taste of his readers and critics tantalized and asking for more. He has now, for the second time, kept them waiting fourteen years for a new novel, yet if he were to publish one tomorrow no book would be more eagerly or expectantly read.

This attraction has been strong in his career from its beginning. He published his first novel, "Where Angels Fear to Tread," in 1905; his fourth, "Howards End," when he was just over thirty in 1910; his fifth and latest, "A Passage to India," in 1924. To these he had on occasion added two collections of tales, three of essays, a life of Lowes Dickinson, and, as a by-product of war service in Egypt, a guide to Alexandria. He has contributed to the liberal reviews. None of his fictions came announced by the trumpets of innovation or technical sensation. If popularly read (as two of them were), they could be taken as witty and topical comedies in the line of Meredith, brisk in language and insight, agreeably diverting in romantic interest. They showed plots of lithe and graceful movement, as insinuating in their darting charm as Jane Austen's, barbed by wit and comment, and filled with characters who had the art of springing into quick and familiar animation with their first speeches. Whatever dissent, perplexity, or irritation they might leave to tease the mind, they did little to disturb the literary conventions; they could even deal in the genial satire and ironic-whimsical fantasy that belong to the more spinsterish side of English fiction. Yet as time goes on these books persist and cut deeper into the memory. Of the "new" English novelists who made their mark between Hardy's retirement and the war, he is the only one, except for Conrad and Lawrence, who survives as an intimate force among the younger talents of the present decade. His energy has grown from a hard center of moral and intellectual realism. He has no stylistic followers and perhaps few disciples in thought, yet if one were fixing the provenance of Auden's generation, Forster's name—whatever the claims of James, Lawrence, or Eliot—would suggest the most accurate combination of critical and temperamental forces, the only one stamped by the peculiarly English skeptical sensibility that survived the war with sanity and prepared the day for a reassessment of the tradition and delusion that made the war possible. Today his special position is contested by no other talent.

It has remained, however, for 1938 to produce the first full sketch of his career. I. A. Richards, Mrs. Woolf, and recently Austin Warren have been among the few to write pointedly about his ideas. Now Rose Macaulay,* with less penetration but with high-spirited enthusiasm, gives a full-scale account of his achievement, writing as a member of his own pre-war generation, with a feminist zeal for tolerance and an evangelist's zest for the liberal life. She writes like a Forster heroine; she might be Margaret Schlegel: "Not beautiful, not supremely brilliant, but filled with something that takes the place of both qualities—something best described as a profound vivacity, a continual and sincere response to all that she encounters in her path through life." Anyone who has kept those phrases in mind as suggesting Forster's own temperament will admit her as a qualified witness, though she continuously obstructs her profitable labor and keen sense of period by a strenuous plan of skittish humor and reproval that are less acceptable today than they were in the Edwardian era. She has not written the book that Forster by this time deserves, but it should revive the reading of his books and thus improve our critical intelligence of the novel at the present dubious juncture of its history.

Forster's character was initially fixed by pre-war Cambridge, the university pictured in "The Longest Journey" as a last refuge of the spirit, of detachment and humanism, a lonely defender of the article of faith that Forster has clung to throughout the dislocations and betrayals of his lifetime: "to see life steadily and to see it whole." The weary evangelism of Arnold's phrase may not do Forster justice, but no better label for his particular dedication of purpose in a confusing century can be named, and its classic accent also reminds one of the other source

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*The Writings of E. M. Forster. By Rose Macaulay. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

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of his idealism—the humanism of Greece. To these symbols of stability he soon added fertilizing enthusiasms: for Italy and the Mediterranean, that "exquisite lake" which remains "the human norm"; for Dante, whom he evaded intellectually only to find him the modern man's severest spiritual guide, the great master of the truth that the lost Way may be found again; for Egypt and Asia Minor with their lessons in decadence; and finally for India, with its image of man's supreme division between matter and essence, mortality and spirit. These influences came to test and enrich a nature that was natively reticent and bifocal, conditioned on one side by the cant, intolerance, and complacency of English middle-class "culture," with its fear of feeling and its muddled energies, and on the other by a critical attraction toward the mystic and impenetrable forces of human nature, the vital health of the South and the spiritual absolutes of the East. Out of that opposition were bred two of Forster's greatest assets: his liberal skepticism, morally uncompromising and ruthless, with its dialectic of refusing to simplify opposites by dogma or mandate, whether studied in men, nations, or events; and, secondly, the basic theme of all his books.

For like most responsible novelists and poets, like Conrad and Lawrence, he has a single theme. Conrad made his the human illusion of values, compelled out of negation or despair by the mortal necessity of action and sacrifice. Lawrence took for his the vital principle of sexual energy, redeeming the modern man's enervation of mind and spirit. Forster sees this same dichotomy. It was a common inheritance from the nineteenth century. He made his object the search for the *wholeness* of truth; the synthesis of matter and essence, of civilization with its inhibitions and nature with its blind energy, of the fragments and denials on which life is commonly founded and the total vision of reality that man's sloth or cowardice forbids him to unveil.

> Only connect the prose and the passion, and both will be exalted, and human love will be seen at its height. Live in fragments no longer. Only connect, and the beast and the monk, robbed of the isolation that is life to either, will die.

This contact is not the formal compromise of philosophers or the tepid synthesis of latter-day humanists. It is a vital tension of elements, the "proportion" that comes only through a passionate experience of both life and idea.

> The business man who assumes that this life is everything, and the mystic who asserts that it is nothing, fail, on this side and on that, to hit the truth. . . . Truth, being alive, [is] not halfway between anything. It [is] only to be found by continuous excursions into either realm, and though proportion is the final secret, to espouse it at the outset is to insure sterility.

This concept of proportion, applied to the contemporary world, leaves Forster advocating a counsel of latitude and prudence that may fall flatly on the ears of modern believers. It makes him the exponent of those guttering ideals of tolerance, human sympathy, democracy, and freedom that he recently restated in *The Nation*. It may seem to remove him to the remote framework of humanitarian liberalism, with its League of Nations dreams and Plato-Goethe-Shelley trinitarianism, that he constructed as the setting for his friend Lowes Dickinson. Those who leave him in this bracket severely mistake his force and sincerity, as well as his art. It is true that he believes our psychic natures alone refuse to be compelled by the simplifying codes of social justice and political progress, and that no dogma ever succeeded in respecting the full complexity of human nature or destiny. But he does not evade the fundamental realism of that nature, committed to its endless search for certitude, driven to its desperate victories through every conceivable impediment of delusion and insincerity, and stricken from its birth by "the Primal Curse," which is not the knowledge of good and evil but "the knowledge of good-and-evil." This knowledge allows no easy formulation, and no access except through struggle and grief. Even then it suffers mere glimpses of itself. Yet in the face of its tragic and stupendous challenge Forster recommends no cynicism or resignation. He no more resigns himself to the riddle and ambiguity of truth than does mankind itself. He keeps his senses and sympathies, as well as his mind, on the stretch. If he shirks the obvious conditions of moral partisanship, it is with an agnostic's firmest fidelity: the truth exists, it will be known, it alone insures freedom.

To redeem this somewhat crusted liberalism from the curse of Dante's Trimmers, to which most present-day social or religious critics would condemn it, requires a remorseless passion for human nature, as well as the art to express it. Forster's novels show how far he possesses both. Whether laid in Italy, England, or India, they oppose the "prose" of life to its "passion." The prose lies chiefly in the falsity, cant, and philistinism of the English middle-class world: in suburban "culture," in the gimcrack Etonian pretensions of Sawston School, in the racial and sexual snobbery of Florentine pensions, in big business with "its outer world of telegrams and anger," in the brutal officialdom of Chandrapore. It comes from people afraid of their inner natures who dare not say "I": not only Napoleon, Rhodes, Morgan, and the modern dictators, but Mr. Vyse, Mr. Wilcox, the Callendars, the Pembrokes, the Reverend Cuthbert Eager, and that supreme embodiment of twisted bigotry, Mrs. Failing. The passion lies in the life of vital grace and spontaneity in Cambridge, Tuscany, and Greece, in vivacious natures like Margaret Schlegel, Lucy Honeychurch, and Dr. Aziz, in sensibilities driven to tragedy by their crippled emotions like Rickie Elliott, Helen Schlegel, and Leonard Bast, and in children of uncon-

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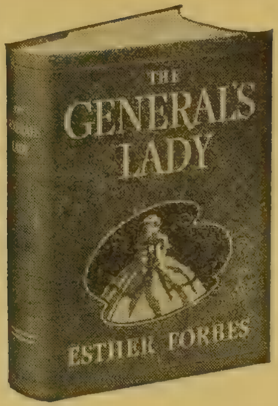

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Charles Laughton and I

By Elsa Lanchester (Mrs. Charles Laughton)

querable nature like Gino and Stephen Wonham. Between these opposites exist the mediators, the tormented searchers for the connection that will harmonize and resolve the tragic antitheses of mankind: disillusioned intelligences like Ansell and Fielding, or unconscious mystics like Mrs. Wilcox and Mrs. Moore, who, usually in old age, touch the hem of the mystery, and shuddering at the tragedy of life, "the horrors of the universe and its smallness," see in "the twilight of the double vision" a redemption through some other-worldly revelation that snatches them from the abyss where lies coiled "the serpent of eternity made of maggots."

In some of these tales love, which Forster has never dramatized as a complete experience, comes as a solvent ("A Room with a View"); sometimes it is brotherly affection that desperately survives racial hates ("A Passage to India"); once it is social calamity that breaks down hostility ("Howards End"); once, in "The Longest Journey," which is Forster's crudest but most personal and passionate novel, tragedy destroys without saving, and only the unconscious life of nature is left to exist in its passive strength. Occasionally in the slighter allegories an arbitrary triumph of light is permitted. But mostly Forster leaves his characters and plots as complex and unresolved as he found them. The truth has been glimpsed, but that glimpse may have blinded its conquerors. Or the novel closes with the effect of having revealed a crisis of human relations, a titanic collision of shrouded forces, a Way of life clutching the brink of ruin, and with nothing solved. The harmony has gleamed briefly. By test and agony, by doubt and proof, the blight of skepticism must be fought and fought again, the futility of human desolation must be routed, and life must be affirmed. Forster has inherited that responsibility from both Dante and Montaigne.

He has expressed it in five novels, and leaves his admirers wondering if he will ever write another. Miss Macaulay debates this question in her closing pages. By good fortune he may, but if he does not the question will not remain too mysterious. He has no taste for repeating himself, and he has no interest in routine fictional ingredients. Each of his other books seized—out of personal experience, the social dilemmas of the pre-war years, or the huge racial and political enigma of modern India—a moral problem held in that state of suspense that invites the probing curiosity of the skeptical critic. Each one allowed him to exercise his disillusioned sincerity upon human problems thrown into vivid focus by great collisions of force or passion whose appeasement lay beyond the novelist's scope or ambition. Today, in the arena of post-war conflicts between tyrannies and absolutes, the problems of personal morality are dwarfed, and in the strife of greater and often anti-human forces, the liberal agnostic, with his sincerity and bitter reasonableness, is dwarfed too. His voice is tentative and compassionate; it is swiftly drowned in the noise of dogmas and manifestos. And possibly Forster has come to feel what Henry James felt when he abandoned "The Ivory Tower": that his comedy and tragedy of morals have been blasted to perdition by forces of greed and evil greater than any he has yet dramatized. To scale down the present decade's huge bewilderment to the size of one of his novels, even if he employed the almost miraculous methods of "A Passage to India," would be an appalling task. He hates fascism and has his doubts about communism, but his own generation's faith in democracy and liberal justice still holds his loyalty. And the moral dissolution of the present moment may baffle his skill as well. Whatever the reasons for his hesitation, he hesitates, and still it remains questionable if any other living novelist would quicken our sense of the decade's vital issues as subtly as he could. Meanwhile that sense has already profited by the stimulation of his other books, by the hard sinew of their intelligence and by their keen articulation of moral problems most modern novelists have been content merely to suggest. For the world of practical affairs, these virtues may not seem enough today, but for the world of critical and creative writers, they are virtues that are more than ever in demand. His firm and lifelong grasp of them has not only made him an instructor of a new generation of English talents; it has insured that his own talent has been strengthened, beyond its original detachment, in positive values and that, to paraphrase his verdict on Conrad, the secret casket of his genius contains not a vapor but a jewel.

Notes by the Way

THE American exhibition at the Museum of the Jeu de Paume in Paris, brought together by A. Conger Goodyear of the Museum of Modern Art in New York City, gave rise to much comment in both Paris and New York. Though the exhibition was not, and could not be, exhaustive, it served to bring American art into a cumulative order, both of chronology and category, designed to give a comprehensive yet compact view of three centuries of creative effort in the United States in the various fields of painting, sculpture, architecture, popular art, photography, and the cinema. Such a view could not but crystallize for the foreign observer what had perhaps been before only a vague idea of the extent and quality of the art of this still, for Europe, "new country." And since this vagueness about American art is quite as profound, if not more so, in our own country, it is both unfortunate and ironical that this exhibition, brought together in response to the characteristic French demand for enlightenment and synthesis, could not have been carried back to America and shown intact to the American public. (A fragment of it, representing thirty-two artists, is now on view at the Downtown Gallery in New York.) The catalogue of the Jeu de Paume exhibition, which has recently come to hand, intensifies the feeling of regret that the exhi-

BURLINGAME PUB

bition is being dispersed, and that its exhibits are to be once more buried alive in their respective private collections or in scattered public museums.

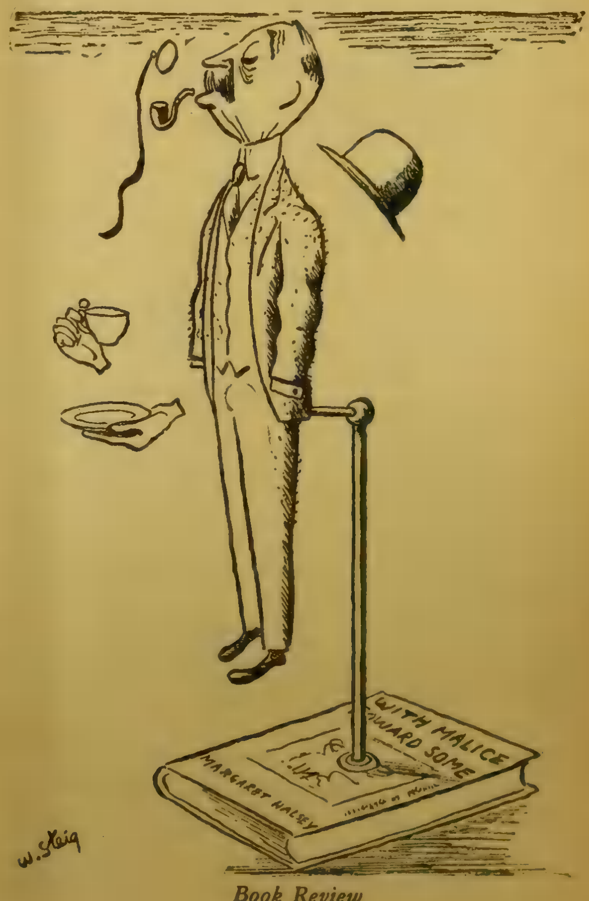
Lacking the exhibition, the catalogue itself is a useful guide to our artistic history. It is a book of some 200 pages, including 103 reproductions. It contains brief surveys of the various arts by American experts, each followed by a list of the items displayed in Paris. It contains also, for the visual- and busy-minded, a chart which notes in parallel columns the principal events of American history, technology, literature, architecture, painting, sculpture and the graphic arts, photography, and the cinema. Most of the book is printed in both French and English. The chart is all French both in language and emphasis. The second section, for instance, is titled Guerre de l'Indépendance 1776-1781: Alliance Française 1778. And here we find the Louisiana Purchase in reverse French: "Napoléon vend la Louisiane."

* * * *

Among the many discussions provoked in this country by the Jeu de Paume exhibit the most extensive was undoubtedly that of Edward Alden Jewell, who in six successive Sunday editions of the New York *Times* reported what the French critics had to say and devoted many columns to the question whether there is an American art. His answer was strongly affirmative—it was also pretty long-winded, which comes no doubt of writing for the limitless *Times*—and I should be the last to quarrel with that affirmation. But in general it was a little vague and in the course of the six Sundays he made one statement with which it will not, for some time, be too late to take issue: "All save the most determined quibblers, I think, will agree with [Robert] Henri and others who have espoused the same cause that we know what America means to us, what it means to be Americans." At the risk of being set down as a determined quibbler, I wonder. To my mind there has been far too much vague assertion of this sort and much too little concrete and precise analysis of "what American means to us, what it means to be Americans." And surely one of the most effective obstacles to obtaining knowledge is the assumption that we already possess it. An understanding of one's own history and culture and their relation to world history and culture is a major element in the artist's maturity in whatever field; just as self-knowledge is indispensable to his more personal maturity as an individual. Many American artists no doubt possess it. But who would deny that many do not and that the groping period is far more prolonged in the case of the American, be he exceptional or average, than, say, in that of the Frenchman? There are, to be sure, cultural islands in our vast American sea in which a child growing up may attain, as he should, by absorption, this basic competence of knowledge and understanding, from which he may then send out his own fresh shoots. All too often, our education being the scattered and "elective" thing it is, he must work out his intellectual development alone, and as if it had never been done before—with the result that our literature and our art are full of repetitious and unsure beginnings and relatively poor in distinctive and full-bodied culminations. A sense of history and the memory of things past have so often functioned in this country only as a form of reactionary and stupid patriotism that tradition had become for many people synonymous with reaction. Within recent years, however, there has grown up a new and creative use and cultivation of the sense of the past as an instrument for enriching the present and the future. Against the vague ignorance about the past which has made the Daughters of the American Revolution one of the most benighted organizations extant, we may now set the specific knowledge of our early arts and crafts and plain history obtained in the researches, among others, of the federal art projects. And we may be sure that the impact of the Index of American Design and of the American Guide Series will be anything but reactionary. On the contrary, such collections, put into the hands of young Americans, will provide an impetus to the imagination only to be appreciated by those of an earlier generation to whom it was not available.

* * * *

The personal example should be invoked at most sparingly; yet in matters of this kind it may often demonstrate a point more vividly than impersonal generalization. For that reason I dare to cite the cultural influence—which could with happy exceptions be described as the lack of cultural influences—that played over my own fairly typical American youth. In the Western mountain state in which I grew up the carriers of culture were few and far between. A music teacher here, a high-school instructor there, libraries whose limited treasures were for the most part literally closed books because their treasures were unsuspected and there were few



Book Review

to say "Open." These were and still are the resources of the American child of American middle- and lower-middle-class parents—and there are no others—in communities far removed from the few centers of culture and tradition we possess. History was a collection of bewigged portraits and dates that were merely numbers. Art was a series of dismal prints, seen through glass darkly, of ancient art utterly removed from its context. American art did not exist, for me, even as an idea. In my case the principal living connection with any culture was a parent who had spent his first seventeen years in Virginia before his migration westward from the ruins of a society that had always been anachronistic to a frontier where a society could scarcely be said to exist. And even this parent, by the time I made his acquaintance, was removed by almost half a century of the Western frontier struggle for economic existence from a youth that must have seemed by then unreal. His own education had ended at seventeen, yet the tradition of culture, reinforced by his emotional attachments to his own parents, persisted with amazing vitality. His reading was confined to the daily papers and the *Saturday Evening Post*—though he did cling to Byron's poetry—but his habit of reading was of a far higher order than what he read. It was his father who had known the classics, but he brought to me intact an insistence that Latin must be learned, along with an intellectual skepticism to pose against the crude religion of that time and place—or of any other. From his mother, who had been a pianist and composer for her own pleasure, he transmitted, with a few silver spoons, a belief in music.

With just such fugitive equipment, the average American child has too often begun his journey toward maturity. It is a journey that is still today far longer than it need be. Adequate equipment, once it was provided, would not, of course be enough. Without the enlightened teacher and the individual impulse, a sense of the past, particularly if it is vague and undiscriminating, can produce atavism and reaction. But we can dispense with it, in its form as knowledge continued, only at the cost of remaining adolescent.

* * * *

In her book on Charles Sheeler, Constance Rourke discusses the sense of craftsmanship as one of the main lines in the American tradition and poses the problem of maintaining it in a nation which has turned so whole-heartedly from handicrafts to the machine. It is a genuine problem. Yet one wonders whether a nation so thoroughly conditioned to skill —travel through unskilled Russia if you would discover how deep that conditioning is—can ever really lose the sense of craftsmanship; whether the concept of precision, so deeply ingrained, which shows itself alike in the precision dancers at Radio City and the latest machine tools, will not somehow continue to assert itself. The recent exhibition at Julien Levy's gallery of the water colors used in the production of Walt Disney's "Snow White" suggests that it will. The delicacy and exquisite precision of these drawings of ephemeral though charming subjects set one to inquiring hopefully what these unknown workers in Walt Disney's cartoon factory paint in their spare time and suggest that at least in one corner of Hollywood the craftsmanship of the artisan persists. For complete contrast Mr. Levy displayed in a room next to the Disney show a collection of Gracie Allen's "surrealistic" drawings whose utter innocence of craftsmanship added to their comic effect. They were exhibited with a small admission charge for the benefit of the suffering Chinese, which lent an additional "surrealistic" touch. Aside from that I suspect Mr. Levy was also telling certain expert craftsmen among our artists that the mere surprise jumbling of objects, however well drawn, comes no closer to being genuine surrealism than Gracie Allen's effusions. He is planning to continue his course in November with an exhibit of surrealist paintings by Frieda Rivera, wife of Diego. My own curiosity about surrealism exceeds my understanding of it. Let it be said to those in similar case that judging from a limited preview of a few examples of Mrs. Rivera's work, the November exhibition promises to be both instructive and intensely interesting. MARGARET MARSHALL

BOOKS

The Decoration of Novels

THE BUCCANEERS. By Edith Wharton. D. Appleton-Century Company. $2.50.

MRS. WHARTON has told how she was haunted, before the books in which they ultimately appeared were written, by her characters, or, even, by their disembodied names. In her autobiography, "A Backward Glance," she mentioned a name then in her mind: Laura Testvalley. "The Buccaneers," Mrs. Wharton's last and unfinished novel, gives Laura Testvalley her scene and character. She is a governess, granddaughter of a hero of the Risorgimento (Gennaro Testvaglia), cousin to Dante Gabriel Rossetti, once employed by a duchess, and later governess in an "old" New York family. She goes on to the higher wages offered by a "new" family (whose money is based on "deals" and financial manipulation); takes the fortunes of the younger daughter in hand and pilots her, over the heads of the disapproving Newport and New York sets, to London, and into a titled marriage. The manuscript breaks off before the novel's denouement: Laura's sacrifice of personal happiness in order that her former pupil, now the ranking duchess of England, may escape from her dull duties and her dull duke into "deep and abiding love" with a lover. The outline left by Mrs. Wharton describes the entire plot very clearly.

It is interesting to see how Henry James's insistence on "form" in the novel was simplified by his friend and follower, Mrs. Wharton, into mere adherence to plot. The plot must proceed, through all its ramifications, even though characters be wrenched out of shape to serve it. Minor figures, put in purely to prop up the plan, soon are shuffled away, and are featureless from the beginning. The long arm of coincidence snaps up the roving actors and places them down neatly in surroundings cleverly arranged to suit their situation. The background is filled in with great color and accuracy; there is continual movement and interest in the action; the details of life in drawing-room, ducal seat, and dower-house, on Saratoga verandas, in a ruined Cornish castle, on American railway platforms, all suitably lighted by the atmosphere of the '70's, are written down by a mistress of *genre.* But "The Buccaneers," for all Mrs. Wharton's cleverness and skill, is dead at the heart. The book brings out, however, the way in which Mrs. Wharton's work formed a bridge from the nineteenth-century novel to the magazine fiction of the present, where in a superficially arranged scene manners, clothes, food, and interior decorations are described carefully and at length; how she was, in herself as it were, the whole transitional period of American fiction, beginning in the bibelot and imported-European-culture era of the late nineties, and ending in the woman's-magazine dream of suburban smartness.

The essential numbness in her novels—with the exception of "Ethan Frome," where her talent for local color and her insight into the simpler ingredients of human character succeeded, because she did not attempt too much—goes back to the fact that she based her values not upon a free and rich feeling for life but on a feeling for decorum and pre-Wall Street merchant respectability. James praised early in her career "her diabolical little cleverness, the quality of intention and intelligence in her style, and her sharp eye for an interesting kind of subject." Added to these gifts was a highly trained taste, a thorough acquaintance with the "great world" of her time, and a passion for artistic people, provided, of course, that their background and manners conformed to the rather stuffy standards of the late-nineteenth-century upper bourgeoisie. She admired, it should be remembered, not only Henry James but also Paul Bourget. An example of her fundamental bias against the disordered life of the artist is her astonishment when she discovered that George Sand's home, Nohant, showed no sign of the wild life which had streamed through it; it did not look *déclassée,* but on the contrary traditional and respectable. (The sympathetic attitude expressed in James's two essays on Sand is in strong contrast to Mrs. Wharton's surprise.) And Mrs. Wharton's mildly ironic description of life in great English houses should be put against the true dissection apparent in James's approach to the same subject. For the difference between a subject treated with ingenuity and one treated with imagination, Nan St. George, the "new" rich girl in "The Buccaneers," and her family can be set beside Daisy Miller and hers. We love the living people and merely watch the puppets.

LOUISE BOGAN

The Ghost of Henry Adams

LETTERS OF HENRY ADAMS, 1892-1918. Edited by Worthington Chauncey Ford. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.50.

IF THE querulous ghost of Henry Adams is paying any attention just now to the affairs of a world and country for which the man himself had little respect, it must be surprised at the vogue enjoyed by the writings of a certain scholar of whom Adams never thought very highly. And that anyone should think it worth while to bring out a second instalment of Adams's letters in this hundredth year after the man's birth and the twentieth after his death—that must seem to such a ghost only another example of human absurdity. But of course the work which Mr. Ford here brings to a conclusion is in no way absurd. Henry Adams, whether he knew it or not, wrote always brilliantly and sometimes profoundly. Whether right or wrong, he was the sort of man to whom ideas occur. His experience of life was remarkably wide, and he knew a host of the most interesting people of his time. Besides, he was an Adams. These letters, perhaps the last fruit we shall have from this very old tree, are worthy of the long and arduous but not very expert attention that Mr. Ford has devoted to them.

One could wish that they made a pleasanter impression. In 1892, when the first of them was written, Adams already thought of himself as an old man. His next twenty-six years were spent in the enjoyment of increasingly low spirits and the accumulation of materials for gloom. His nieces and friends, his champagne and little dinners, glimpses of natural beauty, and perhaps also the writing of his later books, gave him some periods of mild happiness, but the human spectacle—unless in Tahiti or the mountains of Mexico—was always depressing. These letters, for all their brilliancy, are a record of mood rather than of thought, and the mood of almost unbroken fault-finding which they present is monotonous. Whether Adams is thinking of England, of Europe, or of America, he foresees imminent disaster and downfall. He is confident that white civilization cannot endure against the barbarism of the colored races. And most of his estimates of individual men are of the same sort. Thus, his scorn for the "childlike and infantile" Theodore Roosevelt is equaled only by his contempt for the "big-fat-boyishness" of Taft. Several years before the rest of the world he decided that William II of Germany was "insane." Now and then one suspects a touch of affectation in his expression of this mood, as where he writes, sitting alone in a London hotel at the time of an influenza epidemic, that he is "happy and contented" because, at all events, he is not "bored by Andrew Lang, Edmund Gosse, and Sidney Colvin."

The modern world, especially in America, failed to please Henry Adams because, in his opinion, it had no faith to set beside that of his beloved twelfth century or that of the third and fourth centuries before Christ. The best that he could say of us was that our present society, its ideals and purposes, are "dregs and fragments of some primitive, essential instinct now nearly lost." He believed that the modern world can only pervert and degrade the conceptions of the primitive instinct of art and feeling." One recognizes here the "primitivism" of a tired and hypersensitive mind turning away from the weight and complexity of modern thought toward the puerile *élan vital* of Bergson. How little this brilliant man really knew himself and how incapable he was of close metaphysical thought is shown by the fact that in the very passage just quoted he declared that he is "a creature of our poor old Calvinistic, St. Augustinian fathers." But there is a deep gulf between St. Augustine or even John Calvin on the one hand and "primitive essential instinct" on the other.

Henry Adams was one of the first to assert that he was not "educated," and after reading through his letters—amazingly well-informed and wide-ranging though they are—one is inclined to agree with him. He never attained normality of thought or feeling, and his mind was not coherent. One may say of the letters as someone has already said of the "Education" that they are "an extraordinary record of intellectual and moral aimlessness." Henry Adams was a brilliant man, not a wise one. He used privileges of wealth and leisure and position such as we can give to very few individuals for the finding of reasons why he did not like his country or his time. He was so impressed by his discovery that we have not the religious faith of the twelfth century as to ignore that social faith which we have. One of his main observations upon the America of his later years amounted to this, that it was not an increasingly safe place for elderly gentlemen living upon their investments. With that observation we may agree.

ODELL SHEPARD

The Poor in Spirit

NO STAR IS LOST. By James T. Farrell. Vanguard Press. $3.

IN HIS new series of novels, of which "No Star Is Lost" forms the second part, Mr. Farrell gives convincing evidence of his desire to tell the whole truth about the Chicago Irish. Whereas in "Studs Lonigan" the poolroom loafers occupied the spotlight, the present series shows a more "normal" cross-section of his people. The characters here are rough but not tough. This volume carries on the story of Mrs. O'Flaherty's family in its two branches headed by her son Al, a traveling salesman, and her son-in-law Jim O'Neill, a teamster. The former's chief worry is to make himself and his household respectable; the latter's is to get enough for his children to eat. If in the trilogy only Studs and his cronies were drawn in the round, Farrell now shows his ability to create characters of a variety of types. He has a better understanding of older people and a subtler insight into the minds of children. Even his priests and nuns have their grays and their splotches of white as well as their blacks.

Accordingly the novelist has set himself a more difficult problem. He has written that his chief aim in his books has been to show the spiritual desolation of those Americans whom he knows best. In the case of Studs's gang the game was easy, for their debauches brought swift retribution. But the O'Flahertys and O'Neills, although they are poor in spirit, are not so near to utter pauperism: they have their values, some genuine and others of the nature of life illusions, which are not automatically self-defeating. Al is a social climber, and he loses his temper and beats up his young nephew—an act of which he later repents—but he is usually moved by generous and kindly impulses, he has a confused yearning for literary culture, and he shows uncommon sympathy and tact in dealing with his lovelorn sister Margaret. Margaret is consoled by her self-pity, and the children live in their world of make-believe. Although Mrs. O'Flaherty is a hard woman, she has her wakes and visions. Even the pitiful drudge Lizz is kept going by her spunk, her love for her children, her salvation magic, and her sense of superiority to the Negro neighbors. The religion of these people does not carry through the whole of their lives; it does not solve any of their major problems; and it loses its force as the family rises in the scale of income and education. But it helps in some measure to keep them out of trouble with the law and with each other, and it gives them such fitful moments of poetry as they ever achieve. Although they all are harassed by anxiety of one sort or another, they get a great deal of satisfaction out of their quarrels and reconciliations, their social pretenses, and their dramatizing of themselves. The spiritual squalor is there, but it must be found by the perceptive reader and is not pounded into him.

Farrell has shown a similar reserve in exploring the economic dimension of his world. Material poverty is generally presented only in so far as it contributes to poverty of the spirit. But the avoidance of thesis-writing makes all the more forceful the concluding chapters in which the youngest O'Neill dies of diphtheria and Lizz has a miscarriage, as a result of the doctor's neglect of them for the sake of his paying patients. In this volume social criticism, in both the narrower and the wider sense, is conveyed principally through the secondary characters. Farrell's interest in the two characters who receive the most space, Margaret and ten-year-old Danny, is primarily psychological. Throughout the book Margaret is expecting from her lover word which does not arrive, and we are given harrowing scenes in which she alternately drinks herself into delirium and tries to reform, gives herself to a lout in order to forget, and tries to kill herself and the family by turning on the gas. A counterfoil to Studs, Danny is despite his lapses into mischief a "nice" boy, and we are shown in great detail his games and his sub-pubescent interest in girls. He is, in fact, such an average American youngster that his chief effect here seems to be little more than to cause the reader to identify Danny's experiences with those of his own childhood. But if Danny's biography is continued in subsequent volumes, he will be a more complex and more articulate character than Farrell has yet presented.

The limitations of Farrell's realism have frequently been pointed out. He is not becoming less garrulous, and there is repetition beyond what is needed to convey the monotony in the lives of his characters. It is necessary to read his books rapidly, and they do not yield new depths of significance upon rereading. A more concentrated and more imaginative type of art—of which indeed Farrell in a number of passages has shown himself capable—has greater aesthetic intensity and perhaps also greater effectiveness as social criticism. When all this has been granted, it is nevertheless particularly important at the present time to have novelists who are recreating as directly and as fully as they can the life that they have experienced. The more symbolic type of art can easily get out of touch with reality, and to this tendency documentary realism supplies a much-needed corrective.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

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SAILOR ON HORSEBACK. By Irving Stone. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

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of novel, but the point is whether we do not want the biography of an influential novelist to be something better and something different. Whether it be Jack London or Disraeli or Byron or Rimbaud or any other writer whose career was spectacular, we are ultimately interested in trying to understand it. Actually it is far harder to write a sound life of Jack London than of William Dean Howells, or of Byron than of Scott. For the geniuses who take to drink and take to women and are haunted by devils and driven to excess, the so-called bohemians and rebels and immoralists, are easy to dramatize; but they are sometimes confoundedly hard to explain.

From the standpoint of interesting the movie mind, the life of Jack London is, of course, a natural. He came into the world a bastard and went out of it a suicide. At thirteen he was scuttling across choppy San Francisco Bay in a catboat; at fifteen relishing the perils of an oyster pirate and living with a waterfront moll; at seventeen shipping before the mast of one of the last of the sailing ships; at eighteen riding the blinds to join Coxey's march on Washington, and ending up in jail. A few years later he dashed off to the Klondike; a few years after that to Japan during the Russo-Japanese War. His rise as a writer was staggeringly rapid, his output more staggering, his income more staggering still, and in time his fame circled the entire globe. Living a life patterned on Nietzsche, he preached a philosophy taken from Marx. He had—or thought he had—a great love, but married a woman he did not love at all, and left her for a women who snared him with mush that would have sickened the soul of Marie Corelli.

One can hardly not respond, with the excitement of a small boy, to this extraordinary tale. It is touched with something large and legendary and bacchanalian. But this, too, is the story of a man whose novels gripped the attention of the world; who defiantly and passionately preached socialism; who colored and in turn caught the color of the era of strenuous Americanism; who climbed and fell, whose powers flagged, whose idealism lost its influence. Mr. Stone has noted all these things faithfully enough—in a factual sense his book is very complete—but he has somehow not much illuminated them. One looks for a quality of analysis and interpretation that is simply not there.

Mr. Stone has, to be sure, his theories. He feels, for example, that London's illegitimacy had a decisive effect on his adult life. He feels that from his putative father, the astrologer W. H. Chaney, Jack London acquired many of his fighting and intellectual characteristics. These ideas are suggestive, they may be sound, but one questions whether Mr. Stone does not overemphasize their importance, and one feels that they do not leave enough play for what must have counted more heavily in London's life: environment and experience. The effect of either on Jack London is never adequately suggested; and the particular complexion of the Rooseveltian era during which London rose to celebrity is never sufficiently described. Mr. Stone is on better ground in stressing the conflict created in London by the contradictory messages of Nietzsche and Marx: there, clearly, were a pair of horses who would not run in harness, and if you add to them that furious mental and physical energy with which London kept going, you have your psychological problem in hand. The outcome, to be sure, was almost mathematically fixed; but how it came about, what went on inside Jack London, how well he understood himself, how well he understood other people, and life, and his mixed philosophy—these are things which "Sailor on Horseback" should explain far better than it does.

Most unsatisfactory of all is Mr. Stone's treatment of London as a writer. One is simply appalled by the kind of florid and banal prose that Mr. Stone singles out, from London's work, for intemperate praise. But such errors of taste mean much less than Mr. Stone's incapacity to assess London's work, to evaluate his ideas, to analyze his influence. Mr. Stone always tells us in some detail what the books are about, what ideas animated them, what success they had and among what readers. But he gives us no criticism that rises above the level of a journeyman book review. And searching criticism is wanted of a man who performed so exciting a mission in American literature, whose international reputation was rivaled, among Americans, only by Cooper's and Mark Twain's and Whitman's and Upton Sinclair's, and who today, by virtue of his pioneering, goes on being important.

Mr. Stone deserves our respect for conscientiously giving us all the facts. He deserves our praise for a vividly romantic autobiography. But he has not explained Jack London.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Far from the Madding Crowd

BLACK IS MY TRUELOVE'S HAIR. By Elizabeth Madox Roberts. The Viking Press. $2.50.

SO rare is it in the life of a reviewer to read a book which seems to achieve perfection that the experience tends to leave him humble and inarticulate. "Black Is My Truelove's Hair" needs no comment or criticism. It needs only to be read. There is no other American love story to compare with it. Combining, as the title suggests, the directness and pure feeling of the English ballad with the lyricism of the great romantic novels, Miss Roberts's latest book calls to mind "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," "The Return of the Native," and "Far from the Madding Crowd." Yet it has an unabashed simplicity, a direct approach to human nature and to all natural phenomena that these stylized and, in a sense, literary books lack.

Had Emily Dickinson written a novel this might have been her book. But the secluded house in Amherst lay in no fertile Kentucky farm land. In the rocky New England valley man's relation to the land is no rhythmic identification with the earth but a long, unrewarding struggle against starvation. Emily Dickinson's perception of nature was as direct as Miss Roberts's, but it was limited in scope to the flowers and birds and small creatures she encountered in her own personal experience. And whereas her poetry is in one sense concrete, the medium in which she expressed her emotions was metaphysical rather than physical. Miss Roberts's trees and flowers, her sheep and geese and cows and horses, her gardens and pastures are the livelihood, the core and backbone of the lives of her characters. Romantic, poetic, imaginative as is this love story, it is as fundamentally physical as the sun or the moon or the sea.

Miss Roberts's story is of people who accept unquestioningly their own identity with the processes of nature. Indeed,

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By Odell Shepard

Author of "Pedlar's Progress: The Life of Bronson Alcott"
Pulitzer Prize Biography, Joint Award, 1938

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LITTLE, BROWN & CO. PUBLISHERS,

the one thwarted character in the book is the young truck-driver, whose only roots lie in his machine. "We'll not live any place," he says, "but be as free as air. Go and come. Home is where my hat falls off. Home is inside my skin. Come inside my skin out of the rain, my darlen." But Dena leaves him in spite of his threats of death and destruction, in spite of the inevitable disgrace of having to return unmarried to the village from which she has eloped in a moment of overwhelming passion for this strange and violent man.

"Once you get alive you have a right to go on," she says to herself on her desperate flight back home, away from the seven days of chaos he has made of her life. "A right to a life that makes good sense. . . . A hat on your head if the others have got hats. A name for yourself, your own name that you were born with, or his name when you marry. . . ."

This, then, is the theme of the book, "a life that makes good sense," and perhaps at no other time in the world's history would the life of these simple farm people, tending their herds and their crops, believing in the faith of the Catholic church as it was believed in centuries ago, expressing their passions with the directness of pagans, seem to express almost the only remaining logic.

The character of Nat Journeyman, wise and philosophic, tending his orchards by day where at night "there was love and frolic and the girls would shriek in their pleasure and romp in the half-light of the moon," is of the same universal band as the Reddleman in "The Return of the Native." But he has a humor, a saltiness that is essentially American. Fronia, the shrewd, twice-widowed, honest, but worldly wise sister of Dena, the heroine, is in her way as personal and as universal a character as the Wife of Bath. But it is not for the critic to list the characters in this book. The reader must experience them for himself. He will not soon forget them.

Entirely apart from Miss Roberts's insight into human nature, her inherent gifts as a poet, she is a novelist of brilliant technical ability. She has so completely mastered the use of suspense that whether she tells of an impending murder or the search for a lost thimble the reader follows her narrative with undivided absorption. But most significant perhaps of her achievements is her weaving into the pattern of her pastoral novel the mechanical devices of modern life in such a way that they seem as natural as the seasons and the growth of the trees.

> Journeyman had put on dark glasses to be able to look upward into the tops of the trees as he pumped the spray upward. . . . From the north way came the shallow knocking of a man's voice beating here and there through the stressed syllables of a song. Between these senseless tones was spread a low purr of music. Singing floated through the air, coming from no place. . . . The man who sang was in Louisville or in Chicago or elsewhere. Mingled and blended with the sound was the light wash of the spray as it pattered over the leaves.

One could continue indefinitely quoting passages of insight and beauty from "Black Is My Truelove's Hair" but there is no space. Nor is there time to discuss Miss Roberts's extraordinary use of colloquial language, a speech at once Elizabethan and contemporary. Suffice it to say that in "The Great Meadow" Miss Roberts wrote an intrinsically American historical novel which has never been surpassed; that in "The Time of Man" she gave a picture not only of the life of a share-cropper and his family in the South today but of all men who, owning no land, are still forced to draw their living from the soil. And in "Black Is My Truelove's Hair" she has created a love story that is both immediate and timeless.

MINA CURTISS

"Steffens Speaking"

THE LETTERS OF LINCOLN STEFFENS. Edited by Ella Winter and Granville Hicks, with a Memorandum by Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace and Company. Two Volumes. $10.

EVEN though he once suggested to Ella Winter that she print some of his letters, I believe that Linc Steffens would have jibed and jibbed at the suggestion that any publisher would ever think of publishing two volumes of his correspondence to sell for $10. His mordant wit would have had free play. I confess that, well as I knew Steffens's work, I was skeptical. Now I am more than convinced. Whether they make or lose money, Harcourt, Brace have done a public service in publishing these volumes and in thus preserving the letters for posterity. In the first place they *are* Steffens. I can hear his voice in these letters as clearly as if he were in the room, as clearly as at the recent memorial services to James Weldon Johnson we heard his voice speaking to us out of a Victrola record made only a short time before his tragic end.

For Steffens wrote as he spoke. There was no effort to be polished, no desire to be the man of letters. He was just his own self. It is too bad he called his last book "Lincoln Steffens Speaking"; that should have been the title of these volumes. For here he is, just as whimsical, charming, elusive, fanciful, scoffing, and joking—seriously joking—as he was, and also just as amazingly penetrating and understanding, as wise and as unwise, as right and as mistaken, as contradictory and as paradoxical. If he often seemed Puck come to life to tell the mortals around him the fools they be, he was ever inspired by his deep desire to help—until finally he reached the point to which so many others have come, and, realizing how tremendous and irresistible are the forces making over society before our eyes, was content to be the calm commentator.

"I am not a Communist," he wrote on November 19, 1932. "I merely think that the next order of society will be socialist and that the Communists will bring it in and lead it." He saw the Socialists failing everywhere, and he thought he recognized the cause: "The Socialists *intend* only to do the best they can, which is not enough." Then he cited Harold Laski as "a good example; I know him personally. He wants too much besides socialism. The Communists want socialism. That got, they can get the rest." Today he could reinforce his point by pointing to Hitler and Mussolini. They know just what they want and when, and they are getting it. Still, with Communists today abandoning their sole quest in order to build a temporary front with the democracies, he might now alter this dictum. But it would not irk Steffens to have to do so; he was never afraid to let it be known that he had had to shift his ground. Indeed, he

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openly admitted it; it was part of his never-ending education and evolution.

That evolution is as clear as daylight in these letters. The first great step he took was to liberate himself from the belief he so ardently held as a reporter that the faults of our political, social, and economic life were due to the bad men who had got hold of the machinery; that we had only to expel the bad men and all would be well. He no longer desired to attack these bosses and super-business men personally; he even came to admire them, for he saw that they were able, resourceful, and powerful because they took advantage of the special privileges offered by the social system. He wanted to preserve this energy and forcefulness and put them to work building up and remodeling the whole business of our group life. Once he said to me, "The good people are the bad and the bad the good." It seemed at first like an amusing playing with words. How often has it not come back to me in the years of fighting since, when so often the good and the holy have held back all progress, upheld abuses, tortured the innocent, or approved their being broken on the wheel of ignorance and stupidity!

Always he sought to understand life, to see what went on behind the façades, to find the causes for the impending or the arrived collapse. Undoubtedly that weakened him so far as making the impression upon his time it was once thought he would make. He was baffled—again and again. He was always seeking some general principles to portray on a great canvas, and when he failed to find them or to picture what he did see he blamed among other things his college education. He was not one to scourge the money-changers out of the temple. His forte, and these letters prove it, was in dissecting and reporting the actions of the human beings about him. There may be bitter words in these letters; I don't seem to find them. Critical ones, yes, but not bitter. The older he grew the kindlier he became, the more forgiving, probably the more understanding. Yet it is a fact that men missed in him the clear-cut objectives which probably the reasonableness and the analytical character of his mind rendered impossible. It is perhaps true that his wit and his paradoxes, his worries, and—at times—his reticences deprived him of exercising to the full the power which nature intended should be his.

So in these letters we have the man really self-revealed—his friendships, the love he bore for three women, his adoration of the child born to him late in life to give him unending joy—truly "Steffens Speaking." How I wish I had the space to quote here from them! Some are classic, some riotously funny, and all stylistically distinguished. These letters were written to all sorts and kinds of persons; no man had wider contacts or more devoted friends. They describe many scenes and illumine much. Only occasionally do they disappoint. The very official secrecy of his remarkable mission to Russia with William C. Bullitt and Captain Pettit in 1919 prevented his portraying it in letters on the spot, and I must confess to a feeling that at the Peace Conference he did not realize to the full the disaster taking place. Never mind. The pulsing warmth of the portraits he has painted of innumerable friends, and above all of himself, far offset any inadequacies. These books I shall turn to as long as I may.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

The Naturalization of Logic

LOGIC: THE THEORY OF INQUIRY. By John Dewey. Henry Holt and Company. $4.

THE philosophy of John Dewey has been one of the most important formative influences in the history of recent American thought. The basic principles of that philosophy are startlingly simple, and yet in their applications to various fields they appear to have an inexhaustible vitality. Because of the recurrence of these basic concepts in all Dewey's writings the present book will seem to the superficial reader as a reiteration or reorganization of the material of his preceding volumes. Actually what this book has in common with the rest of Dewey's philosophical works is the method and the leading principles of his philosophy. And even these principles are not merely restated, but reformed through their interaction with a nexus of new problems and new subject matter. The result is one of the most illuminating studies in the field of logical theory.

The basic hypothesis underlying Dewey's logic and expressing its naturalistic character is that "the logical principles involved in scientific method have themselves arisen in the progressive course of inquiry." In other words, these principles are the *forms* of inquiry only because they are the *formulations* of procedure. Their function is to describe the objective and generic traits of operations of inquiry. Without reference to these operations the logical principles have neither authority nor meaning. Logic is not an extraneous, a priori constriction imposed on reasoning but the residual product of a self-corrective procedure. It is a formulated art or technique of control in inquiry.

Naturalism in philosophy, as in art and literature, arose under the influence of the scientific world-view of the nineteenth century. But while in literature it has been on the whole a pessimistic expression of finality, destiny, and an ineluctable submission of man to nature, in Dewey's philosophy it is the very antithesis of such tragic determinism. The difference is radical. To the early philosophic and literary naturalism nature and her laws seemed to be inexorable antagonists of man and his pathetically human values. The entire weight of Dewey's philosophy, however, is directed against this dramatic dichotomy; not, as some critics believe, because this literary naturalism is out of harmony with the frontier optimism of American culture, but because it is unscientific and hence not genuinely naturalistic. For to be naturalistic means in Dewey's philosophy to naturalize thought and value, that is, to see them integrated with the material world in which they originate and function.

These remarks are not as irrelevant to the subject matter of logic as they may appear to be at first glance. The radical dissociation of values from their natural roots is but a phase of the more fundamental metaphysical dualism of form and matter which philosophers have sustained for many centuries. There have been few ideas in the intellectual tradition of our civilization which have had a more extended history or a more pervasive influence than this distinction between form and content. Theories of morality, law, society, and science revolved about pivotal doctrines of matter and form, and reflected this doctrinal orientation in concrete social enter-

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prises. A naturalistic logic, conceived as the theory of inquiry, offers the most fundamental analysis of the methodological forms and their relation to subject matter in these enterprises. It thereby furnishes them with a powerful instrument of progressive self-criticism and development.

It has been said that the peculiar character of Dewey's naturalism, with its emphasis on such concepts as organism, development, progression, and novelty, derives from the use of the biological rather than the mathematical or physical sciences as the patterns of scientific method. Such interpretation makes these concepts incidental and accidental to the subject matter of Dewey's philosophy. But while some support for this view may be found in Dewey's early philosophical antecedents, the significant fact still remains that thinking, inquiring, and knowing are biological phenomena, whatever else they may also be. If biological categories find application in Dewey's analysis of inquiry, it is, then, not because of some circumstance in Dewey's biography but because thought, which is somebody's thought, must have a biological function.

Thought or inquiry is never devoid of subject matter, and every subject matter is a matter of some sort, an existential matrix within which and with which some organism interacts. One type of such interaction is deliberate inquiry, but according to Dewey's logic the traits that differentiate deliberate inquiry develop out of biological activities not marked by those traits. Logic, therefore, like inquiry and its subject matter, is subject to evolution and can never attain a final formulation.

To hold this view is not to deny the existence or indispensability of primary logical principles. The theory is concerned only with their origin and use. Logical forms are used to guide inquiry to desired consequences, namely, to warranted assertions. Experience makes it evident that this desired consequence cannot be attained without certain conditions imposed on the materials of inquiry. When these conditions are abstracted and formulated they become logical forms, but they do not cease to be forms of subject matter.

The fundamental logical pattern of inquiry is thus the same as the basic pattern of every purposeful, directed action: the adaptation of means to the realization of ends-in-view, and the use of ends-in-view as forms or leading principles *informing* and controlling the means. The implications of this principle for social science are revolutionary in view of the prevailing idea "that social inquiry is scientific only when complete renunciation of any reference to *practical* affairs is made its precondition." For it means that "social inquiry, as *inquiry*, involves the necessity of operations which existentially modify actual conditions that, as they exist, are the occasions of genuine inquiry and that provide its subject matter."

No treatise on logic ever written has had as direct and vital an impact on social life as Dewey's will have once its full meaning is widely grasped. This review can give no more than a meager account of its depth and scope, which ranges over a wide field from formal logic and mathematics to the methodology of the social sciences. Nor would it be appropriate to raise here technical issues such as Dewey's attitude to the doctrines of logical empiricism, to which—it seems to the present reviewer—he is more opposed than is demanded by the basic doctrines of his own logical theory. With such trivial reservations one can say that Dewey's "Logic" is a great philosophical work. Had he written nothing else it would have been sufficient to earn for him an illustrious place in the history of philosophy. WILLIAM GRUEN

America's Future

THE PROSPECTS OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY. By George S. Counts. John Day Company. $3.

PROFESSOR COUNTS has written a really illuminating book. He has not been afraid to face the grim fact that American democracy is at a turning-point in its history. All the warnings uttered by the great makers of the Jeffersonian tradition threaten the prospect of its survival. A concentrated economic power jeopardizes the authority of the people. A judiciary acts as the tool of that economic power. In its hands is, in major degree, the control of the press, the radio and the educational system. Civil liberties are in jeopardy, because they threaten that power, in a degree that becomes the more serious the more fully it is known. There is widespread, as in California and Harlan County and Jersey City, that temper of violence and intolerance which, in Germany and Italy and Spain, has been the forerunner of fascist upheaval. It is not the least merit of Professor Counts's book that he is not afraid to set out, clearly and soberly, the grave liabilities of the present time. An American citizen who read this book would learn from it how real the danger to his democracy is, and how deep lie the roots of that danger in both the temper and the institutions of the national life.

Professor Counts, however, emphasizes the assets which may be brought into the other side of the account. There is no such semi-feudal stratification of the people as that which still characterizes a good deal of the Western world. There is an inheritance of the democratic outlook which pervades wide masses of the people, America, too, is an experimental civilization; and the rapidity with which it is prepared to accept significant changes quickly is remarkable. Important, too, he thinks are the vast resources of the country, the security of the nation from external attack, the high political sense of the masses. He is impressed by the inability of the "aristocracy" to mobilize its power for attack. He believes, further, that the growing mass of scientific knowledge about man and his place in society puts resources not previously available at the disposal of the democratic leader. And like every good American, Professor Counts has great faith in the potentialities of the educational system, if the teachers will use the obligation and opportunity that are in their hands. He thinks, too, that the spectacle of a Europe growingly enchained by war and fascism will make Americans hesitate long before they surrender their tradition of freedom. Given will and courage and organization, Professor Counts therefore believes that there is a good prospect that American democracy will triumph over its difficulties.

Professor Counts writes with an impressiveness the more persuasive because he is well aware of the strength of the case he has to meet. Yet I cannot help feeling that, even with all his doubts, he emerges from his survey more optimistic than an outsider is inclined to be. He pays relatively little attention to the problem of time. Can the assets of which he speaks be mobilized for democratic reorganization as quickly as the crisis requires? The elections of 1932 and 1936 showed clearly that the common man is aware of the urgency he confronts. But his urgency is, so to say, interstitial in both time and space. The divisions in the ranks of labor are a grave handicap. The hesitation of many progressives provides the reactionaries with a façade behind which, as the fight in the Court and Reorganization bills made manifest, they are able with great effectiveness to operate to democratic disadvantage. The kind of attack upon economic royalism to which the Administration pins its faith, the assault on monopoly, for example, seems to me both technically unwise and economically unprofitable. The strategies of delay which the American system leaves at the disposal of the corporate power make the remedies attempted half-adequate at every turn. The maintenance of the separation of powers, federal and geographical, at a time when America confronts the exigencies of the positive state gravely handicaps the ability of a reforming President to move forward rapidly on a wide front. The abyss which separates public opinion from the opinion of the rank-and-file politicians in America remains startling; and the degree to which the latter remain the corrupt henchmen of big business comes out startlingly also every time a major investigation is attempted. I think it may prove decisive in American politics (Professor Counts does not discuss the point) that there is no great political party in America through which organized labor can express its views effectively. I think it important also that there are few great areas of American industry in which the forces of law and order do not act with a decisive bias in favor of the elements hostile to democracy. The revelations of the La Follette Committee on Civil Liberties go deep into the foundation of the American system. There was never a time in the history of the United States when a genuine democracy more gravely threatened sinister interests than it does today. Psychologically, also, there was never a time when, both openly and secretly, those interests were more alert to the consequences of a democratic way of life. They are far more integrated and determined than their opponents. Their power to maneuver is far more rapid and decisive. They live by the inertia of the progressive elements, who lack unity of ideas, unity of strategy, unity of determination. That has been evident in every major crisis in the Roosevelt Administration. The indecision of the President's friends has only too often left the field to his enemies.

I agree with Professor Counts that American democracy has an opportunity of salvation greater than that of any other capitalist country. My doubt is whether it can develop in time, first, the institutions appropriate to its salvation and, second, the unity of mind necessary to make those institutions work in a vital way. I suspect that the federal experiment, in its historic form, is now obsolete; and the difficulty, as a matter of political psychology, to secure its readjustment in time to utilize the assets of which Professor Counts speaks seems to me almost overwhelming. If, in addition to all this, the United States should be drawn into a major war, the prospect of maintaining a democratic society would, I believe, be small indeed. And warmly as I agree with Professor Counts about the pivotal task which the American teacher can perform, I doubt whether he can perform it until, in common with his fellows, he has determined upon the values he is willing to defend. Once he comes to that determination (he has not yet done so), he has to organize to make possible his defense and, not less important, find the allies which will give his organization effective striking power. I cannot speak of American schools, since I know little of them; but in this context the teacher in the American university is mainly inclined to dwell in an ivory tower remote from the battle which rages around him. He is afraid to speak lest he be silenced, and with noble exceptions he is little inclined to realize that men who are afraid to speak soon lose the habit of effective utterance. That is not the least of the reasons for warmly welcoming Professor Counts's book. It is an exhilarating experience to see so incisive an utterance come from a leading figure in a great university.

HAROLD J. LASKI

A Pedlar of Ideas

THE JOURNALS OF BRONSON ALCOTT. Edited by Odell Shepard. Little, Brown and Company. $5.

TO ODELL SHEPARD has fallen the opportunity of restoring an original genius to the world which he ardently desired to serve and which so persistently rejected him. For fifty years Bronson Alcott was something of a figure of fun in Boston; his opinions regarded at first as dangerous and later as precious nonsense, his reputation that of a parasite on the fame of greater men and "Little Women." He left as his monument fifty volumes of journals in manuscript, covering the years between 1826 and 1882, containing on Mr. Shepard's estimate some 5,000,000 words. From this mass the editor has winnowed perhaps a thirtieth part, but sufficient to give a well-rounded presentation of a character and an experience which are the very essence of New England in its flowering. Alcott lamented that his preoccupation with the inner life, seeking to represent it to himself, made it difficult to communicate with the popular mind. "But I do not despair," he wrote. "Time will make me intelligible and I shall not wholly misrepresent myself." Whether his trust in time would have been justified without Mr. Shepard's heroic labors is open to question, but at any rate the happy result has been achieved, and a dim star has been raised to higher magnitude in the New England galaxy.

Alcott's thought was sheer transcendentalism. In his urgency for a spiritual interpretation of the universe he stood against Agassiz in asserting the priority of man to nature. "Matter is a revelation of Mind, the flesh of the Spirit, the world of God. . . . Man is older than Nature. The synthesis of his being is broader. Nature is included within it. Matter, both organic and inorganic, are consequent and sequels of his birth. Nature is the Soul's cast-off wardrobe." Hence he held the high duty of man to continue the creative process. "I bestow a benison on Nature whenever I walk forth in hope and joy and breathe forth my Soul into her atmosphere. I give more than I take." Yet like Wordsworth he left intense gratitude to the hill country in which he spent his youth.

Another element in Alcott's transcendentalism was his mystical belief in childhood as a source of illumination. He looked forward to the birth of his third child, "the young celestial whom I am soon to know," as a revelation, "an image of the Infinite and Unshadowed One." Like Francisco Ferrer he was by vocation a teacher of children, and while he did not have to face the firing squad, his martyrdom was real. The first entry in Mr. Shepard's volume is the statement: "Those who in modern times attempt in education anything different from the old-established modes are regarded as publick innovators on the peace and order of society." He was driven from his district school at Cheshire, Connecticut. At Bristol, Connecticut, his engagement was not renewed. In Boston the Temple School, which contributed a classic to the literature of education, was closed by public outcry. At a Teachers' Institute under the direction of Horace Mann he was not allowed to share with others his experience, on the ground that his "political opinions were esteemed hostile to the existence of the state." Beyond question the frustration which left him without the ability to support his family arose from his being excluded from the profession to which he properly belonged. Late in life he was elected superintendent of schools at Concord, but this office he was permitted to hold only a few years. Yet childhood continued to be his source of inspiration. "No man contemporary with me," he wrote, "not even Pestalozzi, has spent more time with children."

Alcott made the discovery that before he could serve children he must educate parents, and toward this end he developed the form of expression which he made famous, the conversation. His natural gift was oral. He lamented that he could not write as he talked. It was as a talker that he made his mark on his contemporaries, in intimate converse with Emerson or Thoreau, or in the general exchange of ideas in the numerous circles and clubs in which he was the moving spirit. Alcott's spirit was above all social.

One value of his Journals is the intellectual panorama of the age in which he appears in turn as the Dr. Johnson and the Boswell. In his terse, penetrating comment on his contemporaries he revealed a power as a writer in which he thought himself lacking. Here is Thoreau: "The ruddiest and nimblest genius that has trodden our woods, he comes amidst mist and exhalations, his locks dripping with moisture, in the sonorous rains of an ever-lyric day." Hawthorne he saw "dodging about among the trees on his hilltop as if he feared his neighbor's eyes would catch him as he walked." Holmes he thought of not "as being youthful, but an old man's son rather, and witty by ancestry." Lowell he could not accept as a poet. "In common sense, keen wit, fanciful humor he is hardly surpassed by any of our American scholars, but in high imagination and the dignities of moral sentiment . . . he appears to me to be deficient." Of Charles Sumner he wrote: "I have never discovered any aptitude of ideas or signs of genius in him. . . . His attainments are all of the Harvard cast." Emerson is the name which appears most often in the Journals. "His friendship has been from the first, and still is, a religion and a culture to me, without which I should have been left much alone and unfriended on this planet." Among the glimpses of that golden day and flowering time of our literature none goes nearer the heart than an entry in December, 1851, "Concord. All day with Emerson and Ideas, the rain pouring outside, also."

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

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Mozart's Music

MOZART: THE MAN AND HIS WORKS. By W. J. Turner. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.

TURNER'S writings on Mozart—an essay in Volume I of "The Heritage of Music" (Oxford), another in "Facing the Music" (London: Bell), and the present book—are among the most treasurable pieces of critical writings we possess, because of what they manage to say about this most extraordinary of all musical artists, whose extraordinary qualities are so difficult to say anything about. At the end of the second movement of the Piano Concerto K. 467 you may find that you have stopped breathing under the cumulative pressure of the expressiveness and terrific force of what you have been hearing; but you cannot say what the expressiveness and force are, and all you have been hearing is a long, calm cantilena. As Turner has observed, one experiences the music of Mozart directly and cannot describe the experience. But Turner's strength as a critic is that he is himself an artist, a poet—one of the persons who understand some things not at all but some things better than anyone else. At times, then, Turner is perverse, silly, or otherwise irritating as only a poet can be; but on the qualities of Mozart that are so difficult to describe he writes with a poet's penetration and precision of statement.

He observes, for example, that in Mozart's music there are passion, violence, demoniac intensity—qualities of excess that one does not expect to find in the work of a composer who is thought of as a classical artist. It is, he contends, because the passion and intensity are crystallized into pure musical form, because the excess is brought under control and does not exceed, and the music appears the simplest, the clearest of all, that Mozart's art is classical and he is in fact the supreme classical artist. And for this reason the music is ambiguous: "When you are a child Mozart speaks to you as a child—no music could be more simple, more childlike—but when you are a man you find to your astonishment that this music which seemed childlike is completely adult and masculine." And even when you are a man, he might have added, you may still hear only a pleasant melody in the second movement of K. 467, and not hear anything that should cause anyone to stop breathing. Turner develops his idea when he compares Mozart's music to Swift's "Gulliver's Travels":

> It is perfect for children, the most delightful of fairy tales, but when one has grown up (which everybody does not do) one discovers that . . . the simple fairy tale has become profound, terrifying, and mysterious; so mysterious and so uniquely mysterious that to much of Mozart's music one can put no label; one cannot even say whether it is gay or sad, comic or tragic. It is this baffling remoteness from human partisanship and from moral or emotional propaganda . . . allied with an extraordinary intensity which makes Mozart strangely moving and inexplicable.

Writing about the man, Turner is concerned with creating for us the composer of the second movement of K. 467—the composer, that is, not of a pleasant melody but of music with terrific impact—not a delicate "child of the dying rococo age," as he is usually thought of, but "a wholly superior man, intensely serious, deeply compassionate, almost all-comprehending," with the great force of his superiority, his pride and honor, as disturbing to lesser men as this force always is; a man, also, with an abundance of sweetness, candor, lightheartedness, and vivacity, and in all these the vital energy which Turner finds unique (there is, he points out, a bigger volume of noise in the last movement of Beethoven's Seventh, but not as quick, as tense a "rush" as in the Overture to "Figaro": "It is the rumble of thunder compared with the flash of lightning"). Turner's method of creating this man for us is in large measure to let him create himself through portions of his letters—an excellent method for Mozart, and most successful in the two or three instances where the letters are not translations but the originals. As breath-taking as the rush of sound in the Overture to "Figaro" is the rush of exuberantly, absurdly, but always pointedly mingled German and Italian with which he describes to his sister a performance of opera in Verona. Thus:

> Ruggiero, un ricco principe, innamorata di Bradamante . . . à una bellisima voce ed è gia vecchio ha cinquante cinque anni ed à una leuffige gurgel. Leone, soll die Bradamente heyrathen, reichissima est; ob er aber asser dem Theatro reich ist, das weis ich nicht, fà una donna, la moglie di Afferi . . . à una bellissima voce, ma è tanto sussuro nell theatro che non si sente niente. Irene fà una sorella di Lolli dell gran Violinisto, che abbiamo sentito à Vienna. à una schnosselte voce, e canta sempre um ein viertil zu tardi, ò troppo a buon ora.

He was fourteen when he wrote this; and at the same time he wrote, among other things, the recitative and aria "Misero me et Misero pargoletto" K. 77, which Wyzewa and Saint-Foix characterize as a work "on the greatest scale that he has produced in this style and one of those in which the precocity of his genius appears most astonishing." But on that subject one could go on forever. B. H. HAGGIN

DRAMA

A New Star

THE story retold in "Oscar Wilde" (Fulton Theater) is the familiar story of one of the stalest of scandals. It is therefore all the more remarkable that the production as a whole should turn out to be very much the most interesting which the new season has to offer. Some credit is due to a very workman-like script, based largely upon documents and the standard biographies, which tells the tale with effective simplicity; but chief credit for the success of the piece must go to the extraordinary impersonation supplied by Robert Morley in the title role.

Mr. Morley is an English actor appearing here in the current motion picture "Marie Antoinette" but otherwise unknown to America, and it is impossible to judge from his performance in a single role what his range may be. There can, however, be few to deny that the portrait of Wilde constitutes one of the most effective bits of acting seen here in years. The mere fact that his resemblance to the published portraits is so startling as to make the spectator rub his eyes may, of course, be due in part to a happy accident, but no

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accident, however happy, could possibly account for the fact that every gesture and intonation seem completely convincing and absolutely right. He speaks Wilde's well-known epigrams with the air of a man who is uttering them for the first time in public—neither too slowly nor more glibly than they would have been spoken by a man well aware that what he said was memorable. He moves just deliberately enough to suggest a poseur who knew precisely how long his admirers would wait without impatience for their hero to strike his attitude. But most remarkable of all is an extraordinarily mobile face, heavy, as Wilde's undoubtedly was, and yet capable of revealing both the complacent triumph of his great days and the misery of his later degradation. Perhaps, however, there is no better way to suggest how good the performance as a whole is than to say that it manages to make understandable the charm to which so many who knew Wilde have testified but which must be taken on faith by those who know only what others have said about him. Mr. Morley glosses nothing over. The figure he presents is gross and obviously androgyne, but it is also the image of a man almost pathetically gracious behind the arrogant mask and one which makes comprehensible as no written accounts do the appeal which Wilde must undoubtedly have had. There are, incidentally, several other excellent performances, notably those by John Buckmaster, who plays Lord Alfred Douglas, and by Harold Young, whose Frank Harris is startlingly like the slightly seedy adventurer once a familiar figure about New York.

In "The Fabulous Invalid" (Broadhurst Theater) the sick man under consideration is the ailing theater itself, and the purpose of the authors, George Kaufman and Moss Hart, is to show how that invalid has managed to survive all the obviously fatal diseases from which at various times he has been known to suffer. The spectacle provided is not a play but a pageant, and as such it is often colorful and effective. It is also, however, so fearfully elaborate that it is frequently downright clumsy, and it continually threatens to crush the struggling authors under the weight of its own machinery.

The first scene shows the opening of the new Alexandria Theater on the first of its first nights; the last, appropriately enough, the moment at the present day when the stage of the now moldy old playhouse is happily reclaimed by an ardent group of young actors who may just possibly belong to the WPA. Some sort of continuity is supplied by the wandering ghosts of, two actors privileged to haunt the scene of their former triumph, and all this might be well enough if the authors had been able to devise some consistent device to serve as the skeleton of their pageant. Most of the first act is taken up with brief moments from plays and musical comedies from the day of "The Lion and the Mouse" to that of "What Price Glory," but the scenes are too brief to be very effective and the interruptions to discuss what was said to be wrong with the theater at this moment or that are conspicuously awkward. Then in the second of the two acts the method changes, and we see what went on in this particular theater in the days when first the moving picture and later the burlesque show had taken possession of it. Considered simply by themselves these scenes are not only the best of the evening but also extremely effective as satire. But three or four skits, do not make an evening, and most of the dialogue

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which carries the story forward suggests the halting inanity of a musical-comedy libretto. Probably the authors, with so much material and so much scenery on their hands, despaired of getting a word in edgewise and finally, losing interest in the whole business, decided that anything would do.

Perhaps one thing more is wrong with the theater. Perhaps it is now dying of the search for novelty, of the tendency to rely on "a swell idea for a play" which always turns out to be a stunt of some sort. Perhaps what we really need are playwrights who do not insist upon either an entire absence of scenery or more scenery than anyone else ever had before—playwrights who, on the one hand, aspire to more than a dramatization of the daily paper and, on the other, can get along without either ghosts or personifications of death hiding in apple trees. In any event it is odd that a play intended to suggest that the theater which never dies is only two boards and a passion should be a play in which the dialogue seems no more than a careless afterthought.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FILMS

"Grand Illusion"

IT IS unkind of Erich von Stroheim to debunk war's illusions in this graceless year. Only two decades ago it was this same Stroheim, "the man you love to hate," who sketched for us the aspect of the hideous Hun in Hollywood's anti-German films. Now he returns in what is outwardly his familiar character—the same white gloves, polished boots, and dextrous cigarette, the same steely stride, and that extraordinary face, glazed and immobile as its ingrown monocle, yet far more eloquent than "acting" ever is. Seeing him thus solidifies old memories, the fine moments in "Blind Husbands" and "Foolish Wives" that made him an image of evil fascination. But though the form of his work is the same, its meaning has changed. In "Grand Illusion" the aristocratic Hun is a pathetic figure from which the menace has gone out. His epicurean elegance is preserved now merely to keep up appearances. Even his strength, his immense vitality, are no longer frightening, because they are atrophying through want of use. It is the same character, yes, but deepened by events, adapted to new conditions. And this development from caricature toward dimension is the measure of von Stroheim's growth since the florid cynicism of his early days. In the man's long struggle against box-officialdom, the actor has been humanized.

Like most of Jean Renoir's films, "Grand Illusion" is an example of what Harry Alan Potamkin used to call "intensive cinema." Sketching quite simply the outlines of life in a German prison camp during the World War, Renoir develops the significant incidents one by one, dwelling upon them until they deepen into a motif, an idea, an opinion. What, asks Renoir, is the experience of a man in modern war? On the battlefield it is obvious enough: kill when you must, escape death when you can. But here in the prison camp, removed from the fact and fear of death, men still try to

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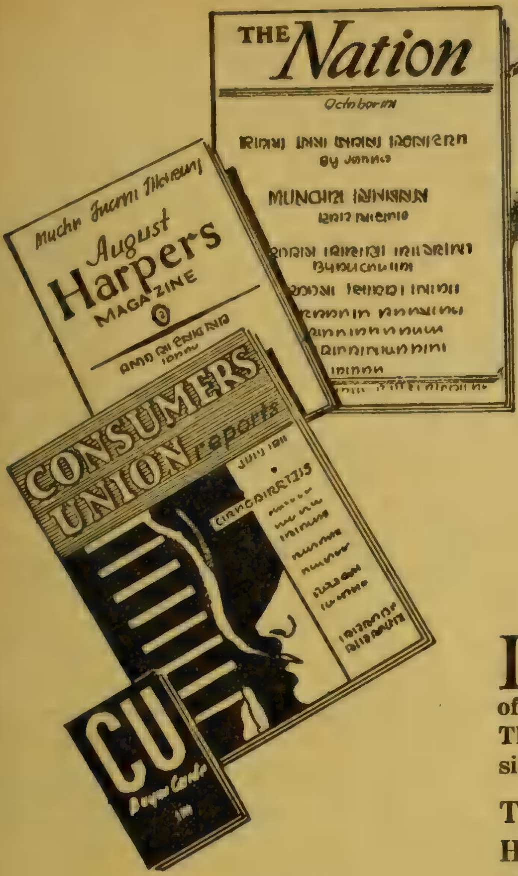
influence an event which is so much larger than their lives. The two who struggle hardest are aristocrats, survivals of a day when individual effort had military value. Von Rauffenstein (click), officer in the imperial Germany army (bow), has been ruined physically in an airplane crash, but he accepts the tedious post of camp commandant in order to continue serving the state. That is the function to which he was bred, without which he does not exist. His French counterpart, Captain de Boieldieu, dies that two fellow-prisoners may escape. He knows that he shivers his painted lance in vain, that this last gift to France is almost theatrical in its futility. But, *noblesse oblige!* For a gentleman, even death must be a gesture to the world passed away. The men for whom he dies have no such sense of personal obligation. Marechal the mechanic and Rosenthal the Jew are democrats. To them war is no profession but a duty, as meaningless as it is unpleasant. Why escape, then? Why not make captivity a refuge until the thing is over and life's familiar outlines reappear? But prison camps are made to escape from; one must do something to feel one's weight in affairs, to seem to affect the issue. So Marechal and Rosenthal start their miserable journey, hardly knowing why they go on. Is it good luck, or bad, or merely another experience, that they fall in with a lonely German woman, widowed by the war, who welcomes them because she wants to hear a man's tread on the floor again? This is their haven, and in it Marechal finds all a man needs, but even here they are still prisoners of circumstance. There is danger in finding peace in the midst of war, danger even in loving a girl who speaks another language. So they go back to France, to help push the war through or to wait for it to wear itself out. After it is over, will Marechal come back to the happiness he has found? But yes, naturally. If he is alive.

The picture, especially this last sequence, is played in muted undertones. Even von Stroheim's powerful presence is subdued to the quiet level of French acting, and Pierre Fresnay, Jean Gabin, and Dita Parlo are people so easy to know that one thinks of them as contemporaries. For though the picture is a period study, its minor and major illusions still prevail in the divided world of 1938. In the fascist countries men turn back to the Rauffenstein ideal, asserting themselves by becoming a unit in the state, making its corporate quarrels their own. To the democracies war is repugnant, but in recent weeks they have seemed to think that in the end it is a necessity. Their illusion, grand only because it is shared by so many people, is that good intentions produce good results. They have forgotten Versailles; they have forgotten that war is now a human enterprise beyond the scope of single human beings. Though it may force them into action, their efforts for good or ill have no weight in its vast, incalculable total. "Grand Illusion" reminds us that this is so, but that is all it does. Renoir, who invokes so skilfully these terrifying images of disintegration, offers in contrast only the old ideal of man's brotherhood, and his film does not tell us whether it is illusion or reality. Marechal and Rosenthal, plebeians that they are, feel kinship with their captors. But their affectionate gestures across the barriers of class and race come too late. Peace is the time for mutual understanding. Once the war mills start grinding, they do not stop until there is nothing left to feed them.

RICHARD GRIFFITH



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Letters to the Editors

Colorado Old-Age Pensions

Dear Sirs: I am writing to commend the article on the Townsend racket by Richard L. Neuberger of Oregon, printed in the September 17 issue of *The Nation.*

Colorado was a pioneer in old-age pension laws, enacting the first one in 1927. After some ten years of experiment the Legislature in 1936 passed an admirable and workable old-age-pensions statute which paid $30 a month to some 27,000 pensioners, or about 40 per cent of those above sixty-five years of age, based upon need. The money was raised by liquor taxes and a 2 per cent sales tax, half of each being taken, together with the matching amount of the federal Social Security Board. After this law had been in effect a few months, it was superseded by an initiated constitutional amendment which was adopted by popular vote in November, 1936. This amendment attempts to pay $45 a month to all of sixty or above, not on a basis of need but merely of having reached the proper age and not receiving an income exceeding $45 a month.

The group supporting that amendment has never supported any genuine program of social security. That is shown by the fact that the taxes set by the amendment do not raise anywhere near enough money to pay the $45 a month. Moreover, another statutory provision in the same amendment impounded 85 per cent of all excise taxes now in effect or to be enacted in the future for old-age pensions exclusively, leaving only 15 per cent for all other relief. That effectively cut off funds which had been devoted to other relief purposes and denied to the state government any right or possibility of raising sufficient funds to take care of any other class of destitute people.

Now another constitutional amendment, also initiated, is on the ballot in Colorado to be voted upon in 1938. If adopted, it will get rid of the 85 per cent trap and place in the hands of the Legislature again the power to establish the terms of old-age pension statutes and the means of raising the money, as well as the power to provide funds for other relief cases.

RUDOLPH JOHNSON

Boulder, Colorado, October 5

"Village Atheist" in Context

Dear Sirs: I found myself in complete agreement with Charles Beard's masterful dissection of Allan Nevins's book in *The Nation* of September 24. Thus I feel it all the more important to clarify a reference Mr. Beard made to me. Speaking of the reception accorded to his theory of the economic interpretation of the Constitution, Mr. Beard said, "An editor of *The Nation* has set me down as 'a village atheist.'" The editor referred to is myself. The phrase occurred in an article in *The Nation* of April 8, 1936, Charles Beard Confronts Himself, reviewing a new edition of Beard's classic on the Constitution. But Mr. Beard should, as a good historian, have regard for the context. In his article on Nevins he is talking of the orthodox who were shocked by his historical theory because it forced them to face the fact that there are dominant economic drives in history. To list me among them is something less than accurate. My own criticism of Beard was that in his new introduction, written almost a quarter-century later, he had abandoned a good deal of the ground he had once staked out for the economic interpretation of history; in fact, that his real position was to give a vague emphasis to the economic factors rather than to make them part of a reasoned theory of the dynamic of history. It was in this context that I wrote:

> He has a horror of the history writing that was drenched with spiritual unction. In fact, I suspect that much of the reason why Mr. Beard and many of his generation were once attracted by the economic emphasis in history was that it gave them a sweet and secret iconoclastic sense. Like the village atheist, they get a kick out of destroying the theological and pseudo-spiritual myths.

It should have been clear from my article that I was criticizing Mr. Beard for not going far enough with his economic interpretation rather than for going too far. I am certain that if he had had more space, he would have distinguished me from the filio-pietistic critics who regard him as irreverent, or the scholars who hold that any consistently applied theory of history violates a putative and impossible scientific "detachment."

MAX LERNER

Williamstown, Mass., October 4

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The Shape of Things

THE UTOPIAN ANTICIPATIONS OF THE FEW New Deal dailies of the country and the gloomy forebodings of the conservative press as the new wage-hour law went into effect may sound equally exaggerated in future years. Today both hopes and fears seem to have some substance. In establishing a minimum of $11 for a forty-four-hour week the statute should not prove too heavy a burden for an industrial system that has boasted of what it could do to raise the American standard of living if only it were given half a chance. But it remains unpleasantly true, as the recent report of the National Resources Committee showed, that the average annual income per family for the poorest third of our population was only $471 a year in 1935-36, or $101 less than the new minimum wage would bring for a fifty-two-week year. The law, despite its obvious shortcomings and numerous exemptions (some 10,000,000 agricultural workers, in particular, are deprived of its protection), at least establishes the important principle that hours and wages are a proper concern of government. It will not give us a middle way between capitalism and socialism or prevent future crises, but it does set up a higher barrier against the sweatshop, poverty, and malnutrition. Like every reform it will also cause some suffering, even among those whom it was meant to help. Certain areas, such as Puerto Rico, and certain industries, particularly some that have thrived on the bargain counters of depression, will find adjustment difficult or perhaps impossible. But industries that cannot afford to pay $11 a week are a drain on the nation's economy, and it would be better to add a few thousand workers to the relief rolls than to permit a few districts and a few businesses to hold down standards everywhere.

*

ONCE AGAIN HUNGARY IS THREATENING TO march if its demands for Slovakian and Ruthenian territory are not granted. Support for its claim to Ruthenia and a common frontier with Poland appears, however, to be rapidly weakening. Hitler is known to oppose the demand because of a desire to keep Poland and Hungary

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from being too closely linked. Rumania is opposed on account of its own minority problem. Poland has officially denied any intention of supporting Hungary by military measures. And Hungary's chief sponsor—Signor Mussolini—has been significantly silent. The Czechs, meanwhile, have shown no sign of reaching the end of their concessions, and it is probable that substantial sections of Slovakia will be handed over to Hungary and a sizable Czechoslovakian minority subjected to Magyar rule. The further concessions which the Czechs made to Hitler during the past week—the renunciation of the Soviet alliance and the ban on the Communist Party—make it relatively sure, however, that Hitler, if only to solidify his control, will back the new Czech regime against an attack by Hungary. The fact that the Hungarian Nazis are chiefly responsible for pressing the extreme demands will not disturb the Führer. For the Nazis would be in an excellent position to seize control if a rejection of the demands should lead to the fall of the Imredy government.

*

THE ELECTIONS FOR THE FRENCH SENATE throw little light on the reaction of public opinion to the Munich deal. On the surface, the returns suggest a slight drift to the right which might be interpreted as an indorsement of Daladier's shift in policy, although the gain was almost entirely at the expense of Daladier's own Radical Socialist Party. In straight fights between candidates of the right and left, Radical Socialists were instructed to support the right just as they were told to support the left in the days of the Popular Front. The Socialists not only gained a seat but scored the most significant victory of the day. Marx Dormoy, Minister of the Interior in the Blum Cabinet, defeated Marcel Regnier, who led the Senate opposition to Blum and has been a supporter of Daladier's foreign policy. With honors drawn in what after all was only an indirect election and thus not a fair indication of public sentiment, the question is now raised as to how far Daladier may go in his program of capitulation to Hitler. Already conversations are under way looking toward a German-French non-aggression pact. While Hitler's demands have not been made public, they are said to include final abandonment of the Spanish government and financial aid for German industry. It is hinted that the decree powers which Daladier obtained from the Chamber will be used to dissolve the left parties if they offer effective resistance to his pro-Hitler policy.

*

EAGER AFTER SIXTEEN YEARS OF DEFEAT TO wrest the governorship from the Democrats, the Republican Party in New York is doing its best to stage a hasty wedding with a dubious liberalism in time for the election. But its last-minute efforts to bolster up its reputation are embarrassed by its own indiscretions at the recent constitutional convention. The charter framed by that body under G. O. P. direction and control will be voted on in November, and its terms make a mockery of the party's progressive pretensions. The constitutional proposals will be voted on in nine sections, and only those on housing (No. 4), labor (No. 6), and social welfare (No. 8), merit a "Yes" vote. Even of these three it must be said that the labor and social-welfare propositions are little more than unnecessary platitudes and that some bad is mixed with the good in the housing amendment. No. 3, on grade-crossing elimination, was written to order for the railroads, particularly the New York Central; Governor Lehman's unsuccessful attempt to block it at the convention is to his credit. No. 7, an attempt to bar proportional representation, is so bad that the Republicans had to disavow it in their own platform. No. 2, on legislative reapportionment, is an attempt to continue minority control of the Legislature by an unjust system of representation. It is an interesting sidelight on "Racket-Buster" Dewey's anti-Tammany campaign that Amendments 7 and 2 are the result of deals between the Republican command and Tammany Hall.

*

THE WORST BLOW THE REPUBLICANS HAVE suffered in the debate over the proposed new constitution was the unexpected action of the New York Bar Association in voting disapproval of Proposal No. 5, the judiciary article. Framed to hamstring administrative and regulatory agencies by providing for review of facts as well as law in cases on appeal, this amendment seemed made to order for the corporation lawyers who dominate the Bar Association. Yet some of the country's outstanding lawyers, including Arthur A. Ballantine, Frank L. Polk, and Thomas D. Thacher, were disinterested enough to sign a report condemning the proposal, and the Bar Association approved the report. It is worth recording that Samuel Seabury, noted New York anti-Tammany crusader, and Martin Conboy, who was long the New Deal's United States Attorney in New York, headed the minority of reactionaries who defended the judiciary article. The main body of the new constitution will be presented to the voters in Proposal No. 1, a hodgepodge containing a great deal that is indubitably bad and little that is clearly good. We suggest "No" on this proposal and also on Proposal No. 9. This little socialistic flower, blossoming, suspiciously enough, among rank reactionary weeds, allows the City of New York an additional $315,000,000 beyond its present debt limits with which to buy out the private companies that operate the city's municipally owned subways and the bankrupt elevated lines linked with these subways. Every other proposal for municipal ownership at the convention was quickly killed off. This alone won the favor of the Republican Old Guard and its Democratic allies. It also had the backing of the Morgan and Chase banking interests, which are heavily involved in transit securities and see this kind of "socialism" as their only way out. Why the Socialist and Communist parties indorsed the proposal we cannot understand.

*

IN AN ATTEMPT TO SALVAGE WHAT IS LEFT of its prestige in the Near East, the British government is now taking the Arab rebellion in Palestine seriously and has authorized drastic military measures. The hope in Whitehall is that a semblance of order can be restored before the rapidly approaching date when a definitive policy for the future of Palestine must be announced. Well-informed quarters in London expect that policy to involve substantial acquiescence in Arab demands. Hence the importance of dominating the present outbreak so that surrender will not appear too blatantly as the result of force. But surrender it almost certainly will be, for the British seem to have concluded that the only alternative to throwing over the Balfour Declaration is to hold down Palestine by ruthless, permanent, military occupation. However strongly we condemn the policies which have led to this situation, it is useless to deny the essential accuracy of the diagnosis. No matter which alternative is adopted, the outlook for Zionism is black. Even if the iron hand were decided on and continued immigration permitted, the Jews could enjoy little sense of security. They would have to recognize that, however much their numbers increased, they would always be surrounded by a ring of hostile Arab countries, waiting for revenge whenever the attention of the British policeman was diverted. Realistic appraisal of the situation emphasizes the need for maintaining strong pressure on the British government both to protect the Jews already in Palestine and to take active steps to provide other havens for Jewish refugees.

*

WHATEVER SANCTITY STILL CLOTHED THE judiciary of New Jersey was ripped away last week. First the state Court of Errors and Appeals declared unconstitutional a legislative inquiry into Jersey City election frauds. The next day the state Supreme Court upheld a Jersey City statute under which Norman Thomas had been prevented from addressing an open-air meeting. Invoking all the conveniently illiberal precedents which it had earlier created, the court in substance ruled that Mayor Hague's Director of Public Safety may arbitrarily decide who may, or may not, hold an outdoor rally in Hague's domain. Nor are these decisions unrelated; both expose the myth of judicial impartiality as plainly as they provide legal camouflage for totalitarian procedures. It is scarcely necessary to say that both courts are peopled with Hague's henchmen: one judge is his former private counsel; another is no less a personage than his ex-campaign manager. The outrageousness of the court decisions, however, was matched by the performance of the national New Deal chieftains: in the same week Secretary of War Woodring came to Jersey City to address a Hague rally and bestow a benediction on Hague's senatorial candidate, William Ely, thus dramatizing with remarkable crudity the alliance between Jersey City and the national capital.

*

THE PLIGHT OF TWELVE VETERANS OF THE Lincoln Brigade now being held at Ellis Island is another evidence of the inconsistency of our Administration's liberalism. Most of them are in danger of deportation to fascist countries where death or concentration camp awaits them. Though aliens, all had lived in the United States for many years before going to Spain. The executive order of March 9, 1935, allows the Secretary of State to waive passport and visa requirements in cases of this kind. A section of the Immigration Act of February 5, 1937, gives the Secretary of Labor power to readmit to this country "aliens returning after a temporary absence to an unrelinquished domicile of seven consecutive years." This applies to all twelve veterans. "We have no home but the United States," they write in an appeal sent from Ellis Island to the newspapers. "Some of us are married here. Not one of us has a criminal record, but all earned their living here honestly. Now we are detained on Ellis Island for trying to enter the United States illegally. Right at our door stands the Statue of Liberty. But she does not seem to like us. What awaits us in France? A jail sentence and possible deportation to fascist countries where we were born."

*

CLARENCE M. WOOLLEY, CHAIRMAN OF THE Board of the American Radiator and Standard Sanitary Corporation, is sure that what business needs is more confidence and less policing. "To create the required feeling of confidence the family must pull together," he writes in the *Wall Street Journal,* that is, "the economic family, Mother Capital, Father Management, and their Children, the Wage-Earners." This is a pretty pattern and certainly far cozier than the one worked out by those roughnecks Marx and Engels. But there are some things we should like to know about Mr. Woolley's happy matriarchy. First, doesn't he ever expect the children to grow up and demand more ice cream—or would he stunt their growth with an overdose of fairy tales? Must it be taken for granted that Mother knows best? And Father, amenable as he must be to Mother's every whim—won't he go senile before his time? And finally, when the children decide they've had about all the spinach they can stand, must they put up with "Spare the tear-gas and spoil the child"? Or at this point wouldn't it be better to haul the whole family off to the Domestic Relations Court, or NLRB, as it is sometimes called?

Taking Stock

THE casualties of Munich are not to be comprehended in terms of boundaries or economic loss or even in the imminent collapse of empires. They include, just as significantly, the individual victims of betrayal—the refugees without a refuge, whose faces, blasted clear of hope, we have seen in the newsreels and the picture supplements. The loss of liberty by peoples who have been tolerably free—a consequence that has scarcely begun to make itself felt—is another item in a total not yet found. Only by degrees are the figures in the monstrous calculation falling into line; only by degrees are we coming to realize that the final sum will be a new world.

We are slow to understand because one of the chief casualties of Munich is the capacity to grasp its full sense—even among those whose business it is to analyze the evidence. This is a fact that may loom large in the final toll of calamity, if only because it insures the lead in this critical time to the confident, who are in all countries the ruthless and aggressive.

The feeble resistance of the labor parties in France and Great Britain to the Daladier-Chamberlain plot is a clear example of a condition that in some measure affects the whole left—and many men and groups not usually included in the left. In the liberal journals of England and the United States the desperate struggle for a foothold in the future is as evident as it has been in the weak rebuttals in the British and French parliaments. They appraise the past sharply, assign blame confidently; but when they look ahead, it is with anxious uncertainty. Whether to support or oppose armament programs, whether to defend distant possessions, whether to prepare for war at all or to cling to some tenuous formula of appeasement—liberals and pacifists are uncertain. The more extreme isolationist pacifists begin to doubt whether the policy of jumping into a hole and pulling it in after them will really protect our beleaguered democracy; or whether moral force will distract Hitler from his further ambitions. As for those, like *The Nation,* who have urged the need of collective security, who have insisted that only a solid, democratic resistance would stop fascist aggression, they have the sorry consolation of knowing that they were right—and that is all. Even the Socialists and Communists are for once without a formula. Revolutionary opposition and class war are all but ended in the democratic countries and will be hard to revive in the face of immediate armed threats; and the tactic of the popular front has met its death blow. Russia withdraws visibly behind its fortifications, and repents its venture in international cooperation. Before the mental and political conditions necessary to a vital socialist movement reemerge, fascism may have won the day.

We have little enough time either to recover our confidence or to devise a technique for making democracy prevail here and in the rest of the Western world. But it will take time. Only a Churchill or a Lloyd George can meet the challenge by simply shouting for arms and a bold front. Those of us who oppose fascism from the left benches must first discover and then unite in support of a consistent, democratic foreign policy. Only if we make sure of the moral basis of such action can we afford either to support arms programs or encourage "appeasement" plans. In the United States it is relatively easy to project a beginning of such a policy, impossible yet to see its full implications. But even a beginning is more than has been accomplished so far, in spite of a New Deal government and a State Department committed to good-neighborliness and trade pacts. That strange mixture of democratic good-will, moral indignation, irresponsible detachment, and a sharp nose for profits that characterizes our foreign policy has, we fear, all the earmarks of the current American mood. Liberal opinion must agree on the elements of a program and then press them upon the people and the government.

It is not frivolous to demand, as a first essential of a sane policy toward Europe, that Ambassador Kennedy be either withdrawn from London or firmly repressed. His boyish enthusiasm for collaboration with dictators is as shocking today as it may prove troublesome tomorrow, and it affords a striking symbol of all that we must oppose. The essence of the matter is that American action must no longer be geared into the cog-wheels of reactionary British policy. It was bad to be subservient before Munich; now it is intolerable.

The obvious corollary of this position is that we should adopt an independent course toward Spain. Time is now short. At this moment Chamberlain and Mussolini are working out the terms of Spain's final betrayal; a decision is promised within a few days. If President Roosevelt really cares about the survival of democracy he will raise the embargo against Loyalist Spain immediately; no other single act would more sharply mark our recognition of the meaning of Munich or embarrass more the gentlemen who are planning a new dismemberment.

A few other points of immediate policy on which liberals can agree may be put briefly:

1. We must stop arming and supplying Japan for its conquest of China.

2. We must stop nagging and threatening Mexico. A democratic foreign policy demands friendly support of the Cárdenas administration.

3. We must make no trade agreements with Germany or Italy whatever the apparent justification.

4. We must be bold and humane in our treatment of the refugee problem. A willingness to take in a fair share of the homeless victims of Hitler would do more than

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diplomacy or financial backing to induce other countries to open their doors.

These scattered items are only the least common denominator of a democratic foreign policy. As such they may help to integrate the efforts and mental energies of American liberals, and serve as points of departure into fields still unexplored. No arms program or plan of industrial integration can be intelligently discussed, much less accepted or fought, except from some such position as is outlined above. As a nation we are heading into responsibilities and dangers new in our experience. Let us be certain at least that our government approaches them along a road that avoids the ambuscades of Chamberlain diplomacy.

The Disease of Plenty

ONCE again the disease of plenty is troubling our farm lands. Despite all efforts to adjust supply to demand by means of crop control, one bounteous harvest has created a huge surplus of grains and cotton and forced down prices, not indeed to the lowest levels of the great depression, but to well below those ruling in 1933. Within the framework of existing legislation efforts are being made to meet the situation by crop loans, by subsidized dumping in export markets, and by buying up farm products for relief distribution. These measures, no doubt, are helping to put some sort of bottom under prices, but they cannot be regarded as other than palliatives. Hence it is now open season for new farm policies.

Within the Administration two apparently discordant trends of thought are in evidence. The President, if correctly reported by Senator Josh Lee of Oklahoma, favors a two-price system with growers subjected to rigid production control but assured a profitable return on the domestically consumed portion of their crops. The surplus would be exported for what it would bring on the open market, but it was not made clear just how the margin between domestic and foreign prices was to be met. Mr. Roosevelt also seems to have suggested, without elaborating the idea, an agreement prorating the world market among the chief agricultural nations.

It must be said that, while we cannot abandon export markets, the outlook in that direction for our great staples, wheat and cotton, is exceedingly bleak. The Peace of Munich means a huge increase in the domain of autarchy where the price factor no longer counts. No matter how cheaply we offer our wheat, the dictator countries will prefer the expensive product of their own fields or what they can obtain by barter from their economic vassals. More and more Britain will become the only dependable market, and with all exporting countries competing for its favors, the declining tendency of sterling is likely to depress prices as it did in 1931 and 1932.

With international trade so hampered, it seems to us that Mr. Wallace, who is seeking a solution of the farm problem in the development of the home market, is reaching nearer the heart of the matter than his chief. He, too, is considering a "two-price" scheme, but instead of subsidizing the foreign consumer he hopes to dump the surplus on that huge army of our own people whose incomes do not enable them to purchase a full diet at existing prices.

There, indeed, is a market ripe for development. According to a study of diets made by the Department of Agriculture, the minimum cost of an adequate though rather limited diet for a family of four at average retail prices during 1935 was $9.15 per week, or $475.80 per annum. If we compare this figure with the finding of the National Resources Committee that the average family income of one-third of the nation was $471 in 1935-36, we have a vivid illustration of the old truism that the farmer cannot prosper unless the whole country prospers.

Mr. Wallace's problem cannot be preserved in cold storage until poverty is abolished, and meanwhile his efforts to find a partial solution by improving the nourishment of the underfed merit encouragement. It is important not to exaggerate the possibilities. It is improbable, for instance, that much can be done to relieve the farmer of his surplus wheat. Our poorest families do not usually lack bread: they do suffer grievously from an ill-balanced diet in which the health-protecting foods—meat, dairy products, fruit, and vegetables—are inadequately represented.

Granted, however, that sufficient surpluses exist of many commodities lacking in our poorer homes, the question remains how to distribute them so as to obtain the maximum social benefits. Mr. Wallace has yet to reduce his plans to practical form. His first announcement pointed toward some kind of scheme to sell goods to a minority at prices lower than those paid by the general public. The reactionary press has not been slow to point out the difficulties involved, and it is certain that a double distribution system would arouse terrific hostility in the retail trade. An enlargement of existing schemes for putting surplus commodities in the hands of relief clients might prove easier, but if this were used as an excuse for cutting down monetary payments there might be little increase in total food consumption.

We would therefore urge Mr. Wallace to consider the school rather than the family as the main vehicle of distribution. If he looks abroad, he will find Britain operating a scheme whereby all school children can get milk daily below cost. In Sweden a more ambitious plan is being fostered by the government, which proposes to employ funds hitherto used for food-export subsidies to provide free lunches for all public-school children.

Would it not be possible for us to give our school children one well-balanced meal daily? It is difficult to believe that such a scheme would not gain cooperation from both the general public and the local authorities, and it would surely make a dent in the surplus by adding importantly to total consumption.

What Chance Has China?

WITH the loss of Canton and the threatened fall of Hankow, China faces the greatest peril of its thirty or more centuries of existence. It is true that this is not the first time that China has been overrun by a foreign invader. Many times its cities have been sacked and pillaged by barbarian hordes, only to rise in new splendor after the foreigner had been ejected or absorbed. But if Japan's record in Korea, Formosa, and Manchuria may be taken as a guide, China is confronted by no ordinary conqueror today. Japan has weapons at its disposal far more deadly than the tanks and bombers with which it beat Canton into submission. In Manchuria, for example, it has closed every university, college, and high school in order to prevent the Chinese from obtaining the tools of modern science. It has systematically and deliberately debauched millions by a government-operated drug traffic which is foisted on the population. Native Chinese business enterprise has been destroyed, and millions have been reduced to a state of economic serfdom. The same tactics are being used today in North China; tomorrow they will be used in Canton.

Knowing what is in store for them, the Chinese are unlikely to give in despite the decisive defeat of their armed forces. Previous Japanese victories have always found an important group in favor of submission, and the Japanese have staked much on the hope that, with the capture of Hankow, Chiang Kai-shek would be ready to sue for peace. Though Canton was apparently captured by the aid of "silver bullets"—the first important defection since the beginning of the war—there seems little chance that Japan's hope will be fulfilled. The struggle will merely enter a new phase.

If Hankow falls, the possibilities of frontal resistance to the Japanese will be practically exhausted. Japan will control the sea coast, the principal cities, and all the main arteries of communication. But if the main Chinese armies adopt the guerrilla tactics so successfully utilized by the Eighth Route Army in the north, Japan will have an almost insuperable task in merely holding these areas and keeping the lines of communication open. It will be in no position to exploit this vast territory economically. So far the Chinese have made relatively little use of guerrilla tactics in Central and South China. But if they can be developed along the lines worked out in the north, Japan will be forced to keep huge garrisons at each of the strategic centers under its control. Otherwise, roving Chinese armies, aided by organized peasants, could create havoc by attacking the weak spots in the Japanese defenses. Neutral observers report that the Japanese have lost three or four men to every one lost by the Chinese in the guerrilla skirmishes in North China. The puppet regimes of Peiping and Nanking have been complete failures, and many garrisoned cities in Japanese-held territories are virtually beleaguered and compelled to send armed raiding parties into the surrounding country to collect taxes. To make any headway toward suppression of guerrilla activity in the north and at the same time establish stable provincial governments it is estimated that Japan would have to double the size of its invading army and leave it in China indefinitely.

All of this presupposes, however, a change of heart on the part of the central Chinese government. Heretofore, reactionary elements have opposed the general adoption of partisan warfare because of fear of arming the masses. A reorganization of the government may be necessary before Chiang will be free to adopt such new tactics, which he personally is known to favor.

Along with any change in military strategy there might well be a fundamental shift in foreign policy. Britain's failure to protect its own tremendous stakes at Hongkong, which as the port for Canton depends upon the resources of the captured region, must have shaken those who have placed reliance on British imperial interests. A showdown may be expected in the near future on the basis of reports that Britain is attempting to negotiate a Munich settlement for the Far East. If China rejects this, it may have to turn increasingly to the Soviet Union for the supplies necessary to maintain resistance.

Given a modest amount of aid from abroad, the Chinese still have a chance of wearing Japan down and gaining an eventual victory. Despite the seizure of the specie supplies in Chinese banks, Japan's foreign exchange is low. The costs of occupation, consolidation, and suppression will be almost as large as those of frontal warfare. On the economic front, the announcement that the Celanese Corporation of America will erect a $10,000,000 plant for the production of a new artificial silk, following a statement of similar intentions by du Pont, carries more important implications in the long run than the capture of Canton, reported the same day. Japan may not have bitten off more than it can chew, but it is certainly attempting to swallow more than it can digest. With the extreme military clique now in the saddle at Tokyo, there is little likelihood that the army will be satisfied even with its latest conquests. Far more united and determined than it was a year ago, China still has the advantage of overwhelming numbers. In the end these may prove decisive.

The Loaded Dies Committee

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, October 24

IF THE dirty political job which the Dies committee perpetrated last week on Governor Frank Murphy does not succeed in defeating him for reelection we shall be safe in concluding that the voters of Michigan have a natural antipathy toward political stench. The people of Nebraska registered such an aversion several years ago in reacting to the "Grocer Norris" plot against Senator Norris, and events may demonstrate that their response was symptomatic of the Middle West's feeling toward the lower forms of political trickery. From the beginning I contended that those who dismissed the Dies committee's "investigation" as a cheap hippodrome, and its chairman as a harmless clown, were making a grave mistake. The Texas hatchet man's limitations are painfully obvious, but he is equal to the chores assigned him by subtler men. Those chores were: (1) to offset the La Follette committee's disclosures of the espionage, terrorism, and violence practiced against organized labor in the more barbarous areas of industry; (2) to create an impression that the C. I. O. is dominated by Communists; (3) to swell the torrent of lying propaganda against the National Labor Relations Board; and (4) to snipe at every exposed public official who had demonstrated friendship for organized labor or devotion to the Bill of Rights. If a more disgraceful enterprise was ever carried out with public funds I have forgotten it.

The attempt on Murphy's political life was as crude as it was cowardly, but we have yet to learn whether it was ineffective. Through four solid days the committee, represented in the persons of Chairman Dies and Representative Mosier, shoveled testimony into the record to create the illusion that the United Automobile Workers of America is dominated by Communists and that the sitdown strikes were conceived and directed by Communists. It was staged with all the care that Dies could manage, although it involved the use of some malodorous labor spies and a pretense of accepting the most preposterous and conflicting yarns ever heard outside an insane asylum. The premeditated climax was reached Friday when a circuit judge and a former city manager of Flint were put on the stand to declare that Governor Murphy encouraged the sitdowners, and by so doing precipitated a "complete breakdown of civil authority" and was guilty of "treason" to the state. The obvious and intended implication was that Murphy, although a devout Roman Catholic, had worked hand in glove with the Communists. He will be up for reelection on November 8. The judge was Paul V. Gadola, whose writs ordering the evacuation of two strike-bound Fisher Body plants in February, 1937, the sheriff refused to execute, and whose contempt citations against officers of the automobile workers' union the sheriff failed to serve. Judge Gadola blamed these omissions on Murphy. The "treason" charge was made by John M. Barringer, whose bitterness toward the Governor rendered him almost incoherent. An interesting fact which Dies omitted to bring out, but which reporters subsequently elicited from Barringer, was that the Flint City Council fired him as city manager for having assisted in the organization of a gang of vigilantes during the strike.

However, Friday's tawdry performance was lightened by a touch of comedy unwittingly provided by Representative Mosier, a Democratic coat-tail rider from Ohio who got into Congress in the 1936 landslide, turned against the New Deal, and was soundly whipped in the recent primary. Addressing Judge Gadola at the conclusion of the latter's stump speech from the witness stand, the Buckeye lame duck said: "Just to get this straight, let us show there was no politics in it. Governor Murphy is a Democrat and you are a Democrat." "I am not," roared the purple jurist. "I am a Republican. There wasn't a Democratic judge in Michigan until this New Deal coat-tail parade began." Poor Mosier collapsed. Why doesn't somebody tell him these things?

Nevertheless, there is a phase of the record which *should* be set straight. Who is responsible for placing such a character as Dies at the head of this committee? Who is responsible for this whole vicious fraud which poses as an investigation of "un-American activities" but which in fact is a promotion bureau for American fascism? The appointments were made by William B. Bankhead, Speaker of the House of Representatives, whom I never regarded as anything but a narrow Southern reactionary masquerading as a friend of the New Deal and stabbing it in the back at every safe opportunity. Senator Norris got his number during some of the fenagling which was attempted against the TVA, and if the whole world hasn't got it now it must be deaf, dumb, and blind. Sam Rayburn, the Democratic leader in the House, is a decent man, and I am reluctant to impute to him any of the blame for the Dies committee. Yet it is difficult to see how he can escape some part of it. He must be thoroughly mortified.

Hitler's momentary retirement from the front page has enabled Herbert Hoover and John Hamilton to emerge from among the want ads, and thus we learn that the Republican awkward squad is on the march again. It is not an inspiring spectacle, or one calculated to encourage those who thirst for intelligent criticism of the New Deal. The new jokes dug up by Hoover's ghost writer fail to disguise his sense of martyrdom and his pathetic hope that history will yet "vindicate" him. Imagine Old Sourpuss calling for the election of a Congress that will be independent of the President! Has anyone forgotten how he once whined and sulked when Congress showed its independence of him? Does anyone fail to recall how he fumed and stormed at poor Jim Watson for failing to keep the Senate under control? Does not everyone remember that when Congress insisted on providing relief for hungry women and children, Hoover shrieked that it was "playing politics with human misery" to extend aid beyond hogs and mules? I cannot believe the man possesses a single ounce of intellectual integrity. He is merely the clumsiest and most transparent of politicians, and it would not surprise me any day to hear that he is running on a platform of $49.50 every Wednesday and a turkey in every oven. Hamilton does manage occasionally to be amusing. To most of us who eke out a living by observing and writing about politics, it has been an axiom from time immemorial that business improvement helps the party in power. But Hamilton has put a novel twist on it. He told an audience recently that business was improving because of the prospect that the Republicans would return to power. In some vague way which I am unable to describe he reminds me of the ostrich story. Six ostriches were standing in the desert, their heads buried deep in the sand. Up strolled a seventh, looked around, and remarked: "Where *is* everybody?"

Ballot Poison for Labor

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

Portland, Oregon, October 16

CRUCIAL moments seem always to be recurring in the American labor movement, but in Oregon and Washington a genuine crisis is imminent—one which may bring down on the head of trade unionism the most drastic anti-labor legislation proposed in America for half a century. On the ballot in these two Far Western states is a pair of initiative measures drafted to annihilate the labor movement. Labor unions in the region would be reduced to empty shells. Strikes and boycotts would be rendered illegal. Unions would not be permitted to collect funds for political or economic action. Even the conservative Portland *Oregonian* calls the initiative a vengeful scheme to restrict working people's rights as American citizens.

The Oregon bill, to be considered by citizens of the state on November 8, is the more all-inclusive and severe of the two, and thus the more important to analyze. Section 1 outlaws any strike or labor dispute not between an employer and a majority of all his employees. This would completely demolish the craft-union structure of the A. F. of L. For example, Portland's largest department store has 2,500 employees, about 100 of whom are truck-drivers. The truck-drivers could not strike unless they persuaded 1,151 of the store's other employees to strike with them. The same rule would apply to janitors, waitresses, bookkeepers, and other particular crafts. But what about the C. I. O., encompassing whole industries? Another part of the same section takes care of that. It declares jurisdictional disputes to be a crime and provides that "the refusal of an employer to deal with either party to any such jurisdictional controversy shall not operate to make the dispute a labor dispute within the meaning of this act." Thus 99 per cent of the workers in a concern might belong to a bona fide union, but the employer could recognize a company union comprising the remaining 1 per cent and thus cause a jurisdictional conflict which would outlaw any attempt on the part of the 99 per cent to strike or take other militant action.

The bill is not content merely to forbid strikes. It also forbids practically all other forms of trade-union activity. Picketing and boycotting are made criminal offenses except where labor disputes exist within the meaning of the act. Obviously, no labor dispute within the meaning of the act will ever exist. This provision of the bill is so sweeping that anti-Nazis would be in legal jeopardy for boycotting stores selling merchandise from Germany. Peace advocates could not boycott Japanese silk.

Section 3 of the measure would make it unlawful for labor unions to collect funds larger than those needed for "legitimate requirements." And there is not the least assurance that strikes or political campaigns would be regarded as "legitimate requirements." As the Portland *Oregonian* points out: "The unions raised funds to oppose the bill. Proponent groups raised funds to promote it. The bill would prevent labor from raising such funds in the future, while leaving the opposing groups free to do so." The measure, furthermore, gives any one member of a union the right to tie up all the union's funds in litigation. "Stool pigeon's paradise" is the popular designation of this particular provision.

The state's anti-injunction act would to all intents and purposes be repealed by a clause providing for injunctions in labor difficulties. Another clause makes it a crime punishable by a year in jail or a $500 fine to discourage anyone, by direct or indirect means, from going to work for an employer who wants to hire him. This would subject to criminal action a union member who voted to expel a fellow-unionist for strike-breaking. And finally, in apparent solicitude for the harassed farmer, the bill twice expressly forbids interference with the buying, selling, or handling of agricultural products, but in each instance takes care also to specify *"all other products."*

The Washington initiative is similar to that of Oregon. The anti-strike provisions are not quite so sweeping, but several supplementary clauses nearly make up the difference: the employer is the sole arbiter of who shall be eligible to participate in strike votes, and no union can call a strike within thirty days after it presents its demands. Needless to say neither thirty days nor one day has to elapse between the announcement and application of a wage cut.

Signatures to these initiatives were obtained during a campaign designed to spread the belief that the A. F. of L. consisted only of "goons" and racketeers and the C. I. O. only of aliens and Communists. The bills represent a new crest in enmity toward American trade unionism. A huge slush fund raised by shipping interests, department stores, lumber companies, and industrial associations is being spent to convince the people that the initiative originated with irate and persecuted farmers. Cowboy ballads and rural songs are interspersed on the radio with appeals for help that allegedly come straight from the soil. Listed as the measure's official sponsors are four so-called farm organizations: Associated Farmers, Oregon Farm Bureau, Eastern Oregon Wheat League, and Hood River Growers' Club. Actually these groups have little or no membership; Associated Farmers is a strictly vigilante outfit that stems from California. In fact, the largest organization of farmers in the state, the Oregon State Grange, is unequivocally opposed to the anti-labor measure. Ray W. Gill, master of the Oregon Grange and a member of the National Grange Executive Committee, has branded the bill a scheme to wipe out liberalism in the Pacific Northwest. In consequence the most vicious sort of abuse has been heaped on Gill by the backers of the measure.

Not long ago the biennial Grange election took place. The Associated Farmers' clique ran a slate of candidates. An amazing thing happened: all over Oregon all sorts of reactionary elements suddenly developed a vital interest in the internal affairs of a fraternal organization. Between potshots at the Jews and apologies for Hitler, the Corvallis *Gazette-Times*, the most vociferous newspaper proponent of the measure, vilified Gill and the other Grange leaders. The anti-New Deal *Oregon Journal* featured news of the subordinate granges carried by the Associated Farmers gang. A wide variety of political sharpshooters hung around Grange halls trying to influence the election. Nearly 10,000 farmers voted. Gill and his ticket piled up a two-to-one victory. The vigilantes had their answer.

Over the radio and in newspaper advertisements the electorate of Oregon is told how the farmers constantly and fervently pray that the initiative will pass. One automobile dealer who paid for such broadcasts admitted carelessly, "It is no secret that business men of Oregon are actively supporting the bill and providing most of the money for the campaign." Last week the Grange circulated questionnaires listing fourteen major issues before the people, one of which was "curtailing labor unions." Hundreds of dirt farmers answered the questionnaire and specified the issues in which they were most concerned. Bonneville Dam power came first, followed by marketing cooperatives and old-age pensions. Curtailing labor unions finished a poor eleventh, just above county roads. Singularly enough, the very individuals who now shed crocodile tears for labor-bedeviled farmers are the people who for years have kept the farmers from realizing their aspirations in regard to power, pensions, and cooperatives.

The California ballot, too, contains a proposal aimed at the unions. Although not so drastic as the Oregon and Washington measures, it is bad enough. All sorts of restrictions would be placed on strikes and picketing, and employers would be able to sue unions for damages on the slightest provocation. The passage of an anti-picketing ordinance at the recent Los Angeles municipal election is an ominous sign that the bill may be adopted. Liberals in the state, however, find some comfort in the fact that it is not as extreme as the Oregon bill. Also, the free-speech limitations in the California measure may be found to be violations of the state and federal constitutions. It is certain that all three Pacific Coast initiatives contradict both the Wagner Act and the Norris-LaGuardia Act, if not the Constitution of the United States itself.

A sad circumstance is that the trade unions are not entirely without blame for the conditions giving rise to the anti-labor initiatives now before the voters of the Pacific Coast states. William Green might not have to bewail the Oregon bill now if a year ago he had warned Dave Beck against the use of the prize fighters and pluguglies of the Teamsters' Union "goon squad." Louis Stark of the New York *Times* has called the bills a natural outgrowth of the bitter labor battles on the Pacific Coast. The A. F. of L. boycott of C. I. O. lumber mills has been a disgrace to labor. Even the reactionary *Oregon Voter* has described it as an act of "A. F. of L. ruthlessness to force men to give up the union of their choice." But the C. I. O. has not shown great wisdom in choosing aliens for its two key positions in the Northwest: Harry Bridges of the longshoremen and Harold Pritchett of the lumberjacks. The prejudice against aliens may not be a healthy one, but it exists and must be given consideration. The able but egotistical Pritchett has not helped matters by holding political meetings and telling people how to vote. Most Americans prefer to receive their political advice from citizens of the United States.

These facts have given the Associated Farmers and their big-business backers an opportunity to exaggerate out of all proportion the "goon" and alien influence in the labor unions. Yet in spite of everything it is my guess now that the initiatives will be defeated in Oregon and Washington, although with not many votes to spare. The people have become awakened to the real sponsorship of the bills; the "outraged farmer" veneer is wearing thin. And the Washington Commonwealth Federation and the A. F. of L. have done a good job in persuading the Democratic Party in Washington to go on record against the scheme to destroy the unions. Senator Lewis Schwellenbach, the man in the Northwest closest to President Roosevelt, is expected to speak over the radio soon. This will help tremendously, since it will indicate to the electorate that the President is hostile to the bills—and Roosevelt's popularity along the Pacific seaboard is as great as ever.

Fascist Pacifism

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Paris, October 13

THE betrayal and consequent dismemberment of Czechoslovakia is a major world tragedy for which those responsible will yet pay dearly. Munich, which finally abolished Versailles, is worse than Versailles. The man who obtained the leadership of a great nation by disingenuously exploiting the evils of one peace treaty has dictated another and greater abomination to an unconquered state. Versailles lasted nineteen years. Will Munich last nineteen months? Czechoslovakia was butchered at Munich. But simultaneously England, France, the Soviet Union, and President Roosevelt's foreign policy suffered a crushing defeat.

The Germans, defeated and torn by internal strife, were nevertheless summoned to Versailles and allowed to present their observations. But the Czechs could not even enter the *Führerhaus* where the Big Four "deliberated." Perhaps the most insidious result of Munich is its glorification of the personal-contact way of settling disputes. For it gives the whip hand to the fascists, and in this it reflects the larger political situation. When Ivan Maisky, the Soviet ambassador in London, asked Lord Halifax why no Soviet representative had been invited to Munich—Russia was more concerned in this matter than Italy—the British Foreign Secretary replied that Hitler and Mussolini "would almost certainly be reluctant to sit in conference" with a Bolshevik. Is the U. S. S. R. to be permanently excluded from European affairs because Berlin and Rome dislike Communists? Suppose Hitler and the Duce refuse to meet Blum or Attlee or Eden or Duff Cooper? Are the people of France and England always to elect men with whom the dictators are willing to treat? I am sure that this consideration will hereafter play an important role in the choice of political leaders in the democracies. Munich must affect internal politics in England, France, Czechoslovakia, and many other countries. Munich is regarded as a success because Chamberlain and Daladier gave Hitler what he wanted. This is the first condition of the future peace. The Munich system will last as long as there are Chamberlains in Downing Street and Daladiers in the Palais Matignon.

The immediate prospect, therefore, is a continued rout of the democracies before fascist forward thrusts. The vivisection of Spain will be attempted. Berlin has inspired press stories regarding "mediation" in China. The fascists will be glad to end on their own terms the wars they start. That is fascist pacifism.

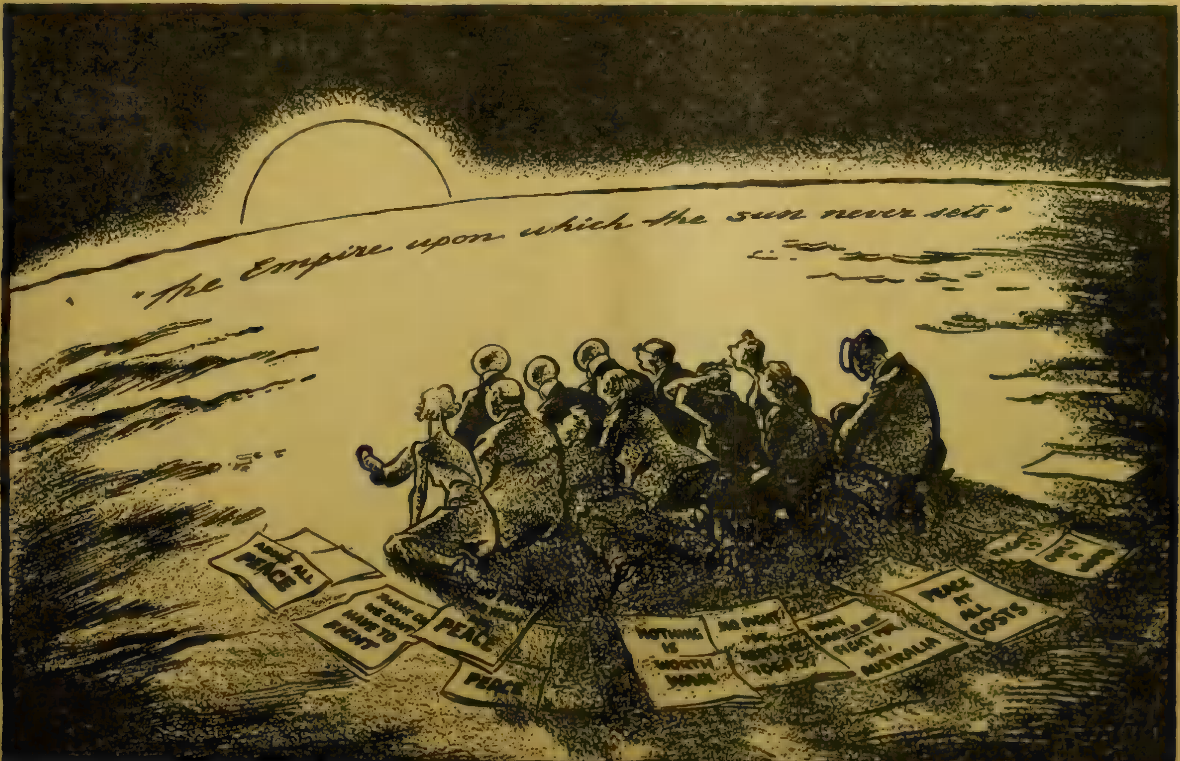
The worm may turn, the wishful thinkers prophesy. Indeed, the delirious joy over dishonored promises and pacts, self-injury, and betrayal of friends is already yielding to a more sober assessment of the serious losses incurred. But illusions are dangerous. The Duff Coopers, Edens, Churchills, Tardieus, Mandels, Kerillises, and the like are honestly chagrined over Hitler's success, but if the tide of criticism carried these dissident imperialists to power they might easily feel disposed to try certain of the totalitarian methods by which that success was achieved. What the Kaiser failed to do for German imperialism by war Hitler has almost done without war. Nothing would be more natural than that this should evoke the envy and emulation of ambitious British or French imperialists.

Paul Faure, the French Socialist leader, says that the glorious new peace should be followed by disarmament.

His naivete makes him logical. But Chamberlain and Daladier have seen Hitler. The Western powers manifest their complete distrust in the stability and permanence of the Munich peace by announcing that they will arm to the teeth. Lord Baldwin has urged the mobilization of industry, and the *Times* and others are agitating for "national service," a patriotic euphemism for general peace-time conscription of man power. In France, those so rash as to reveal the incongruity between such warlike efforts and the hilarious celebration after Munich, resembling the rejoicing of November 11, 1918, garner threats but as yet no comprehension. Numerous French right politicians who opposed surrender to Hitler have been publicly and privately threatened with assassination, and a poster now placarded on Paris walls begins with "Vive Daladier" and ends by demanding the "dissolution of the Communist Party." Anti-Semitism is on the increase in France and especially in Alsace-Lorraine, where Nazi agents are operating openly. If taxes and prices mount, if another assault is undertaken upon the forty-hour week, the workingmen, now impervious to the appeal of national defense which the bourgeoisie itself ignored in the recent crisis, will resist, and resistance may invite repression. A democracy weakened by the blows of foreign enemies succumbs more easily to domestic enemies. Is that why Flandin desired Hitler's triumph over France via Czechoslovakia?

Foreign political changes are so profound nowadays that they induce social changes. The reverse is likewise true. Czechoslovakia, robbed of its industrial regions in Bohemia and Teschen, becomes more agrarian and therefore more susceptible to home fascism. That will be the bridge to "amicable" relations with Germany. Always dependent on Germany and Poland for transit, Czechoslovakia will hereafter be increasingly dependent on them for trade. It will be a second Yugoslavia, where German exports and imports determine foreign policy and where, since Munich, the Croat, Slovene, and liberal oppositions, who advocated a rapprochement with France, are of course in full retreat. Rumania today awaits Nazi surgical treatment. In Hungary the army is pro-German, anti-Semitism is flowering, and Horthy obeys Hitler. A month ago it looked as if the Witos Peasant Party in Poland might oust the pro-fascist Beck and the black reactionaries. (Witos was pro-Czech and Benes helped Witos.) Beck has won Teschen and a major internal victory. His policy of siding with the aggressors has been vindicated. Ostentatiously he snubs the democracies. On October 1, after Warsaw had submitted the Teschen ultimatum to Prague, the French and British ambassadors to Poland asked for interviews with Beck. They wished to mediate. Beck refused to receive the Frenchman, and the English envoy was told by a subordinate that Poland needed no advice. This is unprecedented. When the big democracies lose prestige, democracy in the small states loses face and strength.

Most disturbing is the reinforcement of the fascist regimes in Italy and Germany. It is not mere gossip but


"The Empire upon which the sun never sets"
ABOVE ALL PEACE
THANK GOD WE DON'T HAVE TO FIGHT
PEACE
PEACE
NOTHING IS WORTH WAR
WHY SHOULD WE FIGHT FOR, SAY, AUSTRALIA
PEACE AT ALL COSTS

NIGHT MUST FALL

a fact that Mussolini did not dare, in view of the general discontent with two unfinished and unprofitable wars, to mobilize for a third in behalf of the hated axis partner; and it was only on the Tuesday before the Thursday of Munich that he called up 700,000 men. The King, it is said, refused to sign a general mobilization order. Italian economic conditions are bad, and even aircraft factories have been idle for want of raw materials. People demonstrated against "war and fascism." But the Duce, who cannot win wars, has come back from Munich a hero of the peace. His position is strengthened. So is Hitler's. In defying Chamberlain—for there were no real negotiations at Berchtesgaden, Godesberg, or Munich—Hitler overrode the advice of his army and navy advisers. He pushed on to the breaking-point because he never believed that England and France would fight. He was proved correct, and those who differed with him must admit it and bow to his stronger nerves and superior instincts and judgment. Opposition from the right and left will be disheartened and demoralized. The enemy's greatest hope now lies in the mistakes Hitler may make. He may go too fast.

Even a diplomatic Anglo-French success in the Czechoslovakian crisis would have seriously embarrassed the Nazi regime. A war would have ended in the political death of Mussolini and Hitler, and it could only have been successfully waged by the democracies with the political support of the working classes and the armed support of the U. S. S. R., and after the rescue of republican Spain. The ruling classes of England and France regarded this as too high a price to pay for national security. The bourgeoisie of the Western democracies feared to win the war. Hitler knew too much to start it. Those who understand him, his propaganda, and German conditions will always refuse to acknowledge that he ever intended to march. Churchill, Litvinov, Duff Cooper, and numerous other keen observers expressed this view. Now this is important merely for the comfort and justification of those who had preached a firmness that would prevent war and the present political and social débâcle, preached it not only in September, 1938, but in September, 1931, when it all began in Manchuria, and consistently thereafter.

Never in twenty years have the spirits of thinking people been so low. Friends meet and find no ray of hope. Advocates of collective security are reexamining their ideas. Pacifism has become sordid and expensive. It means siding with Chamberlain—as Maxton of the Independent Labor Party did in the House of Commons the other day—and embracing Hitler, as Chamberlain did all last month. Europe grows black and meaningless. The next test will be Spain. What the Czechoslovak affair took away, Spain might partly restore. If England and France bestir themselves belatedly to eject the Italian-German axis from Spain, it will be because, after their united strategic positions have been so gravely endangered by events in Central and Eastern Europe, they feel the necessity of making a stand in the Mediterranean. It will not be to bolster up democracy and check fascism. Yet that would be the effect.

Next Round in Spain

BY LAWRENCE A. FERNSWORTH

Marseilles, October 12

THE title of this article was suggested by a particularly uninformed headline, "Last Round in Spain," which last April appeared prominently in the London *Times*. Wishful thinkers, abetted by wishful diplomatic agents stationed in Spain, have been seeing the "last round in Spain" for a considerable time. Chamberlain's agreement with Mussolini last April—the Anglo-Italian pact which is still in suspense at this writing—was based upon information to that effect supplied by British agents in rebel territory. Unfortunately Spain at that time was not entering any "last round" but only rolling up its sleeves for the next one. The body blow delivered at the Ebro last July still has the enemy sagging. Surveying the situation since my return to Spain, I get the impression that the civil war still has some tough rounds to go, with excellent chances of victory for the Loyalist government—provided the cards were not completely stacked against it at Munich.

At close quarters the Spanish scene looks very different from the distant perspective. In the United States even some of the republic's well-wishers are inclined to opine gloomily that an ultimate Loyalist defeat is inevitable, their defeatist attitude having been induced, no doubt, by the stories which a short ten months ago were being front-paged in American papers. But one cannot go up to the Ebro fighting lines as I did a few days ago or view the complex and extensive preparations for resistance in what Spaniards call the "rearguard" without feeling that the last round is not yet.

The army is united, disciplined, hopeful, and gives the government its fullest confidence. The audacious Ebro offensive on the night of July 24-25 heightened its courage and its morale, and it feels that the war's turning-point has come. The Ebro blow seems to have checkmated the rebel plans for the rest of the year. And after that, as the Spaniards say, *Mañana es otro dia*—tomorrow is another day. At the rear the situation on the surface has immeasurably improved over what it was a year ago, except for the food supply. Law and order and the authority of the government have been firmly established —let that fact sink in deeply. War industries have been more efficiently organized and recently have been militarized. The Negrin government is easing the frictions between the central and the Catalan government, and the Catalan war support, which has been much maligned, is getting better, even though it was never bad. After the near débâcle of last March and April when the rebels were breaking through everywhere, the two big labor unions, the U. G. T. and the C. N. T., respectively Socialist and Anarcho-Syndicalist, arrived at a peace pact. They have stopped their implacable warfare and seem to be working together fairly well.

The Communist Party, which last March was on the verge of being thrown out of the government, has increased its prestige by its practical way of taking hold of army organization and other problems, and is firmly supporting the Negrin government. One hears murmurs against this union. The Communist Party is not and never will be popular in Spain, and it knows it. But the Negrin government realizes that republican Spain has been thrown into the arms of Soviet Russia by the "democratic powers," which have not only abandoned it to its fate but tried to sell it out to Mussolini. The American arms embargo, which the Spaniard in his patiently bewildered way is quite unable to understand in the light of the liberal pronouncements of America's President, has also played its unfortunate role in increasing Spain's dependence on Russia. Parenthetically let it be said that the embargo has not soured Spaniards on the United States; people and President are still ace high in their minds.

The most serious aspect of the Loyalists' situation is the shortage of food, about which something drastic must be done. Arms and munitions are being supplied, though the French border is definitely closed and has been for three or four months. I knew from report that nothing but oil and gasoline, which are not on the "non-intervention" contraband list, was being let through, notwithstanding contrary stories published in the American press. I have just been through the main border gateway and found this all too true. Roads which when I passed there at various times in the spring swarmed with huge vans were now almost deserted. The government manufactures its arms or gets them otherwise, as best it may, but none come across the French border. In the meantime the rebels have established a new port of entry for arms —Castellon, near Valencia, where huge quantities arrive daily from Italy.

Nevertheless, in the civilian areas as among the men at the front there is a feeling that a favorable turning-point in the war has come. A little book recently published in Barcelona is receiving wide attention. It traces a parallel between the Napoleonic invasion of 1808-13 and the present "foreign invasion" and shows that by 1811 the French armies, commanded by Napoleon and his best generals, had taken almost all of Spain, including Barcelona and the rest of Catalonia. The cause of Spanish independence seemed dark. Yet by the next year the French had been pushed back to the far northern and eastern border. Soon they were making their last disastrous stand at Vitoria. Wellington, it is true, came to help the discouraged Spaniards, driven into a corner at Cadiz. When I asked, "But where is your Wellington?" I was proudly told by a division commander, "Our Wellington is our army and the people who are solidly behind it. The foreign invader may have arms, but we have the people, and so we shall win." The earnestness with which such sentiments are uttered is impressive.

But the nightmare of international diplomacy still casts its shadow across the Spanish scene. Hardly had the press heralded the new light of peace shining over Europe when one read the expected announcement that the great powers were now turning their attention to Spain: conversations were taking place among Chamberlain, Daladier, and Mussolini on that score. Almost simultaneously came Premier Negrin's speech before the Cortes stating that Spaniards would have to settle their differences among themselves, without outside interference. This statement may be taken as the keynote of the government attitude. No good for Spain is seen in a conference in which Mussolini is a chief participant. The Barcelona government knows that only the unlimited sacrifices of the people have so far preserved the national integrity against the "arrangements" of the great powers. One cannot believe that it will allow those sacrifices to have been in vain by submitting now. Any government even suspected of entertaining thoughts of an "arrangement" entailing surrender of Spanish interests would be turned out of office by the proletarian masses and the army. Certainly Negrin, who with del Vayo is considered to have saved Spain from surrender last spring, who pursued successfully a deliberate policy of frustrating Anglo-Italian designs, and who revivified the war spirit at the darkest moment, is hardly the man to surrender now. The general knowledge of that fact is the main reason for his strength.

It is true that "political elements," as the expression goes in Spain, in the civilian "rearguard" have used their positions to attempt to reach understandings with "political elements" of the opposite side. But their efforts do not represent the *politique* of the government, which stands squarely on the thirteen points enunciated by Premier Negrin last spring. The chief of these points was the preservation of the constitutional republic. Among the soldiers in the front lines one finds only contempt for the kind of peace talk that envisages weak-kneed compromises. Recently I visited the headquarters of the Fifth Army Corps, up in the Sierra de Caballos, and the veteran corps commander, Lieutenant Colonel Enrique Lister, one of the famous organizers of the defense of Madrid, expounded his views to me on the subject of peace negotiations. They are worth quoting as being representative of the army point of view.

"We all know," he said, "about certain gentlemen in the civilian rear who talk of compromise with the enemy. We know they have their comfortable bank accounts in foreign countries to which they could easily escape. Life in foreign capitals is *muy bonita*—very lovely—for the voluntary Spanish exile with a bank account. But it is a terrible thing for the poor refugee who has nothing. And life would be insupportable for the unfortunate ones left behind to face the repressions of the victorious enemy.

"No, the war can only be ended by a military blow—such a blow as our army must deliver. There cannot be two Spains, one republican and the other fascist. The army and the people know this, and the people are a great moral force which will drive the army to victory.

"You ask me what will happen in conquered territory when we win? We shall do our best to pacify the population everywhere and take up the task of serious reconstruction. There must be amnesty for the soldiers who have borne the brunt of the fighting and for all who out of honest conviction have sided with the enemy. We want no persecutions. But there must be no amnesty for traitors and criminals like Franco and Queipo, who sold Spain to the foreigner.

"Franco is on very shaky ground. That is the universal report of the prisoners we take. He is pure *fachada*—façade. The Carlists and the Falangists are at each other's throats, and Franco is too much of a weakling to hold them together. The army sees that he is a braggart rather than a general and leader. It is tired of his repeated promises of quick victory and anxious to go home. Our crossing of the Ebro in July was hidden from the population for weeks, and when the facts could no longer be denied it was explained that we had rashly walked into a trap and would soon be annihilated. As a matter of fact, our crossing of the Ebro was the greatest blow suffered by the rebels in a long time. When it was effected we were in a bad way. In the Levante the rebels were making progress toward Valencia and the rich orange-growing region, while in Andalusia they were threatening the valuable mercury mines at Almaden. By one blow all this was stopped. We advanced to the very suburbs of Gandesa, menacing the enemy's communications. So long as we are here this menace exists, and the enemy can do nothing elsewhere, as has been proved."

Pocket Guide

BY HELEN WOODWARD

BETTER WAIT until December before you buy Florida oranges, lemons, and grapefruit. They'll be ripe then. They are juicier and sweeter than those of California. That is because Florida gets more rain, especially if, as this year, it has had a rainy season. If you began to buy your Florida oranges in October you may have been disappointed. They were probably picked before they were ripe.

Florida has only a short growing season, while California grows oranges throughout the year. The Florida growers, to compete with California, are anxious to have their fruit on sale as long as possible, so they send it to market too early, say the latter part of October. It hasn't been fully developed, and so the first fruit sold is dry and sour. As the season goes on, Florida fruit becomes delicious (to my mind, the best).

Sweet and juicy citrus fruit is grown also in Oklahoma and the Rio Grande valley in Texas, but in such small quantity that it hardly figures in countrywide markets.

One trouble about California fruit is that irrigation is never as good as rain. The water coming through the ground absorbs salts and deposits them and makes the ground excessively alkaline. The same thing is true of places which are entirely watered by streams that come down from mountains. Rain water is free from all this.

THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE has been labeling meat for quality for some time, but you may not know it. Most people are used to the government stamp, "U. S. Inspected and Passed." That is compulsory and means that the meat is free from disease. It has nothing to do with the quality of the meat. The quality stamp is not compulsory. Of course it wouldn't do any good if the department put merely one stamp on a whole steer. It has got to be where you can see it every time you go to your butcher, and so the stamp is repeated all the way down the back of the animal. The government stamps for quality are as follows:

Grade	*Beef, veal, lamb, mutton*	*Pork*	*Sausage*
1st	Prime	No. 1	U.S. No. 1
2d	Choice	No. 2	
3d	Good	No. 3	
4th	Medium	No. 4	
5th	Plain or Common	No. 5	

You can get *Prime* meat in high-priced hotels. Few butchers carry it because it is so expensive. The best grade which most butchers carry is *Choice*, and that is very good. It goes without saying that most people in the United States think themselves lucky if they get *Medium* or *Plain*.

You may go to half a dozen butcher shops before you find one which sells meat so graded. Though the use of the label is spreading, the butchers don't like it. Like all other business men, they shy off from government regulation. The butcher may be perfectly honest and doing the best he can for you, but he may be untrained, may not know how to judge the quality of meat, just as he may not know how to cut the meat properly for cooking. (Try him on *escalope de veau* or, if you like the name better, *Wiener Schnitzel.*)

If you want to know more about meat, write to the Consumers' Counsel Division, Department of Agriculture, and ask for the booklet "Meat Grades at Your Service." It's free.

But why does the Department of Agriculture use grade names which have to be explained and memorized? Why not call the grades 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and then use the same grading for everything, whether meat, cereal, or canned goods?

IN *EDITOR AND PUBLISHER* there was a bitter wail from the advertising manager of some New England newspapers. How did the publisher expect him to sell advertising space when the editors spread bad times and depression all over page one? The advertising managers, whatever they may think about President Roosevelt, believe that fewer attacks on the New Deal would mean more advertising for the paper.

IN THE last few years stores which sell things to women have been skiing down the mountain on the idea that they must fire all their middle-aged salespeople and get in young and pretty college girls with refined accents. And if they could get girls with New York's foolish finishing-school accent, everything would be just lovely. Customers would feel that they were dealing with a ritzy firm and would be charmed by the courtesy of these supposedly well-bred young women. Also, they would be ashamed to pick the cheaper quality in the face of the girl behind the counter—said girl being obviously used to the nicer things in life.

It was a heart-breaking business for the older saleswomen, who lost their jobs by the thousands. They couldn't go to any other store for a job because the other store was firing its own middle-aged women. But it wasn't only middle-aged women who were let go. Many young women who had only a grade-school education were also fired, regardless of their records. Here and there a store, like Lane Bryant and Bloomingdale's, resisted the fad, but some of the biggest and best-known stores fell for it hard. Sometimes whole departments were fired at one time.

Well, it gives me the greatest satisfaction to record here that this wonderful idea has proved a flop. *Women's Wear*, ablest of trade magazines, says that most stores were hurt by it. The scheme worked all right if the store's trade came from the same kind of people as the new young saleswomen. But, says *Women's Wear:*

> What happened when the customers were of humbler and less independent caliber? . . . Many of them were overawed by the superiority of the sales persons and resented a manner which they could neither ignore nor imitate. They were at a disadvantage and they loathed it. Also—they carried their business to more unpretentious stores and wrote us about it. . . . An overbearing salesgirl will arouse a degree of protest in a simpler type of customer that is fatal to business dealings between them. And a sensitive person without much confidence is more apt to misunderstand the *grande dame* manner of a sophisticated salesgirl than to be flattered by service from her.

To this I should like to add the comment of one customer: "The department store thinks it won't do to have girls like me work for them, but it's all right for me to buy from them. Of course I resent it!"

But I wonder what has happened to all those patient and experienced saleswomen who lost their jobs?

In the Wind

WHILE SECRECY still surrounds the details of Hitler's meetings with Neville Chamberlain, this anecdote is now current among European correspondents. When Chamberlain visited Berchtesgaden Hitler greeted him with the words: "I am very glad to meet you. Of course I have read your book and I am glad you are an anti-Semite. But I cannot understand how a man of your excellent qualities could have been a friend of Stresemann." The book referred to was written by Houston Stewart Chamberlain; the friend of Stresemann was Austin Chamberlain.

NOT LONG ago newspapers featured Carole Lombard's startling announcement that she was "happy and proud" to pay taxes. Although the story made front-page news, it was frowned upon by Hollywood magnates. And a reporter for the *Oregon Progressive*, who wanted her to elaborate her statement in an interview, was informed by studio publicity men that "the story is closed; orders have come down that there is no more to be said about it."

INFLUENCED BY Japan's growing friendship for Germany, Japanese toy-makers recently began to use images of Hitler in their products. This trend has been officially condemned; the manufacturers have been informed that "reference to Chancellor Hitler . . . in articles serving to amuse children" might be considered "disrespectful to the executive of a friendly government."

THE WASHINGTON *POST* recently carried a story quoting John Biggers, Census Administrator, as lamenting the large increase of women workers; the implication of his statement was that women were filling jobs when they were not economically compelled to work. The same issue of the *Post* recorded the details of a riot which occurred when 20,000 women fought violently with one another on the waiting-line at the office of the Civil Service Commission in a struggle to get the 1,200 application blanks available for jobs as charwomen.

WHEN PRIME MINISTER CHAMBERLAIN interrupted his address to Parliament on September 28 to announce the receipt of a message from Hitler proposing a conference at Munich, word of this dramatic incident flashed at once to newspapers everywhere. As soon as the news reached the South Wales *Echo*, a reporter telephoned his wife to tell her what had happened. She informed him that she "knew it an hour ago." The wife of a man working in one of the biggest industrial concerns in South Wales had telephoned her seeking confirmation of the report that Hitler had proposed such a meeting. That report had been circulated in the office of the industrial concern soon after three o'clock—before Mr. Chamberlain received with "surprise" the message which interrupted his speech.

[*We invite readers to submit material for In the Wind. The $5 prize for the best item submitted during October goes to the contributor—anonymous for obvious reasons—of the item about Hitler's Nürnberg address published two weeks ago.*]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

I HAVE had many responses to my Issues and Men of September 17, in which I criticized as vigorously as I could Bishop Manning's appeal to the public to give him a million dollars more to put into bricks and mortar, stones and statuary for the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Ninety-eight per cent of these communications have approved the position that I took, and they are still coming in—the latest to arrive being from a clergyman eighty years of age who writes the warmest approval. One curious thing has, however, happened. Through my clipping bureau there has come to me from a number of small-town newspapers a "canned" editorial headed Strange Obsession—one of those that are sold by a syndicate to a large number of newspapers that cannot afford to have their own editorial writers.

The argument is as follows—I quote it exactly:

> Mr. Villard seems obsessed with the trite and outworn theory that static money is all that is needed to rebuild human welfare. What is needed, on the contrary, is live money, representing men at work, machinery in motion, smoke from brick kilns, gasoline pouring from refineries. Bishop Manning would make live dollars out of dead ones. Mr. Villard would keep them dead.

The editorial goes on to say that my "indignation illustrates nicely what's wrong with much present-day thinking," and it explains to my dull brain that "the money sought by Bishop Manning would come from well-to-do people, and is now surplus kept for miscellaneous purposes. It is dead capital, performing no social good. If released it would flow into the channels of industry. As Mr. Villard inadvertently concedes, it would buy bricks."

This is really delightful reasoning. It is the same old defense that has been made from time immemorial for the wasteful extravagances of the rich. Let them build their palaces and marble swimming baths and huge yachts and all the rest; that employs labor and gives work to tradesmen, brick-layers, and stone-cutters. Well, in the first place that wasn't the basis of Bishop Manning's appeal—at least not what I saw. It is to his credit that he didn't trot out this hoary, old, fallacious argument. His appeal was for the glory of God and a further recognition of the Kingdom of Heaven. It was to make it possible for his congregation to worship under more beautiful arches, with more statues of the Apostles and more stained-glass windows. He wasn't setting himself up as a competitor to the WPA. The government, too, has been pouring out money for buildings in order to provide work and stimulate the building trades and that has been defensible as an emergency measure. Indeed, the construction of decent homes for our workers at a loss to the government would be proper and entirely defensible at any time. Wiping out the slums would produce enormous dividends in the improved health, morality, and happiness of our people.

If Bishop Manning had appealed to us for a million dollars to build a block of homes for people of small means to take the place of the horrible overcrowding that goes on right around his cathedral, and had declared that this would make for the glory of God and the Kingdom of Heaven, I should certainly not have criticized him—only praised. For I know what the conditions around St. John the Divine are if he doesn't. I was the vice-chairman of Mayor LaGuardia's committee to investigate the causes of the Harlem riots, and we saw revealed in all their shame the disgraceful conditions making for immorality, crime, and human misery which exist within a stone's throw of the Bishop. I should like to ask the unknown author of that hypocritical editorial —for it sounds to me as if the writer had had his tongue in his cheek—whether that wouldn't be a better human investment than putting a million dollars into the completion of a great church which will be largely filled only on special occasions, such as Easter and Christmas.

Finally, as to the economic argument—it is incredible how economic error persists. This use of surplus wealth is, I repeat, economically speaking, entirely unproductive. It is not creating any continuing benefit whatsoever. It is not erecting factories or shops or building steamships or articles of continuing usefulness. If the idea is merely to help workers in certain of the building trades, why the same object would be achieved by hiring the same number of men to sweep the streets or to build a needless monument. I feel just as badly over the news that Congress is now going to spend millions upon millions for a great memorial to Thomas Jefferson as a companion piece to that to Abraham Lincoln on the axis of the White House in Washington. It's going to spoil part of a beautiful park and, oh, how unnecessary it is! I wonder that Thomas Jefferson doesn't rise in his grave to protest and to say that there are statues enough of him, and for God's sake take that money and really relieve the human needs of some of our starving millions—lest democracy perish. He certainly needs no stone memorials to make his fame imperishable!

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

CHILDHOOD UNDER THE NAZIS

To the Literary Editor: A few days ago I received from The Nation *for review a copy of Erika Mann's "School for Barbarians" (Modern Age Books, 50 cents). It is an immensely important book, surprisingly informative even for one who thinks he knows the subject. I have not read a more moving book for a long time, and I am sure every reader will have the same deep experience. It should have more notice than a simple review. Therefore I propose that you print instead the introduction which Thomas Mann has written to the work of his daughter. It is at once the best, most just, and most revealing review that could possibly be written of Miss Mann's volume. It provides a thorough analysis of the book and at the same time completes its significance as a sweeping condemnation of Nazi "philosophy."*

FRANZ HOELLERING

THROUGHOUT my whole long journey from East to West and back again across the vast continental stretches, the author of this book, my dear daughter Erika, was beside me; her faithful help enabled me to meet the demands of an enterprise, fruitful and gratifying indeed, yet at the same time not always easy. How often did she not act as interpreter between me and the public; both with the press and when, after a lecture, I was questioned by the audience! I would answer in German, English being still rather hard for me, and she would skilfully translate—skilfully and, as I think, very much to the advantage of my replies; since there was added to their content the charm of a sweeter voice and the animation of a gifted and intellectual feminine personality.

Accordingly my pleasure is great in being able to act the interpreter in turn between her and the American public, and to introduce her book to readers who are interested in the political and moral problems of the day. It has a repellent subject, this book: it tells, out of fulness of knowledge, of education in Nazi Germany and of what National Socialism understands by this word. Yet strangely enough, the book is the opposite of repellent. For even its pain and anger are appealing, while the author's sense of humor, her power of seeing "the funny side," the gentle mockery in which she clothes her scorn go far to make our horror dissolve in mirth. It enfolds the unlovely facts in a grace of style and a critical lucidity, and most consolingly opposes to the shocking and negative qualities of malice and falsity the positive and righteous force of reason and human goodness.

The fundamental theme of the book, education in Germany, proves to be an extraordinarily fruitful point of departure for an exposition of the whole National Socialist point of view. That it should be a woman who has chosen it is not strange, but it is surprising to see what a comprehensive and fully informed portrayal of the totalitarian state results from this deliberate limitation to a single theme. The picture is so complete that a foreigner wishing to penetrate into that uncanny world might say that he knows it after he has read this book. All the grim concentration of the present German leaders on the single thought of the power of the state, all their desperate determination to subordinate to that idea the whole intellectual and spiritual life of the nation, without one single human reservation—all of it comes out with startling clarity in this description and analysis, accompanied by a wealth of only too convincing detail on the National Socialist educational program.

I say program because it is of the future. It is an inexorable first draft of what the German of the future is to be. Nothing escapes it. With iron consistency and relentlessness, fanatically, deliberately, meticulously, the Nazis have gone about putting this one single idea into practice and applying it to each and every department and phase of education. The result is that education is never for its own sake; its content is never confined to training, culture, knowledge, the furtherance of human advancement through instruction. Indeed, it has sole reference, often enough with implication of violence, to the fixed idea of national preeminence and warlike preparedness.

The issue is clear. It is a radical renunciation—ascetic in the worst sense of the word—of the claims of mind and spirit; and in these words I include the conceptions truth, knowledge, justice—in short, all the highest and purest endeavors of which humanity is capable. Once, in times now forgotten, we knew a definition: "To be German means to do a thing for its own sake." The words have lost all meaning. German youth is to devote itself to nothing for its own sake, for everything is politically conditioned, everything shaped and circumscribed to a political end. The sense of objective truth is done to death; it is referred to something outside itself, to a purpose which must be a German purpose—the purpose of the state to have absolute power over the minds of men within its borders, and to extend its power beyond them.

Such an arbitrary purpose, such a permeation of all truth and all research with political aims, makes us shudder; and the shudder is even more physical than it is moral. The program is so violent, so unhealthy, so convulsive that it thereby betrays how ill-adapted it is to the nature of the people upon whom it is inflicted—or rather, who believe that they must inflict it upon themselves. The glory of the German nation has always lain in a freedom which is the opposite of patriotic narrow-mindedness, and in a special and objective relation to mind. Germany gave birth to the phrase: "Patriotism corrupts history." It was Goethe who said that. The true and extra-political nature of this people, its true vocation to mind and spirit, becomes clear today in the very immoderation, the "thoroughness," with which it abjures its best, its classic characteristics, offering them up on the altar of totalitarian politics at the behest of leaders who do not feel the sacrifice. This people of the "middle" is in actual fact a people of extremes. Shall we have power, shall we be political? Then away with spirit, away with truth and justice, independent knowledge and culture! Heroically it throws its humanity overboard, to put itself in alignment for world-mastery.

Should not one remind them of the words of the Scriptures: "What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" The words do not deny the existence of power. They do assert the truth that power must have content and meaning, an inner justification in order to be genuine, tenable, and recognized by mankind; and that this justification comes only from spirit. Is it not hopeless folly to seek after a good by means which emasculate and demolish the very good one is striving for? How do the German people and their leaders picture to themselves the exercise of a European hegemony paid for by such moral and intellectual sacrifices as are demanded by the National Socialist plan of education? Have, in fact, a people any calling to power when they must make such sacrifices to achieve it? When they must put at their head all the lowest and basest elements, all the worst and crudest, most un- and anti-intellectual, and give these absolute power over themselves?

Is the world to be won over in such wise, even after one has dominated it? Can a power persist and be applied, when it had to assert itself against the whole pressure of scorn and hatred which such methods invariably call forth? Is it not indeed a pathetic delusion that a people who have put themselves or been put in the position of the German people today could ever conquer anything? A people intellectually debased and impoverished, morally degraded—and they expect to conquer the earth! It makes one laugh. We do not get the better of others by destroying ourselves; and nothing is more foolish than to take all idealism for stupidity. Truth and the freedom to seek it are not luxury products which enervate a people and unfit them for the struggle of life. They belong to life; they are life's daily bread. The saying, "Truth is what profits me," springs from the depths, from the convulsions of an anti-idealistic ideal which deludes nobody, uses nobody to its own good, but simply hastens its own collapse. It is an open secret that German science is deteriorating, that Germany is falling behind in all the domains of the intellect. The process will go irresistibly on; it will be irretrievably consummated, in fact, if the sort of people who have the say today are given enough time to put into execution their malignant program of national "fitness."

I join with the author of this book in the hope that the higher gifts and necessities of the German people may assert themselves betimes against presumptions so false and so hostile to life and to the human spirit.

THOMAS MANN

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The Advertising Art

IT'S AN ART. By Helen Woodward. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.75.

HELEN WOODWARD and James Rorty are the two worst headaches of the noble profession of advertising. Expert copy-writers both, they have no illusions about their erstwhile occupation, and do not hesitate to say so. But in this new book Mrs. Woodward is not so much the completely disillusioned critic as a skeptical investigator, appraising advertising with only normal prejudice. How good is it? How bad is it? What new techniques is it employing? What is its place in the American economy?

Advertising, she says, is neither better nor worse than the business men who pay for it. Advertisements have probably helped to give many people better-looking and cleaner houses and better-balanced meals. Sometimes the meals look more attractive than they taste. Advertisements have stimulated other appetites which cannot be satisfied on prevailing low incomes and thus have probably brought the revolution nearer. Although advertisers fear centralization in politics, they promote it in industry by making it very hard for local enterprises to get started. Every national advertising campaign is furthermore a careful piece of economic planning. Fortunately for the wayfaring consumer, the profession has too many confusions and contradictions to use its power to the full.

I was particularly interested in an expert's appraisal of the changes that have come over advertising in the last ten years. Here are some of them:

Improved organization in agencies, depriving the copy-writer of his commissions as well as his adventurous status.

Increased use of polls, surveys, questionnaires, displacing hunches, gambling, and whimsy.

Agile jump of hunches, gambling, and whimsy to the air. "On radio, advertising is back where it was in 1906."

A great new audience, aged four to thirteen, seduced by badges, premiums, detective clubs; approached not only over the air but also through schools, comic strips, 4H clubs, and children's magazines. The kiddies are being knocked through the ropes.

Liquor advertising on a mammoth scale.

Big black type and ugly layouts coming back in ads addressed to he-men.

Less doctrinal matter by the patent-medicine fraternity; food products and cigarettes substituted to cure what ails you.

A little more protection for the customer through laws, organizations, and uneasy consciences in the agencies.

Mrs. Woodward has the book well larded with inside stories about the marketing of automobiles, cosmetics, political attitudes. She reports on the chain-store situation, predicts a boom in cooperatives, drops hints to epicures and buyers of whiskey, relates anecdotes from her copy-writing experience. She has converted some ponderous figures into good reading. The only word I can find to complain about is the verb *to ad-say*. She explains that *Time* took its style from copy-writers and passed it on to novelists; so perhaps she is entitled to her ad-sayings.

She has written about advertising before, but never I think so well. If you have any interest in food, drink, tobacco, automobiles, or the manufacturing of propaganda, you ought to read her book. It does not do to sneer exclusively at an art which is as American as the movies, baseball, or the five-ring circus. Better to look it over carefully and find its place in the broad structure of American culture. No one is better equipped to do this than Mrs. Woodward. It is a privilege and a pleasure to follow her through the museum.

STUART CHASE

Chamberlain, Sleepwalker

WHILE ENGLAND SLEPT. A SURVEY OF WORLD AFFAIRS, 1932-1938. By Winston S. Churchill. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.

"WHILE England slept"—these three words are the best possible description of England's foreign policy under Prime Ministers Ramsay MacDonald, Stanley Baldwin, and Neville Chamberlain. But to draw the conclusion that England has now awakened would be a little exaggerated after the bitter experiences of the last weeks. For a sleeping man can walk sometimes in his dreams, and a sleeping Prime Minister can fly sometimes to Munich.

Winston Churchill is today the most eloquent and active representative of Tory democracy, of the British political philosophy which was founded by Benjamin Disraeli, the Jewish statesman who gave new vigor to the British Lion, was further developed by Winston Churchill's father, Randolph Churchill, and was finally consolidated by Joseph Chamberlain, the father of the present Prime Minister, who is a Chamberlain in nothing but his name.

This book is a collection of Churchill's speeches on foreign affairs and national defense between 1932 and 1938. The selection was made by Winston Churchill's brilliant son, Randolph Churchill. The book is divided into three parts, which bear the fateful names: Germany Disarmed, Germany Rearming, and Germany Armed.

In 1933 Churchill made a nice little speech to the Royal Society of St. George. It was a candid description of the so-called method of peaceful negotiation as used by the so-called democratic powers today. Churchill asked his public how St. George would behave in our own time if he had to liberate the beautiful girl from the brutality of the dragon. Our modern St. George would propose a conference with the dragon and make a trade agreement with him, and the maiden's rescue would be referred to Geneva, the dragon reserving all his rights meanwhile. Churchill composed his amusing sketch five years before the Nazi dragon ate up Austria and Czechoslovakia. We could add that the modern St. George would also declare that we must trust the dragon and that a dragon never lies.

Churchill's book reminds the reader that on March 14, 1938, a few days after the conquest of Austria, Field Marshall Göring in the name of the German government assured the Czechoslovak government of Germany's determination to respect the territorial integrity of Czechoslovakia, and the British government took formal note of this assurance. Hitler's government kept its promise for the long period of six months. Winston Churchill belongs to the small group of British statesmen who never have been deceived by Nazi promises. Since the beginning of the Third Reich Churchill has understood the immense danger which Hitler represents for the British Empire and for the international ideal of freedom and democracy. Churchill always recommended a strong alliance between England and France and a union of all the other peaceful nations upon the basis of the League of Nations in order to stop the progress of the dictators. He understood that Britain must rearm in the face of the Nazi mentality and that the British air force must be increased as quickly as possible if England were not to become one day the prey of Nazi blackmail. He saw all the dreadful consequences of the annihilation of independent Austria and warned the British public that much worse consequences would follow if Czechoslovakia also should fall a victim to Hitler's energy and "democratic" weakness.

Churchill deserves great credit for his clear vision and courageous attitude, but nevertheless there are certain frontiers which he cannot cross. Perhaps the most important speech of this book is the statement in January, 1937, on the Lagging Program, the inadequacy of the British air defense. The Baldwin government had promised that England's air force would contain on March 31, 1937, 124 complete squadrons of modern fighting airplanes. But on January 27, 1937, Winston Churchill proved in the House of Commons that the strength of the British Air Force on March 31 would not be more than 78 squadrons! Churchill stressed the fact, but he concealed from the British public information on how such an enormous miscalculation had become possible. In former years responsible British Ministers have always promised that the British air force would reach very soon a parity with the German air force. Now this promise has been forgotten, and everybody accepts German superiority in the air as a fact which cannot be changed.

But at the same time the British taxpayer spends an enormous amount every year for rearmament, and the industry of the British Empire is much more efficient than German industry. Why, then, is England not able to oppose at least two British bombers to one German bomber and to destroy by this achievement the Nazi scare? Are there perhaps some influential people in England who do not want England's air force to become stronger than Hitler's? Churchill is an honest democrat, but he was born a member of England's governing class, and he has never been able to go beyond his own class. Therefore he cannot tell the whole truth to his people. The pro-fascist group in the English and French upper classes do not regard Hitler as their enemy. They do not want to fight Hitier, for Hitler's defeat would destroy their most valuable international asset.

Churchill always advised the House of Commons to stand by France. But the last weeks have disclosed the extraordinary fact that France was not ready to use English assistance. Churchill and the Tory democrats, together with the Labor Party, compelled the Chamberlain government to give the necessary assurance to France. But as France is not a great power any more, the basis for Churchill's political strategy as it is developed in this book does not exist any more.

The fight against fascism will be continued in Europe even after the Czechoslovakian defeat, and British democracy will be one of the best forces in this struggle in spite of Neville Chamberlain. Churchill's speeches, as they are collected in this book, will have a place in history as a noble expression of the British democracy when it was preparing for the decisive battle against fascism abroad and defeatism at home.

ARTHUR ROSENBERG

The Dithyrambic Novel

THE BLACK BOOK. By Lawrence Durrell. Paris: The Obelisk Press. 75 francs.

THE newest type of prose fiction but a few years since, the irrational fable of Franz Kafka recently has lost its place. Its successor is the genre represented by the amazing performance "The Black Book," by Lawrence Durrell, a young Irish-Englishman who was born in Burma some twenty-seven years ago, lived at the Tibetan frontier till he was fourteen or fifteen, at present resides in Corfu, and is the author of a volume of verse and two novels published under a pseudonym.

This usurping type of fiction may be called the dithyrambic novel, since it is a species of intense and smoldering lyricism. Its basis appears to be not a series of pictures causally ordered and connected but a wild musical mood from which poetic ideas have risen. Indeed, the definition of dionysiac or dithyrambic lyricism furnished by Nietzsche in "The Birth of Tragedy" describes this ultra-modern newcomer with astonishing precision. Like Nietzsche's dithyrambic poets the novelists who speak in the first person singular in this new genre plainly have identified themselves with "the pain and contradictions of the primordial unity" and have produced copies of this pain and conflict as music which partly has become visible to them in symbolic dream-pictures. Durrell's "book of the English death," as he calls it, is, for example, "musical" in form and style. Like music his prose is a flowing series of voluminal expansions and contractions, achieved in this instance with the sonorous use of words. And it presents us with a dreamlike sequence of pictures, the passions, deeds, words, and ridiculous and wretched lives of a group of pathetic scarecrows in an English hotel and an English commercial school which seem indefinitely to flow into one another. These grotesque, obscene, decrepit, and God-forsaken characters—hypochondriacs, people obsessed with their own sexuality and possessing the miserable vices of schoolboys, erotomaniacs, bluestockings, prostitutes, and of course a homosexual—are sketchy but mordant, in instances comic and in others touching, symbolic projections of advanced stages of the present almost worldwide disintegration of life. And through the actions of these characters and the direct, partly ironic and partly nostalgic lyricism, we feel more than the author's own deep hurt and fear and disgust of life, and the pain of the conflict born of simultaneous attraction toward and repulsion from it. We feel something of the pain of present existence itself, filled with self-contempt and fear of emasculation and further degradation—the life of millions driven and sunken into themselves and unable to go "over the top" of their own beings—and something of its lurid poetry and color.

Another of the authors of this recent category is the Parisian-American Henry Miller, who possibly is the largest personal force lately risen on the horizon of American letters. It is his press which has issued "The Black Book." For the moment Durrell none the less would seem to be the leader in the new genre, if only for the reason that the material in this volume to a degree is rhythmically and significantly organized. The organization is not a complete one. The last of the novel's three sections seems relatively monotonous and repetitive. Still, Durrell has observation, wit, speed, a spark of genius, and more than a spark of poetry. If in a few instances his exceedingly aggressive exploitation of coarse language outstripping that in "Lady Chatterley's Lover" is productive of powerful cold and brutal effects, his use of the less vulgar idiom in many cases is richly suggestive and evocative. The feeling both of Corfu and of South London breathes sharply through it. It is to be regretted that the likelihood of an American edition of the work seems small.

Many persons will wonder whether the work indicates an end or a beginning. My own feeling is that the question can be answered only by Durrell himself in the form of another novel. T. S. Eliot, at least, considers "The Black Book" a beginning. In a commendatory word on the cover he called the volume "the first piece of work by a new English writer to give me any hope for the future of prose fiction." Indubitably the phrase reflects parental vanity. For in certain connections the Durrell novel may be thought of as an individual prose development of "The Waste Land": more modern Prince Hamlet music with symbolical pictures —possibly less languid and ironical than Eliot's, more aggressive but in the last analysis equally melancholy. And Eliot would seem not to be without cognizance of this fact, since he rather pointedly also has written, "If he [Durrell] has been influenced by any writer of my generation, the influences have been digested and he has produced something different." Yet his apparent relationship is in no wise discreditable to the young novelist. It merely is another indication of the size of the evolutionary role which Eliot's brilliant poem is playing in the world.

PAUL ROSENFELD

Japan's Drive for Empire

IMPERIAL JAPAN: 1926-1938. By A. Morgan Young. William Morrow and Company. $3.

SOME nine years ago A. Morgan Young, editor of the *Japan Chronicle* of Kobe, published a book on Japan covering the 1912-26 era. It still remains one of the best accounts of the first period in which Japan openly sought exclusive hegemony in eastern Asia. He now issues the sequel dealing with Japan's current—and more determined—challenge for mastery of the Far East. During ten of the years since 1926 Mr. Young was constantly engaged in editing the most trenchant English-language newspaper in Japan. His ability and effectiveness were recognized by the Japanese authorities in 1937, when they refused him a return visa to Japan after a furlough in England.

From the mass of material which flowed across his editorial desk he has sifted out the significant items in the domestic and foreign-political currents of Japan's swiftly moving development since 1926. The result is a robust, full-bodied account of Japan—racy, anecdotal, unsparing, and revelatory of behind-the-scenes intrigue and maneuver. Generalizations are largely avoided, but the concrete, detailed illustrations of Japan's cynical drive toward power in all its manifestations are more convincing than the most closely reasoned analysis.

He places the "zero hour" of Japan's latest offensive in June, 1927, when the Far Eastern Conference of the Japanese military convened at Tokyo under General Tanaka's sponsorship. The grand strategy of the offensive was mapped out at this conference, and Mr. Young believes that its findings are correctly represented by the famous Tanaka Memorial. The two Japanese interventions in Shantung province (1927 and 1928-29) immediately followed, as well as the murder of Chang Tso-lin at Mukden in June, 1928. With world depression creating favorable international auspices in September, 1931, the invasion of Manchuria was launched. The policy underlying this move, however, had been formulated some four years earlier at the Far Eastern Conference.

An epoch whose central feature was represented by ruthless territorial aggression necessarily connoted reaction and dictatorship in domestic politics. Mr. Young's chapters afford a running commentary on this ruling theme of Japan's recent political evolution. His inside details of the struggle between the military and the civilians in the last Minseito Cabinet of 1929-31 constitute an epitaph on liberal government in Japan. Thereafter Japan's liberals carried on a rearguard campaign, unable to meet the enemy's combined tactics of assassination, army conspiracies, and independent military action in China. In his discussion of the farcical trials of the Japanese terrorists, of the hounding of liberal thinkers such as Dr. Minobe, of the destruction of a free press, of the elimination of independent thought and the revival of reactionary ideology, and of the murders of liberal Japanese officials, the author summarizes the methods by which the Japanese people have been dragooned into acceptance of Japan's new drive for empire. Short of complete overthrow of the military-fascist clique which has fastened its rule on Japan, it becomes clear that no enduring peace can be established in the Far East. Freedom of life and a decent existence

19TH CENTURY ART IS DYING....

—but 19th-Century politics and sociology are already dead. Yet liberals still talk about "free competition" and collective security." And not a few radicals in this age of science still wrestle with the metaphysical abstractions of Hegel and his followers. If you are tired of *both*, try a typical issue of

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●

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for the Japanese people depend equally on the collapse of this ruling caste.

These main theses of Mr. Young's book, implicit in his array of facts rather than explicitly stated, are supplemented by material of great value on subsidiary topics. The illuminating biographical sketches of Japanese military, political, and business personages, slipped in unobtrusively at various points, help to fix in mind the names and roles of significant individuals. Japan's varied activities in China since 1927 in the course of preparing and carrying out its conquest are briefly but effectively handled. The ideology of the "chosen race" and of "manifest destiny," which clings to exponents of the divine mission of descendants of the Sun Goddess, is given its proper—and important—place. The picture which emerges is hardly reassuring, but its accuracy cannot be disputed. Mr. Young's easy style, by smoothing the path for the general reader, should add to the influence which his book deserves to exert. T. A. BISSON

Artist of Montmartre

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC. By Gerstle Mack. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

THE life of Toulouse-Lautrec was touching. Born of aristocratic parents who were first cousins and whose stock had been depleted by fatigue and previous intermarriages, his health was uncertain from the very start. He could play only the less strenuous games until he was thirteen. Then, within little more than a year, he broke both legs. A little later all his limbs shriveled, and he became a man with the body of a dwarf.

This stunted being was obviously unfit for the sportsman's career traditional in his family. Indeed, almost everything due a man was barred to him. His only recourse was art. Devoted to it since childhood and unquestionably gifted, he was permitted to enter an atelier as soon as he had finished the lycée, and at twenty, having finished with teachers, he was ready to begin on his own. Fortunately his parents again intervened (as they did throughout his life); so that he could rent a studio in Montmartre and start his excursions into its demi-monde as an economically self-sufficient entity.

The year was 1884, when Montmartre was still a village above Paris. The criminals hid there, life went on all night, brothels were always open, hard dancers kicked and flashed in the Moulin Rouge, a new artist like Bruant sang songs of the people, the cafes seemed to burn with some light intenser than day, everything was incandescent and shadowed. Such was the territory of Lautrec. Night after night he came. And then, each day afterward, he would recapture his beloved in his paintings, lithographs, posters, and illustrations. Constant drinking increased his excitement. And since he was too hideous to be loved, his only possibility of surcease was in the houses of prostitution. There, at least, among the debased and hopeless, his deformities were not held against him.

But always the light—the hard, dry, probing light of the night city—gave him a joy which he could recover and enlarge in his own work. So he produced his tributes: his 130 paintings, nearly 400 lithographs, many illustrations and posters. In these were revealed the man's own delicacy—particularly, one might say, in the lithographs. From excessive drinking, careless living, and general breakdown the decay of his body had been completed by 1901, and he died at thirty-seven, a gallant, aborted, unhappy, yet gleeful being who had put down something eternally true of cities and men's lives in them.

All this is in Mr. Mack's biography, complete, unmitigated, authoritative. It stands, indeed, as the first solid study of Toulouse-Lautrec to be published in English. While perhaps not the equal of Joyant in general sensibility and depth, or of MacOrlan in literary values (both unfortunately in French), it gives something which they do not, namely, a thorough documentation not only of the works but of the milieu of Toulouse-Lautrec—the theaters, the bars, the circuses, the racetracks, the cafes and those who inhabited them—the coarse La Goulues and delicate Jane Avrils and febrile Yvette Guilberts, as well as the poor, perverted, giddy, or spendthrift ones who peopled that fabulous and terrible quarter of late nineteenth-century Paris. As such it is a kind of map to accompany Lautrec's prophecy. More, too, it is an essential introduction to the deformed, yet not unblessed, little nobleman, the last in his line, who probed to the bottom of a social cancer and thus brought a new surgical ray to its treatment. Accordingly, it makes us think not only of art but of those remedial measures which may proceed from a light as unsparing as his. JEROME MELLQUIST

Life of Thomas Paine

THOMAS PAINE, LIBERATOR. By Frank Smith. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $3.

TWO men in the eighteenth century served the cause of revolution on both sides of the Atlantic. Lafayette became "the hero of two worlds." Thomas Paine has always been assigned a minor place in our histories of the time. Frank Smith, in the present biography, sets out to show that Paine has been done an injustice. "The plain historic facts," he says, "provide his claim to the grateful recognition of the democratic peoples." And the author knows a great many facts, for his book, though printed without the apparatus of research, springs from long familiarity with the subject and independent work with the sources. The book is an excellent guide to the events of Paine's career: how he came to America at the age of thirty-seven, was drawn into the revolution, and discovered his talent for pamphleteering, rallying thousands to independence with "Common Sense" and keeping up their morale with timely numbers of the *American Crisis;* how he insisted on exposing the graft in the shipment of French goods to America; how, after the war, he planned to build a bridge over the Schuylkill and went to Europe to consult engineers and have a model cast; how, in England when the French Revolution broke out, he defended its principles against Burke in the "Rights of Man," and joined forces with those who were crying for reform in England; how he was made an honorary citizen of France and became one of two foreigners elected to the National Convention; how he languished in prison almost a year during the Terror, and wrote the "Age of Reason" to fight what he took to be the menace of atheism in France, producing a deistic tract which horrified

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good Christians; and how at last he got back to America, to find himself no longer respectable in a country that was no longer revolutionary, and regarded as the "filthy little atheist" that Theodore Roosevelt called him a century later.

Such in a broad way are the "plain historic facts," and it is well to have another readable biography to make them known. Mr. Smith presents them, however, with an interpretation at which many readers will be disconcerted. Quite properly, he notes the importance of economic circumstances in shaping Paine's opinions, and calls attention to the ideas in which Paine anticipated the more modern reforming movement. These ideas seem hardly to have gone beyond a genuine concern for the working class and the suggestion of old-age pensions and high taxation of the rich. The author uses good judgment in not exaggerating their importance. He is open to criticism on another score. Though he refers occasionally to class conflict, his picture of the American Revolution is essentially that of our patriotic myth. There are the Hessians, as brutal as in the school books, and the tattered Continentals, stalwart and valiant. The rebellious colonists are "the Americans," other Americans are the "loyalist faction"; the British authorities are "invaders," and the British government proposes to subdue the colonists "as ruthlessly as Clive had subdued the natives of India." Reaching the French Revolution, the author reveals the influence of the school of Mathiez. He is aware of the economic interests that divided France, and dismisses the Girondins, more sharply than most followers of Mathiez do, as "the mere agents of a minority class." But the class interpretation is not really carried through, for the events of the Revolution are usually ascribed to a united France. The habit of assimilating the revolutionists to an abstract "nation" or unanalyzed "people" is one which historians of both the right and left, in the past generation, have seriously criticized.

What has happened is that Mr. Smith has almost completely identified himself with Thomas Paine. He sees events about as Paine saw them, as a struggle of peoples against tyrants and selfish factions. The chief point on which he seems to differ with his hero is in the matter of the Girondins, for Paine was a Girondin, and Mr. Smith obviously prefers the Jacobins. Even so, when Paine is in prison, the Jacobins become guilty of a "homicidal tendency." Like Paine himself, the author ascribes the length of Paine's imprisonment partly to the machinations of Gouverneur Morris, the American Minister at Paris who had no love for radicals. Like Paine himself, he feels that 90 per cent of the English people were stirred by the revolutionary philosophy, and that Christianity was almost eradicated from France in 1794. We are not told to what extent the arguments in the "Age of Reason" were commonplaces of eighteenth-century thought. Immoderate language in Paine comes from a "lucid and straightforward mind," but in his adversaries it is "frantic billingsgate."

Tom Paine was an important man, and his principles are eminently worth defending. But he was not "the greatest dreamer of them all." Nor was he the Rousseau of the English Reform Bill of 1832. So far as that act had a Rousseau it was Jeremy Bentham, who thought the natural-rights philosophy sheer mystification. Mr. Smith weakens his argument by his partiality, for he makes the reader wonder what

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may be said on the other side. There is no analysis of Paine's thought, only a repeated statement that it was humane and progressive; no attempt to consider whether Paine, in his intransigent smashing of idols, may not have helped reaction more than progress. The notion that Paine was a habitual drunkard is rightly scouted, but little is said of weaknesses that he more probably possessed—vanity, tactlessness, and impatience which apparently made him an awkward associate even for his friends. We are given to believe that if Paine failed to become a great historical figure it is because the forces of piety and reaction were leagued against him. Other revolutionaries have triumphed over that handicap. Why not Paine? The puzzle is not solved. R. R. PALMER

A Poet's Life

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON. By Herman Hagedorn. The Macmillan Company. $3.

ROBINSON'S life is so patterned, so directed into a scheme by a way of belief, that it seems almost a work of art itself. It cannot be dissociated from his poetry. Robinson, if anyone, realized that a man could become "whole" only through the fantasy of his art. Therefore he allowed nothing to interfere with what he must do, believing, as he did, that "the man who fixes on something definite in life that he must do, at the expense of everything else, if necessary, has presumably got something that, for him, should be recognized as the Inner Fire." Robinson, in other words, charted his life for poetical exploration. With all the austerity inbred in him as a New Englander, he intensified, for the sake of his art, his own austerity and that of his people, until austerity became its opposite, a vision based on negation. He studied failures in our social scheme as examples of spiritual success and of society's failure.

Mr. Hagedorn has written this biography with tenderness but with something of the quality of understatement that was Robinson's own. It is a very moving story about a life in which, outwardly, nothing dramatic took place, unless quiet renunciation for the sake of a purpose steadily held is dramatic.

Yankee, born in Maine, Robinson lived his life in New England—save for secluded winters, later, in New York. He was the last child in his family and assumed responsibility for his brothers, who disintegrated slowly under his eyes, and for his aging father and mother. The one least able to cope with practical affairs, he was, in the long run, most forced to it. That his townspeople thought him a waster hurt him but did not confuse him. Not even the long years of failure to publish—for Robinson began writing before editors were receptive to his work—could kill his will to express in art what he knew of life. Finally, as everyone knows, Theodore Roosevelt took charge and presented the poet with a review of his book, a job, and a publisher—Scribner's. The worst was over.

There followed the years of writing all summer at Peterboro, of contact with a slowly enlarging group of friends. This man who did not choose often to enter people's lives save through the imagination impressed everyone. He loved a few friends dearly. He renounced marriage for his writing—or so this book implies. Possibly he was too conditioned to living within himself to be unafraid of love. His friendship was deep, but never stated except as a shy New Englander might state it.

The quiet close of the life is like the quiet opening. Robinson dying was as courteous and shy as he had been living. The complete dignity of the man is undeniable. And before he died he had written the poem "King Jasper," his one "treastise on economics," as he called it, a symbolic drama of the disintegration of the capitalist system. In the tragic end of the poem only Zöe is left alive, and we have the poet's word for it that, to him, Zöe meant knowledge. Without ignorance, he explained, there can be no knowledge. Again, in such a statement, the poet was asserting that out of what seemed horror might come an awareness of new values in the world. EDA LOU WALTON

Shorter Notices

CLOUDY TROPHY. THE ROMANCE OF VICTOR HUGO. By Léon Daudet. William Morrow. $2.50.

Léon Daudet presents Victor Hugo in his bedroom slippers. Often he has not even them on. The picture is not a lovely one, nor is it new. After his wife's infidelity with his best friend and severest critic, Sainte-Beuve, the demi-god began a romance with the actress Juliette Drouet which was to last a half-century. Of the gossip and mud that resulted M. Daudet has gathered together a sizable clod and invented corresponding details. He says of Hugo that "to grasp his pen in his fingers brought him a similar pleasure to that of clasping a woman in his arms." In "Cloudy Trophy" we get a prolonged glimpse of the poet while he was relieving his writer's cramp in other exercises. The book is frankly meant to be sensational. One might have thought that a leader of the French royalist party and former deputy had better things to do while waiting for the Duc de Guise to ascend the throne. The publisher's insistence in a footnote and on the jacket that Léon Daudet is the grandson of Victor Hugo shows that he has read carelessly the dedication "to my son Charles Daudet, great-grandson of Victor Hugo, grandson of Alphonse Daudet and Charles Hugo." The author of "Cloudy Trophy" and about ninety other works is the son of the novelist Alphonse Daudet, who did not marry either of the Hugo girls, of whom one was drowned in 1843 and the other—probably the daughter of Sainte-Beuve anyway, as M. Daudet assures us without proof—went mad during the long exile at Guernsey. With a little patience the real relationship—in case it matters—can be worked out from the dedication. The translation contains some howlers of which even a polemicist like Léon Daudet could not be guilty.

THE LONDON MISCELLANY. Compiled by Robert Harling. Oxford University Press. $3.

A comprehensive miscellany of London life in the nineteenth century would be a most useful and illuminating book. For in the minds of contemporary Englishmen London loomed large as a fascinating and horrible fact; it was the controversion of all proper living, the result and the symbol of industrialism, and if there were a few writers, like Lamb,

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who loved the city, they expressed their affection with a consciousness of perversity. But Mr. Harling disavows any intention other than that of being amusing. He relies on relatively few authors, and those upon whom he draws most heavily seem to attract him merely by their quaintness. It is hard to understand why he so completely ignored that treasure house of material on London life, *Punch*—why, for example, he did not make use of *Punch's* long campaign against the "mud-salad" streets which gives such an excellent notion of the look of the city in the latter part of the century. And of the notable—even classic—descriptions of or responses to nineteenth-century London which fill English literature, Mr. Harling includes almost none.

DRAMA

The New Hamlet

THE production of "Hamlet" at the St. James Theater is a triumph for Maurice Evans. It is also, however, a triumph with, not a triumph over, the author of the play, and would be notable for that if it were notable for nothing else. Mr. Evans shows his respect for the dramatist's intention by playing more of his text than I have ever heard given on any stage before, but that is not the only tribute he pays to an author who presumably knew his business. Both the star and his director, Margaret Webster, seem to have agreed that the best "interpretation" which can be given the play is the one which emerges when each scene is allowed just the degree of prominence it has in the text itself, and the result is to convince one that Shakespeare builded better, if not than he knew, then better at least than anyone else is likely to know. In recent years most actors who have won celebrity in the role have proceeded upon a contrary assumption. They have cast about for some novel, often eccentric "interpretation" of the character and then arranged a text as well as a performance designed for the express purpose of making that interpretation seem as probable and as satisfactory as possible. The result, even when more or less interesting, has usually been something less than "Hamlet" as Shakespeare wrote it, and the distinction between their attitude and that of those responsible for the present performance is much the same as that nice one preserved in theatrical publicity between "starring" and "featuring." However it may actually be billed, this is not "Maurice Evans in 'Hamlet.'" It is "'Hamlet' with Maurice Evans."

To say this is of course not to deny that there are certain choices which any actor undertaking the role must make, and Mr. Evans, following the trend of some recent criticism, apparently tends to feel that too much can be made of Hamlet's infirmity of purpose, and even of his antic disposition. Without completely obscuring either, he makes the Prince princely, a young man who may have moments when he considers things too curiously or surrenders himself to black melancholy, but a young man who has, nevertheless, both more respect for action and more capacity to act than Hamlet is sometimes given credit for. This tendency has its dangers, for to read Dover Wilson on the subject of Hamlet as a hero in the conventional sense is to wonder if this resolute man is not Hamlet with Hamlet left out, and even in Mr. Evans's performance two of the most famous speeches—"To be or not to be" and "Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt"—seem slightly out of place for the simple reason that they are explicit revelations of a mood otherwise little in evidence. But the fault, if fault it is, is less prominent in the production as a whole than may seem to be indicated when it is thus singled out, and the performance is actually better balanced than any other it has recently been my privilege to see. Certainly it is far more satisfactory than either that of John Gielgud, which was vastly overpraised, or that of Leslie Howard, which was given less than its due. The latter presented a Hamlet who was charming and humorous but too little besides; the former, a prince who went into tantrums instead of rages and was guilty at times of something distressingly like mere sniveling. Mr. Evans is manly as well as sensitive, passionate as well as subtle.

Though he consulted the writings of Dover Wilson before deciding just what constitutes the full text he had decided to play, Mr. Evans does not appear to have followed Wilson in some of the startling emendations which the latter made or in his suggestions for staging certain of the scenes. Indeed, the one eccentricity of the present performance consists in the total omission of the dumb show; and except for a fine bit of business, new at least to me, in connection with the speech beginning "Look on this picture and on that," there is little that is strikingly novel in the actual setting forth of the action. There are, on the other hand, fine performances

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in all the chief roles, and several of them are, without being in any way odd or strange, sufficiently different in emphasis from others seen recently in New York to deserve comment. Two years ago Judith Anderson played the Queen with a certain sultry intensity which somehow suggested not only that she knew her husband had been murdered but that she had, in all probability, first suggested his taking off. Mady Christians in the present production gives a fine performance dominated by a conception completely different, that of a woman pretty rather than magnificent and the victim of a sensuality rather aimable than dark. And while Ophelia is commonly played as a mere stylized puppet, Katherine Locke attempts with striking success the experiment of presenting her "straight"; that is to say, as a gentle, essentially normal human being even more conspicuously unfit than Hamlet himself is commonly supposed to be for the role in which fate has cast her. George Graham's Polonius, Donald Randolph's Horatio, and Whitford Kane's First Grave Digger are all excellent though more conventional.

There is no evidence that either Shakespeare's contemporaries or those who came immediately after were aware that Hamlet was first of all a "problem." There is no reason to believe that they thought of him as more mysterious than any complex human being inevitably is, or supposed, to put the fact more precisely, that the actor could not act the play or the spectator enjoy it unless both were in possession of some unique key capable of unlocking an obscure secret. All too many modern actors in the part have thought just that, and the result has been a tendency which probably reached its climax when John Barrymore seemed to suggest that Freud alone could explain a mystery never understood before. But a Hamlet who is explained in any such fashion is a Hamlet who is also explained away, and the result is inevitably a play far less rich and subtle than the text actually presents. Perhaps no higher compliment can be paid the present production than that implied in saying that while it minimizes Hamlet as a problem it restores "Hamlet" as a play. Mr. Evans presents not a riddle to be solved in terms of some abstract proposition but a character whom one understands in the same way and to the same imperfect degree that one understands any complex personality.

I shall have to postpone until next week comment on another remarkable performance in another impressive play—that of Raymond Massey in Robert Sherwood's "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" (Plymouth Theater).

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

RECORDS

CONTINUING with phonographs from where I left off recently, I can now report that the best buy in table-model radio-phonographs is the Lafayette C-13 at $52.50 (A.C.), a seven-tube combination of three-band radio and phonograph that has good, full tone with well-balanced treble and bass. At this price it comes with a Garrard motor and a Shure straight-arm crystal pick-up; and I suggest paying $3 more, for which the machine will come equipped with a Garrard assembly (on a mounting plate) that includes the superior Garrard crystal pick-up with true-tangent arm. The good quality of this table model is due partly to its size; smaller is the D-64 at $35.95, a seven-tube combination of two-band radio and phonograph, which is deficient in bass but otherwise a satisfying machine for a person with only a very small amount to spend. In this instance, too, I would recommend paying the additional $3 for the Garrard assembly. On the other hand I don't recommend paying $64.95 for the C-28, the nine-tube table model.

Not all the other Lafayette machines were on the floor; and I could not hear the fifteen-tube C-32 advertised in *The Nation* of October 15, or the phonographs without radio (console and table models), or the A.C.-D.C. sets—all of which I will report on later. But I did hear the C-22 advertised in *The Nation* of October 1—a nine-tube combination set with a Garrard automatic assembly, which has a strong, clear tone with plenty of bass and treble, and which I consider an excellent buy. The C-23 at $82.50—the same machine but non-automatic and with a Shure pick-up—sounds very poor; but for $85.50 it can be had with the Garrard non-automatic assembly which will make it identical with the C-22 except for the record-changer. The eleven-tube automatic BB-35 at $124.50 has, of course, more power and depth, but its treble is a little weak for its bass; and again one can have the same set equipped with Garrard non-automatic assembly by paying $102.50 instead of $99.50 for the BB-48.

Acting on several favorable reports I heard the Andrea eleven-tube combination set (8-E-11) which at $199 (A.C.) turned out to be an outstanding medium-priced machine. For purposes of comparison I went back to hear the Ansley D-25 immediately afterward, and was impressed again by the qualities that had impressed me the first time; but the tone of the Andrea has a little more of the Ansley's depth and richness. On the other hand the Andrea's treble is not only clear and strong but a trifle hard, which the Ansley's is not; and the Andrea turn-table and pick-up are awkward to get at.

On Columbia singles are fine performances of Liszt's "Au bord d'une source" by Kentner and Debussy's "Fireworks" by Ciampi, excellently recorded ($1.50); Weingartner's recording of "The Beautiful Blue Danube" waltz ($1.50), from which I could get nothing but gritty reproduction; songs—"Songs of the Plains" and "The White Whirlwind," "The Boatmen of the Volga" and the song of the village mayor from Rimsky's "May Night"—superbly sung by the Choir of the Red Army of the U. S. S. R. (two records, $1 each); and the sextet from "Lucia" ($1.50), taken from Columbia's complete set of the opera (thirteen records, $19.50), which is made with good voices but without the style that can give this work dignity and impressiveness.

I have enjoyed the solos in the "Dogtown Blues" of Bob Crosby's band (Decca); the Ella Fitzgerald–Chick Webb version of "A-Tisket A-Tasket" (Decca); Rushing's singing and some of the playing in what are, however, not outstanding records by Basie's band—"Stop Beatin' Round the Mulberry Bush" and "London Bridge Is Falling Down," "Mama Don't Want No Peas," "Doggin' Around" (Decca); and Ellington's "Exposition Swing" (Brunswick), which also is good but not outstanding.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

A Solution for Palestine

Dear Sirs: Albert Viton has described the war in Palestine in all its horror from the point of view of an impartial war correspondent (*The Nation*, October 4). But war correspondence is not enough. We who live in the country, both Arabs and Jews, must look for the causes of the struggle and attempt to find a solution that will end civil strife.

Grave apprehensions about the struggle of the Arab people in Palestine are prevalent in America. The Mufti is a bogyman created by Zionist propagandists to convince the world that reaction is behind all the trouble. That is not true. The struggle of the Arabs in Palestine is a wide movement with definite points which the vast majority of the people supports. It is on these points that we must come to terms with the 400,000 Jews in the country. Let us see what they are:

1. Immigration. The progressive Arabs realize the terrible plight of the Jews in fascist countries. They declare their staunch opposition to fascism because it is the oppressor of their Arab brethren, the Tripolitans. They know that Mussolini is exploiting the Arab movement for his own imperialist designs. They believe that everything should be done to arrange places of refuge for Jewish victims of the fascist terror. However, Palestine alone cannot solve this problem. It simply does not have the capacity.

Immigration into Palestine is the concern of the whole Palestine population. It should not be left in the hands of either the imperial government or the Jewish Agency. There should be a Palestine Democratic Council elected on the basis of proportional representation. This council should define and limit immigration. Immigration into Palestine cannot be unlimited without harming the present population, both Arab and Jewish.

2. Land. The purchase of land by Zionist capitalists and its sale by Arab landlords cannot be allowed to go on unhampered. The tillers of the land should have a say in the matter. We demand security for the tenant farmers. The Arabs would have no objection to the immediate setting up of a permanent mixed commission with full jurisdiction over these two complicated questions.

3. Democracy for Palestine. The government of Palestine should, of course, be a democracy representing the whole of the Palestine population and not an imperialist bureaucracy following a policy of division, provocation, intimidation, and annihilation of all civil liberties. The Arabs want a Palestinian constitution to safeguard the rights of all sections of the population. The Jews would have at the very least complete cultural and municipal autonomy (such as was offered to the Sudeten Germans by the Czechs, which the Sudeten Germans will have reason to regret was not accepted).

The struggle of the Arab people is a struggle to achieve these aims. It is neither a racial, nor a fanatically religious, nor a fascist anti-Semitic struggle. Unfortunately, events in Palestine are discrediting this struggle. The Arab masses denounce the killing of innocent children, women, and men. The Arab people refuse to be considered as represented by the elements which commit such crimes. But let it not be forgotten that there is a strong revisionist (fascist) party among the Zionists that has for years carried on a campaign of terror against the Arabs. Let it not be forgotten that imperialism in Palestine harbors its ghastly terror. "Reprisals" it is called in polite British circles. I do not say this to justify terror. Terror from any side is altogether detestable.

I must thank the New York *Day* for its frankness in declaring that "Zionists cannot agree to any conference on the basis of giving up Zionism." We Arabs are equally frank and openly declare that we cannot agree to Zionism if it means, in the words of Weizmann, that "Palestine should be as Jewish as England is English." We cannot agree to making Palestine a Jewish state. Nor can we agree to the indefinite sale of land. The Zionists like to bring forward the tricky imperialist promise of Balfour. Some Arabs continually cite the tricky imperialist promise to King Hussein. But arguing over conflicting imperialist promises about the disposition of territory which did not belong to the imperialist powers but, if I may quote your Abraham Lincoln, "to the people who inhabit it," will get us nowhere.

The Jews, who are subject to inhuman oppression by the dictatorships, will surely not allow themselves to be used as the tools of some Zionist leaders and of the imperialists to oppress another people. They will help and not oppose the aspirations of the Arabs to federation and independence.

Arabian Jews living in countries bordering on Palestine—they number several hundred thousand—do not show any sympathy with Zionist anti-Arab designs as some Zionist leaders would want them to. Zionist organs would do well to stop shedding tears for them and allow them to live in peace with their neighbors. Zionists should heed the repeated declarations of the Egyptian and Iraq Jews that they will in no way associate themselves with Zionism.

I should like to say in conclusion that I still have strong hope for a satisfactory settlement—a hope arising from the fact that many of the Zionist leaders are beginning to reconcile themselves to the facts and are losing their sole fixation of a Jewish State in Palestine. They are beginning to understand the aims of the Arabs and the possibility, the necessity, for the Jewish people to join hands with the Arab people to build a free, united, democratic Palestine. They are opposing those Zionist leaders who would accept the partition of the tiny country because they want a "state" even if it is a lamentable, doomed, unviable thing resembling an infant born with a head but no body. They know that such a "state" would benefit only British imperialism. And they are realizing more than ever the madness of those Zionists who would take Palestine by force.

Once the unity of Jew and Arab has been achieved, Britain will have no choice but to abandon the mandate, as it was forced to do in Iraq, and sign a treaty of friendship with the new Palestinian state. Peace would then reign once more in the troubled Holy Land.

RAIF N. KHURI
Palestine Arab Delegate to the
Second World Youth Congress
New York, October 13

Seidman's "Labor Czars"

Dear Sirs: May I have a few lines to express a mild but very firm protest against Philip Taft's review of Harold Seidman's "Labor Czars" in *The Nation* of September 24.

That "Labor Czars" "is mostly warmed over material with a few new ingredients mixed into a rather unpalatable stew" is one way of saying (1) that the book is based on the most complete bibliography of labor racketeering in print; (2) that it includes the very important material made available by the Dewey investigations; (3) that it is popularly written.

"That craft unions breed racketeering" is by no means exclusively "the burden of Mr. Seidman's thesis." Seidman makes clearer than any previous writer on the subject that labor racketeering is related to the excessively "business" point of view of older American labor leaders, which has been so nearly devoid of class content that the difference between "delivering the goods" to union members, on the one hand, and "racketeering," on the other, is very hard to determine; to the "non-partisan" politics of the Gompers school, which led unions by the nose into the corrupt city machines which provided the "protection" necessary to successful racketeering; and to the connivance and encouragement of semi-monopolistic employers, without whose support many labor rackets would have been impossible.

Mr. Seidman is at some pains himself to point out that, as Mr. Taft critically says, "for that matter there have also been a few irregularities in unions organized on an industrial basis." Seidman lists at least six industrially organized groups of workers in this category and discusses many of them.

Finally, Mr. Taft takes Seidman to task for exaggerating the "extent of the problem" and thereby helping to "discredit all forms of labor organization." Well, for the love of Mike, who *is* going to write about labor racketeering? It's there. If friends of labor don't analyze it and write about it, press agents for Mr. Rand and Little Steel will. If a friend of labor who is also a Cowles scholar in government at Yale University will do the job, more power to him. Philip Taft says that once when he called on the leader of an anti-union employers' group looking for information about labor racketeering, he was handed a volume "written by a famous left-wing author," presumably Bill Foster's "Misleaders of Labor." If Mr. Seidman's book takes "a place in the same library," there will be small comfort in it for the library's proprietor.

ROBERT R. R. BROOKS

Williamstown, Mass., October 7

Dear Sirs: In answer to Dr. Brooks's protest, may I say that though a complete bibliography and popular writing are very desirable virtues, a serious work must ultimately be judged by its contents. Aside from the new material unearthed by the Dewey investigation, there is nothing in the volume that has not been published before, some of it many times. Also the new material adds nothing to an understanding of the problem.

It seems to me that my criticism is not affected by Dr. Brooks's comments. Mr. Seidman's volume is mainly directed against the craft unions, and the other charges are mostly subsidiary. The charges are not substantiated on the basis of the evidence adduced. There are thousands of local craft and "business unions" in the United States, and less than two dozen instances of racketeering—some of them going back to the turn of the century—fail to prove that it is a grave or widespread problem.

Moreover, among the cleanest there are many craft and business unions which have followed the "'non-partisan politics' of the Gompers school"—the typographers, machinists, pattern makers, and the railroad brotherhoods, to mention only a few. Moreover, class content has little to do with corruption inside labor unions, as is evident from the lengthy delinquent delegate lists of a very class-conscious organization.

I never questioned Mr. Seidman's sincerity nor his friendship for labor. Labor always has to meet the attacks of hostile employers, but that is no reason for its friends to help the campaign along.

PHILIP TAFT

Providence, R. I., October 11

Was It Wendell Phillips?

Dear Sirs: "If there is anything under heaven that cannot stand discussion, let it crack!" I have examined this alleged challenge of Wendell Phillips's, and it seems to have a crack in it already. Not in its principle, but in its authenticity. Theodore Schroeder attributed it to Phillips, giving Carlos Martyn's "Wendell Phillips: The Agitator" as his authority, "from memory." If anyone can send me the verified source of this saying in Martyn or elsewhere I shall be very grateful.

THOMAS D. ELIOT

Evanston, Ill., October 4

Shade of Edmund Burke!

Dear Sirs: Edmund Burke said of English foreign policy: "Our dignity? That is gone. I shall say no more about it. Light lie the earth on the ashes of English pride!"

STANLEY D. DODGE

Ann Arbor, Mich., October 15

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The Shape of Things

*

SPAIN STANDS IN GREATER DANGER TODAY than at any other time since the founding of the republic. The immediate menace is not from the armed legions of Franco, or even from Mussolini's Black Shirts or Hitler's technicians. The chief danger to Spain, like that which overwhelmed Czechoslovakia, comes from the democracies. When the British Parliament reconvenes next week, Chamberlain's Anglo-Italian agreement will be submitted for ratification on the ground that Mussolini has fulfilled his part of the deal by a token withdrawal of 10,000 Italians from Spain. Should this agreement be ratified, Britain and France will presumably recognize Franco's belligerent rights, and Franco will then be able to use the Italian navy to starve the Spanish people into submission. Neither the British nor the French leaders seem to be influenced by the fact that Mussolini's "withdrawal" was little more than a well-staged show. Nothing is being said of the Italian troops—some 75,000 by official estimates—remaining in Spain, and nothing of the 4,500 Italian reinforcements which were landed during the period in which the withdrawal was supposedly taking place.

*

AS HAS BEEN REPEATEDLY POINTED OUT IN these columns, our government has the power to prevent this sell-out by lifting the embargo against the Spanish Loyalists. Instead of moving in that direction, however, the State Department has recently exerted itself to make the Neutrality Act even more effective as a pro-Franco weapon. We have frequently cited evidence that bombs and other war equipment were being sold to Germany for transshipment to the insurgent forces. Fragments of American bombs have been found after air raids on Barcelona and other Loyalist cities. But to our knowledge the State Department has stopped no shipments of this character to the fascist powers. It has, however, recently displayed uncommon zeal in a case in which thirty-four Canadian-made airplanes exported under license to Turkey found their way to Loyalist Spain. Investigation by the Canadian government indicated that

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the exporter had acted in good faith, and there had been no violation of Canadian law. But the State Department, learning the destination of the planes, prevented the further shipment of engines and parts ordered from the United States. Similarly the department has refused to permit planes to be exported to France unless the French government gives a specific guaranty that they will not be reexported. Such zeal may be taken as an encouraging indication that the exports of arms to belligerents can be stopped. But while the embargo remains the law of the land, we have a right to ask that the same activity be shown in unearthing violations that work to the advantage of Franco. As long as Germany and Italy can obtain unlimited war supplies, the embargo will be highly unneutral in its effect—at best. If on top of this it is enforced with an uneven hand, the result must be intolerable to all Americans who call themselves believers in democracy.

*

WE WONDER IF MR. CHAMBERLAIN IS NOW so happy about Hitler's promise that he would make no further territorial demands in Europe. Those last two words are being underlined by a new German campaign for the restoration of the lost empire, opened by a propaganda bombardment intended to cause apprehension and dissension among "the enemy." No direct and formal statement of claims has yet been filed, but General von Epp, head of the Nazi Colonial Policy Office, has publicly demanded "our colonial property as a whole." He refused to reveal when and by what means these demands would be implemented. Confidently declaring military force would be unnecessary, he indicated that an initial move from the mandatory powers was expected. The hint was hardly necessary, for the British, French, and South African governments are all too obviously occupied with the question. Unfortunately, the wholesale nature of Germany's ambitions makes it difficult to buy it off at the expense of, say, Portugal. On the other hand, both Chamberlain and Daladier will find complete restitution of the former German colonies a hard policy to sell at home. The British public's weakness regarding European geography is notorious. But if it "knew nothing about Czechoslovakia," it is well enough informed about the empire to be unwilling to give Hitler a strategic foothold on both sides of Africa. A recent Gallup poll in Britain showed 85 per cent against returning the colonies and 78 per cent in favor of fighting on the question if necessary. In France submission to the German demands comes up squarely against the policy of imperial development outlined by Daladier at Marseille. The policy of conciliating fascism at all costs is thus heading for a new showdown, and the Anglo-French heroes of Munich may soon regret their failure to say "no" while there was yet time.

THE RAILROAD FACT-FINDING BOARD IS TO be congratulated both for its recommendation that the carriers withdraw their wage-cut demand, and for the convincing clarity with which it has stated its reasons. Rail wages, it reported to the President, are not high in comparison with those in other industries and a reduction would be contrary to the general trend of wage rates. Regarding the carriers' claim that an emergency existed, it pointed out that railroad earnings had been curving downward for a comparatively short time and were now showing signs of changing direction. Moreover, financial distress is not common to all the roads. To a considerable extent a wage cut would benefit companies operating on a profitable basis without giving commensurate aid to those really in difficulty. The effect on public opinion of such firm conclusions, together with the steady improvement in business conditions, make it unlikely that the carriers will risk a strike by insisting on their demands. We have previously expressed the belief that the wages issue was being raised in the hope of postponing a showdown on the fundamentals of the railroad problem. Both Congress and the Administration should now get to work on a scheme for complete reorganization, refusing to be content with partial solutions. Washington reports of concentration on a single aspect of the problem—rehabilitation of equipment—are not reassuring. That now fashionable economic umbrella, national defense, is inadequate cover for putting more public money into the railroads so long as they remain unreconstructed.

*

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S REBUKE TO THE Dies committee was as timely as it was forthright. But Mr. Dies is not disposed to repent; he has an inexhaustible company of crackpots and gossip-mongers to keep the show going; and he has become the darling of the Republican campaign committee, as well as of the "Republicans" in the Democratic Party. Of course the committee's principal targets—whether Frank Murphy or Frances Perkins or Sheridan Downey or the host of others pilloried before the committee—are not Communists; of course the "documentary evidence" at the committee's command is largely fabrication. What of it? The Dies committee has established the principle that there are no boundaries to the abuse and falsehood which a Congressional committee will listen to, and that investigation of such slander is not its function. The press with a few exceptions has amiably collaborated by failing to expose either the background of the witnesses or the frailty of their "evidence." Instead, the New York *Herald Tribune* decries the President's "impertinence" in fighting back against a malicious onslaught; Mr. Krock in the *Times* yearns for a little more austerity but hails the committee's performance as a symptom of Congressional independence. Meanwhile, the journals

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which gave meager display to the La Follette committee's sober and documented revelations now provide front-page space for the babblings of the rabble-rousers. In his belligerent attempt to keep Paul Y. Anderson off the air, Mr. Dies has fortified the suspicions which Mr. Anderson expresses in his current *Nation* dispatch.

*

FRENCH FREEDOM WAS LOWERED INTO ITS grave with appropriate memorial orations at the Radical Socialist Congress at Marseille last week. In order to conform, both in letter and spirit, to Hitler's demands, the party officially broke with the Popular Front by terminating its alliance with the Communist Party. In approved Hitler fashion, the Socialists, as Marxists, were also subjected to a scorching attack by Premier Daladier. The break with collective security and the League of Nations was equally sharp. Owing to M. Herriot's influence, the Franco-Soviet pact was not openly assailed, but no one believes that it can survive in the face of the new orientation toward Germany and Italy. The effect of these changes on France's internal policies will be drastic. Taxes are to be sharply increased; France is to have a "steered" economy not dissimilar in principle to the totalitarian economy of the fascist states. Labor is to pay in the form of a longer work week, restriction on the right to strike, and the loss of most of the reforms gained under the first Popular Front government. If the Chamber fails to approve his program, Daladier threatens to call new elections. In this possibility would appear to lie France's one hope of checking a steady drift toward fascism.

*

THE COTTON PICKERS OF THE SOUTHERN states suffered only a few casualties as a result of their successful strike a few weeks ago, but these made up in severity what they lacked in numbers. Last week two men and a woman, all Negroes, were convicted on charges of "night-riding" and conspiracy. The two men were sentenced to two, the woman to four, years in jail by the Circuit Court of Arkansas in Mississippi County, a region of large plantations. The archaic charge of night-riding was based on the fact that they distributed leaflets during the strike; their conspiracy lay in their violation of an Arkansas statute which forbids the gathering of three or more persons during a strike. The woman drew the heavier sentence because she is an official of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union. One of the most significant aspects of the case, however, is that the prosecuting attorney, in the course of the trial, challenged the right of the C. I. O. to operate in Arkansas. The conviction of night-riding, which amounts to a conviction for distributing leaflets, clearly violates the Supreme Court decision in the Lovell case. The verdicts will be appealed. We hope that public opinion all over the country will rally to the project of bringing Arkansas into the Union. The cotton pickers are doing what they can, but they cannot do it alone.

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WHATEVER THE OUTCOME OF THE OFFICIAL negotiations over the Polish Jews in Germany, the human beings under discussion can anticipate no more than a momentary respite. No concern for their ultimate safety will affect the decision of the two governments; the victims are despised with only varying degrees of intensity in each capital. And because that fact is clear, the precise terms of the dispute do not merit serious evaluation. On October 6 the Polish government commanded all holders of Polish passports in other countries to obtain special visas by October 29 or forfeit their citizenship; as the deadline neared, the Nazis, allegedly fearing that thousands of Polish Jews would be denationalized within Germany, launched a brutal program of sudden mass deportation. We do not pretend to know whether the Nazis' apprehensions were justified; what matters is that another set of innocent people has been caught in the Nazi trap. Now the German deportations have been temporarily halted, but if some crude bargain is struck, remember that in Warsaw wholesale deportations of native Jews are also being contemplated. The plight of the refugee takes on ever darker colors. What is being done? One hears reports of colonial schemes, of intergovernmental plans. Will there be an interminable period of evasion and delay? Our own inertia is a sign of slow submission to the same poisons which have created the international problem of the refugee.

New Weapon for Hague

JUDGE CLARK'S ruling in the Hague case suggests a practice without precedent in our law, repugnant to our institutions, and of most dangerous potentialities. In setting forth the conditions under which permits should be granted for public speaking in the parks of Jersey City Judge Clark said:

> We deem this to be the correct constitutional procedure. Before refusing the permits the municipal authorities must have proof that the present applicants at least have spoken in the past in such fashion that audiences similar to those to be reasonably expected in Jersey City have indulged in breaches of the peace. If that proof were made we think that either a copy of the speech to be currently delivered could be required *and censored* [italics ours] in the light of the reasonable apprehension of disorder of "firm and courageous" city officials or else the speakers could be bound over to keep the peace and be of good behavior.

It is easy to imagine the protest if this were Congress or a state legislature, instead of our newest United States Circuit Court judge, indorsing police censorship as "correct constitutional procedure."

We realize that Judge Clark's suggestion was dictum, and that his actual holdings were a rebuke to Hague; but we know, too, that dicta all too often grow into decisions, and this one in particular fits the needs and temper of the Jersey City mayor and his henchmen too closely for comfort. Nor is the sensational and sinister character of the proposal outweighed by a strong and unequivocal position on the other questions raised by the C. I. O. and the Civil Liberties Union. Something has been won, but so much less than we have a right to expect under the Constitution that jubilation is impossible. Deportations are declared illegal. So, with qualifications, are the interference of the police with the circulation of leaflets, and the parading of placards by the plaintiffs. A limited right to speak in the public parks is recognized.

The C. I. O. would be foolish not to exploit these concessions and the psychology of victory for all they are worth, but the Civil Liberties Union would be neglecting its duty if it did not appeal, as it can, from those sections of the decision which denied relief on several points of major importance. Judge Clark would neither hear the crucial evidence on the reason why owners of private halls declined to rent to the C. I. O. nor pass on the constitutionality of that "most peculiar" (the words are those of Vice-Chancellor Fielder) ordinance under which police can punish owners who allow radical or labor organizations to use their premises. Jersey City's ordinances against leaflets and placards seem clearly unconstitutional under the decision of the United States Supreme Court invalidating a Griffin, Georgia, leaflet law last March. But Judge Clark neither followed the Supreme Court by holding these ordinances unconstitutional nor made clear just how much relief he was granting. This editorial is written before the actual injunction decree has been handed down, but it would seem from the decision and the official summary issued by Judge Clark that while the police will be enjoined from interfering with the "admittedly innocuous" circulars and placards used in the past, they may be able to suppress any future leaflets or placards that they consider inflammatory or provocative.

What most requires rebuke from the higher courts is Judge Clark's position on the ordinance providing that permits for meetings in streets or parks may be refused "for the purpose of preventing riots, disturbances, or disorderly assemblage." The rule that freedom of speech and press shall be free from previous restraint was well established in the time of Blackstone. The United States Supreme Court passed on the precise point involved here when it held the Minnesota gag law unconstitutional even when applied to suppress a racket newspaper linked with crimes as serious as murder. The occasion called for uncompromising defense of our traditional liberties by Judge Clark. That his reaction should be a proposal to give the Jersey City police the power of censorship shows how far and high the infections of Hagueism can spread.

Verbal Volleying

THE dense fog surrounding foreign policy was in no way lessened by the speeches of our President and ex-President at the *Herald Tribune* Forum. Mr. Hoover, while making a polite bow to the principles of "law and free government," viewed the results of Munich with considerable complacence. Like Mr. Chamberlain he sees no perversion in bedding democracy with fascism. Our Western purity is safe, he thinks, so long as we do not impede the raping expeditions of the dictators toward the east. No wonder the Nazi press has elected Mr. Hoover as its favorite American!

The President, on the other hand, let fly another of his cannonades against aggression. His guns, however, were loaded with blanks, and the salvo was in the nature of a salute to international morality rather than a warning shot across the bows of fascism. The Nazi press reacted irritably but with less than its usual vigor. It is coming to recognize that these gestures are merely a form of emotional exercise. While our positive actions, in distinction to our negative reactions, serve to aid and abet aggression, as in Spain, we cannot expect our verbal volleyings to be taken very seriously.

The Japanese are also well aware of this, and they are unlikely to be seriously perturbed by Mr. Hull's latest note. True, it is more vigorous in tone than previous protests; it gives chapter and verse for a series of flagrant violations of American treaty rights; and it concludes with a hint of reprisals and a request for a quick answer. But is it likely to turn out to be more than a gesture? Have we any comeback to the technique of polite stalling which Tokyo has perfected during seven years of answering ineffectual foreign protests?

This time we are of course concerned with something closer to the hearts of State Department officials—and business men—than the invasion of China and the massacre of its inhabitants. We are now worried about American property rights and the exclusion of our traders from once-profitable markets. But in urging our claims to the "open door" we forget that the latest treaty which guaranteed it was the same treaty which guaranteed the integrity of China. We have acquiesced in the swallowing of China. How can we expect that our own commercial rights will not also be engulfed?

We have, of course, on numerous occasions voiced our moral condemnation of Japan's lawless proceedings. But we have vitiated the force of our sermons by underwriting the crime with supplies of munitions and raw materials. It is not enough to say that as war had not been declared it was better not to invoke the Neutrality Act and so deprive China also of our weapons. Could we not have embargoed trade with Japan on the ground that we could not assist openly in violating a treaty which we also had signed?

If Mr. Hull really means anything by the vague suggestions in his new note that he has a big stick behind his back, it must be that he is now contemplating some form of economic sanctions. That is to say, we may attempt to salvage some of our trade rights in China by measures which we refused to consider as a method of stopping the imperialist war which has smashed those rights. Since *The Nation* has consistently advocated a complete embargo on trade with Japan we shall not complain if the right action is at last taken for the wrong reason. But we reserve our cheers until we have better evidence that the State Department is not just nose-thumbing at aggression either for the sake of its own soul or for the election effects.

Next Week's Elections

FROM a national point of view next Tuesday's elections will be primarily a weathervane. Not by the farthest stretch of the imagination are the results likely to upset the preponderant Democratic majority in either branch of Congress, nor do objective forecasts indicate any drastic change in the nearly seven-to-one ratio in favor of the Democrats which now prevails in the state capitols. But both in an immediate political sense and as an expression of the social temper of the country they will none the less be of great significance. They will show not so much how the two parties are rated by the voters as how the voters want the two parties to go. This is true simply because party lines are tangled to a degree almost unparalleled in this country, and individual candidates are forced to deal in specific issues regardless of party affiliations.

While it may readily be admitted that in most instances the liberalism of Republican candidates is strategy of the anything-to-beat-a-Democrat variety and that the liberalism of many Democrats has a distinctly pre-election odor, the fact remains that voters will choose on the basis of campaign appeals. and in so doing will record their attitude toward legislation to protect trade unionism, old-age pensions—both the orthodox and the nut varieties—crop control, protection of civil liberties, government spending, and relief. The results will have to be examined state for state in the light of what principal issues are presented and which sides the respective candidates champion, remembering, for example, that Republicans flirt with Townsend in New England and are death to Ham-and-Eggs in California.

Because of the heavy electoral votes of New York and Pennsylvania the results in those states will have a political significance beyond the immediate future. Fortunately the party lines are clearly drawn in both, and it is far easier to equate a Democratic victory with the progressive needs of the country than is the case in New Jersey or Massachusetts. Should Governor Lehman fall in New York, Senator Wagner and Representative Mead will almost certainly go down with him. There is no doubt that this would be widely heralded as a popular repudiation of the National Labor Relations Act. It would in all likelihood make Dewey the G. O. P. Presidential candidate in 1940 and would be a blow from which Roosevelt could scarcely recover. The race is just close enough to make prophecy hazardous, but the odds are still on Lehman. The chances are that he will owe a close decision to the American Labor Party's support. Dewey's understandable reluctance to denounce the New Deal in one of its chief strongholds has lost him some conservative support and, because of the solidarity of the labor vote, given him nothing in exchange. Lehman, on the other hand, can unquestionably count on some Republicans who are impressed with his businesslike conduct of affairs at Albany and pleased with his anti-Administration stand on the Supreme Court issue last year. Nevertheless, the traditional mid-term reaction against the party in power, all the stronger for having failed to operate in 1934, is expected to cut heavily into Lehman's 1936 plurality of 521,000.

Pennsylvania's savage primary campaign has left it politically a far more doubtful state than New York. The Republicans are making excellent capital of the charges of graft at Harrisburg made by Governor Earle's own former attorney general, Charles J. Margiotti, and the Guffey New Deal machine is said to be giving the Governor no more backing than intra-party etiquette demands in his race for the Senate. On the other hand, Earle is aided by the support of both wings of the labor movement despite William Green's request to the A. F. of L. to back "Puddler" Jim Davis, the Harding-Coolidge-Hoover Secretary of Labor, and despite C. I. O. leader Tom Kennedy's pronounced coolness toward Mr. Earle. Contributing to the chances of a Democratic victory in this traditional G. O. P. stronghold is the asinine campaign of Judge Arthur H. James, Republican nominee for Governor. Financed by the unholy quartet of Pew, Annenberg, Weir, and Grundy, James has promised to burn all the legislation that Earle put on the statute books.

New Jersey and Massachusetts are glaring examples of why party labels in this election have nothing like nation-wide meaning. A victory for William Ely, Democratic nominee for Senator in New Jersey, will be one more scalp on the belt of Hague, America's outstanding authoritarian ruler; a comeback for former Governor

Curley in Massachusetts will be a triumph for the man who once told a Boston audience, "Let no one forget that the one man more responsible than any other for the preservation of Christian civilization is Mussolini." Liberals in both states are sharply divided. Some believe that loyalty to Roosevelt includes even the acceptance of a Hague or a Curley where 1940 strategy or Congressional support for the Administration is involved; others flock to the G. O. P. by way of protest. The actual choice in either case is only less grim than the acceptance by liberals of such alternatives. The American Labor Party in New York shows how both old parties can be compelled to clean house.

From Ohio westward the agricultural policies of the Roosevelt Administration will cut a major figure in the elections. With anti-union and red-scare propaganda always in reserve for use in rural regions, Republicans are making a concerted effort to clinch the farm vote by exploiting low farm prices and AAA red tape. In Ohio, where the fight centers on the Senate race between Senator Robert J. Bulkley and Robert A. Taft, the rural vote is reliably reported to be going heavily Republican. Cleveland and Cincinnati, however, are if anything more Democratic than ever. Governor Martin Davey, unreconciled to his defeat in the Democratic primaries, is openly accused of having made a deal to support secretly the Republican nominee for governor in exchange for 30 per cent of the patronage after the election. Taft, if elected, will automatically enter the class, headed by Tom Dewey, of G. O. P. white hopes for 1940.

Kansas will probably afford the best test of the popularity of the Wallace doctrines. The farm vote in that state is admittedly decisive, and the campaign centers around low wheat prices, AAA "regimentation," and the alleged failure of the Administration to solve the surplus problem. There is much grumbling, but Administration forces expect it to be offset by the unwillingness of farmers to return to the G. O. P. for fear that such a move will be taken as a sign that they want no government crop control at all, whereas in fact they want more effective measures. Senator McGill's seat is one of the few which is in real danger of being lost by the Democrats. His opponent, Clyde M. Reed, has put up a lively quasi-liberal campaign and has to his credit the defeat of the Kansas Streicher, Gerald Winrod. McGill is coauthor of the AAA, and as in the case of Wagner his defeat would have serious strategic consequences. Iowa farmers, prospering with good corn prices, are expected to remain in the Democratic camp, although such an eventuality can hardly be counted a New Deal victory. It would mean the return to Washington of Senator Gillette, all unpurged, and the reelection of Governor Kraschel, who sicked the militia on the Maytag strikers. Wallace is actively supporting the Kraschel campaign.

The intricacies of third-party politics make the Wisconsin and Minnesota campaigns the most confusing in the country. Progressive Wisconsin offers for the Senate the choice of three conservative candidates. The only real left-winger in the field, Tom Amlie, was eliminated in the primaries by the La Follette machine to make way for Herman L. Ekern, a mild liberal but a close friend of "Old Bob" and hence, presumably, entitled to family preference. Senator F. Ryan Duffy campaigns as a New Dealer—"F. D. R. and F. R. D."—but he is definitely a liberal for reasons of strategy. Alexander Wiley is a Republican unabashed. Phil La Follette himself is seeking a fourth term as governor, and his reelection is vital to the continuance of his new National Progressive Party. There are plenty of rumblings about a deal between the La Follette and New Deal forces which will return Phil to Madison and Duffy to Washington. If there are such negotiations they are still beneath the surface, but it would not be surprising to see them emerge at the eleventh hour. In Minnesota Governor Benson, probably the most socially advanced candidate (with a chance) running in the country, has a terrific fight on his hands. He is opposed by Harold Strassen, a shrewd young Republican politician who is conducting an impressive campaign as a liberal. The red issue is bedeviling the Minnesota campaign more seriously than any other, and the Republican state auditor is openly circulating a pamphlet playing up the alleged influence of the Jews in the Farmer-Labor Party. Strassen has disavowed such tactics, but they are having a telling effect.

Up and down the West Coast the vicious anti-labor referendums on the ballots of all three states overshadow all other issues. (These proposals were dealt with fully in the article by Richard L. Neuberger which appeared in *The Nation* for October 29.) It is confidently expected that the Washington and Oregon referendums will be defeated, but unless some outstanding conservative repudiates the California measure it is all too likely to win out—and along with it Philip Bancroft, Republican candidate for Senator. Bancroft is backed by the Associated Farmers, which is as near to being fascist as any organization in this country outside Fritz Kuhn's Bund, and if elected he is guaranteed to give the Senate its outstanding labor-baiter. He has to beat Sheridan Downey, who, aside from his enthusiasm for Thirty Dollars Every Thursday, is quite normal and would doubtless make a progressive Senator. The Ham-and-Eggs nonsense, incidentally, is given scant chance of success at the polls. Downey's running mate, Culbert L. Olson, is considered a good bet to succeed Governor Frank F. Merriam. Although Olson among other things has promised to free Tom Mooney, the California A. F. of L. was urged by Green to vote for the primitive Merriam, bad as his labor record is. Fortunately Green's advice here is being heeded even less than in Pennsylvania.

It may be taken for granted that the Republicans will

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gain in Congress. After four successive defeats they can hardly do otherwise. The Democrats say they expect to lose twenty-five House seats and two Senate seats; the Republicans put their gains at eighty-three and seven. More objective estimates are that the G. O. P. will pick up between fifty and fifty-five seats in the House and four in the Senate, which compared with past mid-term changes is exceedingly mild. But more important than the numerical party realignment will be the degree of New Deal or anti-New Deal sentiment generated in the new Congress by the nature and specific results of each of the forty-eight separate campaigns. That may determine not only immediate policy but the platforms of both parties in 1940.

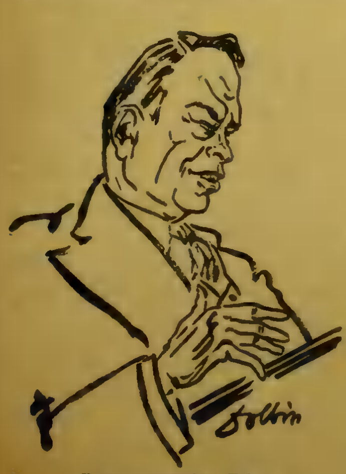
Investigate Mr. Dies!

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, October 31

REPRESENTATIVE DIES, like Brother Crawford's wife, is very unhappy. For his crude attempt to smear Governor Frank Murphy as "a Communist tool" on the eve of the Michigan election his ears were soundly boxed by President Roosevelt, and the most conservative editors are no longer able to suppress symptoms of acute nausea. That they forebore so long is a lasting testimonial to their gastric and olfactory fortitude. However, I suspect that what most upsets and depresses the statesman from Orange, Texas, is the report that some of his colleagues in the House will demand an investigation of the Dies committee itself as soon as Congress convenes. It is difficult to see how the House could refuse such a demand, providing a majority still believes that un-American activities should be investigated. Moreover, the House owes it to itself to purge itself of the opprobrium brought on it by the Dies committee.

From the beginning the committee's performances have been a travesty on orderly procedure. Hundreds of thousands of words of "testimony" and "documentary evidence" have been pumped into the record without the slightest pretense of ascertaining whether it was true or false, whether the witnesses were credible, or whether they were actuated by ulterior motives—as many of them so palpably were. No effort was made to protect exalted reputations against unsupported calumny. On the contrary, Dies and Representative Mosier, the ineffable lame duck from Ohio, persistently prompted and encouraged these canards, frequently interpolating some of their own. As was often remarked, it was sometimes difficult to tell when the witness was testifying for the benefit of the committee and when Dies was testifying for the edification of the press tables. But that was to be expected. Dies glories in his self-bestowed title of "president of the House Demagogues' Club," and few will question his right to it.



Representative Dies

The thing which is causing wonderment, if not admiration, is the elasticity of the committee's appropriation. The House gave it $25,000. A month ago newspapermen were told that the fund was almost exhausted. Since that time numerous witnesses have been brought from Michigan, Minnesota, and California. The fact that their testimony was obviously calculated to help Republican candidates in those states, considered in connection with the supposed state of the committee's finances, resulted inevitably in some whispering. Dies took public notice of the stories by declaring that all witnesses were receiving their expenses and five dollars a day from the committee. Subsequently Harper Knowles came on from California, and newspapermen were led to believe that he had been sent by the American Legion of that state. His list of "Communists" and "Communist tools" included the Democratic nominees for Governor and Senator in that state, together with the professor of paleontology at the University of California, John Steinbeck, the playwright, and many others. American Legion officers in California immediately disavowed him and repudiated his statements. It was also announced that he was an employee on leave of absence from the Associated Farmers, an organization notorious for its fascist tendencies and methods. Naturally, the question arises, who *did* send Knowles here? Why hasn't Dies asked that question? Does he know the answer—and is he afraid of it? Train fare from California to Washington doesn't grow on trees. Moreover, Knowles brought his "testimony" with him—neatly typed and bound, with a copy for each member of the committee and one for the press. It looked like an expensive job of preparation. Finally, at least one member of the committee has told reporters that it has received "outside" offers of financial assistance, adding, of course, that they were declined. If the House does decide to investigate the Dies committee, there is one question it should not fail to ask, as follows: After the resolution authorizing the Dies investigation was adopted, but before the personnel of the committee was announced, did Dies seek to persuade another member of the House to serve, telling him, "This is going to be a swell committee—there won't be a Jew on it"?

As the foregoing was being written, I received an invitation from the Mutual Broadcasting System to make a fifteen-minute broadcast Monday night, following Dies, describing the committee's procedure as I had witnessed it at first hand. The invitation resulted from a suggestion made by the President at a press conference. Dies had declared that the President had been "misinformed" about the evidence touching Governor Murphy and the tactics employed by the committee in presenting it. The President's suggestion was that reporters who had not been present during that hearing might get a good story by interviewing those who had. Several acted upon the hint, polling the men who had been present, and ascertaining thereby that an overwhelming majority considered the hearings grossly unfair and not designed to elicit the truth. In addition, I was asked to tell the story to the radio audience. From a reporter who serves him as an undercover man at the press table, Dies learned of the scheduled broadcast, and immediately took steps which illuminate his mentality and methods. He issued a statement that the Administration had cowed the system into surrendering the time and had elected me to use it. The statement contained other falsehoods characteristic of their author. The manager of the system's Washington station was informed that he would be subpoenaed to appear before the committee prior to the broadcast. All the measures to which the brave Texan resorted to keep me off the air cannot be listed now, because they are still under way. I hope to describe them fully in the next issue. Just now I cannot decide which is the more flattering—Dies's attempt to nominate me as White House spokesman or his somewhat ludicrous efforts to silence me. I trust that Heywood Broun, who was merely cut off in the middle of his second sentence when he tried to testify before the committee, will be properly abashed.

Most of this would be entirely too trivial for publication but for one fact—the fact that this obscene and degrading hippodrome is being carried on by authority of Congress, and that its real aim is to defame and defeat fine public officials such as Governor Murphy and Governor Benson.

A League of the Americas

BY NATHANIEL WEYL

Mexico City, October 24

THE congress of the American republics will come together at Lima, Peru, on December 9, at a time when the Good Neighbor policy is facing the most serious crisis of its brief career. If this crisis is weathered and the United States delegation returns from Peru with the draft protocol of an American League of Nations in its pocket, enormous impetus will be given to the Cordell-Hull-for-President campaign. Aided by the skilful publicity of Harold Hinton, the Secretary of State may discover that Lima is the gateway to the Democratic nomination.

After the débâcle of the London Economic Conference in 1933, a group of President Roosevelt's advisers came to the conclusion that Europe would emerge from the next world war debt-ridden, impoverished, and with the bulk of its capital equipment destroyed. Under these conditions South America would become one of the chief strategic areas of the world. At the Montevideo and Buenos Aires inter-American congresses the United States worked for solidary neutrality pacts which would help prevent Latin America from serving as an arsenal for European war. With the drift of the Administration away from the foreign policy set forth in the Neutrality Act, this hopeless task has been abandoned. The central problem at Lima will be that of conducting a political, economic, and conceivably military offensive against German and Japanese activities in this hemisphere.

The United States will probably work to prevent a battle on the expropriation issue on the congress floor, since this would divide the pro-American groups and revive the specter of the Colossus of the North. But its efforts will not preclude quiet but systematic activity behind the scenes to isolate revolutionary Mexico from the inner councils.

The political strategy at Lima will presumably center around the proposal of Colombia and the Dominican Republic for the establishment of a League of American Nations. Previous attempts to assert United States hegemony over Latin America in this direct fashion have been rebuffed because of the League of Nations affiliations of several of the American republics, British domi-

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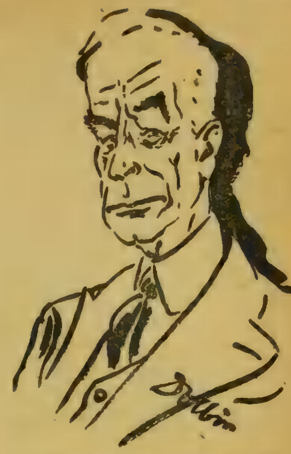
nation of the La Plata nations, and ubiquitous fear of the United States. Today, however, the League of Nations lies friendless on its deathbed, and the pro-British Saavedra Lamas no longer guides Argentine foreign policy.

A League of American Nations might be everything or nothing. A replica of the anemic Pan-American Union would at least serve as a trophy for the 1940 campaign. Such an institution would doubtless be empowered to confer concerning boundary disputes and to study problems of patent law. A League virile enough to cope with European and Asiatic fascist penetration wherever it manifests itself in a threatening form is more likely to be set up at Lima. The mere existence of such an organization would deter the Latin American dictatorships from entering into close-knit political and economic agreements with the fascist triumvirate.

Naturally, nothing will be done to check American economic aid to the aggressor states of the Old World. It is quite impossible for the Roosevelt Administration to dissuade Chile, Brazil, and Argentina from selling nitrates, copper, cotton, and wheat to Germany and Japan as long as nothing is done to halt the far greater flow of war materials to these nations from our shores. Moreover, such a positive raw-material policy would have to be applied now or never. Mineral and oil sales to Germany by the Americas are destined largely for special war reserves. If European war should eventually break out, the British and French navies would probably be able to cope with any attempt to ship goods from America to the Central European axis.

None the less, concerted military measures for the defense of the American hemisphere may well be proposed at the Lima congress. It will be recalled that Secretary Hull advocated in the summer of 1937 that in view of Brazil's fear of European and Asiatic aggression the United States lease to Brazil six allegedly obsolete war vessels. The interesting thing about that proposal was not that it was rejected by Congress but that the press of Chile applauded it. It is unusual, to say the least, to find Latin American nations enthusiastic over plans to increase the armament of their neighbors. The reported explanation is that the United States planned to proffer Chile similar aid. The Brazilian and Chilean deals were generally regarded as the opening gambit in the United States navy's game for the establishment of a pan-American fleet.

This prospect is not dead. It is very possible that it will be urged at the Lima congress by some lesser Latin American country. Such a fleet would bring two great benefits. It would mean that Latin American naval cadets would be trained by United States officers, and that the hosts of Italian, German, and Japanese "advisers" who have been busily organizing fascist nuclei in the armed forces of several of the American republics would thus be eliminated. Secondly, it would forestall any attempt on the part of the Rome-Berlin axis to smuggle arms to fascist groups in the American republics, an attempt which would be enormously facilitated if Britain should give the Reich control of certain strategic portions of Portuguese West Africa as part of the Chamberlain "appeasement" program.



Secretary of State Hull

There has been some discussion of the desirability of building pan-American naval bases on our two continents with United States equipment and engineering skill. In return for their cooperation the Latin American governments would get extensive financial assistance for their armament programs.

Despite the fact that President Cárdenas advocated a pan-American navy in his speech delivered before the World Congress Against War on September 12, there is reason to believe that Mexico has reconsidered its position and is unenthusiastic about the scheme. Since the United States navy has about four times the tonnage of the combined Latin American fleets, cooperation under these conditions might become subserviency. The Latin American nations may be expected to look with favor on these unprecedented plans for inter-American cooperation to the extent that they oppose fascist influence and in direct proportion to their distance from the United States.

Turning its attention to the economic battle for Latin America's markets, the Inter-American Conference will discuss methods of removing the barriers which at present impede trade between the American nations. Now it is obvious that the mechanics of barter and compensation currency automatically create such barriers. Several years ago Germany purchased huge quantities of Brazilian coffee with compensation currency, dumped the coffee on the world market, shattered the world price structure, and left Brazil with insufficient dollar exchange to finance United States imports. As a result American exporters to Brazil were compelled to accept short-term credit moratoria. Within the Brazilian market their products were undersold 20 to 40 per cent by government-subsidized German merchandise.

The ebb and flow of trade between Germany and Latin America is largely dependent on the course of raw-material prices. When these collapse, the American republics are forced to accept the bait of compensation-currency trade agreements. The recent 40 per cent depreciation of the Mexican peso has given German imports a competitive advantage, since the Spartan economics of Berlin is not based on currency fluctuations. Washington's trump card in the trade war is that Latin America desperately needs capital for industrialization and cannot obtain it in Berlin, Rome, or Tokyo. Thus the Export-Import Bank was resuscitated this summer and armed for a big Latin American campaign. A survey of Europe had convinced the bank that actual and impending wars made the prospect of loan repayment precarious, and it had withdrawn from extensive negotiations with China when the Japanese invasion began.

On July 23 the Export-Import Bank put down $5,000,000 to finance a public-works program in Haiti. The Haitian government had been turned down in Wall Street and was negotiating with a German engineering group. The United States government was obliged to come to the rescue. Subsequently, the Export-Import Bank financed the purchase of Baldwin locomotives for the Chilean railroads and negotiated with Brazil for the sale of American railroad equipment, offering ample credit facilities. Warren Lee Pierson, president of the bank, made a trip this summer to the South American republics to dangle federal funds in front of impecunious governments. It is not accidental that Mexico is to be a Cinderella at the Lima party. Clearly, the Export-Import Bank's credit operations will help dissuade other Latin American nations from dealing in a cavalier fashion with United States corporate holdings.

Through its new cultural-cooperation division, the State Department will be able to popularize democratic ideals in South America. One of the most valuable results of the Buenos Aires congress was the stimulus it gave to the exchange of students and professors between the United States and Latin America. Scientific cooperation and a broader exchange of information should do much to counteract the fascist propaganda drive.

What is the attitude of the Latin American people toward the Good Neighbor program for a close-knit pan-American alliance? Within the trade-union movement of this continent and a half there is virtually unanimous support of the principles of the Good Neighbor policy and unanimous condemnation of the Hull crusade against Mexico. The A. P. R. A. Party, the strongest single political party in Peru, opposes any close alliance with the United States on the ground that the Good Neighbor may become the Big Bad Wolf after the 1940 elections. The Apristas are waging guerrilla warfare against the far stronger Popular Front group. The A. P. R. A. leadership—which is to a certain extent influenced by Trotsky—vigorously opposes the Popular Front demand that the struggle of the Latin American people against British and United States imperialism be subordinated to the fight against fascist influence.

Unfortunately, the pan-American congress will meet in the most dictator-ridden country of these two continents. It will convene within a stone's throw of Peru's brand-new Caproni assembly plant, and its delegates will be guarded by a secret police which is being trained by an Italian fascist mission. The A. P. R. A. has already declared that eloquent speeches in favor of democracy will be sadly out of place in a country where trade unions are illegal and their leaders have been tortured to death.

Argentina may well oppose the new pan-American policy, since United States influence in South America is exerted through its chief rival, Brazil. Paraguay is a satellite of Argentina and will of course follow its leadership. A vigorous pan-American policy would depend on the solidarity of the progressive Latin American states with reactionary, but Washington-minded, Brazil, Venezuela, and Chile.

Mexico feels that it has been let down by the democratic powers. While its petroleum sales to the fascist powers are not large, they may increase in the near future. This will not indicate a growth of Nazi political influence, but will simply mean that President Cárdenas has no intention of committing economic suicide for a principle which nobody else observes. Despite these economic complications, Mexico will be the chief rallying point for an anti-fascist continental program. Cárdenas's foreign policy has been singularly direct. He has not made eloquent speeches in favor of democracy and then permitted the maintenance of arms embargos against embattled democratic peoples. Nor has he praised the dictators of certain Latin American republics in the name of the nascent pan-American democracy which they are opposing.

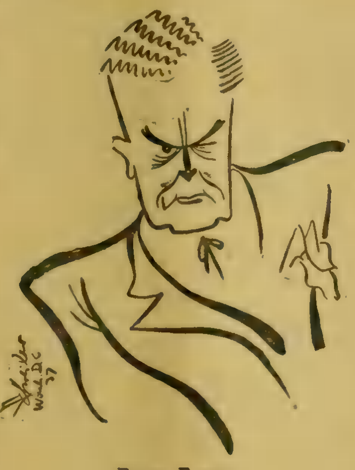
The decision to put Castillo Najera, Mexican ambassador to the United States, in charge of the Lima delegation instead of the brilliant, anti-Washington diplomat, Isidro Fabela, indicates that Mexico will endeavor to cooperate with the State Department. Should there be a cleavage on the expropriation issue, however, several American republics would probably join Mexico in opposing the United States. Cuba, which is rapidly and quietly returning to more democratic procedures, may be expected to support the Mexican delegation. Costa Rica and Ecuador, which have recently expropriated or penalized United States corporations, may also conceivably range themselves on that side. Progressive Colombia should form another link in the left-wing Latin American chain. It is understood that Mexico will make proposals for the elimination of passport barriers between the various Latin American republics as the initial step toward Cárdenas's ideal of common Latin American citizenship. Should the United States-Mexican controversy be aggravated in the next month, the tendency of the other nations to support Latin American, as opposed to pan-American, unity will be strengthened.

Republican in Sheep's Clothing

BY HELEN WOODWARD

BRUCE BARTON is chairman of the board of the sixth largest advertising agency in the United States. The names of its clients thunder down the world of business: United States Steel, du Pont, Chase National Bank, General Foods—two hundred of them.

But Mr. Barton has another group of clients whose voice sounds small in the world of business, the people who sent him to Congress from the Seventeenth District of the city of New York and who are being asked to send him again.



Bruce Barton

Mr. Barton is a clever man, and he may be able to fuse the needs of the two groups into a neat amalgam. He has done it before—in words. He made his first great splash in advertising when he fused the religion of Christ with the religion of business and introduced Jesus as "the greatest sales manager who ever lived," the man who sold Christianity to the world. (He didn't. St. Paul did, but it was near enough.) Barton's two books, "The Man Nobody Knows" and "The Book Nobody Knows," became national best-sellers. He was amazed when the critics roasted them.

Though Barton's talk is sometimes cynical, business really has for him a kind of mystic quality. When he turns cynical he gives an uncomfortable impression that he is merely trying to be one of the boys. He seems more at ease in sentimental idealism, and he comes by it naturally. Barton's father, whom he adored, was a preacher, a man of simple and sincere religious faith who wrote a naive life of Lincoln. The son combines the simple religious precepts of his father with the practical conviction, which he continues to hold, that if you save the pennies, the pounds will take care of themselves.

The combination has proved highly profitable, for whatever the critics might think of his books, his clients were glad to learn that business, like religion, was a service, and his advertising agency flourished. Other ad men are bitter about the religion-sales combination, but many a one would have used it if he had known how or could have looked in the mirror without laughing in his own face. Barton's firm is Batten, Barton, Durstine, and Osborn. The hard-headed Durstine is its biggest stockholder and its real boss. But it is best known for Barton and his "spiritual" appeal.

The technique which Barton made famous has now gone out of style in business. But he can't get away from the Kingdom of Heaven, and as candidate he is now urging the Republicans "to become as little children" so that they can enter the "kingdom of political favor." *Time* calls him "the amateur evangelist," and he looks the part—a tall, handsome man, with sandy hair, delicate, fine features, and bright blue eyes. The nose seems a little sharp, the lips too thin, and the whole face caught in tight effort, but the smile is ready and agreeable. To some his deprecatory manner seems to indicate modesty—to others a mock humility.

Barton is not as active in the agency as he used to be. On important new accounts it is said that he writes the pattern ads—enough copy so that assistants can carry on. And after employees of the agency have been laboring for months, Barton comes in at the end to dazzle the wavering client. He never comes in cold. His entrance is prepared, hinted at, played up, like that of the hero of a well-made play.

In the same way he appears on the political scene as a showpiece for the Republican Party. Bruce Barton, statesman, is to be sold to the voters like Borden's milk or the United States Steel Corporation. His political campaign is being conducted according to a well-established advertising pattern. When an advertising agency sets out to sell a product it asks first a number of questions: What is our strongest market? What is the customer buying now? What sort of copy will sell the goods?

In this case the market is, of course, the voters. For the last few years the voters have been buying the New Deal. The Gallup tests, in which advertisers rightly have confidence, show that the voters still like Roosevelt and the New Deal but are worried about the cost. They like the goods but are doubtful about the price. That's easy. As shrewd advertising men, the Barton backers are not going to buck the tide. They are going to tell the voters that the Bruce Barton brand is the same thing as the New Deal, only safer and cheaper. Barton's line, then, is to praise the New Deal. The Democrats have often had good ideas, he says, even better ideas than the Republicans. But it takes the Republicans to make the ideas work. He would replace the "bright little boys in Washington" with himself and "plain, old-fashioned good management" by the "best-trained minds of the land." And this will reduce taxes. How? Try us and see. In this talk Barton uses a tone of reasonableness—"it's unfair to call Green, Hillman, or Dubinsky 'communistic.' " He doesn't run around calling people reds. That line of talk didn't sell the goods in 1936. He knows all the tricks. He says, "We talk about the undistributed-profits tax, the capital-gains tax, economic laws, business indices, and individual initiative. These are words that mean nothing to the man in the street. They can be made to mean something. They can be translated into cheaper, more wholesome food, into better clothing, into more attractive homes, into good health, inexpensive travel, and security for old age."

How about the pictures for this copy? The chief illustration shows Bruce Barton with a jolly grin on his face. It conveys little impression of the actual man, but it is good selling copy. Then to show what a plain, democratic man he is, there are photographs of Barton talking with taxi drivers, bankrupt business men, and Bowery stiffs.

Barton has taken care, since he was elected the last time, to sell himself to his fellow-legislators. A new Congressman is supposed to keep quiet and wait his turn. But Barton has a pen, and he has used it to praise the members of Congress and exercise his talent for pointing out historical parallels. They are fine fellows who work hard and think even harder. He has discovered four coming Lincolns sitting there unnoticed. Representatives Dudley White, Charles Halleck, Dewey Short, and Everett Dirksen make up this quartet of unrecognized Emancipators. Vice-President Garner, pet of the reactionary Republicans, is also wonderful, according to Barton.

Barton's sales campaign fits in with the new national line of the Republican Party, which is cultivating young Republicans, old Democrats, and, mildly, the common man. It may take him back to the House from a silk-stocking district, but is it solid and credible enough to make him Senatorial or even Presidential timber later on? As a seller of advertising, his copy has always been addressed to the upper middle class. People making less than $1,000 a year don't buy much advertised stuff, and the average advertising man doesn't know how to talk to them. As to people on relief—they don't live in the clean, nice advertising world at all.

As a candidate for the Senate or the White House he would have to intensify his appeal to the small man. Yet as chairman of the sixth largest advertising agency in the country he would still be representing his big clients. The workingman believes in labor unions, but how about the strike-breaking Remington Rand? The people want lower public-utility rates, but do Consolidated Edison, Southern New England Telephone, and Niagara Hudson Power? The voters would like better bread for less money, but what does General Baking think of this? Can Barton look out for the consumer and the farmer and also please Borden's Farm Products?

The New Deal talk goes well with a client here or there, like General Electric, which is favorable to the Administration, but if Barton really were to fight for the small man what would happen to his other big accounts? The answer is already available. In spite of his praise of the New Deal, Remington Rand, du Pont, and the others haven't taken away their accounts. The corporations know far better than the small man the difference between a package and its contents. They know that Bruce Barton has opposed the New Deal consistently; that although he has always been a foe of "government spending" he attempted to raise the appropriation for investigating TVA from $50,000 to $250,000 and planned similar investigations of AAA, social security, and WPA. They know that in Congress he fought the proposal to investigate monopolies with the argument that it would not hurt big business but would affect little business.

Topping all that there was Batten, Barton, Durstine, and Osborn's "March of Minnesota," an outrageous piece of sugar-coated anti-labor propaganda. This was a radio program running for twenty-one weeks, trimmed up with music and comedy. It was financed by big capital, especially by the utilities. Its idea was to cover the farmer-labor groups with the tar of communism and to prove that labor hindered recovery. The plan was meant to spread out from Minnesota and to cover the whole country. On the West Coast it was to be the "Cavalcade of California"; in Massachusetts, "The March of Massachusetts." The plan has been held up for the moment, perhaps because it didn't succeed in preventing the nomination of Benson in Minnesota.

In 1930 Barton wrote admiringly of Mussolini: "How can we develop the love of country, the respect for courts and law, the sense of national obligation which Mussolini has recreated in the soul of Italy? Must we abolish the Senate and have a dictatorship to do it? I sometimes think it would be almost worth the cost." But he is not really a fascist, though there is nothing to indicate that he objects to the fascist methods of one of his big clients, Remington Rand, inventor of the Mohawk formula. Actually he prefers persuasion to force. He doesn't pretend to be a great leader himself; he's merely the medium through which noble thoughts can be made intelligible to the masses. It's an old advertising game.

On the basis of his record, Barton shouldn't get a single lower-income vote; but he has the means for getting newspaper publicity, and this wins votes and makes him important politically. His agency hands out forty million dollars' worth of advertising a year. He is welcomed to the Saints and Sinners Club, and the newspapers play it up. He talks it over with a bootblack, and that's a story. Walter H. Liebman, a hundred per cent New

Dealer, and George Backer of the American Labor Party, are running against him. Try to find out what they're doing by reading the papers! The only newspapers in New York that have so far resisted the spell are the *News* and the *Post*. Most newspapers would like Bruce Barton anyhow, because he's for old-time capitalism in up-to-date language. But even if they didn't, his forty million dollars of advertising business would settle all doubts. You might as well argue with a loud-speaker on your radio. Besides, he knows all about getting free publicity. His firm is building up a handsome business as a press agent—no, public-relations counsel. If his political career fizzles out, the present build-up will make him the No. 1 press agent of America.

China's Wounded

BY AGNES SMEDLEY

Hongkong, September 20

ONE of the most horrible things in the present war in China is the condition of the Chinese wounded. It is like that of the British wounded during the Crimean War, or the American wounded during the Civil War. In many Chinese armies the situation beggars description. Very few of the severely injured live to reach any dressing station or army hospital, and the wounds of almost all the others are infected by the time they have traveled the long route to the rear. Often men do not get medical care for two weeks. Because of bad organization, indifference, incapacity, and corruption the Army Medical Service itself evacuates few of the wounded. This service is done by their soldier-comrades. In places where mobilization for the purpose has been allowed by the authorities, the people help evacuate the wounded. But in many places such mobilization is not permitted, since politicians and military men fear the people.

The Army Medical Service and the Chinese Red Cross Medical Relief Commission have established receiving and dressing stations on lines of communication, but the conditions in them, as in the army hospitals in the rear, vary according to the training and outlook of the men in charge. Stations under Red Cross medical units or the very few modern Chinese doctors who have entered the Army Medical Service are in good condition. Others can be described as horrible. The wounded lie on rush mats on the floor or on boards stretched across trestles in abandoned warehouses, schools, and temples. These buildings are often dark, dank, dirty places with broken floors and with rats romping in the lofts and along the rafters. Swarms of flies hover over the men and around their chipped, uncovered cups of drinking water. Most army hospitals have no sheets, and a man's cotton jacket is his pillow. On networks of cord and wire stretched above the beds hang the towels and clothing of the patients. It is sometimes difficult to see their faces beneath the hanging rags. Soap, toothbrushes, and toothpaste are unknown luxuries. Statistics show that 20 per cent of the wounded have tuberculosis, beri-beri, or dysentery, and malaria takes a heavy toll. The operating table is often a board covered with a piece of unbleached cloth; medical and surgical supplies are insufficient and at times almost non-existent. Most of the wounded are emaciated, their daily food allowance being 20 cents for a private and 25 cents for an officer. Only in hospitals where soldiers' committees control the food funds is food supplied without graft.

Bad as conditions are, they show some improvement over those of a year ago. This is due to the tireless labor of a few capable army and Chinese Red Cross doctors and to campaigns in the press. For nearly ten years the Chinese government has been trying with the aid of German advisers to create a modern army equipped with the best weapons of the Western world. Yet when war broke out it had done nothing to build up a corresponding modern medical service. Even at present there is no central, controlling Army Medical Service. Instead, a division or army commander appoints his own medical officer, who may know little or nothing of medicine. The appointed "medical" officer is given a certain sum of money and told to purchase equipment and supplies for the care of the wounded of the division or army and to organize a sanitary service. The door is thus left wide open to incompetence and corruption. Equipment is not standardized, supplies are usually inadequate, and the personnel is indifferently trained. It is rare to find a qualified doctor in the Army Medical Service; his assistants are often so illiterate and untrained that they are incapable of offering even elementary first-aid treatment. Furthermore, the men in the medical units are of poor physique, since strong men are quickly transferred to the fighting ranks, and are therefore frequently unable to evacuate the wounded from the line to divisional stations. Even were it efficient, the Army Medical Service would be handicapped by the fact that it is never informed of tactical developments until a military operation is concluded at the front and so is unable to furnish aid quickly. Also the medical officers, rightly or wrongly, possess no authority, and are treated with little respect by officers or men.

Despite everything, however, changes are being effected in the Army Medical Service and in the attitude of the public toward the wounded. In some army hospitals the presence of Red Cross medical units is still resented, since these modern, efficient, well-trained medical workers show up hospital methods, but in most places they are welcomed, and the Chinese Red Cross Medical Relief Commission is receiving more calls for trained personnel than it can supply. The most rapid improvement in the care of the wounded, like many developments in China, was the result of political maneuvers. During the fighting around Hsuchow progressive elements in the country, supported by the Kwangsi Army commander, General Li Chung-jen, demanded that the masses be mobilized as stretcher-bearers. Reactionary political cliques tried to prevent this mobilization of the people, but it was finally accomplished and contributed greatly to the Chinese defense in that region.

Of the 275 army hospitals 150 are base hospitals in the rear. Some surgical hospitals for special cases are in charge of modern young Chinese doctors who have entered the Army Medical Service. The Chinese Red Cross Medical Relief Commission has also furnished the technical staff for a number of institutions. But most army hospitals are still extremely primitive. A medical conference held in Changsha on July 19, at which a representative of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek was present, received reports from thirty hospitals in the region. Of these only three were declared to be good, eight were fair, and the rest utterly impossible. The deplorable conditions were admitted by all, but many of the proposals for improvement were unacceptable to the Red Cross Medical Relief Commission. This was typical of the way most of China's problems are handled: the problem is recognized, but solution is too difficult.

That some Chinese can cope with the problem of caring for the wounded is proved by the example of Dr. Loo Chih-teh, chief army medical officer in charge of hospitals on the routes of communication. Dr. Loo is one of the most efficient and capable Chinese army doctors and organizers and is loved by every wounded soldier who has ever seen him. Dr. Loo had his medical headquarters in a temple in a village outside Nanchang. There he kept medical supplies, trucks, and ambulances, and treated hundreds of wounded in transit. The Japanese learned of the place through their spies and bombed the temple, killing most of the wounded and destroying the supplies and trucks. Dr. Loo's very clothes were blown off, but he managed to reach Hankow. There he borrowed clothing, collected trucks and medical supplies, asked for Red Cross medical units, and left for the front again before the day was over. The next morning, by order of Dr. Robert K. S. Lim (D.Sc. Edinburgh and F. R. S. E.), director of the Chinese Red Cross Medical Relief Commission, nine Chinese Red Cross medical units—180 doctors, nurses, and dressers—left with supplies for the front, and four more units were ordered to go upriver from Ichang to the front. This is but one instance of the ability and heroism of Chinese medical men. The Japanese bomb and machine-gun from the air everything that moves in the various battle sectors. Red Cross cars and trucks with their insignia clearly painted on their sides and tops have been attacked, and hospitals have been deliberately destroyed. Japanese planes swoop down and machine-gun stretcher-bearers.

The reverse of the picture—the indifference and red tape in army hospitals—has been described by Dr. H. Talbot, a British surgeon now with the Chinese Red Cross Medical Service. On a visit to the base hospital at Nanchang in July, Dr. Talbot found the wounded lying unwashed and untended, while swarms of flies hovered over them and foul dressings littered the floor. At ten o'clock in the morning no army doctor had appeared to care for them. Dr. Talbot reported this to the Generalissimo in Hankow and afterward was sent to Changsha with authority to pick out wounded men and operate. In the temporary receiving stations in Changsha he found dozens of severely wounded men who had been there for weeks. Horrified, he ordered them transferred to hospitals where they could be operated on. But the hospitals refused to take them because there were no beds. Dr. Talbot investigated and found that some of the wounded were walking about almost recovered and could surrender their beds to the new cases. But no, they could not do that since it is an army rule that the wounded can remain in the hospitals until they receive their back pay and their wound gratuity. The recovered men had not yet received this pay and so could not be put out of the hospital. The severely wounded were obliged to remain in the temporary dressing stations without proper care.

Dr. Talbot, however, has paid tribute to the skill and devotion of individual Chinese doctors. It is the general view of foreigners in China that the worst foreign doctor is better than the best Chinese—and some Chinese in high authority also believe this. But Dr. Talbot declared to us in Changsha that he had much to learn from the marvelous dexterity of the Chinese surgeon operating at the table next to him. And one day last summer he learned something else about the Chinese. On that day the Japanese bombed Changsha. I was at Red Cross headquarters in company with Mrs. Hilda Selwyn-Clarke, wife of the Medical Director of the Hongkong government. A bomb landed just behind headquarters, blowing in the ceilings of the operating rooms of the adjoining hospital. Dr. Talbot halted work in the midst of an operation; he had never been bombed before and his nerves were so shaken that he could not continue. The Chinese surgeon at the next table lifted his head for a moment, listened, then went on operating, his hand steady. Soon the mangled bodies of the dead and dying civilians began to arrive. The experienced foreign surgeon was overcome with horror. The Chinese cleared the rooms and the operating tables and set to work.

Unfortunately, many modern Chinese doctors lack national consciousness. This is revealed by the fact that of the 6,000 scientifically trained Chinese doctors, only about 1,000 have volunteered for war service. The Chinese government has not yet conscripted doctors as it conscripts workers and peasants, though every patriotic Chinese medical man believes that they should be conscripted.

One of the most constructive efforts being made to raise the standard of the Army Medical Service is the new medical training school at Changsha. This was started under the joint auspices of the National Health Administration, the army, and the Chinese Red Cross Medical Relief Commission. Dr. Robert K. S. Lim is director of the school, and has supplied the teaching staff. The courses are short. An ambulance unit of 120 men graduated and left for the front in July. The other 300 students are volunteer doctors and nurses, all men. More cannot be trained at present because of lack of funds. Yet for the sum of 500,000 Chinese dollars a year, 3,000 medical men could be given short-term training in this institute. Efforts to get money abroad for it have so far failed; no money now collected abroad reaches the Chinese Red Cross Medical Relief Commission. It is all given to the International Red Cross Committee and is used to finance missionary hospitals and care for civilian refugees. The wounded of the Chinese Army do not benefit, save the very few who can be sent long distances to missionary hospitals. At present some 3,000 are in missionary hospitals, whereas 223,000 wounded are in army hospitals.

In the Wind

MOST PRESS accounts of the Dies committee hearings have failed to report the many boners committed by witnesses and by Dies himself. When Dies heard that a man named John Reid had addressed a civil-liberties meeting in Lansing last year he asked, "Was that the man who founded the John Reed Club?" Witness Albert Kittock presented "documentary evidence" that certain persons belonged to the Communist Party. The evidence was a leaflet listing them as party members—written by Kittock himself. Lieutenant Harold Mulbar of the Michigan police described a labor demonstration in which he said reds took part. "Were they playing the 'Third Internationale?' " queried Dies. "We received that report," said Mulbar. Ralph Knox described a meeting he had with a red government official on the thirteenth floor of a government building—but no government building in Washington has more than twelve floors.

THE LATEST edition of the "Encyclopedia Italiana" became obsolete almost as soon as it was published. The volume carried this comment on the British fascist movement: "Because of their anti-Semitic tendencies, and similarly because of their admiration for A. Hitler, of whom they are more faithful imitators than they are of B. Mussolini, they cannot, despite their name, consider themselves the most representative of the ideals of fascism in England."

NUMEROUS FOREIGN correspondents have reported the nickname for Prime Minister Chamberlain current in France: *J'aime Berlin.* By the time the story reached a columnist on the Washington *Post* it had been so mutilated that it appeared as follows: "Frenchmen in Washington have nicknamed Chamberlain *J'aime Hitler,* which is a sort of a pun; it sounds like Jimmy Hitler but it means 'I Love Hitler.' "

A PROMINENT Chinese diplomat was recently asked at Geneva whether the Munich pact would seriously affect China. "Well," he answered, "we have been getting a fair amount of armaments from the Czechs. We shall lose those. But after all we are not nearly so unfortunate as they. We have to defend ourselves only against our enemies."

PUBLISHERS OF Beryl Levy's book on Justice Cardozo sent an advance copy to George Santayana at his home in Italy, soliciting his comment. In his reply Mr. Santayana said that he had been a close friend of Justice Holmes but had never heard of Justice Cardozo.

IN THE effort to brand Governor Benson of Minnesota a Communist, Republican campaign leaflets have been using a photograph of the Governor said to have been taken at a New York peace parade. The picture shows him seated in an automobile beside Beryl Whitney of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen; on the running-board is a youth wearing a cap with the inscription "Young Communist League." Benson supporters claim that the picture represented trick photography. They point out (1) that no such negative can be found in the files of any newspaper whose photographers covered the parade; (2) that in the picture Whitney's left shoulder is obscured by a pillar which seems to be lodged in the automobile; and (3) that not a single bystander can be seen in the background, although the parade took place on crowded New York streets.

SCOOP: On October 26 Walter Winchell's column carried the report that "the Chief Executive's patience with the Dies committee is getting very short." On the same morning the President's statement attacking the Dies committee was published on front pages throughout the country.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Open Letter to Winston Churchill

DEAR MR. CHURCHILL: I have read with great care and much admiration the radio appeal which you recently made to the American people to stand by the democracies ere it is too late to save the world from the dictators and their conscienceless flouting of all that England and America have held dear. Like everything else that you write or say it was brilliantly expressed. On its face your case seems perfect, but the minute it is analyzed from the American point of view it breaks down completely. Undoubtedly you will have received many words of approval from members of our privileged groups, from the survivors of the Anglophiles who so eagerly put us into the last World War on your side, from our navy and army people who ever seek excuses to put huge armament burdens upon our people, from some in our government, and from our Communists. But as for the rest of my countrymen, your words will fall upon deaf ears.

The American people as a whole still have some of that shrewd common sense of which Lincoln was so proud, and they have not lost their memories by any means. They know that they were led into war in 1917 under false pretenses and that as the outcome of that resort to force democracy was not saved but endangered as never before. They will agree with you that democracy has its back to the wall. But to induce them to go to your rescue again, you will have to prove to them that another resort to arms would not produce something even worse than a Hitler and a Mussolini. If they have not lost all their intelligence they will at least ask as the price of their participation that in the event of victory they shall write the peace, for they know that it was the abominable Treaty of Versailles which produced the dictators and finally resulted in Hitler's winning the World War by the dreadful surrender at Munich—the worst betrayal of democracy on record.

Your opposition in the Commons shows that you know exactly how shameful and needless that surrender was. But not even you can foresee how far-reaching and how dreadful the consequences will yet be. The man responsible is your Prime Minister, the head of the party to which you also belong. Yet you actually are asking us to give this man a blank check. I realize that you are not asking us to enter into a direct military alliance with your country. You only ask our moral support and the assurance that if worst comes to worst we shall rush to your rescue. But don't you see that that is tantamount to giving Chamberlain the assurance that whatever he does, however fearful the blunders he may make in the future, we are at hand to back him up and save him from the consequences of his follies? No British Prime Minister, it seems to me, should have that assurance, not if his name should be Churchill or Attlee or Bevan or Lansbury or anything else. If I were an Englishman I should be just as opposed to his receiving a blank check from America. No statesman should be allowed to feel that he can play his game with such a card in his hand.

Certainly you cannot ask us to enter into any such arrangement unless you give us a voice in the conduct of your foreign affairs. You cannot expect the United States to risk the lives of its sons without having the right to make sure that they shall not be sacrificed to incompetence, to blind ambition, to lack of vision, to sheer moral cowardice, or to downright treason to democracy itself. The Munich calamity was not solely the creation of Chamberlain; he was paying then for the blunders of his predecessors as well as his own—the blunders of Versailles and of the Ruhr, of those who permitted the invasion of the Rhineland and the betrayal of Ethiopia, Austria, Spain, Manchuria, and China. In every one of these cases your country's course was a betrayal of democracy, and yet you ask us to underwrite any errors your government may make in the future.

Finally, I must point out to you that many over here feel that we owe no higher duty to democracy, to decency, to humanity itself than to keep this country out of the next war. For we know that the day this country enters a war democracy will die here, and that there will be precious little hope of reviving it whether we win or lose. To defeat the fascists we shall have to descend to their methods of control and warfare. Already we have plans made and laws passed which make it certain that the instant we go to war the government will take over the whole of industry, control every phase of business life. Even if this were not the case, we should still feel that if war comes to you again we can do you no better service than to stay out. You Europeans will all be bankrupt whether you win or lose. Somebody ought to be left the means to put the world together again—if that is possible. As for the claim that if we tell the world we intend to stand by you there will not be a war, that is so childish in the light of the record of Hitler and Mussolini that you will forgive me if I do not comment upon it.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Notes by the Way

BERTRAND RUSSELL'S book on "Power" is one of the more lucid expressions of the return to skepticism that is taking place wherever men are still free to think and speak—and no doubt also where they are not. The recoil from absolutes, of whatever color, has served to rehabilitate the individual as the unit of civilization, and has set in motion a growing movement to reexamine and separate from the dross of propaganda the social and human values, both old and new, best designed to promote his economic and intellectual freedom. To the current obsession with the state Mr. Russell, who himself envisions a world economic organization, opposes the self-evident principle that "the organized life of the community is necessary, but it is necessary as a mechanism, not something to be valued on its own account. . . . Those who believe in the Corporate State maintain that our highest activities are collective, whereas I should maintain that we all reach our best in different ways, and that the emotional unity of a crowd can only be achieved on a lower level."

Being an educator, Mr. Russell lays great stress on the training of children for their adult function as members of a democracy; and he makes concrete suggestions in one of his most engaging passages:

> Education should be designed to counteract the natural credulity and the natural incredulity of the uneducated: the habit of believing an emphatic statement without reasons, and of disbelieving an unemphatic statement even when accompanied by the best of reasons. I should begin in the infant school, with two classes of sweets between which the children should choose: one very nice, recommended by a coldly accurate statement as to its ingredients; the other very nasty, recommended by the utmost skill of the best advertisers. A little later I should give them a choice of two places for a country holiday: a nice place recommended by a contour map, and an ugly place recommended by magnificent posters.
>
> The teaching of history ought to be conducted in a similar spirit. There have been in the past eminent orators and writers who defended, with an appearance of great wisdom, positions which no one now holds: the reality of witchcraft, the beneficence of slavery, and so on. I should cause the young to know such masters of eloquence, and to appreciate at once their rhetoric and their wrongheadedness. Gradually I should pass on to current questions. As a sort of *bonne bouche* to their history, I should read to them what is said about Spain (or whatever at the moment is most controversial), first by the *Daily Mail* [in America read the Hearst press], and then by the *Daily Worker;* and I should then ask them to infer what really happened. For undoubtedly few things are more useful to a citizen of a democracy than skill in detecting, by reading newspapers, what it was that took place.

Mr. Russell hastens to add that he would not wish to preach a purely negative emotional attitude. He recognizes that the cultivation of strong emotions having desirable social consequences is more difficult than the generation of hate and fear, and that economic circumstances play a crucial part. Yet he insists that "something can be done . . . in the course of ordinary education, to provide the nourishment upon which the better emotions can grow."

Beside Mr. Russell's book set Erika Mann's "School for Barbarians." Here is the relentless tale, documented mainly from Nazi sources, of the deliberate and complete distortion of the mind, will, and body of childhood. The child's three circles of security—the home, the school, and the church—have been systematically violated and corrupted. All three, in their own various manifestations, have sinned against the individual. This is particularly true of the church, and no sympathy need be wasted on either side in the current battle between the Nazis and the Pope. But if we substitute for these three symbols the emotional, the intellectual, and the spiritual life of the child, we perceive the real significance of the Nazi attack. The final impact of Miss Mann's book is that of genuine tragedy, first, because it *is* tragedy and, secondly, because the tale moves forward with the momentum of a profound feeling which is all the more effective for being seldom directly expressed. To me the epitome of the book and of Nazi education is to be found in these two almost symbolic sentences:

> The highest class [in drawing] is to concentrate on gas masks. They are "eminently suitable for portrayal, since they simplify the more difficult form of the human head."

Even the physical health of German children is being impaired by forced patriotic marches with the Jungvolk.

> Professor Schede of Leipzig reported . . . that in his examination of the Jungvolk, more than 50 per cent of those on workers' duty and liable to military service suffer from lessened capacity of the foot; and the majority of these have consequently weakened spines.

Everyone who has anything to do with the life or education of children—and those who merely like to see them playing in a park—should read this book.

Ben Belitt, formerly on the staff of *The Nation,* whose first book of poems has just been published, was the innocent provocateur of a civil war which raged for several summer weeks in the columns of the Richmond *Times-Dispatch.* The immediate issue was a poem in *The Nation* called Tarry Delight, and the affair started when The Cavalier, a columnist in the Richmond paper, launched against it the usual attack reserved for modern "difficult" poetry. The letter-writers, and even the editor, took it up with the exuberant determination to fight it out on those lines if it took all summer. The whole affair, as one correspondent pointed out, was highly instructive, and it is something that poetry became a living issue in an American newspaper, but it would be too much to say that the issue was settled. Modern poetry is likely to be difficult for good and sufficient reasons—though that does not mean that it would not be better for all concerned if it were not difficult. Christopher Caudwell, an English critic who died in Spain for the Loyalist cause, made the remark in his recently published book, "Illusion and Reality: A Study of the Sources of Poetry," that "poetry cannot be separated from the society whose specific human activity secretes it." To put it another way, poetry is a distillation, as most other forms of literary art are not in any similar degree, of social and personal experience and values—a much more dynamic thing than Wordsworth's "emotion recollected in tranquillity." To carry the metaphor a bit too far, for the sake of emphasis, we may as well expect to extract from our present confusion great poetry having meaning for a broad section of the literate public as hope to distil good liquor in any important quantity from a mash whose constituents are continuously changing in a crock that is split. Today the poet must construct his own society and his own stability. The wonder is, in a period when communication between the poet and the audience is obstructed by all the barricades and crevasses of a world in change, that the quality and number of these tours de force are as great as they are. Fortunately poetry commands other means of communication, which are, however, more often than not ignored by those who boast that they do not understand it. Melody and rhythm, since they are not bound up with words, which are far more subject to political and social influences—as well as to simple colloquial pressure that wears out words and vulgarizes their meanings—have had a far more persistent continuity. Merely as music Tarry Delight carried its own justification.

And speaking of semantics: T. F. Higham, in his introduction to the "Oxford Book of Greek Verse in Translation," published here some months ago, discusses the problem of "adherent meaning" met with in selecting translations for inclusion in a book designed for modern readers. Dr. Johnson, he writes, objected to a line in "Macbeth": "That my keen knife see not the wound it makes." To Dr. Johnson a knife was "an instrument used by butchers and cooks in the meanest employments." But was it so to Shakespeare? "When Ruskin," continues Mr. Higham, "wrote, addressing his heart, 'Thou little bounder, rest,' he was guiltless of offense—if the dictionaries are right; for the slang use of 'bounder' dates only from 1890."

The following correction to end all corrections appeared on a white page all by itself in the July issue of T. S. Eliot's quarterly, the *Criterion.*

To the Editor of the Criterion

> Sir: In a review of "Periodicals" (English) in the *Criterion* (April, 1938) appears the following: "A 'Popular Front,' like muscling-in, is a shadow in which all sorts of toadstools can grow up." (etc.)
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> The remark, thus misquoted from *New Verse* (January, 1938), should be read (as your reviewer tried vainly to indicate on a galley proof) as follows:
>
> "A 'Popular Front,' like muscling-in, is a shadow in which all sorts of toad stools can grow up." (etc.)
>
> Yours, etc.,
>
> HUGH GORDON PORTEUS

I hope the printer has set it right.

MARGARET MARSHALL

Drifting Toward Munich

FOREIGN POLICY IN THE MAKING. By Carl Joachim Friedrich. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.

EVEN Mr. Chamberlain, who claimed a few weeks ago to have established peace in our time, may realize today that the Pact of Munich was not the beginning of peace but only another stage in the relentless war which Hitler and Mussolini are waging against liberalism and the Western powers. Professor Friedrich in his penetrating analysis of European international relations since the World War rightly points out that to the anxious query, "Is there going to be war in Europe?" the answer must be that it has already begun. "Perhaps in 1966 we shall be looking back sorrowfully to the year 1936, knowing that in that year the second Thirty Years' War commenced. There is no use in deluding ourselves into thinking that peace prevails." In this war the conquest of Ethiopia and the remilitarization of the Rhine marked the beginning; the tragi-comedy of non-intervention in Spain carried us fast down the incline; and now in the third year of the war we have practically arrived at the bottom with the Peace of Munich.

Professor Friedrich's book will serve as a good guide for those perplexed by the momentous changes in the balance of power in Europe. There are still some people in this country who explain Hitlerism as the product of the iniquitous Treaty of Versailles and who see in the annexation of Austria and the Sudetenland only the play of self-determination. For them the happenings in Europe are nothing but episodes in the struggle between different power groups. This "realistic" view, often held by "idealistic" pacifists, overlooks the fact that what is going on in Europe today is, whether Mr. Chamberlain likes it or not, a struggle between two opposing attitudes toward life, toward the dignity of the individual, toward the meaning and aim of history and government. The fascist powers are inspired by their philosophy of history, and undoubtedly draw great strength from the enthusiasm engendered by a consistent application of avowed principles. Democracies, on the other hand, live today by a hand-to-mouth policy, meeting every emergency by what seems at the moment the least exacting expedient, apparently forgetful of the fact that a policy can inspire enthusiasm only if it is based upon principles firmly held. But the faith in democracy has been undermined during the last twenty years by the cynical attacks from Marxists, from certain supercilious "liberals," and from fascists. Professor Friedrich believes in liberal democracy. "All government remains a disagreeable, at times even a shocking, concession to human frailty. Democracy continues to be the least objectionable of these connivances. Such is my belief, at least: many things in life are more valuable than order and government."

But this liberal attitude, which stresses the dignity of the individual within the state, must be complemented, as the present book tries to show, by some order and government among and above the different states and nations. Here it is that fascists and democrats fundamentally disagree. Mr. Chamberlain's policy has consistently accepted the fascist principle in foreign policy, from Manchuria, via Ethiopia, the remilitarization of the Rhineland, Spain, China, Austria,

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to Czechoslovakia. The Pact of Munich is nothing but the logical conclusion of this policy. As it is an acceptance of the fascist principle, it implies a great triumph of fascism and necessarily will open the way to further triumphs. The world will be invited to witness what would have happened twenty years ago if the Allies with the help of America had not won the World War. The peace treaties of Brest-Litovsk and Bucharest are being revived, and they will be followed by similar peace treaties on a much larger scale. Professor Friedrich's book was written before the Pact of Munich. It does not venture into prophecy, but it shows clearly how the road was traveled from the Treaty of Versailles, which, at least, in spite of all its shortcomings, held out hope for international organization and a rationally ordered world, to the Pact of Munich, which buried all these hopes.

A special merit of Professor Friedrich's book is its demonstration of how the anti-democratic policy of the British Conservatives was inspired by the fear of communism. "The imaginary danger of revolution forestalled any action which might have curbed the progress toward war and international anarchy." In this connection a revealing passage is quoted from the diaries of Lord d'Abernon, the man who as "an ambassador of peace" probably did most to reconstruct German power politics and to weaken France. He wrote:

> From the point of view of English policy a big question presents itself—is a large Russia desirable? . . . English interests are certainly against it. . . . The Balkanization of Central Asia would be an unquestionable relief to English policy. . . . A separatist policy for the Ukraine would unquestionably lead to a safer and more healthy position in the Black Sea, and would facilitate commercial control of the Straits.

Who knows whether Mr. Chamberlain, another ambassador of peace, does not hold similar opinions about the desirability of an "independent" Ukraine? HANS KOHN

Enough Trains

TO THE MARKET PLACE. By Barry Fleming. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.75.

I CAN'T help wondering whether there have been anything like enough trains to hold all the young people that our novelists, in the last twenty years, have been sending to New York. It should give any book reviewer pause to think that in some ways he is much less a Brunetière or a Georg Brandes than a Grover Whalen or a redcap. Well, I've just gone down the ramp to carry the bags of a few more new arrivals; they all seemed fairly pleasant and their bags were fairly light.

Mr. Fleming looks upon his young people, ingeniously if not altogether convincingly, as the pioneers of today—the seekers after adventure who leave what is familiar and secure in Massachusetts and Virginia and Kentucky to battle for independence, recognition, or love in an undiscovered country they like to think of as a land of promise. Fluid as the pattern for such a novel—with its quick interrelationships—is, I am afraid that the neatly varied fortunes of these people possess very little to surprise or excite or enlighten us. There is the New England novelist, floating with the current until he meets a pair of rather startling Communists; there is the painter whom marriage almost domesticates and the family business almost devours; there is the girl who wants love, marriage, a home, and children; there is the girl who doesn't. No one can quarrel with Mr. Fleming's choice of types, for they are eternal, and Grove Street and the East Fifties are full of them. No one can quarrel, either, with Mr. Fleming's treatment of such types—it is natural, honest, and interested. What ultimately disappoints one, I suppose, is the genial competence, the brotherly understanding, unintensified by anything sharp or subterranean or unforeseeable, with which they are portrayed. One need not be working from any revolutionary, highbrow, or "proletarian" thesis to insist that this study of middle-class minds and manners is too traditional, too familiar, and, coming after so many others like it, too unrevealing to arouse the reader. He cheerfully and a little absent-mindedly acquiesces in all Mr. Fleming has to say; but it is never from mere acquiescence that novels are devoured or remembered. LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Three Years of the C. I. O.

THE STORY OF THE C. I. O. By Benjamin Stolberg. Viking Press. $2.

THE fourth volume written on the rise and development of the C. I. O. is apt to cause more argument and anger than all the other three combined. It is the manner of statement rather than the quality of the work which will arouse objection. Writing in the Marxian polemical tradition, Mr. Stolberg naturally denies all merit to his enemies, while those who are doing the work of the Lord are pictured as paragons of virtue. The unnecessary vituperation adds to the entertainment, but it mars a competent job of fact collection, plus an interesting though not altogether sound analysis. Despite the real value of the book it must be read with caution, for Mr. Stolberg is not averse to exaggeration, or to understatement, when it suits his case.

All the virtues and shortcomings of the study are exhibited in the first chapter, dealing with the background of the C. I. O. It contains much truth and some brilliant characterizations written in acid. Yet it is often much less than fair. Our author is aware, though he often forgets, that a trade union is not an army with flying banners marching to the promised land but a body of workingmen seeking to improve their economic position. There is nothing ignoble in such activity; and the attitude of many left-wing intellectuals is a bit puzzling in view of their emphasis upon a perfectionist economic society in the future. His criticism of the failure of the American Federation of Labor to organize the unskilled avoids completely the question of the ability of organized labor to break through the citadels of industrial absolutism. He seems to forget that the belief that a highly organized working force is capable of defeating a hundred-million-dollar corporation without considerable government aid is largely unproved. His own chapter on vigilantism disproves that contention more eloquently than any critical comment. The facts fail to prove that the federation feared large inroads of new members. If that were true, how could the membership increase during the war be explained? Nor did the craft unionists emphasize skill as much as he intimates.

Every union, exclusive of a few numerically unimportant ones, has continually broadened its base of admissions. Nor is it accurate to assert that the miners and needle trades escaped the general paralysis affecting organized labor in the twenties. Mr. Stolberg has given the reasons why the decline of the miners' union to the lowest level since 1897 was inevitable in the thirties. The International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union was being aided by the Jewish *Daily Forward* and some public-spirited philanthropists, and even the Amalgamated Clothing Workers was not its old self. It may be all right to claim that the fiber of the A. F. of L. unions was weakened by the prosperity in the twenties, but the great defeats in the early part of the decade should be mentioned. These defeats, inflicted by superior economic force, were proof positive that the American labor movement could not, without some radical changes in the political temper, storm the gates of the mass-production industries. Let us not fool ourselves that industrial unions would have been more successful. The open-shop avalanche of the twenties overwhelmed unions regardless of their structure. What was left to do but to salvage as much of the organizations as possible and wait for a change in the political climate? It must not be forgotten that the American Federation of Labor was the only labor movement of consequence to survive. It is, of course, true that no great organizing drives were undertaken, but such campaigns involve large expenditures, and their success, under the conditions prevailing in the twenties, was extremely doubtful. It is easy to plan million-dollar campaigns, but it is the rank and file which pays the freight. Many of them are, like the rest of us, only limited idealists who rightfully object to large expenditures on quixotic ventures.

The chapters dealing with the rise and expansion of the C. I. O. are well balanced and full of information, especially the one on vigilantism, which is the best short study of that subject yet written. The planning and the direction of the C. I. O. organizing drives and the brilliant execution of the campaigns are explained in sufficient detail to give the reader a picture of the ability and leadership of the heads of the new movement.

There are many other good things to be found in this volume, but the author is too much inclined to treat people as heroes or knaves, though he does recognize a few fools. His attack on John Brophy, like many others in the book, is exaggerated and unkind. Nor is there any point or truth in labeling Thurman Arnold a vigilante. The chapter on factionalism deserves serious study, and it is unfortunate that Mr. Stolberg cluttered up his material with a long aside on the Trotsky-Stalin controversy which tends to give this section the appearance of a grudge fight. His evidence on the harmful nature of Communist activity in the C. I. O. is well marshaled, conclusive, and damning. He is careful not to attack the Communists on the basis of their ideas, but only because of their desire to set up totalitarian regimes within the organizations they control and utilize the unions for the advancement of political ends. In the section on the single unions he is concise and informative, and in many instances he refuses to allow his enthusiasm for the C. I. O. to fool him. However, he guesses wrong on a number of events, which is quite understandable. Mr. Stolberg refuses to admit that Lewis might tolerate the Communists. He would like to believe that Lewis is being fooled. Events in the automobile union throw a slightly different light on the question. Homer Martin has been outmaneuvered, and he is being forced to rid himself of his close collaborators, while the Stalinist officers are being reinstated. Have the top leaders become Communists? Not at all. They want power, centralization, and that policy is favored by the Stalinists, which makes them desirable allies, at least for the time being.

Despite differences of opinion on questions of interpretation, Mr. Stolberg's volume is a valuable and helpful guide to an understanding of the American labor scene. His willingness to attack those whom he regards as enemies of organized labor, regardless of their standing or position, makes his book invaluable for an understanding of important and not much-publicized issues. PHILIP TAFT

How Japan "Civilized" Manchuria

SECRET AGENT OF JAPAN. By Amleto Vespa. Little, Brown and Company. $3.

IN RECENT months much has been heard concerning the unspeakable excesses committed by Japanese troops after the capture of such cities as Nanking, Hangchow, Paotingfu, and Taiyuan. But it has remained for Amleto Vespa, an Italian secret-service agent formerly in the employ of Chang Tso-lin and later impressed into Japanese service, to show that these atrocities are but a repetition of the terror which has been in existence for years in Manchuria.

Mr. Vespa's stories of wholesale looting and plundering can perhaps be matched by tales of the behavior of other armies in other wars. But so far as I am aware no one has ever set down on paper a more revolting story of Machiavellian cruelty designed to crush the spirit of a great people. As a high, though unwilling, officer in the Japanese secret service, Mr. Vespa participated in many of these schemes. Others he witnessed in carrying out his work. Many of the most dastardly plans were revealed to him by Japanese officials who boasted of Nippon's invincibility.

Japan's system, as outlined by Vespa's chief and substantiated by his own activities, has as its purpose nothing short of reduction of the Chinese to political and economic serfdom. This is to be accomplished by "inducing," by means of threats, kidnaping, and fraud, all well-to-do Chinese to part with their wealth. Case after case is cited of wealthy Chinese who were forced to pay ransom, not once or twice, but repeatedly until their wealth was gone. Under no circumstances are wealthy Chinese allowed to leave Manchuria or transfer their money abroad. Even the suggestion that they desired to do so would bring quick retribution. For keeping the common people in chains the Japanese contrived another diabolical scheme—the stimulation of trade in drugs and women. Almost as soon as the Japanese army has completed its conquest, brothels, cabarets, and tea-houses are opened under Japanese military protection. Prostitutes are imported from Korea and Japan, and local girls are impressed into service. The systematic stimulation of the opium and morphine trade is even more destructive in its effect. In Manchuria the drug trade is a huge monopoly under military control. Farmers are "advised" by Japanese agents to stop planting soya beans and grow poppies instead. Before the outbreak of hostilities, shipments of opium were dispatched daily to China proper under the guise of Japanese military supplies. Japanese warships transported opium along the coast, and Japanese gunboats carried the drug into the interior of the country, where Japanese agents distributed it under extraterritorial protection. As Mr. Vespa paraphrases the Japanese strategy: "To kill people with bullets, bombs, and shells costs money; but to kill them with drugs and to reap large profits thereby is not only good business but brilliant military tactics."

But as it turned out, Mr. Vespa's job was not primarily one of spying on the Chinese or terrorizing the white Russians. It was rather that of keeping an eye on rival Japanese groups to see that they did not go too far. More than a half-dozen different kinds of Japanese or Japanese-officered police were operating in Manchuria, and one of the most important jobs of each was that of spying on the others to see that too much loot did not go into private pockets. Mr. Vespa's chief estimated that each police officer usually had from 100,000 to 200,000 yen when he was ready to retire after a couple of years' service in Manchuria. The secret service made no effort to stop this practice, but did try to divert some of the money into the coffers of the Japanese government.

Mr. Vespa's revelations are so sensational and his charges against the Japanese so monstrous that one would prefer to think that he is just another publicity seeker with a grudge against Japan. It happens, however, that his story has been carefully checked by at least four competent persons whose business it has been to keep in close touch with events in Manchuria. I know several of these men personally and accept their indorsement as indicating that in substance the narrative is a true one. Even if only nine-tenths true—and the presumption is of far greater accuracy—it is a book which all Americans interested in the Far East should read.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

A Child's Life

THOSE FIRST AFFECTIONS. By Dorothy Van Doren. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

MRS. VAN DOREN has written a very charming and touching story of the life of a little girl in the early 1900's. She has deliberately limited her canvas to a child's-eye view, and within the limitations she has set herself she is singularly successful. Though the reader occasionally feels a slight irritation at not being allowed a longer or clearer glimpse into the grown-up world, the device is actually a sound one for maintaining his interest. A child must feel the same way about the baffling world over which he has no control.

"Those First Affections" bring to mind "Ah, Wilderness," not merely because it is laid in the same period but because in spite of all emotional or economic complications the world in which the characters move remains so essentially simple and placid. Whether or not the middle class really lived emotionally on so much less intense a level before the radio paced our timing, the automobile our speed and range of activity, is hard to tell. Whether or not Proust is the only novelist who could write nostalgically and bring out the tragic as well as the comforting side of things past, it is too soon to say.

In drawing the character of little Sarah's father, the imaginative inventor who can rarely find a job and never hold one, in describing his relations with his daughter and his wife, Mrs. Van Doren has shown unusual sensitiveness and skill. The continual moving, first from their own house to a hotel, then from one furnished room to another, the child's longing for a home, yet adaptability to whatever way of life her parents impose on her are vividly and movingly told. But in adopting the convention of describing only what a child can see and understand, a writer imposes upon himself the responsibility of giving the reader a sense of knowing and understanding everything the child experiences. And one cannot help feeling after reading this book either that Mrs. Van Doren has not faced the inevitably tragic emotions that would arise from so lonely and difficult a life or that little Sarah is definitely on the Polyanna side.

Perhaps it is unfair to think of "The Turn of the Screw," of "What Maisie Knew," of Mrs. Dobree's "My Cuckoo Sings by Kind," of "The Striplings," but somehow because Mrs. Van Doren's perceptions are so penetrating, her talent so sensitive and discerning, one wishes that the tragic implications in her book had been allowed their logical course. The book is very pleasant to read, but one lays it down unhaunted by the characters, thinking only, "These nice people will get along all right. One needn't worry about them. Times were different then, anyway." That is in itself an achievement, but one has the hope that in her next book Mrs. Van Doren will allow herself a fuller scope.

MINA CURTISS

Civilization in Dahomey

DAHOMEY, AN ANCIENT WEST AFRICAN KINGDOM. Melville J. Herskovits. New York: J. J. Augustin. $12.

MOST educated Americans of today realize that the ancestors of our Negro population had progressed far beyond savagery at the time that Europeans first encountered them. However, few appreciate the high level which they had actually reached. Early visitors to West Africa were impressed mainly by court rituals and the relatively unimportant cultural detail of human sacrifice. As a result, their writings give a picture of somewhat grotesque pageantry interspersed with bloody episodes. It is only in recent years, since trained ethnologists have turned their attention to this region, that the full pattern of native life has begun to emerge in all its richness and complexity.

The present book provides the first adequate description of one of the most advanced cultures in West Africa. It is a sound piece of scientific work presented in language perfectly comprehensible to the layman. It is not recommended to thrill-seekers, but anyone who is interested in the infinite variety of human achievement will find it fascinating reading. The civilization of Dahomey was cast in a different mold from that of Europe, yet it can stand comparison with anything which existed there prior to the machine age. The Dahomeans were ignorant of writing and slightly although not greatly inferior to sixteenth-century whites in some of their technological processes. However, their religion was as rich in content and ritual, and their social and political organization was both more complex and more efficient. In the development of their governmental system they revealed a positive genius for the working out of details and the establishment of checks and balances designed to keep a horde of officials submissive to the central power.

The sections of the book which deal with the structure of the Dahomean state are of especial interest in these days of resurgent absolutism. Any modern dictator might envy both the power of the king over his quarter of a million subjects and the security of his position. Kings were sometimes overthrown by rival claimants from their own clan, but there were no popular uprisings. The royal position was maintained by a system which ramified so widely and insidiously that force and even propaganda were rendered almost unnecessary. The common people were exploited at every turn, yet the process was rendered as psychologically painless as possible. The various religious cults and the extended family organizations, which might have served as rallying points for discontent, were unostentatiously brought within the scope of the central power and molded to its support. Even the statistics necessary for recruiting and taxation were gathered by such ingenious and indirect methods that the ruler's knowledge of the state of his kingdom seemed, to his subjects, to partake of the supernatural. The difficulty of maintaining such a system in the absence of written records was obviated by a simple but singularly ingenious arrangement. One of the several thousand royal wives was assigned to keep track of each official, being present whenever he transacted business with his superiors and standing ready to report on him at any time.

The social as distinct from the political organization of the Dahomeans shows much the same combination of ingenuity and formalization. The most interesting features to a European are the institution of the best friend and the extraordinary variation in forms of marriage. The best friend provided the individual with a secure relationship unmarred by conflicts of the sort sure to arise in the case of relatives. One suspects that the very number of relatives and the extent of their legal claims had much to do with the development of the institution. In marriage the Dahomeans recognized no less than thirteen forms, each with its own set of clearly defined rights and obligations. Strangest of all from our own point of view was the institution of woman marriage. In this form a woman who had acquired independent wealth and desired to found an independent family line, thus achieving social distinction in this world and the next, bought wives and set up an independent household of her own. Children resulting from the union of these wives with men selected by the female "husband" were regarded as her own even to the point of their addressing her as father. The marriage of descendants of such households was controlled by special rules designed to insure the rapid building up of the line, and strong family groups might be developed in this way. It seems probable that somewhat similar institutions are widespread in Africa, but this is the first time that such an arrangement has been identified and accurately described.

The author makes no attempt to reconstruct Dahomean culture prior to the establishment of the historic dynasty. However, it is plain that this civilization owed little to foreign contacts. It stands as a monument to the intelligence of the West African natives, and this book should do much to dispel any lingering ideas about the intrinsic inferiority of the Negro. RALPH LINTON

Announcing

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THE
COMPLETE
COLLECTED POEMS OF
WILLIAM CARLOS
WILLIAMS
1906-1938

*

Published by New Directions
of Norfolk, Conn.

$3.00

Words Without Music

MUSIC, HISTORY, AND IDEAS. By Hugo Leichtentritt. Harvard University Press. $3.50.

THIS book undertakes "to connect the facts of the history of music with the history of the human spirit, with general culture in its varied aspects, and with the history of political and social conditions which are of preeminent importance for art and science." And we are informed that it originated in "two series of twelve public lectures on music as a part of general culture, given at Harvard University in 1934-35."

When a man lectures or writes on literature or painting or music the things he says about a play or a picture or a piece of music will have meaning for his hearers only if they have had experience of the play or the picture or the piece of music, or if he gives them experience of it as he speaks or writes. He can assume that most of them know "Hamlet"; but if not it is easy for him to quote the lines that illustrate his point. He cannot, however, assume that they know the music or the architecture of that period; and if he wishes to make a point about it he must let the music be heard or reproductions of the buildings be seen. This is something that is more easily done at a lecture than in a book—for which reason it is often not done in the book; and when it is not done the book has no value for the general reader.

I have gone into this because—to take one example—Dr. Leichtentritt in his second chapter wishes to show the similarity between the Gregorian chant and the Romanesque architecture of the same period, which he can do only by allowing his audience to hear examples of the chant, and to hear in these examples the qualities that have their architectural parallels in the Romanesque style, and then to see these parallels in reproductions of Romanesque cathedrals. Possibly he did all this at the lecture; but there is not a note of musical notation, not a single reference to a place on a phonograph record, and not a single photograph in the entire book, which therefore will be only so many fine-sounding words without real meaning to the general reader.

Having myself no thorough knowledge of the music of early centuries and only the vaguest notions of the other arts, I cannot say whether Dr. Leichtentritt's words about them are as valuable as they are fine-sounding. I do, however, know some of Mozart's music fairly well; I also know something of his life—his extraordinary strength and equilibrium and serenity of mind, his bitter statement that he was a better man than some of the well-born who mistreated him—and of the sordid causes of his death; and when I encounter the statement, "There seems to have been something fateful in the circumstance that Mozart died in 1791 just as the French Revolution reached the height of its frenzy. Haydn, robust and masculine, could still profit from the tremendous changes that were brought about by the French Revolution. Mozart, more delicate, extremely sensitive, with an almost feminine susceptibility, was so thoroughly a child of the dying rococo age that the rude shocks of the French Revolution were a fatal blow to him"—when I encounter this pretentious nonsense I close the book.

B. H. HAGGIN

DRAMA

A Good Beginning

LAST year five of our leading playwrights banded together for the purpose of producing their own plays. This fall the new organization has made a brilliant start with Robert Sherwood's "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," at the Plymouth Theater, and Maxwell Anderson's "Knickerbocker Holiday," at the Ethel Barrymore. Both deal with the American past and both celebrate by clear implication the early spirit of our democracy, but there the resemblances stop. Mr. Sherwood has written a stately pageant of Lincoln's progress from log cabin to the Presidency; Mr. Anderson, the libretto for a broadly satiric comic opera in the course of which Peter Stuyvesant, a would-be Führer, gets his come-uppance at the hands of our best-known Dutch uncles. Neither work is exactly what contemporary audiences expect to find in the

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theater, but both are probably destined to considerable success.

Mr. Sherwood has built the action of his play around the familiar crises of Lincoln's life—the tragic love affair with Ann Rutledge, the marriage with Mary Todd, the debates against Douglas, and the assumption of the Presidency at a moment whose dreadful ominousness no one realized more fully than he himself. But despite what seems a conventional outline the emphasis is original, and the interpretation of Lincoln's character at least not exactly that of the story books. As a man, Mr. Sherwood's Lincoln is by nature almost pathologically irresolute, and so reluctant to assume the burden of any responsibility that only the remorseless ambition of Mary Todd could have driven him into action. As a political thinker he is dominated by the realization that democracy is threatened chiefly by those who want to render it lip service alone, and consequently he sees the institution of slavery less as an affront to humanitarian feelings than as the most obvious challenge to the sincerity of that democratic faith upon which the government is nominally founded. To him the question is not primarily whether our black brothers have hearts and souls like our own but whether the admission of an exception in the application of democracy does not set a dangerous precedent and mean that the theoretical right of all to liberty and equal opportunity will come to be actually enjoyed by fewer and fewer rather than by more and more American citizens. Perhaps—I do not pretend to know—Mr. Sherwood is attributing to Lincoln a deeper prophetic insight than he actually had into what was to become one of the most desperate problems of democracy, but in any event the result intended and achieved is to give the historical events of his play a clear modern application and to make it almost as much of an exhortation as it is a pageant.

There are obvious dangers in the attempt to combine in one play two appeals of a radically different sort. The audience here is asked to draw in its own mind the historical parallel, and while it is occupied with this intellectual process, to respond to a peculiarly complex emotional stimulus, to sense the pathos (in the technical sense) which surrounds those figures concerning whose fame and whose fate we know much more than the particular play in which they appear pretends to tell us. That Mr. Sherwood's drama is actually effective both as legend and as lesson is a tribute to his skill, and "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" is always impressive as well as always stately. Despite an extraordinarily fine performance by Raymond Massey, it is not, however, always exciting. Its forward march is sometimes slow, and if the didacticism is never fatuous the stateliness does not always escape a certain ponderosity. In the past Mr. Sherwood has frequently been almost too lively. That is not a fault likely to be charged against him in a play whose most serious defect is a certain lack of vivacity.

Mr. Anderson's extravaganza has also its lessons. In fact, both the dialogue and the lyrics are rich with satiric implications not any the less telling for being, as they usually are, both broad and funny. Under the circumstances one need not worry if Peter Stuyvesant's conception of the totalitarian state seems suspiciously modern or if the unhappy political choices with which the burghers are faced bear a striking resemblance to our own. I am, however, inclined to think that both Mr. Anderson as librettist and Kurt Weill as composer deserve even more credit for the broad demonstration that musical comedy need not be empty and dull than they do for the specific points of their satire, excellent though much of it is. Certainly no theatrical form is so obviously decadent, so clearly afflicted with pernicious anemia, as the musical show. Ordinarily it is no longer even vulgar, and refinement has meant only the gradual elimination of one element after another until nothing is left except a collection of plain young ladies listlessly chanting deliberately casual words to affectedly casual tunes. Mr. Weill and Mr. Anderson have changed all this. The former demonstrates again, as he has demonstrated before, that he can write meaty tunes. The latter has not only provided a satiric tale which makes sense but boldly gone back to that tradition of musical comedy which assumed that "sophistication" was less important than liveliness. Moreover, the whole thing has been staged by Joshua Logan as though it were indeed an operetta, not a parlor entertainment. Much is not new. In fact, much is very old, for the collaborators do not scorn even things as conventional as the chorus of merry Dutch maidens with scrubbing brush and bucket. But the effect upon me and upon the rest of the audience as well was surprisingly exhilarating, for the result of combining literate lyrics and a coherent plot with robust music and honest low comedy was to make "Knickerbocker Holiday" the first musical show of several years in the middle of which no one went to sleep. Walter Huston as Peter Stuyvesant proves that he is still one of the finest actors on the American stage; the leading feminine role is played by a new soubrette, Jeanne Madden, who possesses not only an excellent voice but great physical charm and a fine sense of style.

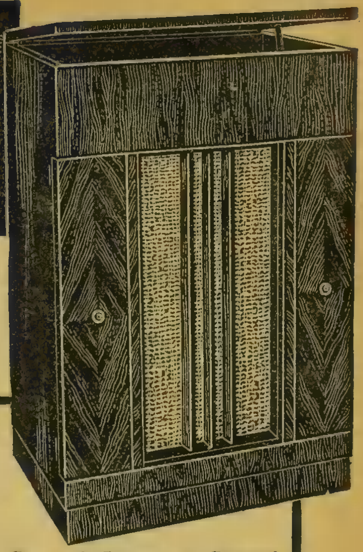
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

ART

The Bronzes of Shang

WHAT very possibly is the most magnificent bronze work produced by man during the course of his existence is richly represented in the exciting exhibition of Chinese, mainly early ceremonial, bronzes at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It is the decorative bronze of "the great city Shang" and the dynasty which ruled in the loamy yellow plains of Anyang from about 1766 to 1122 B. C. The extensive pillage of the ancient graves of the region during the last six or seven years and the more orderly scientific excavations have only very recently brought it to light again. Today the bronzes of Shang constitute the great prizes of museums and private collections.

They are sacrificial vases, monster-masks, caldrons, canisters, libation cups, vessels for food and for wine, finials of poles, fittings for chariots, ax heads and bells evidently produced by the *cire perdue* process in sunk-relief and low-relief techniques; and they conform altogether to some thirty-one distinct shapes and possess some thirty-eight ornamental characteristics. Among the shapes are that of an inverted helmet to which legs or horns have been added and the forms of



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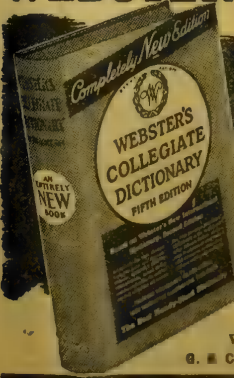

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owls, sundry beasts, and chimeras. Among the decorative motives are whorls in low relief and beaks and staring eyes. What constitutes the magnificence of the bronzes besides the fineness of the workmanship is the designs and proportions. The designs, which are somewhat grotesque and rarely approach the naturalistic, are marvelously large, bold, and strong. And though the workmen may be thought to have aimed at power and emphasis rather than at fineness of design and ornament, some of the decorations none the less have considerable elegance. The spatulas on certain urns emerge from the bronze like leaves from their stalks. And the proportions are perfection itself.

There is no doubt that these ceremonial instruments represent fierce feelings about the heavens, the earth, and man. Yet their full and wonderful unity of elements points to powerful contesting impulses thoroughly balanced and integrated. And the art is dynamic. The shapes seem loaded with force and have a feeling of infinity. What reposes before us in the cases of the museum indubitably is representative of a heroic culture that contrasts with our own.

The men of Chou conquered the men of Shang in 1122 B. C. but adopted the expressions of their culture and added new stylistic elements—the mat pattern in particular. Yet the expressions of the Chous bear somewhat the same relation to those of the Shangs as those of the Romans bore to the art of the Greeks. As Alan Priest, the superintendent of the brilliant exhibition—to which many museums and individuals have contributed—has written:

> The early Chou things are more robust, more powerful, more broadly planned, more accomplished. The monster-masks and animals in relief come more boldly out—a bit like champion boxers. . . . [But] the finest type of Shang bronze is vibrant and electric in its execution. The very shapes . . . are young and alive. One can almost see them grow, as one sees seemingly static spears of young bamboo and knows that even in the afternoon they will be taller and stronger.

To the deep, entirely new past which during the recent years has been rising about present existence, the bronzes of Shang thus have added another new horizon. What helps render this one particularly interesting is the circumstance that there are numerous specific similarities between the decorative art of Shang and the style called the Pacific. This is the style of certain tribes of North American Indians. And the circumstance seems to point to a common root. But whether such a root existed, and what is the real connection between the high culture of ancient Anyang and that of the red man, remains to be discovered. PAUL ROSENFELD

Lists for Christmas

In forthcoming issues of *The Nation*—

Notable Books of 1938: selected by the editors of *The Nation.*

Plays of the season, by J. W. Krutch.

Selected lists of Records, by B. H. Haggin.

Books for children, by Lena Barksdale.

Books of all publishers may be ordered through *The Nation's* Readers' Service Division.

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Letters to the Editors

Codfish Day in Barcelona

Dear Sirs: It is no longer news when a score of people are killed and four score wounded in an air raid on Barcelona, although it would be so—as yet—in New York, or London, or Paris. Today was "*bacalao* (codfish) day" in the big market in Barceloneta. It won't come again in that place, for the market is now a heap of stone and fallen tiles. The women were happy; dried codfish makes a very good meal and it is scarce these days. The queue was being served when, suddenly—you don't see them at 5,500 feet up, although you hear the guns go off as they pass. Someone else later sees that the market is wrecked.

Everything is cleared away immediately. It happened at 10:30 this morning. At 4 p. m. the guards stationed round the spot let me pass but had no answer when I asked if many were killed and wounded here. There is no hysteria or excitement in the surrounding streets. Workmen quickly demolish a house that has been hit and is likely to fall.

There are no factories or barracks in Barceloneta; nothing but humanity. Two women pass and stop to comment on the destruction. One says to me, "Have you noticed whether any fish is being sold along here?"

At 9 p. m. I talked with Captain Johns, British sea captain in the mercantile marine, who has been bringing food and coal here for many months on his little old ship, the Bobby. It has become famous through being hit so often. "Eight British ships hit today," said Captain Johns. Just then the lights went out in the hotel—another raid.

What can you do? You can send food. Give your dollars. They arrive in the form of milk for the children, tinned meats, and all kinds of essentials. I have tasted them in these last weeks through the generosity of the Spaniards' sharing. NANCY CUNARD

Barcelona, October 14

The Lesson of Melos

Dear Sirs: Being myself a devotee of Thucydides, I was pleased to see that Mr. MacLeish had applied to the recent crisis in Europe the lessons taught by this great historian. I am afraid, however, that his application is misleading.

Mr. MacLeish mentions the years of "insecure peace" which followed the events at Melos. He fails to mention that one of the events which resulted in this insecurity was the stubborn resistance of the Melians to the Athenian threats. In the course of the destructive war brought on by this resistance it became clear that the Athenians had been right in saying: "It is for the interests of us both that you should not be destroyed."

Any analogies that may be found in these events look in the opposite direction from Mr. MacLeish's. Though we deplore Hitler's dictatorship over Europe, many of us who have studied history feel the present peace to be more secure than any peace that could follow a war of resistance to fascism. That is what Melos teaches. EDWARD T. LADD

Ojai, Cal., October 25

Diethylene in Cigarettes

Dear Sirs: I was much gratified by Mrs. Woodward's prompt correction of that part of her recent article dealing with the use of diethylene glycol as a hydroscopic agent in cigarettes. I think that your readers' understanding of the still acute problem of extending existing government controls into the field of cigarette manufacture and advertising will be aided if the following facts of record are put before them:

There is, to my knowledge, no scientific proof of Mrs. Woodward's *positive* statement that "the diethylene really did the cigarettes no harm, nor did it hurt the people who smoked them."

The position of the American Medical Association, as stated editorially by Dr. Fishbein, is limited to the quite different *negative* statement that " there is no evidence that diethylene glycol as used in cigarettes is harmful." This statement must be coupled with the statement of Dr. A. J. Carlson, head of the Department of Physiology of the University of Chicago, who says in a letter to the writer, quoted with his permission both here and in the 1938 Yearbook of the American Association for Social Security:

> I know of no reliable evidence as to whether the amount of diethylene glycol in Philip Morris cigarettes is or is not injurious to man. Reliable evidence on this problem would be a long and expensive undertaking, because the injuries, if any, will be slight and chronic in the amount of diethylene glycol that would enter the body from smoking these cigarettes. However, it would seem a clear matter of wisdom to exclude this poison from cigarettes, at least until possible evidence of harmlessness is available. Everybody knows the difficulty of securing reliable evidence in cases of substances that have or may have very slight but chronic injurious action. The reason, of course, is that many of the organs and systems in our bodies may be injured extensively before any evidence of such injury is available. . . .
>
> Thus Dr. Fishbein's editorial statement that "there is no evidence that diethylene glycol as used in cigarettes is harmful" is of course true, but the contrary statement is also true, namely, that there is no evidence at present that it is harmless. I think the people responsible for the advertising copy of Philip Morris cigarettes are using unduly, if not unfairly, the so-called medical approval of these cigarettes.

I have consulted a number of qualified experts on this matter. All of them agree without reservation with the position taken by Dr. Carlson. I point out further that it is not only the right but the duty of reputable scientists like Dr. Carlson to publish expert opinion on matters affecting the public interest. Finally, it is surely significant that the Food and Drug Administration specifically bans the use of diethylene glycol in products under its control (these do not include cigarettes).

JAMES RORTY

New York, October 26

A British Reader Protests

Dear Sirs: Excuse a bitter letter from one of your British readers who has hitherto been—and wishes to remain—an admirer of the United States but finds that American criticisms of the Munich agreement stick in his throat. In the last week of September—I hope that America never has to go through such a week—we were faced with the choice between leaving democratic Czechoslovakia to its fate and starting a war which would mean the probable death of our wives and children and the ruin of our homes. We decided that democracy in Czechoslovakia was not worth the price.

If democracy in Czechoslovakia concerned anyone outside Czechoslovakia, it concerned all democratic countries equally—the United States just as much as Great Britain or France. But all that came out of America was a grandmotherly note from President Roosevelt with a clause about undertaking no European commitments specially inserted to show that no attention need be paid to it. If your President was right, then Chamberlain and Daladier were a thousand times more so. At any rate, before any American talks about "betrayal of Czechoslovakia" or of "democratic principles," let him show that he himself in that last week of September was doing all in his power to urge his own country to do whatever he blames Great Britain and France for not doing.

ARTHUR M. MAC IVER

Leeds, England, October 5

Were We Deceived?

Dear Sirs: The consistency of your stand on collective security for months past has been excellent. But I think you have been over-naive of late—both during the recent European hullaballoo and since.

Was there at any moment during those tense weeks any real danger of immediate war? Was Chamberlain's brief radio speech any more than a last-minute grandstand play? Was any climax ever more carefully staged than that moment in Parliament when Chamberlain was handed the German letters —and proceeded to burst into tears? Consider the theatrical means used to frighten whole peoples. Armies mobilized, navies sent out, gas masks passed out in wholesale quantities—in these days when poison gas is not a frequent weapon of aerial bombardment. All so that the peoples of France and England would accept any peace, even this most shameful one, with a sense of relief.

You were right in remarking that we were given a constant picture of the rapidly shifting scene. How accurate this picture was is another matter. You seem to feel that it was as accurate and as honest as the emotions of those days would permit. But I remember Mr. Kaltenborn's frequent statement that he was trying to arouse American public opinion to appreciate the gravity of the total situation and also of England's position. Who commissioned Mr. Kaltenborn to arouse American public opinion to an appreciation of the British position? Was it his own idea or was it his company's instructions?

As to the broadcasts from Europe, I recall one from London given from across the street from 10 Downing Street. Over the speakers one could hear the continued shouting of the crowd in support of Prague. It sounded like the voice of a large and determined crowd. We were told, however, that it came from a very small group which "happened" to be stationed directly beneath the balcony window.

ALAN MACNEIL

Chester Depot, Vt., October 24

Monument to an Era

Dear Sirs: On a trip through the Black Hills of South Dakota I passed the monuments of the Presidents which Gutzon Borglum is grandly chiseling on the face of a mountain—Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Theodore Roosevelt (leaving a peak for Franklin Roosevelt when his place in history is properly appraised). Compassionately I thought it too bad there should be no recognition there of President Coolidge.

But at Rapid City, where Mr. Coolidge made the one speech for which he is remembered, "I do not choose to run," I found that the political and social era he personified is nobly remembered with a monument. On a hill back of Rapid City is a sculptured group of dinosaurs. The natives assured me that the statues of the pre-historic monsters are simply to advertise that dinosaur bones were found in that vicinity. Overmodest, they were concealing the fact that Rapid City had the wisdom properly to appraise the Coolidge Era, and the wit to express its discovery in the form of a gigantic sculptured cartoon.

A. L. P.

Berkeley, Cal., October 20

WPA Index of Research

Dear Sirs: The results of some 2,000 research projects carried on as part of the federal work-relief program are summarized briefly in a digest and index which has been published by the Works Progress Administration. This volume of 291 pages contains a concise statement of the principal conclusions of each study and an alphabetical subject index to the contents. The reports touch upon nearly every field of natural and social science. Many of them have appeared as articles in scholarly journals, but several hundred are in manuscript form, and arrangements have been made with the American Documentation Institute whereby microfilm copies of the original reports will be furnished at nominal rates for the use of research specialists.

A limited supply of copies of this Index of Research Projects is still available. Requests should be addressed to the Works Progress Administration in Washington.

HAROLD R. HOSEA, Editor
Index of Research Projects

Washington, October 26

Bouquet for Mr. Zabel

Dear Sirs: I have just read a book review in *The Nation* which is so beautifully written and at the same time so accurate that I want you to commend the author for me. It is a review of Virginia Woolf's "Three Guineas," by Morton Dauwen Zabel. I don't know Mr. Zabel but I shall certainly read everything he writes from now on.

KARL A. MENNINGER

Topeka, Kan., October 20

CONTRIBUTORS

NATHANIEL WEYL is an economist and journalist. He is at present studying in Mexico and working on a book which will deal with fascism in South America.

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The Shape of Things

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[Unfortunately our printing and distributing schedule makes it necessary for us to go to press just before the elections and to appear immediately after them—just too late for advance comment to have any pertinence and too early to include any comment on the returns. Our last number contained a section-by-section discussion of the issues; in our next we plan to analyze the results.—THE EDITORS OF THE NATION.]

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MR. HULL'S SPEECH TO THE NATIONAL Foreign Trade Convention was full of unexceptional sentiments. No one in this country, we hope, will challenge his condemnation of autarchy or his contention that freer international trade is a necessary foundation for durable peace. Unfortunately we must cast some doubts on his appreciation of the problems involved. Has he fully grasped the economic consequence of Munich? The integration of Mittel-Europa with German economy is already proceeding rapidly, giving the Nazis not merely a rich territory to exploit but practical command over the commercial policies of the Danubian countries. Consequently Germany's power to force its peculiar economic methods on the outside world has been immensely increased. Indeed, there are persons close to the State Department who are so impressed by the growth of German influence that they are working hard for an American-German trade pact. For this reason we could wish Mr. Hull had made it clear in his speech that no such agreement is possible if it involves acceptance of German barter methods and abandonment of the most-favored-nation principle. We should also feel happier if the political and economic moves of the State Department were clearly in the same direction. Is Mr. Hull aware of the extent to which a Franco victory in Spain will help the fascist powers in achieving cultural and commercial domination in Latin America? Or, nearer home, does he think it worth while to uphold the alleged rights of American oil companies at the cost of forcing Mexico into the fascist barter system with fatal effects on our trade?

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AMONG THE MANY OBSTACLES THAT MR. Hull faces are certain well-rooted domestic prejudices which high-tariff advocates are doing their best to foster. The prolonged negotiations for a trade pact with Britain are, it is reported, being still further delayed by a dispute about the future of sterling. We are attempting to get a guaranty that the pound will be maintained at its old parity with the dollar. It is true that a relapse in the pound would tilt the balance against this country by making it harder to sell American goods in Britain while cheapening British goods here. But it is futile to ignore the factors which are tending to push the value of the dollar up and to pull that of the pound down. The flight of capital to this country, which reached such huge proportions during the September crisis, has diminished but by no means come to an end. Again, while we have a large favorable balance of trade, Britain has an excess of imports so great that it can no longer be offset by "invisible" items—shipping revenues, interest on foreign investments, and so on. Consequently the only method of maintaining sterling at around its present level of $4.76 is to continue the shipment of gold to this country. The advantages of swapping goods and services for a superfluity of gold are more than dubious. In any case Britain's willingness and ability to ship gold are clearly limited. The alternative, if we insist on the maintenance of sterling or attempt to meet its depreciation by a new devaluation of the dollar, is a British embargo on capital exports leading inevitably to the control of exchanges and trade on autarchic lines. This would spell finis to Mr. Hull's efforts, and it would seem wiser to accept a larger volume of imports, recognizing that in our position an adverse balance of trade would be economically healthy.

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ADOLF HITLER IS A PACIFIST. HE IS WILLING, he says, to consider an all-round reduction of armaments in the interest of peace, and he makes only one simple condition: there must be an end to "mischief-making" in the democracies. Mischief-maker-in-chief, mentioned by name, is that British critic of the Munich pact, Winston Churchill. In other words, world peace by way of disarmament will be brought about just as soon as everybody drops this continual nagging criticism and suspicion directed against the brown-shirted hoodlums in power in Berlin. Submission is not enough; you've got to take it and like it. Except for a few cantankerous Laborites and Liberals, Herr Hitler has so far had little to complain of in England. The British Parliament with indecent, almost guilty, haste approved Chamberlain's pact with Mussolini by a vote of 345 to 138. The Prime Minister was hardly challenged when he pointed to the Duce's great services to peace and reported that Mussolini had promised to withdraw all his troops from Spain—as soon as the non-intervention agreement had taken effect—and meanwhile to send no more in. But more troops and planes have been going in, and, several days before Mr. Chamberlain's remarks, Ciano had not only reiterated the determination of the axis to prevent Spain's becoming a "center of Communist infection" but had announced—days after the last Loyalist volunteers had left the front in Spain—that "Italy will not withdraw any more men except under an agreement for simultaneous withdrawal of volunteers from both sides." These facts were not pressed home, but sufficient opposition was expressed to lead Mr. Chamberlain to commend the totalitarian states for refusing similarly to "foul their nests." These are new words applied to criticism of their government by members of the British Commons. We suspect they will not be soon forgotten.

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WITH HUNGARY'S ANNEXATION OF CLOSE to 5,000 square miles of its territory, Czechoslovakia, to use G. E. R. Gedye's striking simile, is "reduced to a well-gnawed bone." In fixing the boundary line the German and Italian arbitrators paid little attention to Hitler's much-advertised ethnological principles. Many districts allotted to Hungary are purely Slovak or Ruthenian. Nor did they take economic needs into account. Czechoslovakia is now wholly deprived of west to east communications, and Ruthenia starts life as a semi-autonomous state shorn of its chief towns and most fertile valleys. The real basis for the settlement was political, and it was dictated from Berlin, with Italy bowing gracefully to the inevitable. Hungary was given as much as suited German plans and no more. Its request for a common frontier with Poland, publicly and enthusiastically supported by Warsaw and with more discretion by Rome, was naturally vetoed. It was indeed rather naive to imagine that Germany, having captured the Bohemian fortress, was going to assist in the erection of a new barrier across its path to the Black Sea. Czechoslovakia now becomes a convenient corridor connecting the Reich with Rumania. Ruthenia, significantly renamed Carpathian Ukraine, provides a useful hostage for the good behavior of Poland. Under German influence and protection it could be made a focus of agitation for the minority rights of the millions of Ukrainians now restive under Polish rule. In this rearrangement of the map Britain and France were ignored by mutual consent of victor and victim. They may be permitted to guarantee the result and to contribute such financial aid as will further Germany's plans.

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THE LIKELY DIVERSION OF SOME PART OF the government's borrowing next year to destructive purposes is hastening a rapprochement between Washington and Wall Street. It would be unfair to assume, however, that the President will henceforth make his economic policies entirely subservient to rearmament. To some extent he seems to be using the curiosities of business psychology, which more readily finds constructive angles in war preparations than in WPA projects, as a lever to hoist industry toward a bigger investment program. Rearmament is being discussed in terms of economic preparedness quite as much as in terms of more ships, guns, and planes, with particular stress laid on the necessity for ample power supplies and an efficient transport system. Achievement of the latter is one of the foremost problems now confronting the Administration, and the appeal to military necessity may succeed where rational economic arguments have failed. The case of the electric utilities is much less complicated. Lack of new investment over a long period of years, together with the long-term upward trend in power consumption, means an urgent need of new plant on purely civil grounds. The industry, however, has persistently defeated its own ends by insisting new capital could not be raised until the Administration changed its policies. The validity of this claim is doubtful. Many of the leading operating companies are making good profits, and several have recently been able to refund existing loans very cheaply. It is therefore high time, from the utilities' own point of view, that the legend of attempted federal destruction of the industry was forgotten. By giving the power executives a patriotic motive for doing something their own interests would impel them to do, the Administration has provided them with a perfect face-saver. This trick seems to go to Mr. Roosevelt, but we hope he will play military trumps sparingly.

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UP TO THE VERY LAST MOMENT AMERICAN liberals hoped that the Mexican government would concede the inhumanity as well as the folly of turning away twenty-one forlorn German and Austrian refugees. Its decision has offended wide areas of American opinion staunchly sympathetic to Mexico, and will be militantly exploited by the Mexican government's professional enemies here; the same voices which have cried "Red Mexico" will not hesitate to invoke anti-fascist sentiment when it is expedient to do so. Nor has the Cárdenas regime offered any plausible defense, if one is conceivable. Instead it has promulgated a weird counterpart to the Nürnberg laws in decreeing that any admissible refugees must be ready—and able—to marry Indian women. If this seems like a curious caricature of Nazi policy, the harsh treatment of the refugees is closer to the real thing. And their fate is an index of Nazi influence in Mexico. While the oil magnates will use this development to clamor for even more stringent American intervention, there is an opposite moral which we have repeatedly cited and which the Roosevelt Administration cannot dodge. State Department pressure has inexorably driven Mexico into closer trade relations with Germany and Italy. To that extent we bear a moral and practical responsibility for the consequences of that rapprochement, of which the refugee episode may be only the first.

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IT IS GOOD NEWS FOR BOTH THE BUYERS and sellers of books that postal rates on books have been drastically reduced by the President's executive order. The mailing cost on books formerly ranged from 10 to 26 cents depending on the zone. They may now be sent anywhere in the United States for 1½ cents a pound, which brings the cost for the average book down to 3 cents. The order is not final. It will expire on June 30 of next year, and the intervening months will be considered a trial period, but it is confidently expected that the book business of the Post Office will be so greatly increased that the order will be made permanent.

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FIRST NEWS OF THE INJUNCTION HANDED down by Judge William Clark of the United States Circuit Court in Newark against Mayor Hague indicates, as we go to press, that the C. I. O. has won a real victory. The terms of the decree seem to go beyond the narrow terms of the opinion and eliminate entirely the obnoxious censorship proposal which caused so much protest and concern. As far back as last May the officials of Jersey City were discussing the idea of a municipal board to censor public speeches. Their demand for the right to censor, encouraged by the dictum in the Clark opinion, was renewed in argument over the terms of the proposed decree. We commend Judge Clark for omitting the censorship provision and hope that he will expunge the offensive passage in preparing his opinion for official publication. So dangerous and unconstitutional a suggestion should not be permitted to stand. If his decree is enforced, and enforcement is in the hands of Judge Clark, Norman Thomas should finally be able to speak in Jersey City unmolested, and the organizers of the C. I. O. should be able to go about their tasks without interference. We shall comment at greater length on the situation in Jersey City as soon as the full text of the decree is available. In the meantime we congratulate Morris Ernst and his associates on a splendid victory in the cause of civil liberties.

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THE DEATH OF CHARNEY VLADECK BROUGHT a response from New York's East Side public that showed how widespread was the trust and affection with which he was known; some half-million people filled the streets through which his funeral procession passed. More than editorials in the metropolitan press or tributes from famous men and women, this mass impulse of sorrow would have moved him if he could have known of it. For Charney Vladeck was not only the good American, the humanitarian, the immigrant who rose to the management of a great newspaper and became the minority leader of the New York City Council. Above all else he was a Socialist. He suffered for his Socialist faith in Russia under the Czar and he worked for it in America. It was not until he was appointed to the New York City Housing Authority in the later years of his life that he was able to translate some of his social beliefs into action. In the meetings of the Authority he was at his best—master of intricate facts, shrewd, full of warm understanding for the men and women of the slums, and with it all invincibly humorous. Publicly and privately, Charney Vladeck will be terribly missed.

Asia for the Asiatics

AFTER many months of meaningless prattle about dissuading China from its anti-Japanese attitude and freeing Asia from "Communist" influence, the Japanese government has at last shown its hand. No longer does it even suggest that Japan is in China to uphold its treaty rights. On the contrary, it has openly announced its defiance of the basic treaty covering Far Eastern relations. The Open Door, slammed shut some months ago in the territories under Japanese military control, is now to be officially bolted against the Western nations. Japan has also refused to accept responsibility for the damage done to the property of Western powers as a result of the present warfare in China.

No change in policy is represented by Tokyo's recent statements. Secretary Hull's note of October 6 carefully enumerated the ways in which the Japanese military and puppet governments in the occupied areas have for months been systematically squeezing out foreign interests. These include changes in the tariff schedule, exchange control, censorship of mail and telegrams, restrictions on freedom of residence and travel by foreign nationals, and the establishment of Japanese monopolistic companies. What is new is Japan's attempt to bend legality to cover its tactics. This is a direct consequence of Munich. Japan has assumed, perhaps correctly, that Munich spelled the end of all resistance by the democratic states to aggression. It no longer sees any need for pretense. If the Nine-Power Treaty and other international agreements block exploitation of the conquered territories, the agreements must be scrapped.

In defense of their demand for freedom from existing legal obligations, Japanese spokesmen frequently declare that all they ask is a Monroe Doctrine for Asia. To persons unfamiliar with the realities of Japan's activities in China the statement may seem to have a degree of plausibility. Actually, no parallel exists. The Monroe Doctrine involves a responsibility to defend the soil of the Americas against foreign invasion. To use this doctrine as a pretext for conquering and ruling and monopolizing the economic opportunities of a continent is even more farfetched than most Japanese arguments.

The situation as it exists at this moment can be summed up very briefly. Japan has called the bluff of the United States and the Western powers. It has flatly denied that the West has any concern, either economic or humanitarian, in the fate of China and its four hundred million inhabitants. Mr. Hull hinted at the possibility of reprisals if Japan continued to discriminate against American nationals. The United States is now in a position where it must make good this implicit threat or, like Britain and France, bow to the superior "nerves" of a bandit power. Just what type of action Mr. Hull had in mind when he sent his note to Japan is not clear. Section 30 of the amended Tariff Act gives the President power to withhold the benefits of the reciprocal trade pacts in case a country discriminates against American trade. But such action would mean little to Japan. Less than 2 per cent of its exports to this country benefit from our trade agreements with other powers. Moreover, such a retaliatory measure could not be taken until the 1911 commercial treaty with Japan had been denounced, an act which requires six months' advance notice.

Much more effective and practical is the action which *The Nation* has consistently advocated—the stopping of American assistance to the country which is threatening American commercial, educational, and missionary interests in China, and which has as its immediate aim the enslavement of the Chinese people. The argument for legislative measures cutting off financial and commercial relations with Japan is stronger today than ever. In order to consolidate its power on the Asiatic continent, Japan will require a tremendous amount of new equipment. It counts on getting the bulk of this from the United States. If the flow of supplies can be stopped, the problem of getting Japan out of China can be left to the Chinese.

Larceny in the Stock Exchange

THE Securities and Exchange Commission and its trial examiner, Samuel O. Clark, are to be commended on the thorough job they have done in investigating the Whitney scandal. The previous inquiries, by Attorney General Bennett and by District Attorney Dewey, sent Richard Whitney to jail but did not probe far enough. The District Attorney convicted Whitney, but the SEC convicts the Stock Exchange. Mr. Clark's report shows it guilty of operating what should be a public institution on a code of ethics better suited to a rich man's club. The SEC found that Whitney misappropriated the securities of a customer as far back as March, 1926. At that time he was a member of the

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Exchange Committee on Business Conduct. His criminal acts continued without hampering his career, for in the twelve years before he was sent to jail he served as chairman of the Committee on Business Conduct, and later as vice-president and president of the Exchange.

The peculiar honor that exists among gentlemen explains Whitney's ability to carry on for so long the minor peculations that are no part of the normal business of the Exchange. Occasional misappropriations became "his regular practice" after 1936. His financial affairs, ever more frenzied, reached a climax in the four hectic months before his failure, when he negotiated 111 loans, totaling $27,000,000, of which $6,500,000 remained unpaid. Whitney's maneuvers were a matter of common gossip in the Exchange, and at least as early as November, 1937, two persons knew and two others had reason to suspect that Whitney had taken securities from the Gratuity Fund, of which he was trustee. Those who should have suspected but did not investigate were E. H. H. Simmons, a cotrustee of the fund, and Roland L. Redmond, counsel of the Exchange. Those who knew but did not tell were George Whitney and his partner in J. P. Morgan and Company, Thomas W. Lamont. One can sympathize with George Whitney's silence, but one must condemn Lamont's. "A stubborn indifference to the public responsibility of the Exchange as a basic characteristic of the old order of Exchange thinking," the SEC decided, "stands darkly revealed in the testimony of Thomas W. Lamont." Simmons spoke to George Whitney of the securities his brother had failed to return. "Mr. Simmons learned that Richard Whitney had required financial assistance from his brother to enable him to make delivery." "George Whitney and Thomas W. Lamont . . . knew that Richard Whitney had engaged in criminal conduct." Neither told. Under other circumstances the personal loyalty felt toward a partner might partially excuse Lamont's attitude, but the power wielded by a leading partner in J. P. Morgan and Company entails an equivalent responsibility. It would be shutting one's eyes to the hypnotic effect exercised by the House of Morgan over the financial community not to recognize that neither Simmons nor Redmond would dare act against its implied wish. The SEC is right in concluding that the ethical attitude revealed, emanating from the very center of American finance, must have a bad influence on the morals of the entire business community.

A word of warning is necessary.

The ballyhoo attending the new plan of Exchange regulation is deceptive. The Whitney case was a case of felony, and the new rules resulting from the SEC's inquiry will make felony more difficult. They will protect the public from losses in Stock Exchange firm failures, a rare occurrence in recent years. They provide certain elementary precautions, such as independent audits of firms doing business with the public and segregation of the capital used in brokerage from that used in speculation. They provide reporting and restriction of loans between the gentlemen of the Stock Exchange, and they forbid an officer of the Exchange to sit in judgment on a member to whom he is indebted, a rule that should hardly have required a Whitney scandal for its formulation. A central-trust institution may also be set up to hold customer securities and protect brokers from the temptation of "borrowing" them. But larceny is a minor problem. Effective action is still to be taken on the major problems created by the conflicting interests of men who act at one and the same time as brokers, underwriters, and speculators. The report's reference to "the old order of Exchange thinking" is premature. The path of reform is strewn with the bleached bones of past optimism, and the SEC would be well advised to be a little more restrained in its enthusiasm.

Brave New World

THE outlines of the post-Munich world take shape under our eyes. Central Europe is rebuilt at Vienna, Japan proclaims its Asiatic empire before it wins it, and in the Near East a local Arab revolt in Palestine shows unmistakable signs of becoming a full-dress pan-Arab war. African colonies are put on the counter for Nazi inspection, amid some haggling on the part of the present owners and trustees. Chamberlain seals the conquest of Ethiopia with the blood of Spain, and Parliament ratifies the deal by an easy majority. The French Radical Socialist Party supports overwhelmingly Daladier's scrap-of-paper policy abroad and rule-by-decree at home. The brave new world is not yet ready for the map-makers, but people are beginning to adjust themselves to the job of surviving within its still fluid boundaries. Half-unnoticed the process of accommodation goes on.

The major changes are discussed more fully elsewhere in this issue. Below we cite others, minor in themselves, but similar in their origin and equally significant as indications of the present boundaries of totalitarian advance.

The League of Nations was sadly repudiated at Marseille by one of its founders and most devoted partisans, Edouard Herriot; but several days earlier the League made a feeble bid for existence by dismissing "for reasons of economy" Marcel Hoden, Chief of Cabinet to M. Avenol, the Secretary General. M. Hoden had been with the League since 1919, and had believed to the end that it should fulfil the obligations of the Covenant. The liquidation of M. Hoden was hopefully designed to pave the way for the return of Italy and Germany.

In Memel, after sudden agitation for "autonomy" by its German inhabitants, martial law was lifted at the demand of the German Minister, and the Lithuanian government was warned to quit quibbling and raising legalistic objections lest it find itself in the pre-Munich role of the Czechoslovak government.

Among the various accords signed by Germany and Czechoslovakia to regularize their new relationship is a railway agreement wiping out duty, passport, and currency restrictions on two lines running through Czech territory. As a result of this friendly arrangement, Hitler has achieved one of the important goals he aimed at in the Godesberg demands—corridors through Czechoslovakia connecting Silesia and Austria.

The new government of Slovakia has announced that "Mein Kampf" and five Nazi dailies published in Germany, hitherto proscribed in its territory, may be sold and circulated freely. It has suppressed the Masonic lodges and declared their property confiscated; known Masons are to be under the constant surveillance of the police. Like the Czech government, the Slovaks have prohibited the Communist Party. The Czech Social Democratic Party has affirmed its intention of seceding from the Second International.

Even in the neutral countries the peace of Munich finds its victims. A large Copenhagen daily recently published an article by its foreign editor which quoted a British M. P.'s description of "Nazi atrocities" in the Sudeten districts. Next day the same journal apologized for repeating the "absolutely incredible" statement and dismissed its foreign editor. Reports of press censorship to avoid annoying the Reich have come from all the Scandinavian countries.

The rejection of a handful of Jewish refugees by the Mexican government, discussed on another page, is one more item in the ledger of democratic losses.

Both the appointment of the Duke of Kent as Governor General of Australia and no less certainly the projected visit of the King and Queen to Canada are clear echoes of Munich. Equally so, in a minor key, is the canceling of a speaking trip in the United States by the pro-Loyalist Dean of Canterbury—"on advice . . . that it was inadvisable for a Briton to talk to Americans about Spain at the present time."

More remote but no less direct were Japan's threats to take "action" if necessary to prevent arms from going into China through French Indo-China and the hasty assurance by France that no arms had ever been sent. Apparently it has become a crime, since Munich, for a democratic power to allow supplies to go to democratic China, to the detriment of the new Japanese empire.

Such items as are gathered here, apparently unrelated, take on meaning when considered together. From week to week they should be noted and pondered by persons who hope to stave off similar processes of accommodation to fascism in our still relatively detached hemisphere.

Panic from Mars

THE mass hysteria that broke loose on the night of October 30 when Orson Welles broadcast H. G. Wells's "War of the Worlds" with variations is almost as disturbing to any thoughtful person as the attack of the Martians was terrifying to those who took it literally. By now the editorial writers and the columnists have listed all its more obvious causes: the psychological carry-over from the days and nights of the European crisis, when the listening mass was in a constant state of excitement at the incredible happenings in Berchtesgaden, Godesberg, and Munich which turned out to be real; the compulsive force of the human voice issuing from the upper air; the mass attitude toward the wonder workings of science, which has become quite as credulous as that of the Dark Ages toward religious miracles.

These are the main immediate causes, but all of them stem from a deeper source—the sea of insecurity and actual ignorance over which a superficial literacy and sophistication are spread like a thin crust. In a world where everyone knows the latest news and few understand its meaning, it is perhaps not surprising that the broadcast of an imaginary catastrophe only a little more fantastic than some of the major events of the past few months should have caused this undertide of conscious and subconscious fear to burst forth in all its foolish and pathetic and terrifying manifestations.

These manifestations, too, have been thoroughly exploited by the press, and they were not confined to the uninitiated. One Southern newspaper summoned its staff to get out an extra; it is reliably reported that an N. B. C. executive, inadvertently turning in on a C. B. S. station, nearly fainted at the thought that his own system had been scooped on a story so colossal that neither system could exist long enough to relate it.

It is easy to point out that if casual listeners casually turning the dial—and their name seems to be legion—had stopped to think they would have discovered their error at least within a few minutes. The fact that they did not is what makes the mass flight from mythical monsters not merely a funny story but a significant social phenomenon.

One of the dangerous results of the whole occurrence was the automatic suggestion of radio censorship, but fortunately the FCC shows no signs of taking the proposal seriously. For the rest, it provided a new insight into the power of radio. The disembodied voice has a far greater force than the printed word, as Hitler has discovered. If the Martian incident serves as even a slight inoculation against our next demagogue's appeal for a red hunt or an anti-Semitic drive it will have had its constructive effect.

Behind the Dies Intrigue

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, November 7

GARBAGE disposal is not a pretty job, but public sanitation and health demand it. For the same reason I am compelled to devote some more time and effort to the Dies committee, with especial attention to the activities of its chairman. Since the task does not require a delicate approach, I shall be direct.

Certain sinister facts have now emerged from the fog of perjury and camp-meeting oratory in which this committee functions. These facts are: (1) Witnesses were brought from Minnesota to Washington pursuant to an arrangement made secretly in Detroit between Dies and a Minnesota Republican politician. Their testimony, the nature of which was known to Dies in advance, was designed and directed to discredit Governor Elmer Benson and the Farmer-Labor Party, and thus help bring about the election of Harold Stassen, the Republican nominee. (2) Harper Knowles, who testified that Culbert Olson and Sheridan Downey, Democratic nominees for Governor and Senator in California, are Communist sympathizers, is himself secretary of the Associated Farmers, a vigilante outfit headed by Philip Bancroft, the Republican nominee for Senator from that state. Both Dies and Knowles attempted to deceive the public and the press by stating that Knowles was appearing in behalf of the American Legion. After Knowles was repudiated by the California commander of the Legion, Dies made no effort to disclose who had sponsored and financed Knowles's appearance. A typewritten copy of Knowles's "testimony" was in Dies's possession before it was delivered. (3) One witness who was permitted to testify at great length and without cross-examination on the activities of "Communists" and "Communist sympathizers" had been described in an affidavit to the Labor Department as a fascist organizer. A copy of this affidavit was placed in Dies's hands before the witness took the stand, but he failed to mention it, although he had relied in part upon an affidavit by the same man in demanding the deportation of Harry Bridges.

By the time the foregoing appears, the elections will have passed into history, and the despicable stratagems I have described will have succeeded or failed, as the case may be. However, the public may at least have some understanding of what was behind this bogus "investigation of un-American activities."

So far as I know, the first information received by the public concerning the Minnesota intrigue was contained in a broadcast which I delivered over a state-wide network Wednesday night; hence the facts will bear repetition here. Six witnesses from Minnesota appeared before the Dies committee. Superintending their appearance was Mark Gehan, former Republican Mayor of St. Paul, now attorney for an employers' organization known as the "Committee on Industrial Relations." George Gehan, his brother, is one of Stassen's campaign managers. Principal witness among the six was Steve Gadler, who "testified" from a bulky manuscript. The essence of all the testimony was that Communists had gained control of the Farmer-Labor Party through the "Trojan-horse policy" of capturing strategic posts, and that Governor Benson was a Communist "tool." During a recess newspapermen covering the hearing asked Gehan for a copy of Gadler's testimony. He replied: "The only corrected copy is the one he used on the stand. We had to correct it on the train coming down. *I only got hold of Dies a few days ago when he was in Detroit, and he only had six subpoenas. If he had more subpoenas we could have got him enough witnesses to keep this stuff going for several days.*"

It was the reporters' understanding from the conversation that the subpoenas were blank when Dies turned them over to Gehan. When Gehan's statement was repeated to Dies he declared that he had not seen Gehan in Detroit and had not talked with him about the testimony. Take your choice. When the House gets around to inquiring into the misuse of its power by the Dies committee, it should not fail to inquire into the circumstances surrounding the service of those subpoenas. Before that time arrives, the La Follette Civil Liberties Committee may save the House some trouble by exposing the activities of the Associated Farmers, and the relations between that organization and Fascist and Nazi propagandists. Then, and not before, we may learn about the un-American activities which constitute a real threat to this country's institutions. How illuminating it would be to discover that persons engaged in those activities have been using the Dies committee as a loudspeaker for their propaganda!

In the last issue I alluded briefly to the gallant Texan's efforts to prevent me from following him on the air last Monday night. Those frantic maneuvers succeeded only in focusing public attention on the fact that Dies claimed a right to broadcast an attack on his critics, but insisted that it was "un-American" to permit one of them to answer him. Intimidation having failed, the next step was attempted reprisal. Somewhat brighter, if not braver, than his lame-duck colleague in Ohio, Dies succeeded in having Representative Harold Mosier issue a statement in Cleveland attacking my private character and professional reputation. Most of the statement was so palpably libelous that editors promptly killed it. In a way, that is too bad, for I am advised by competent lawyers that if one or two solvent newspapers had printed it, I would have been enabled to live in comparative luxury for the rest of my days without the necessity of working. That portion of the statement which some papers did print is sufficient to characterize both Dies and Mosier. Several years ago while recuperating in the Johns Hopkins Hospital from a nervous breakdown, I sought to while the time away by composing some light prose for *The Nation,* in the course of which I jocosely declared that I had acted upon the suggestion of friends in submitting myself for observation. Mosier ripped this sentence from its context and presented it as serious evidence bearing on my "reputation"—the obvious implication being that my sanity had been in question! As a matter of fact, I am advised that his use of the sentence was clearly libelous, and the matter is still under consideration, although I am inclined to abide by Uncle Joe Cannon's famous admonition which was, roughly: "Never get into any kind of a contest with a mosier."

Since, however, the loaded dies and the striped mosiers have questioned my personal and professional reputation, and have sought to portray me as a radical stooge for the White House, I may be pardoned for quoting the following telegram which appeared on the front page of the St. Louis *Star-Times* on March 1, last: "I am informed that my friend, Paul Y. Anderson, will become a member of the Washington staff of the *Star-Times.* May I not congratulate you on securing the services of this brilliant newspaper correspondent? (*Signed*) John N. Garner." A trifle florid, no doubt—but let Dies do the blushing for once.

Mr. Hearst in Eclipse

BY FERDINAND LUNDBERG

SOMETHING resembling a recurrent earthquake accompanied by roaring hurricanes and severe electrical storms has been shaking the Hearst newspaper and magazine empire from top to bottom for a year and a half, and both the corporate structure of the Hearst enterprises and their editorial policies have in consequence undergone significant changes. With respect to the editorial policies, it would not be quite correct to say that they have been reversed; but, probably because of the extreme pressure exerted on the Hearst circulation and, *pari passu,* on its advertising by the forces of organized labor and the political left, they have been severely modified. This change in the largest publishing organization in the United States represents a triumph, if a qualified one, for an outraged public.

It was immediately after the reelection of President Roosevelt in 1936 that Hearst abruptly stopped branding leading New Dealers and politically unaffiliated liberals as Bolsheviks. With respect to the President, Hearst personally executed an about-face as soon as the election returns had been counted, declaring that Franklin D. Roosevelt was perhaps a second Andrew Jackson, destined to lead democracy ahead to new victories. It is a far cry from the Kremlin to the Hermitage, but Hearst negotiated the distance with acrobatic nonchalance.

As time went on and the fortunes of Hearst failed to improve, it was apparently decided by his private brain trust that the situation required something more positive than liquidation of an editorial policy of unjustified and misleading invective. Recently, various national samplings of public sentiment having shown that President Roosevelt retains the confidence of a good majority despite the continued onslaughts of the nation's press, Hearst and his writers have been sounding more and more like New Dealers, without actually giving the New Deal a complete bill of health. Perhaps this modified attitude only conceals the attempt of an unregenerate Liberty Leaguer to bore from within now that frontal attacks have collapsed; time alone will tell.

Editor and Publisher of July 9, 1938, contained the most astonishing statement made by Hearst since he first coupled the names of Roosevelt and Jackson. He said:

> I think President Roosevelt's declared determination to cooperate with business has done more to create the business optimism and business activity which now obviously exists than even the inflationary program, valuable and necessary as that is. The combination of the two is dynamic. I believe we are headed for good times. . . . I think the President's program, if conscientiously carried out, should be conscientiously supported for the public welfare. . . .

Another new note was sounded in all the Hearst Sunday newspapers of July 31, 1938, in an editorial entitled The American Race, part of which ran as follows:

> The endeavor of Mr. Hitler and—trailing after him —Mr. Mussolini to make the world safe for the Aryan

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> race is as futile but not as creditable as America's attempt to make the world safe for democracy.
>
> If the Aryan race cannot take care of itself in competition with other races, then it is an INFERIOR [capitals by Hearst] race, and should not be preserved.

Believing that Hearst was in various ways giving sly encouragement to racial animosities as well as to fascism, many persons, not radicals, have in recent years become disgusted with his publications, and some of these persons have undoubtedly been in a position to influence the disposal of advertising. In the large cities where he owns newspapers many foreign-born or politically heterodox citizens have unquestionably stopped reading his publications and have prevailed on friends to do likewise. More than one sound editorial in the traditional American spirit of tolerance will be required if Hearst is to undo what several years of innuendo and bold assertion have done.

It may be doubted that business conditions had become as roseate as Hearst painted them in the previously cited *Editor and Publisher* statement. In the newspaper business circulation and advertising lineage were sharply below the 1937 figures, and in most divisions of industry the lowest levels of activity since 1933 had been reached. In expressing optimism Hearst was perhaps only reverting to the traditional American business blarney, almost forgotten since business leaders under the New Deal have taken to selling America short with passionate gusto. Though at long last Hearst was talking bullishly, affairs in his own companies were pursuing a perceptibly bearish course. And here, perhaps, lies the key to the new liberal tone of some of his ukases.

The trend of events within the Hearst organization was clearly indicated when on June 15, 1938, the dividend due on the preferred stock of Hearst Consolidated Publications with a par value of $48,000,000 was omitted. This stock had been sold in a national door-to-door campaign from 1930 through 1935 by means of glowing representations. To miss a dividend on such a large issue of preference shares so soon after its flotation was, to say the least, unusual. The net income of Hearst Consolidated for 1937 showed a slight decline compared with 1936—$5,746,209 against $6,197,663—but nothing like what the decline in 1938 income from the 1937 figure will apparently be. The company's announcement when the dividend was omitted said that net earnings for the first five months of 1938 were only about $600,000 to $700,000, compared with $2,644,000 for the first four and three-quarter months of 1937, a drop of 75 per cent and greater by far than any other year's decline in Hearst earnings since 1929. Advertising sales of Hearst Consolidated for the first four months of 1938, the company said, stood at only $11,927,000, as compared with $15,251,000 for the parallel period of 1937. Although the company's statement blamed it all on business conditions, some of the severe reduction in 1938 income may possibly reflect the inauguration of more conservative accounting methods, with more generous provisions for depreciation and reserves. Earnings are affected, too, by the need to meet interest and principal maturities on floating debt.

With the omission of preferred dividends, the dividends on common stock held by Hearst Corporation (which is controlled by American Newspapers, Inc.) for the account of William Randolph Hearst were automatically terminated—undoubtedly a severe personal blow to Hearst—and the common dividends may not be resumed until preferred arrears have been paid. In 1937, the company said, no dividends were paid on the common, which previously had been taking $1½ to $3½ million annually. Nearly $3½ million a year has been paid on the preferred.

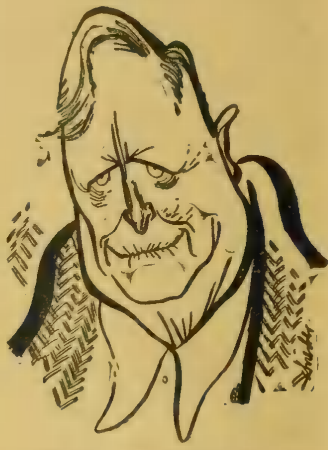
Before the 1929 crash the company's constituent parts had harvested net earnings of more than $12,000,000 a year. By dint of savage reductions in editorial and administrative salaries the net income was held above $6,000,000 until 1937. It was not until the present year that the dike showed signs of cracking.

Nearly all newspapers have been under heavy pressure this year, losing circulation and advertising lineage as newsprint prices have been advanced, and as determined opposition to further wage reductions and deterioration of working conditions has developed from editorial and commercial employees organized in the American Newspaper Guild. But, as has been indicated above, the pressure on the Hearst organization has been considerably greater than that on other large newspaper enterprises owing to the antagonism aroused in extensive social groups by its provocative policies during the long period before its recent shift. The effects of this pressure have been manifested in a number of ways.

First, whole units of the Hearst enterprises have been jettisoned to meet maturing obligations and to enable the parent organization to reach the profit line again. The New York *American* (morning), the Omaha *Bee-News,* and the Rochester *Journal-American* (evening and Sunday) have been discontinued; Hearst's half-interest in the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* was sold to Paul Block for $2,750,000 in the fall of 1937; the Milwaukee *Sentinel,* leased by Hearst to Block for a number of years, was released by Block, to be merged with Hearst's *Wisconsin News,* the property becoming the Milwaukee *News-Sentinel.* In short, four Hearst dailies have been swept out of existence and a half-interest in another has been relinquished.

For some years Eleanor Medill Patterson, a sister of Joseph Medill Patterson, publisher of the New York *Daily News,* was Hearst's editor and publisher of the Washington *Herald.* In April of last year this publication was leased to Mrs. Patterson for ten years; in July, 1937, Hearst's Washington *Times* was turned over to her on lease for five years. This could only mean that Hearst was withdrawing from an active role in the Washington arena.

A consistent pattern discloses itself in these transactions, for none of these properties was a constituent of Hearst Consolidated Publications; each was owned by Hearst directly, by American Newspapers, Inc., or by Hearst Corporation. If we regard the two leased papers as divorced from the Hearst system, we find that Hearst's newspaper holdings have been reduced from twenty-six and one-half to twenty-one, and of these twenty-one the fourteen leaders are included, along with *American Weekly,* in Hearst Consolidated Publications, which is the core of Hearst's publishing empire. The daily circulation of this group is about 2,500,000. The daily circulation of all the Hearst newspapers, the largest group in the country, is given as 4,000,000, comparing with a daily circulation of about 2,000,000 for the Scripps-Howard chain. In addition, several of Hearst's radio properties have been sold, and others are rumored to be for sale.



William Randolph Hearst

Units of Hearst Consolidated have figured in various operations designed to increase revenues or to effect economies. The price of the Los Angeles *Herald and Express* has been raised to 5 cents, and if the innovation succeeds it is believed other Hearst papers will follow suit. Advertising rates have been reduced experimentally in other quarters. The New York *Evening Journal-American,* for example, lowered its daily national rates in July from $1.25 to $1 a line, its Sunday rates from $1.50 to $1.25. The *American Weekly,* hitherto distributed exclusively with Hearst papers, is now offered for sale to other papers. The International News Service and Universal Service, constituents of the profitable King Features Syndicate, have been merged to effect operating economies.

Sweeping changes within the Hearst organization have become so confusing to its workers that the American Newspaper Guild is holding a national conference this week to discuss the matter. From the beginning Hearst has been an implacable foe of the Guild, which nevertheless has now something like a dozen contracts with Hearst papers. The Guild's efforts have been somewhat impeded by the intervention of a newly formed A. F. of L. editorial workers' union, recognized by Hearst in Boston and Los Angeles, but it has left Hearst badly shaken in Milwaukee and Seattle as a result of major strikes and has elsewhere exacted dismissal indemnities running into hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Perhaps the most dramatic development in the Hearst organization during the past year was Hearst's surrender of the control of his properties. The sequence of events that led up to this extraordinary step was as follows:

In September, 1937, Hearst withdrew public-financing applications from the Securities and Exchange Commission for the issuance of $35,500,000 of debentures—$22,500,000 for Hearst Publications, Inc., a subsidiary of Hearst Consolidated, and $13,000,000 for Hearst Magazines, Inc. Bad market conditions were given as the reason for the withdrawal, but the proposed issues, it must be pointed out, had been under attack from radical and liberal publicists and accountants, who through representatives had filed with the SEC objections and demands for more clarifying data.

In October, after much secret discussion, Clarence J. Shearn, Hearst's general counsel from 1896 to 1916 and his closest political adviser until 1920, was appointed sole voting trustee of all the Hearst properties, with Hearst giving up for ten years the right to vote his controlling stock in American Newspapers, Inc. The Chase National Bank, reported in Wall Street to be a leading Hearst creditor, was named registrar for the voting-trust certificates. As rumors multiplied in Wall Street, it was finally openly announced in March, 1938, that Hearst had stepped aside in favor of his one-time employee. Because copies of the voting-trust agreement are not available, little can be said about it, but some inferences may be drawn from the bare announcement, which stated that Hearst had given up control because he had become "conscious of the uncertainties of life." Hearst is seventy-five years old and his physical powers are doubtless not at their maximum, but he has five sons, one of whom holds a place on the executive board. His infirmity, if such it was, was surely no reason for taking control away from the family.

At any rate, Mr. Shearn, who is, incidentally, only six years Hearst's junior, is now officially the king-pin of the Hearst organization. But unless the banks have confidentially surrendered their rights to call their heavy loans—which is not likely—he is no dictator. When Shearn took over, the banks apparently agreed to a creditors' "standstill," giving Hearst a breathing spell. In the announcement of the trusteeship it was carefully indicated that Hearst would continue to control editorial policies, but such policies as a rule are controlled by whoever holds the purse-strings. If Hearst still molds the policies of his newspapers while an independent trustee votes his stock and the banks watch the cash register, he must surely be looked upon as a historical novelty.

The reintroduction of Shearn into Hearst's affairs was not without ironic flavor. For it was not until after the split in 1920 between Hearst and the astute lawyer, who as counsel for the New York City Transit Commission fought Mayor John F. Hylan of New York in defiance of Hearst's wishes, that Hearst's personal affairs moved into turbulent waters. This may have been coincidence, but some observers believe that, lacking Shearn's guiding brain, Hearst entangled himself in a situation that in a time of economic crisis was bound to squeeze him. It was not until after the rupture with Shearn that the romantic Hearst, approaching sixty, began building his extravagant California palaces—at San Simeon, at Wyntoon, and at Santa Monica—and started buying art works and castles abroad like a man possessed. The cost of Hearst's personal acquisitions since 1920 must have exceeded $50,000,000, a sum withdrawn from his properties.

Shearn is now trying to bring order into a situation created by a combination of Hearst's personal expenditures, the economic crisis of 1920-38, more rigid tax laws, and the public ill-will aroused by Hearst's fierce opposition in later years to economic and social reforms. He is resorting to heroic measures, as the exposition up to this point should indicate. He has by no means stopped with the transactions already mentioned, and at this point we find another pattern of reorganization: personally owned non-income-producing properties and personally owned unprofitable business properties are being shorn off. Early this year, for example, it was announced that two-thirds of Hearst's vast art collection—acquired at a reported cost of $30 to $40 million, most of it stored in a New York warehouse and all of it held by American Newspapers, Inc.—would be dumped on the market; an entire building has since been leased to display these wares. Not long before this step was taken, Hearst's collection of old silver was sold in London.

A determined effort is being made to untangle Hearst's metropolitan realty holdings. Last April it was announced that Hearst had surrendered his equity in the forty-one-story Ritz Tower in New York in favor of holders of $2,634,000 of mortgage bonds. Inquiry discloses, however, that the title has not been transferred to bondholders, although rents have been assigned to them through the Continental Bank and Trust Company. In June the Hotel Devon in New York, assessed valuation $545,000, was sold by American Newspapers, Inc.

Maturing bonds and mortgages on the newspaper and magazine plants have confronted Hearst with knotty problems. Early this year $1,000,000 of maturing debentures of Hearst Magazines, Inc., were paid off. In 1937 Hearst Consolidated had to meet $4,453,800 of subsidiary-company bond and mortgage maturities, and in 1938 it has to meet $2,649,700 of maturities as well as $2,452,732 of bank loans. How the situation stands on the other properties does not appear on the record. As various properties are freed of encumbrances they are being repledged. Hearst Magazines Building was mortgaged this year for $1,000,000 at 4½ per cent to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, and the Hearst Publications Building, on South Street, New York, was mortgaged for $500,000 at 5 per cent to the Equitable Life Assurance Society. Both mortgages run for ten years.

The status of Hearst's holdings in the rich Homestake Mining Company, once a large and controlling share, is not known; but it was noticed last year that for the first time in its long history this high-priced stock was split eight for one, making it more accessible to small investors. A split-up like this is often arranged by corporations when some large stockholder wishes to distribute all or part of his shares. Looking even farther afield, one perceives trouble on Hearst's big Mexican ranch. On October 3, the Mexico City *Official Gazette* carried President Cárdenas's final decree expropriating 17,980 acres of land belonging to Hearst in the state of Chihuahua.

Hearst, in short, is going through the deflationary wringer, but it is not to be doubted that under Mr. Shearn's direction the principal publishing companies will be placed in a sounder position and be able to appeal for new readers with a liberalized editorial policy. Although Hearst Consolidated obtained nearly $50,000,000 not many years ago by selling preferred stock, the money was used simply to acquire notes issued to Hearst in his capacity as controlling stockholder. But as Hearst has personally guaranteed underlying bonds of Hearst Consolidated, which amounted to a little more than $17,000,000 as of December 31, 1937, he may be called upon to return some of this from the proceeds of his art treasures and other sources.

The applications filed last year with the SEC, and the current balance sheets themselves, show the properties to be in need of fresh funds. Hearst Publications, Inc., in its application to the SEC, admitted tremendous write-up in property valuations from 1922 to 1930: "Summarized as to all companies there have been net write-ups of tangible capital assets of $4,490,863.88 and net write-ups of intangible capital assets of $58,261,820.44." The total write-up by the Hearst companies was, then, $62,752,684.32. And it was against this write-up that Hearst sold the preferred stock now in arrears. Most of Hearst's bonds and mortgages were also issued after 1922.

For a number of years, off and on, the Hearst balance sheets have indicated a shortage of working capital, which is the excess of current assets over current liabilities. The renovation under the Shearn regime has already wrought such improvement that the balance sheet of Hearst Consolidated for December 31, 1937, shows working capital of $1,525,409, compared with a working-capital deficiency of $2,897,357 the year before. However, the underlying Hearst Publications had a working-capital deficiency of $902,406 at the end of 1937 (figures from Poor's "Industrial Manual" for 1938).

One of the unusual things about the Hearst companies is that they include relatively little tangible property in proportion to total claimed assets. Hearst Consolidated, for example, has total assets of $128,021,266, according to its balance sheet, but of this only $27,022,237 consists of land, buildings, machinery, and equipment, while the huge sum of $83,847,912 covers a good-will item of "circulation, press franchises, libraries, etc." This latter item is capitalized in the preferred and common stocks and seems to be the main theoretical source of earnings for these issues.

In Hearst's plight there is surely a lesson for his publisher colleagues, who might learn from him that press freedom cannot be retained by continually flouting public opinion and running to the banks for support. This sort of policy, as the case of Hearst shows, can lead only to weakened public support and to liquidation and evaporation of properties. Hearst has not lacked gilt-edged bank support—at the end of 1937 notes payable of Hearst Consolidated and Hearst Magazines stood at $6,234,734 even after considerable reduction—but the banks have not, publishers should notice, saved Hearst from the grand squeeze. Publishers might also take warning from Hearst not to regard mere reform as bolshevism, to be fought down to the last bank loan. Hearst finds himself in his present unenviable position because he tried to derail the speeding locomotive of history by interposing his own bulk. Nobody was injured in the collision but Hearst.

Why Germany Feared War

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Paris, October 21

THEY say they saved peace. They certainly saved fascism. But they only saved peace if a European war was imminent, and there is no proof of that.

Germany was not prepared to wage a major war. Hitler's army and navy leaders told him so, and he knew it to be true. When the summer maneuvers began, British correspondents in Germany reported that the increased requirements of the army had caused a food scarcity in Berlin. On October 7 the Munich representative of the London *Daily Telegraph* wired: "The movement of troops in the occupied [Sudeten] areas is being hampered by shortage of motor transport, and for the same reason the civilian population in many of the garrison towns of the Reich and in some of the occupied areas is experiencing a real food famine." If these were the results of peace-time maneuvers and of a seven-day, unopposed military operation, what would have been the effect of several months of war?

The German people stood in dread of war. Minister of Propaganda Goebbels referred on October 11 to "certain intellectuals" who had had "bad nerves" during the weeks of the crisis. Subterranean anti-war propaganda worried the authorities. Thus on September 1 *Das Schwarze Korps*, organ of the S. S. (guard troops), attacked "dark figures" circulating rumors "which have no other purpose than to create a war psychosis and disturb the people." Attempts were being made, this important periodical stated, to sow fright. "They whisper of hunger, war, and mass deaths."

The same magazine in its issue of September 22 took cognizance of the "shortsighted" opinions of "unpolitical ostriches" who, it declared, asked: "Why just now? Why the hurry? Did we not wait in the case of Austria until the fruit was ripe, and cannot the Sudeten Germans carry on a few years longer until Czechoslovakia falls apart of itself?" These "ostriches" must have been numerous enough for the *Schwarze Korps* to give publicity to their views and try to answer them. "Much more is involved," it explained, "than the Sudetenland." (It was necessary to undermine Western democracy.)

The diplomatic correspondent of the Conservative London *Daily Telegraph*, who accompanied Chamberlain to Munich, telegraphed: "I am profoundly convinced that it would be impossible, even for Herr Hitler, to lead the German people into a general war." Public sentiment and economic conditions would have doomed such an adventure to quick disaster. An anonymous German living in Germany described the state of the German mind in a letter printed in the London *Times* of October 12. "What a week we have gone through," he wrote. "It is impossible to describe our mental suffering. . . . One had no energy left for anything, one ate one's food mechanically, and devoted the whole time to listening to the radio." And the Berlin correspondent of the *News-Chronicle* said: "Horror at the prospect of war was perhaps greater in Germany than in England."

At Nürnberg and later in Berlin Hitler boasted that the Germany of 1938 was not the Germany of 1918. No, nor of 1914. In 1914 the Germans entered the war with full stomachs, normal nerves, vast reserves of raw materials, supplies of gold and foreign currency, a unifying patriotism, and a big and willing ally. Last September, when this second war supposedly threatened, Germany's population was undernourished and suffering from severe nervous tension, its raw-material supplies were inadequate even for peace time—substitutes and shoddy were already being used—it had no precious metals or big bank deposits abroad with which to make indispensable purchases, large numbers of its citizens were disaffected for religious or political reasons, and its ally, Italy, was on the verge of bankruptcy, embarrassed by a bad crop, engaged in two wars which had already sapped its limited vitality, and incapable of any enthusiasm for the axis-partner which had so recently appeared menacingly at the Brenner Pass. Nor could the Reichswehr have conducted a large-scale war on several fronts. Aviation alone does not make an army. Czechoslovakia had almost as many trained reserves as Germany. There are legitimate doubts whether, in these circumstances, Hitler ever intended to provoke a European war.

During the last week of the Czech crisis Mussolini spoke publicly of the possibility of a localized war between Prague and Berlin. Hitler envisaged that possibility. He would crush the Czechs with the men called to the colors during the summer maneuvers. Had he expected a larger conflict he would have prepared for it by ordering a general mobilization. Here the succession of events is revealing. On September 23 Czechoslovakia, having decided to reject the Godesberg terms, decreed complete mobilization, and France announced partial mobilization. Germany did not call up reserves to meet this new situation. On September 27 the British government stated officially that if Germany attacked Czechoslovakia, France, Russia, and England would oppose the aggression. On the morning of September 28 the British navy was mobilized. Still Germany did not mobilize. Indeed, the official German News Agency declared on September 28 that "the reports that Germany had demanded by 2 p. m. today a definitive reply from Prague to the German ultimatum are completely unfounded. All assumptions based on these reports—namely, that Germany would take steps to mobilize if after the expiration of this time a satisfactory reply was not received—are likewise invented." This denial that a general mobilization impended showed that Germany was not about to launch a general war.

The same morning, nevertheless, Hitler told Sir Horace Wilson, Chamberlain's personal envoy, that he would mobilize the next day at 2 p. m. This information was never published in Germany. The mobilization was never ordered. Was Hitler bluffing? Hitler had met Chamberlain and understood him; so Chamberlain told Parliament. He had heard Chamberlain's radio speech at 8 p. m. on September 27. The Prime Minister's voice broke several times, and he appeared to be weeping. Hitler did not believe that this man Chamberlain would press the button that would put Great Britain at war. The August maneuvers in Germany, the accelerated construction of Rhineland fortifications, and a few menacing Hitler speeches had brought about Chamberlain's flight to Berchtesgaden and the first British betrayal of Czechoslovakia. At Berchtesgaden Hitler had demanded the acceptance of the principle of self-determination, which was equivalent to the detachment of the Sudetenland from Czechoslovakia. Chamberlain said to the House of Commons on September 28: "He [Hitler] told me afterward [at Godesberg, on September 21] that he never for one moment supposed that I should be able to come back and say that the principle was accepted." Members of Parliament laughed. To answer the charge which he sensed in this laughter, the Prime Minister said: "I do not want honorable members to think that he was deliberately deceiving me." One wonders. But when Chamberlain had swallowed what Hitler himself recognized as a big and bitter pill, Hitler knew he could go farther, and at Godesberg therefore he made still greater demands. These were a "profound shock" to Chamberlain. But Hitler had now taken the measure of the British statesman. If maneuvers and violent harangues could produce the surrender at Berchtesgaden, the prospect of German general mobilization would force the Godesberg terms down Chamberlain's throat. This calculation of Hitler's actually proved correct. For the conditions which shocked Chamberlain at Godesberg were approved with insignificant modifications at Munich. Subsequently the Reichswehr took more territory than Hitler asked at Godesberg. Yet no protest came from London.

When Chamberlain received Sir Horace Wilson's report of Hitler's threat to mobilize, he immediately sent a letter to Hitler, dispatched early in the morning of September 29, saying, ". . . I feel certain that you can get all essentials without war and without delay." The apparent firmness reflected in the statement that the three powers intended to resist aggression and the determination manifested in the naval mobilization evaporated in the face of Hitler's continued show of defiance.

After Chamberlain's letter to Hitler, mobilization was unnecessary. Mussolini and Hitler had had several long telephone conversations that week. On September 29 Mussolini urged Hitler to postpone the threatened mobilization for twenty-four hours. Who knows whether Hitler had not suggested that Mussolini make this proposal? The alleged mobilization, in any event, was with alacrity postponed for one day. When the interval had elapsed, Chamberlain and Daladier were in Munich, and the stage was set for dismembering Czechoslovakia.

During the crisis London dug trenches, Paris extinguished its lights, Prague had "blackouts," France shifted its aircraft to secret airdromes. In Germany none of these precautions were taken. True, artillery was trailed demonstratively through the main streets of Berlin, but the civilian population was not asked to participate in measures which would have been necessary in case of war. As the Berlin correspondent of the London *Economist* wrote, "Germany was doing everything possible to foster the belief that she intended to fight the great war which she did not intend to fight."

Hitler had throughout counted on the disinclination of England and France to take vigorous steps against aggressors. He drew a moral from Manchuria, Abyssinia, Spain, and Austria. Prominent Britishers had told him in years past and repeatedly during the crisis that England would not go to war for Czechoslovakia. Some day their letters will be published. How the French government felt was revealed the other day by Léon Jouhaux, the French trade-union leader, when he gave the details of an interview he had had with Daladier. Jouhaux referred to the French-Czech treaty of alliance. Daladier replied, "Yes, we are bound by treaties, but treaties can be interpreted." Jouhaux said, "France does not interpret her signature." They continued to argue until Daladier exclaimed, "Listen, I will let you read a report by General Gamelin," chief of the French General Staff. The Premier opened a drawer, took out the document, and read the first page, which dealt with the military difficulties created for France by the return of the Saar to Germany, the remilitarization of the Rhineland, and the annexation of Austria. Jouhaux recognized the changed conditions. "But read on," he insisted. "What did Gamelin recommend?" Daladier read the General's conclusion: "Despite all these difficulties, it is necessary to intervene." That was the army; but the head of the government wished to "interpret" the treaty, and it is the government, not the army, which makes foreign policy in France.

If Daladier expressed himself freely to Jouhaux, an opponent, he certainly also revealed his views to others. And it would be surprising if Hitler was not informed of Daladier's mood and of similar sentiments entertained by important ministers and party leaders. Many newspapers in France, as in England, argued that the Western powers must not fight to save Czechoslovakia. Hitler therefore played his cards until the very end. Hitler was guided by intelligent instinct. His threat to mobilize put the Anglo-French combination to flight. Information conveyed to him by Ribbentrop had forecast this surrender. His own study of Chamberlain and events gave him courage to dare. On October 11 Goebbels admitted that "the Führer and his advisers pursued a risky policy." But, he said, "nobody can win a lottery if he doesn't buy a ticket." That is the whole story. Hitler gambled on the nervous collapse of his opponents and on the unwillingness of the French and British governments to inconvenience him seriously.

Bruce Lockhart tells this story. A Yugoslav diplomat in conversation with General Göring suggested that German methods might ultimately arouse the ire of the Western powers. "Bah," said Göring, "you have only to bang your fist on the table. The democratic countries then make a few speeches in Parliament, and nothing happens."

Living Philosophies

V. THE CREED OF A SCIENTIFIC HUMANIST

BY LANCELOT HOGBEN

IF I had been asked to give a label to my creed, when I was starting in my profession as a scientific worker, I should have called it socialism. That was twenty years ago. Today I prefer to call it scientific humanism. Scientific humanism is the creed I profess and the profession I practice.

This does not mean that the socialist creed of my adolescence was contrary to the scientific outlook, or that I have renounced it. It means that when I was younger my political left hand did not bother about what my professional right hand was doing. I did not yet realize how the pursuit of science is bound up with the responsibilities of citizenship in a society which has been transformed by scientific knowledge. When I began to do so, I saw that socialism can mean two different ways of using scientific discoveries. During the past fifteen years a succession of disasters to the Socialist movements of Central and Southern Europe has forced a few others to recognize the same confusion of aim.

In pre-war days only Socialists clearly recognized that cyclical depression is an inherent characteristic of competitive industry conducted for private gain. During the period which elapsed between the end of the great war and the beginning of the great depression most of the older generation of political leaders still believed that capitalism has a self-regulating capacity for promoting progress in knowledge and general well-being, except in so far as it is embarrassed by wars and strikes. Meanwhile a new generation had grown accustomed to state control over war industries and large relief schemes for a per-

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manent army of unemployed. In these circumstances all that the Socialists had preached seemed to be vindicated by events. The last generation which believed in laissez faire was passing away, and the success of socialism seemed to be assured.

In Germany and Britain nothing of the sort happened. From the moment when all hope of return to pre-war conditions was definitely abandoned by conservative politicians, the official Socialist parties entered an eclipse which has lasted ever since. How it so happened is a question which admits of many answers. One has now been given. The only things about which all Socialists could agree were now generally accepted. To all but themselves the new situation exposed differences which cut across the sectarian strategies of Social Democrats and Communists, of Stalinists and Trotskyists. While laissez faire was in the ascendant, socialism meant having *some* plan in contradistinction to having none. The collapse of liberalism meant that socialism could no longer survive by asserting the need for planning in the abstract. What Socialists had long forgotten was now clear to their competitors.

From its inception there have been two sorts of socialism, each with a plan of its own. One socialism starts where orthodox free trade leaves off. It embraces or assumes the liberal doctrine that prosperity is measured by the number and variety of salable commodities which the consumer is "free" to purchase. Its chief quarrel with liberalism is that inequalities of spending power and recurrent unemployment restrict the choice of a large section of the population. To remedy this it proposes to redistribute spending power by fixing prices, by restricting income to services, and by statutory limitation of working hours adjusted within the framework of industries under public ownership. In short, it does not criticize the way in which capitalist society uses scientific knowledge. It is primarily a protest against how it distributes its products, and the change at which it aims is primarily a change in the *administrative* machinery of industry. Its success does not entail any radical change in the creative policy of industry. Under a Socialist regime conceived in such terms, industry will continue to produce much the same things as before. As a corollary, the intellectual leadership of socialism will be recruited mainly from lawyers and journalists. The success of socialism so defined demands therefore no far-reaching educational reforms.

The other socialism, that of Robert Owen, of Charles Kingsley, of Edward Carpenter, and of William Morris, began as a protest against the dreary squalor which was effacing the commonwealth of the countryside during the earlier stages of steam power-production. It denounced the worldly wisdom which chose an ever-increasing multiplicity of gewgaws and passive distractions as the goal of cooperative endeavor. In opposition to the liberal doctrine that prosperity consists in being able to choose the greatest variety of goods, it asserted the need to decide whether the dark satanic mills were making things which are good for men to choose. The Utopians—as they are usually called—anticipated scientific humanism because they saw clearly that human needs cannot be assessed in terms of "consumers' choice," and because they saw the hypertrophied metropolitanism of capitalist evolution creating psychological strains for which redistribution of spending power furnishes no sufficient remedy. They did not advocate public ownership of productive machinery because the distribution of spending power was faulty. They strove to promote it because they repudiated the pattern of social life within the framework of production for private gain.

Throughout the period which began with the inspired prose of Owen and ended with the uninspired verse of Morris, steam was still the only source of power for factory production, electrolytic processes of chemical manufacture were in their infancy, and motor transport was unknown. Inescapably a higher level of productivity had been achieved at the price of urban congestion, and no radical departure from the fundamental plan of capitalism could be accomplished without lowering the available potential of leisure and creature comforts. So the term Utopian became a term of abuse. Socialists, wise in the wisdom of the world as it then was, made it their chief business to convince the clerk that the municipal milkman would wake him as punctually as the boy from the shop at the end of the street, or that a nationally owned railway service would get him to the office as early as the company which now owns the trains.

Today scientific knowledge offers us the possibility of a new plan of social living more akin to the Utopia of a William Morris or an Edward Carpenter. Mobile power, aviation, and electrical communications make it possible to distribute population at a high level of productive capacity without the disabilities of cultural isolation. A high potential of leisure and creature comforts no longer demands the beehive pattern of social living. Cooperative organization in the age of hydroelectric power, of light metals, of artificial fertilizers and applied genetics offers us new means of communication both to restore the serenity of small community life and to promote a lively sympathy with folk who live in other lands. Broadcasting has now brought the cultural benefits of travel to the bedside, and scientific horticulture offers us a program of bio-aesthetic planning which may prove more congenial to basic human needs than the spectacle of the Woolworth Building.

Advancing scientific knowledge has already swept away many beliefs which sustained popular aspirations in the formative stages of modern democracy. The providential dispensation which indorsed the same plan of governance for church and state, the mythology of the beautiful savage, and metaphysical libertarianism with its hypertrophied insistence on diversity of personal preference do not belong to the century in which we are living. In their place modern science now offers us a *new social contract*. The social contract of scientific humanism is the recognition that the sufficient basis for rational cooperation between citizens is scientific investigation of the common needs of mankind, a scientific inventory of resources available for satisfying them, and a realistic survey of how modern social institutions contribute to or militate against the use of such resources for the satisfaction of fundamental human needs. The new social contract demands a new orientation of educational values and new qualifications for civic responsibilities—the power to shape the future course of events so as to extend the benefits of advancing scientific knowledge for the satisfaction of common human needs, guided by an understanding of the impact of science on human society. This may force us to many conclusions which are not palatable to diehard progressives of the nineteenth-century tradition. Two examples must here suffice to illustrate the failure of liberal and socialist thought to keep abreast with the changing conditions.

The belief that increasing scientific knowledge makes for closer economic interdependence and, what was often stated as a corollary to this, the belief that this interdependence provides a guaranty of world peace were dogmas almost universally held by progressive thinkers in the nineteenth century. This was not unnatural in the first flush of surprise which followed the introduction of steam navigation, transcontinental railways, and oceanic telegraphy. Our own perspective should be different. We need only recall that Chilean saltpeter can now be made out of atmospheric nitrogen, that Cheddar cheese can now be made anywhere, that hospitals are using radio-active sodium prepared from ordinary salt instead of having to import the rare radio-active minerals, that the Channel Islands are no longer regarded as a sufficient guaranty of the genetic credentials of cattle, that we may soon be making most of our machinery of aluminum from the clay of our soils, that we are already beginning to feed our pigs on the disintegration products of wood pulp, to grow several crops of tomatoes a year by tank gardening, and to produce sugar by the agency of bacteria from vegetable waste matter.

Without committing ourselves to any dogmatic assertions about how far this skill will go on, we can at least say this. The tendency of discovery during the past two centuries has been to increase the potential local self-sufficiency consistent with the satisfaction of fundamental human needs. Opinions may differ about what conclusions are to be drawn from this, and only two comments will be added. One is that it permits us to entertain the possibility of a less centralized and therefore less bureaucratic and less congested type of world organization as a goal for rationally guided effort. The other is this. The war-mongers of Central Europe and elsewhere know too well that free trade is no longer part of the ideological temper of the age in which we live, and that the appeal for national self-sufficiency canalizes discontent with the dreary futilities of planless mechanization in congested modern communities. It is therefore a tragic fact that those who have the will to peace too often resist propaganda for a greater measure of local self-sufficiency with arguments which antedate the synthetic manufacture of nitrate fertilizers.

Of itself the appeal for local self-sufficiency is neither good nor bad. In fascist states self-sufficiency is advocated as a means of war-making without regard for the social welfare of the citizen. Where social policy becomes alert to the new powers and inventions available for human well-being, the satisfaction of basic human needs will take precedence over the multiplications of useless commodities to distract neurotic urban populations, and the merits of industrial specialization will be examined with proper regard to the distribution of population in congenial and healthy surroundings. The doctrine of free trade was sustained by the moral conviction that the greatest good of the greatest number is the same as the greatest amount of goods available to the greatest number of people. Its apostles accepted the urban squalor of a coal company as the inevitable price to pay for their own definition of prosperity. For privacy and serenity of life, the satisfaction of parenthood, and the graces of human fellowship in modest communities they offered mankind the compensations of the department store and labor-saving flats in flowerless streets. Fascism is the answer of animals who are intelligent enough to be exasperated, and too demoralized to explore an alternative constructive use for the new powers at hand.

During the first phase of steam power another feature of the impact of new technical resources was a steady reduction in the demand for skilled handicraftsmen. This encouraged Socialists to believe that society was splitting up into a small parasitic class of owners and an ever-growing, increasingly militant class of employees with common political aspirations. A skyscraper of social tactic was built on this foundation of a priori psychology, which was in essence legalistic, like the political theory of the orthodox parties. The implicit assumption is that the physical character of a man's work, the surroundings in which it is carried out, monotony, initiative, solitude, propinquity to home environment, accessibility to outdoor exercise—all these are negligible in their effect upon his political affiliations in comparison with the *legal contract* regulating his employment. A biologist knows that a man's attitude to books will depend among other things upon whether he is physically weary or merely bored when he comes home at night, that is, upon whether he does work that is fatiguing or work that is monotonous. Consequently we should not make the mistake of expecting the miner to respond to the same political doctrines as the clerk in the department store.

Even before the introduction of electricity as a source of power, the conduct of a mechanized and more highly urbanized society had initiated changes which counteracted the cultural process of leveling down. Universal schooling, a popular press, free libraries succeeded one another in countries with a democratic constitution. With the coming of electricity as a source of power, industry was influenced by new technical advantages of mobility. Where electricity has been introduced into the factory, it has created a demand for a new type of skill and special training, while dispensing with a large volume of unskilled and casual labor which can be done by machinery. To see the impact of the new technical forces most clearly we need to examine the statistics of a country which is in a more advanced state of technical development than Britain. In his recent book "Insurgent America" Alfred Bingham makes an analysis of the growth of social classes in the United States during recent years which shows that the new type of skilled administrative employee has steadily increased in proportion to laborers performing heavy unskilled work.

Thus modern technology has brought into being a social group with social aspirations and a social status of its own. Its social aspirations for further opportunity of employment can be realized only by the further extension of the technical improvements which have encouraged its growth. For the time being at least, it is still growing, and it is at present politically inarticulate. It may therefore play a decisive role in the success of any social movement which can claim its allegiance. In a period of social crisis its importance should not be judged by its numerical strength, because its personnel commands resources against which mere man power is helpless and barricades are literary illusions. If it can be enlisted in a task which will offer it far greater opportunities of creative service than it now enjoys, the transition from a discredited and demoralized competitive industrial system to one that is rationally planned is assured. If it is driven by hysterical fear of chaos to support any dictator movement which offers the prospect of a breathing space, it may become the instrument of destroying democracy, freedom of speech, and the hope of peace.

I may sum up what I have called the creed of a scientific humanist in three articles which provide a broad basis for reasonable cooperation between men and women who share the scientific outlook and also take their responsibilities as citizens seriously: (1) to transform a society in which production is conducted for private profit into a society whose primary concern is that scientific knowledge be applied to the satisfaction of common human needs; (2) to seek for scientific knowledge concerning common human satisfactions as a basis for planning the distribution of population, for eliminating noise and other public inconveniences, for extending the domain of communal enjoyment by large-scale horticultural public works, and the like; (3) to promote the peaceful evolution of society by immediate educational reforms which will entail the teaching of science with much greater attention to its social implications and the teaching of the humanities in conformity with the scientific outlook.

Pocket Guide

BY HELEN WOODWARD

Virgin Wool

IT IS bad enough to have the wool pulled over your eyes, but when it's imitation wool it's even worse. What you want to know when buying wool is really very simple—will it keep you warm, and will it wear? But, alas, only tests in laboratories can answer these simple questions. A hearing on wool is soon to be held before the Federal Trade Commission, and it would be a good idea to keep an eye on it. It is to decide whether or not some fabrics shall be marked "virgin wool."

A large industry has grown up to turn old rags into new cloth. Left-over fabrics, rags, and old clothes are raveled out, thoroughly cleaned, and rewoven into cloth. The result is called "reworked wool."

Virgin wool is wool never used before. To the uninitiated virgin wool would seem to be always better than reworked wool. Sometimes it is, but sometimes it isn't. Reworked wool may actually be better than virgin wool. The quality of wool depends partly on the length of the fiber, and that varies according to the part of the sheep from which the wool is shorn. Wool from the back is longer and therefore better than wool from the belly or legs. Virgin wool from belly or legs may make poorer cloth than reworked wool from the back.

Prominent in the fight for marking virgin wool is Forstmann-Hoffmann, a big manufacturer of high-priced woolens. This firm and its followers claim that it will result in more new wool being used, to the advantage of American woolgrowers. Other wool manufacturers claim that Forstmann-Hoffmann imports most of its wool from Australia, and that little benefit would accrue to American growers.

Just as in the silk campaign about which I wrote a few weeks ago, speakers have been appearing before women's clubs, and articles and books on this virgin-wool business have been published. The General Federation of Women's Clubs has been very active in support of the movement. But the American Home Economics Association, which is one of the ablest of the consumer groups, has dropped out of the fight. A great deal of money seems to be behind the campaign.

There is no reason why high-class wool manufacturers and consumers shouldn't get together for mutual protection. The customer has a right to know whether the wool she's buying is virgin or reworked. But the trouble is that this is not one of the main things she wants to know about wool. What she wants to know is how warm a piece of wool is and how strong it is; in other words, its weight and its tensile strength. And whether the wool is virgin or not is a small part of this story. To tell her how much weight of wool there is in a pound of the fabric, Consumers' Union suggests that the markings might be light weight, medium weight, or heavy weight.

The Federal Trade Commission has issued regulations on how the percentage of wool is to be shown. To be called "all wool," material must contain at least 98 per cent wool. If it contains less than 5 per cent, it cannot be called wool at all. And here's an awkward clause: Up to 25 per cent it must be labeled, "Not less than 5 per cent." Well, if you make a fabric containing 20 per cent wool and have to mark it, "Not less than 5 per cent," where does that get you? As a consequence, hardly anybody makes a 20 per cent wool.

But as far as the consumer is concerned, this is of merely trivial interest, because fabric less than one-quarter wool is no warmer than cotton, and won't wear as well. Better buy cotton. Of if you like the wool look, there's a new short-fibered rayon that is called artificial wool. You will find it in the five-and-ten-cent stores made into socks. These feel like wool in the hand, but they don't feel like wool on the foot, if by wool you mean warmth. There seems to be no good reason why the exact percentage of wool content, between 5 and 98 per cent, should not be marked on all fabrics, as well as the rayon and the cotton content.

Ruth Brindze's new book, "Johnny Get Your Money's Worth," suggests simple tests that you can make at home. Burn a corner of a bit of material. All-wool will burn slowly and smell like singed feathers. Pure silk will leave little hard black balls at the edge of the burn. Rayon will flare up and burn quickly and may have a sharp, vinegary odor. Cotton also will flare up but will give off no odor.

In the quality of wool other things count, too, things that you'd never think of, like the breed of the sheep, what they ate, and the climate in which they were raised. The best wool, for instance, seems to come from high places, like Scotland or the Andes or our own Western mountains. Very important are the manufacturing processes. There is, for instance, a quick process for cleaning wool which almost ruins it as far as wearing quality is concerned. The Federal Trade Commission got all mixed up on wool last spring because it called in no technical experts to advise it.

How, then, can wool be marked to help you to buy wisely? Should we have the percentage of wool, the weight of the filling yarns and the warp, the Bureau of Standards recommendations, the tensile tests by "grab" method for warp and filling, points of heat "as measured for thermal transmission"? All are good, but what customer is going to look into all that on the label before she buys? And unless the customer is trained, what meaning will these specifications have for her? Very likely she'll throw up her hands and say to the salesman, "Oh, I haven't time! Which do you recommend?"

Perhaps the most sensible idea would be to mark wool in certain fairly simply grades under government direction. Then perhaps "wool" would once more be a cosy word of old-fashioned comfort.

In the Wind

WITH DIPLOMATIC negotiations for a Spanish "settlement" reaching their climax, Washington observers are increasingly bewildered by White House treatment of Claude G. Bowers, American ambassador to Spain. Since the war began the President has never summoned Bowers to Washington for a first-hand report. Other diplomatic officials, especially William C. Bullitt, have made periodic voyages, and each time have assured the President that Franco was on the verge of victory; their reports are said to have been instrumental in shaping American policy. Bowers, who has never subscribed to this view, has remained abroad.

IN HIS blast to reporters against the conduct of the Dies committee, Mr. Roosevelt urged that they interview those newsmen who had covered the hearings and obtain personal impressions of the proceedings. In accordance with this advice reporters for the pro-New Deal New York *Daily News* questioned correspondents who had attended the hearings and discovered a dominant feeling that the committee had been extremely unfair. The anti-New Deal Chicago *Tribune* also made inquiries and reported to its readers that correspondents on the spot felt the committee had been eminently fair.

IN OMAHA recently education officials were compelled to turn off 50 per cent of all lights in public schools because the high electric rates could not be met by the city's dwindling finances. Shortly afterward, with unconscious irony, the Nebraska Power Company ran a benefit dance as part of its high-pressure campaign to win public favor. The company announced that "the proceeds [of the dance] will buy eyeglasses for a lot of little school kids whose mas and pas can't afford to pay for them."

NOT REPORTED in the United States was a strange "forecast" of America's future which appeared in the Italian anti-Semitic magazine *La Vita Italiana*. This journal predicts that the United States "will soon have an all-Jewish government." The line-up is to be: President, Bernard Baruch; Vice-President, Albert Einstein; Secretary of State, Herbert Lehman; Secretary of War, Leon Trotsky. The same paper announces that "President Roosevelt is a Jew himself."

THE PRESS also failed to record an impressive development which took place in Loyalist Spain last summer. On August 11 the government decreed that all death sentences which had been passed by republican tribunals were to be suspended—an amazing act for a war-time government surrounded by espionage, treason, and sabotage. It is also little known that of 12,518 defendants summoned before the Special High Tribunal for Treason and Espionage between June, 1937, and October, 1938, only 638 were given death sentences and only a third of those were actually executed.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

BURLINGAME

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

WHEN I read of the death of Alma Gluck Zimbalist at fifty-four I found it hard to grasp the news. True, she had long been ill, and all who knew her were deeply worried. Still we felt that somehow or other that brave and blithe spirit would and must go on; we could not possibly lose her. Yet there the dread fact is. I, for one, know no one else to compare to her. Of course there are other great artists with rare personalities who have also fought their way upward with courage and determination, some who have graced the concert halls or the operatic stage much longer than she did. But I know no duplicate of the warmth and largeness of Alma Gluck Zimbalist's artistic spirit, coupled with so vivid an interest in all that was happening in the world and with such an understanding sympathy. Her mind was as attuned to the winds of the times in which she lived as her artistic soul to the music which she so movingly interpreted.

Of course she felt keenly for the under-dog. How could she do else? The newspapers said that her early years in New York were desperately hard ones. That was a mild statement. She was an immigrant child, the daughter of Rumanians who came to this country, I suppose in the steerage, in the days before we were told that the immigrants from Southeastern Europe were undesirable and a danger to the Republic. Then immigrants were not only accepted but imported in droves to settle new territories, man new factories, create new wealth, and often to suffer almost unbearably in the process of readjustment to an alien world. If many perished in the process, Alma Gluck could not be kept down. She rose steadily, educated herself, opened the way for the growth of her inborn fineness and charm, and became year by year the able, well-bred woman who graced every dinner-table at which she sat, illumined every group of which she was a part.

It was not until after her first unhappy marriage that Alma Gluck devoted herself to the development of her lovely if somewhat fragile voice. She carried that through with the same determination for success which marked her whole career but never dominated it or obtruded itself. She was always just Alma, with her gaiety, her resiliency, her confidence, her ability to find the road to people's hearts. I can recall her earliest successes in New York, the charm of her youthful appearance, the furor she created, her instant acceptance as an artist to her finger-tips, her rise to the Metropolitan. It was a marvelous success story, as impressive as the climb of any captain of industry from newsboy to multi-millionaire. She was a good business woman too, but her desire to be successful and independent never hardened her nature or dulled its quick response to new ideas, new points of view. When the day came on which Alma Gluck felt that she had to choose between her career and her family, there was no hesitation, and how that family rewarded her! She always insisted that Efrem Zimbalist inspired her; I have an idea that he would put it quite differently—but there one may not venture in. She lived to see the daughter of her first marriage, Marcia Davenport, take her place among the distinguished writers of her time. This daughter, too, knew how to carve her own way in life to early success, as did her wise and gifted mother. Never, I believe, did Alma Zimbalist regret her decision. How could she? Her life was full, rich, rounded, and most useful. She spent herself freely wherever she could. To the end she was her fresh, spontaneous, generous, vivid self.

Sadly enough, I have just come from the funeral of another immigrant, B. Charney Vladeck, in his youth a revolutionist against the Czar, who knew what it was to sit behind prison bars. He, too, was a Jew, a Russian Jew. And he gave to his adopted country a loyalty, a devotion, a readiness to serve, and an adherence to its principles which none surpassed. No sooner had he come here than he steeped himself in our literature, our political history, read deeply of the lives of our great men. For many years the manager of a powerful Jewish daily, the only daily of which I know whose owners take not one cent out of its often rich treasury, he was at his death the minority leader of our first New York City Council. I have often sat with Vladeck on committees, worked with him for our joint causes, and shared defeats with him. I learned from him always, and never once heard a word from his lips that was other than unselfish and fine. If ever there was a true American it was he. People speak to me of what they call Jewishness, "tainting" every Jewish point of view, prompting every action, influencing every ambition. I do not know what they mean. I can no more understand anyone's proscribing the race which can produce such spirits as these two friends of mine, and many, many others whose friendships have honored me, than I can understand the readiness of some American men to torture, hang, and burn members of still another race.

Yes, they were immigrants, and they came from that terrible Eastern Europe. And how infinitely well Alma Zimbalist and Charney Vladeck repaid all that this country did for them—and enriched its soul!

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Brave Immortal Dan

KING OF THE BEGGARS: DANIEL O'CONNELL AND THE RISE OF IRISH DEMOCRACY. By Sean O'Faolain. Viking Press. $3.50.

DANIEL O'CONNELL, "the greatest of Irish realists," has had to wait for a completely realistic account of his character and career. In the minds of simple people he remains a legendary hero; the title of this review is copied from three words written in a firm but untutored hand in a copy of an earlier biography belonging to the New York Public Library. But intellectual Irishmen have not been able to face entirely without flinching this man upon whom the ambiguous traits of the complex Irish race are so firmly stamped. O'Connell was himself a snob. Snobbery of one kind or another is an Irish failing. We do not come upon O'Connell's name in Yeats's poetry, along with the names of Edward Fitzgerald, Tone, and Emmett. He has been omitted from that "delirium of the brave."

He died a rich old man. In the '40's the leaders of Young Ireland already rejected his personality and deplored his methods. They hated the cheap theatricality which covered, in his late years, his conservatism. It has been hard for O'Faolain to direct complete sympathy, at times, upon his subject. For at his worst O'Connell is the appalling prototype of the Irish politician, the job-giver, the slick lawyer, the man corrupted by power and corrupting those whom he seems to serve. It is O'Faolain's triumph—and in this book he has written one of the very finest modern biographies—that he has been able to present O'Connell complete: his democratic ideas learned from the end of the eighteenth century, his quick wit, his humor, his thoughtless Irish boldness, and his Irish duality of mind, which is at once a great racial gift and a grave racial flaw.

The romanticizing of Irish history has gone on so long that it is shocking to come upon the actual facts. The Irish Catholics, the "natives," after the broken treaty of Limerick in 1692 were reduced to the state of pariahs. Their religion was outlawed. They could own nothing. "They had no parliament, no vote, no papers, no books, no leaders, no hope. . . . Ireland was not a country; it was a shambles of exploitation."

O'Connell was born in 1775. His family belonged to the old Catholic landowning class. He was adopted by an uncle who had managed in his isolated Kerry holding, because of successful smuggling from France, to keep some power in the countryside. Dan was reared by a peasant foster-family and learned his letters from a "hedge schoolmaster." During his childhood, after the war with America, England relaxed the penal laws. In 1793 Catholics were allowed to vote, although they were still barred from Parliament, all municipal offices, and the high ranks of the professions. Dan and his brother were sent to Jesuit colleges in France to complete their education. The Revolution broke. The brothers went to London, where Dan entered Lincoln's Inn in 1794. In 1798 he took the oath of allegiance and was admitted to the Dublin bar. "He entered one of the filthiest cockpits known to man: the Irish bar before and after the Union."

The tactics of Catholic merchants and aristocrats, and of enlightened Protestants like Grattan, who realized that government could not be based on slavery, were to organize meetings and draw up petitions which, as ministries came and went, met with greater or less success. And now, for the first time since Limerick, abortive risings began, led by Fitzgerald, Tone, Emmett. But in spite of all efforts the Union came in 1800. The Irish Parliament went to Westminster, the Union Jack became Britain's flag. Dan rode circuit. His reputation for eloquence and cleverness grew. "The aristocrats would have gone on forever, presenting petition after petition, never once feeling the blast of honest rage at the insult implicit in the contemptuous patience of their governors. Not so an O'Connell."

For soon this vulgar "native," this Catholic "scum of the earth," dared to lay bare the whole corruption of Dublin Castle and Dublin courts, of bribery and packed juries. The trial of Magee was fought by him with "wild courage"; it smashed the Catholic aristocratic junta, which had turned against him. His speech was published, and the outcast Irish people—peasants and inhabitants of Irishtowns outside city walls—shouted their enthusiasm. O'Connell had begun to check "the spiritual chloroform, the creeping paralysis of the soul," from which they suffered. After the European peace of 1814 Robert Peel threw all his energy into subduing the ferment O'Connell had caused. He formed a vast native sycophancy—the "Cawstle Cawtholics"—and established the Royal Irish Constabulary—the "peelers"—peasant sons who spied on their own people. O'Connell was now the leading lawyer of Ireland and a European figure. In this year he projected a scheme that revealed his practical genius for agitation. "The impoverished people were to enrol themselves in a vast army of the poor, and they—the starving!—pay the expenses of their army. The snobs roared their contempt."

But the scheme worked. Later Disraeli was to speak of "the princely revenue, arising from a starving race of fanatical slaves." Farthings collected at church doors were sent to "the Liberator." And now the peasants in Waterford voted against their own landlord, a Beresford. For this they faced, and underwent, eviction. Two years later O'Connell put himself up as a candidate in County Clare.

O'Faolain's account of this election is extremely moving. It is the peasants themselves, driven in crowds like cattle to the open voting places, "moving balls of tatters that called themselves men and women," daring to cast their vote for O'Connell under the eye of their lord, who become heroes. The King, told that it would now take 70,000 troops to control Ireland, signed in April, 1829, the Catholic Emancipation bill. In May O'Connell crossed to London and claimed his seat, refusing to take the oath which denounced Catholics as idolators.

O'Faolain has not sweetened his account of O'Connell's later years, when place got to him; when he hedged, spoke against the workers, and opposed the Irish poor laws. As he coarsened and declined, his power of vituperation increased. O'Faolain insists, however, that the Young Ireland which regarded him with contempt had never known the slime out of which O'Connell lifted an entire people. Young Ireland's self-flattering and unrealistic literature soon deadened into fixed forms. But O'Connell's tactics remained alive and were later incorporated in Parnell's and Sinn Fein's methods. The fight for Irish freedom went its complex and bloody way. And it was from the Post Office in O'Connell (not, as formerly, Sackville) Street in Dublin that the shots of the Easter Rebellion were fired. LOUISE BOGAN

Grass Roots

WHITMAN. By Newton Arvin. The Macmillan Company. $2.75.

IN ALMOST every way this is an admirable book. The subject is a large one, so large, in fact, that even to this day, though a great mass of documentation exists, there is no final work on Whitman. Perhaps there can be no final book, since each succeeding age needs its own comment on so vast a man. But if *the* study of Whitman is ever written, one can honestly claim that it would have been impossible without Mr. Arvin's book.

Arvin's is a profound study of Whitman's imaginative background, not only of the actual sources of his material but of the poet's crystallizing attitude toward it. It investigates in considerable detail the politics of the epoch and the poet's relation to active politics. It shows us clearly the economic temperature of the time and its effect on Whitman. Perhaps the most surprising section deals with the effects on his verse of the science, philosophy, and religion of the day. It is fascinating to discover the exact degree of impress on an American poet of the great nineteenth-century geologists, chemists, physicists, and astronomers. The final section analyzes Whitman's work as a testimony to lyric socialism. Mr. Arvin's mind is so clear, his attitude so admirable, his analyses so large and sober that one hesitates to cavil at even a single statement. Yet the book has its own self-stated limitations.

It is not for those persons, however rare, who know little of Whitman's life. To be sure, there is a chronology at the back, but one very much wishes Mr. Arvin had amplified it into a biographical sketch, at least as extended as his other five sections. One can of course turn to Traubel, but Mr. Arvin's own statement and interpretation of the daily facts of Whitman's life would have added enormously to the convenience of our reading. Hence, not having Whitman the living man very much in our minds as we read, we tend to think of him in terms of the philosophical abstractions which are Mr. Arvin's chief concern. This goes less well for the study of a nature like Whitman's than for most others. Whitman's essential fiber, his moral and intellectual qualities, are rendered very clearly, but his emotional nature somehow gets overlooked. Mr. Arvin may easily answer that his verse is his best portrait, and that we would not read this present book if we did not know "Leaves of Grass" almost by heart. Possibly. When one reads such fanciful irritants as John Erskine's recent romance on Whitman, one agrees that perhaps the less said about his "emotional" life the better.

Mr. Arvin is far more of the school of Marx than of Freud. Yet it would be false to say that he has written an arbitrary or doctrinaire study or that he has substituted an economic and dialectical for a psychological and clinical attitude. Every so often, however, he betrays a passing irritation with Whitman's human inconsistency, his failure, for example, more fully to espouse the cause of the trade unions or of abolition. Mr. Arvin seems to have an unstated yet implicit idea of how a true socialist poet should behave. Whitman falls short of this standard. He extravagantly overpraised Grant, for example, and showed little interest in the hard beginnings of political third parties during the seventies and eighties. In an extremely acute paragraph Arvin says:

> The mind of the middle class in Whitman's time shrank back from the austere implications of its own advance toward the understanding and the mastery of nature, physical and biological, just as, politically, it shrank back from the radical implications of its own liberalism, its own battle-cries of equality and brotherhood. It could no more make the full transition from belief to science than it could make the full transition from feudalism to social democracy. . . . The determination to make the best of both worlds went hand in hand with the determination to reconcile democracy and economic individualism.

This is the central idea of Arvin's study, and it is pursued to such logical and deep sources that it is almost ungrateful to say it has a certain coloration of magisterial remonstrance. He is impatient with Whitman and (with far more right) many left-liberal writers of today for their incapacity to think, write, and act simultaneously on whatever has aroused their indignation. Yet for Whitman we can surely plead the extenuation of an inertia that was necessary to cushion the shock of what he saw and to give him time and strength to forge the weapon he was to use so well.

I wish Mr. Arvin had investigated the effect of visual imagery on Whitman more fully. His portrait is of a man with head and heart but with his eyes weakly indicated. Yet this is unimportant in comparison with what Arvin tells us about how Whitman "helped to dissociate such proud words as 'noble' from their old affiliations with caste, and to reassociate them with the rank and file of men."

> He could do so because his feelings themselves were so wholly reassociated: for him it was as natural to see personal distinction, essential human grandeur, in an old farmer or a young fireman as it was for Homer to see these things in a tribal chieftain or for Shakespeare to see them in an English peer.

Arvin points out that Whitman failed to appreciate the active class war of his period and avoided the depiction of economic exploitation in its manifold forms of violence. Perhaps Whitman refused to write about these things because such flaws might mar the optimistic democracy of his conglomerate hymn. Sometimes one feels that Arvin blames the dead poet for some of the faults of his living heirs. Nevertheless, this book is full of "decorum," a word his hero liked to use. Whitman himself in mid-career would have far preferred Arvin's evaluation to the shy admiration of Boston

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or the mystified applause of the British of his own epoch. This is the highest praise I can think of to give a splendid work.

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN

An Unhabitual Way

A GLAD DAY. Poems by Kay Boyle. Norfolk, Connecticut: New Directions. $2.

IT WAS Aristotle who said that for the poet "the greatest thing by far is to have a command of metaphor." William James defined genius as "little more than perceiving in an unhabitual way." Whatever else is wanting in Kay Boyle's poetry, it shows her to possess that "greatest thing." It is touched with genius.

Most of these poems are about ten years old. One remembers having read them in the expatriate magazines of the post-war period. Removed from that setting, and assembled in one slight volume (there are only twenty-four pieces here), they tend to date. The drunken fluency of some, while delighting by its impetuousness, annoys by its incoherence. But if their faults become more apparent, so do their beauties. They shock ear and eye with a more splendid vigor. They pierce below surfaces with a more penetrating intensity.

Half the time it is impossible to say what these poems are "about." Some exceptions are the brief image Hunt, the objective and slightly sentimental Funeral in Hungary, the elaborate Statement for El Greco and William Carlos Williams, and the Communication to Nancy Cunard, which might better have borne its original title, Scottsboro. This untranslatableness, itself a mark of good work, applies to one of the most memorable pieces in the book: A Complaint for Mary and Marcel.

The substance of these poems is the response of a sensitive, cultivated woman to the excitements of this cockeyed world, and, more often, to the tragedies of expatriate artists (and amateurs) caught in the toils of contemporary living. The unique character of Miss Boyle's work lies in the way she has handled this refractory material. She has been called an imagist, and though she avoids the hard clarity of pure imagism she does have a flair for conveying sensation, for producing atmosphere, for making the moment real in a physical way, that is a hallmark of the school. More often she employs or approximates surrealism, organizing objects about an emotion, and telescoping her figures, dream-fashion. Sometimes she combines passages of surrealist prose with snatches of simple balladry and ill-concealed iambic pentameter in a curious and arresting manner. But what chiefly distinguishes her work and makes it valuable is her surprising, vivifying perceptiveness, her capacity for seeing things in new relations, for combining them and making them act upon each other in new ways. Her metaphors explode brilliantly, dissolving before they are fully formed and arising anew in unexpected shapes. Illusion becomes as present as reality; reality takes on the magnified character of illusion. Here, if anywhere, we have "imaginary gardens with real toads in them." The fewest of her images may be isolated, and those do not give the peculiar quality of her writing but are worth noting, as this, of a love-song:

> It may be sung without rehearsal any night
> At bars or cafe tables; it may suddenly rise
> The way a statue in the falling dark
> Discards its marble and its classic eyes.

Or this passage from the opening poem:

> There is another season after spring when lights as white as fountains spray the north, and leaves like tar drip thickly from the bough and cast a cloak of elegance around. When odor leaps full-blown upon the stalk and music runs in hard steep flights of sound, when taste lies slow as honey in the mouth and drifts of snow lie changeless at the pass.

Experience is so thick with disorder that it is not surprising if the artist, seeking to communicate it, should occasionally babble. Miss Boyle has not imitated those Gothic tribes who were said to have debated matters of state once drunk and once sober, drunk that they might not lack vigor, sober that they might not want discretion. One would not wish her to be more discreet, but the strength of her writing would be greater if it were not sometimes so loose. These poems remain vital because Kay Boyle has perceived certain events in an unhabitual way and, to however limited a circle, communicated her unique perception. BABETTE DEUTSCH

Public Ownership in England

BRITISH EXPERIMENTS IN PUBLIC OWNERSHIP AND CONTROL. By Terence H. O'Brien. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.

THE PUBLIC CORPORATION IN GREAT BRITAIN. By Lincoln Gordon. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

THE still popular if threadbare argument that socialism must involve enmeshing the entire economic system in red tape has recently been reinforced by the assertion that it must lead to the totalitarian state. Thus a horrifying vision is conjured up for the innocent of a vast multiplication of Post Offices each headed by a Farley in uniform. To propaganda of this nature these two severely objective studies of British experiments in public ownership offer a useful corrective. Both authors describe the three major postwar developments—the Central Electricity Board, the British Broadcasting Corporation, and the London Passenger Transport Board—while Mr. Gordon also includes a chapter on the Port of London Authority. This last may, perhaps, be regarded as a halfway house between the private monopoly and the public corporation, for a majority of its board represents the private interests whose suicidal competition it was designed to end. The three former, much as they differ structurally, all have the earmarks of socialism in so far as they combine public ownership and public accountability. Both Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Gordon suggest, however, that the effort to give these bodies business management, free from day-to-day political interference, has tended to weaken unduly the element of public control. These two books cover a good deal of the same ground, but the latter has been conceived on somewhat broader lines than the former and has more to say on the personnel problems which have arisen in the public corporation, including the vital question of incentives. KEITH HUTCHISON

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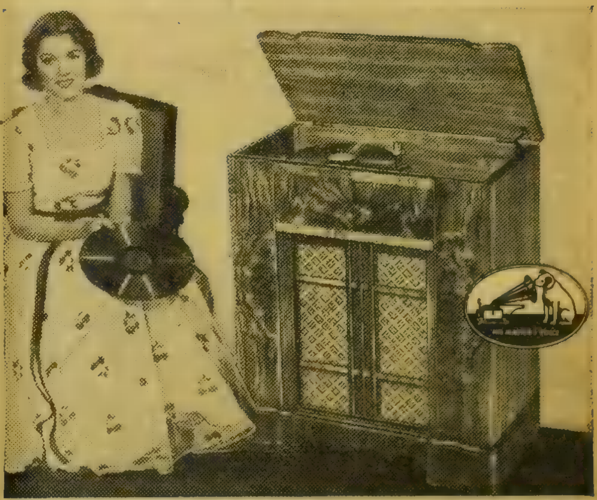

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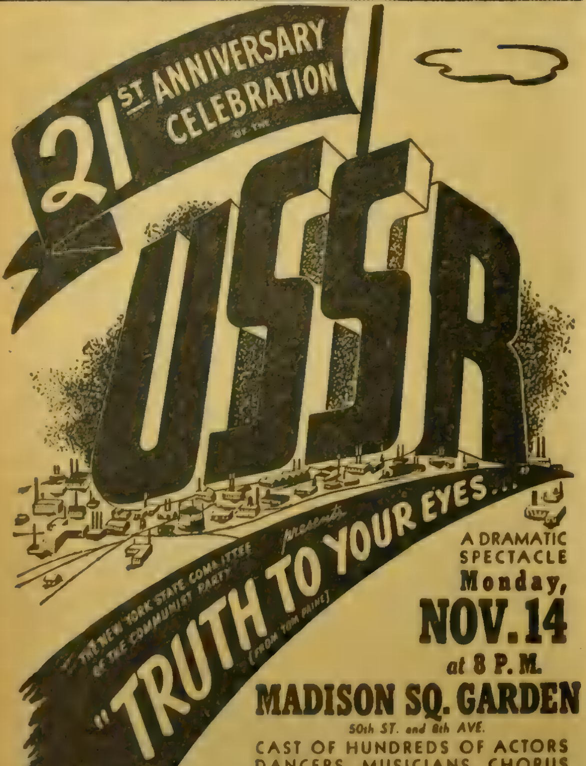
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FILMS

IT IS very pleasant to be able to start this column by recommending both major openings of the week. "The Young in Heart" (United Artists) sets out to entertain in good taste and achieves this difficult task. "The Citadel" (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer), adapted from A. J. Cronin's novel, attacks a great theme, the way of a young doctor from honest beginnings into money and back to serious work.

"The Young in Heart" has a witty and charming story, touched in spots with a deeper irony worthy of the earlier René Claire. A family of lovable crooks is found out in Monte Carlo when father overplays his hand, and is sent back to England without a penny. In urgent need of a new victim, they find an ideal one on the train in the person of a kind old lady, very lonesome and very rich. They are nice to her, first as a matter of business, so that they may sponge on her and become the beneficiaries of her will. But in order to put the big coup over they have to pretend decency so long that they become what they pretend to be, honest people.

There is only this one situation, of crooks who catch themselves, but this limitation is turned into an advantage. Instead of action chasing superficial action, gag by gag, known types of the comedy stage are deepened into characters, and become quite real and true in the fairy-tale frame of the whole. This result is gained by excellent teamwork; an expensive production; the successful use of almost everything that film technique of today can offer; a direction by Richard Wallace which is restrained, exactly to the point, and never lets the actor run away; and last but not least a cast which could not be better—Billie Burke, Henry Stephenson, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Janet Gaynor, and Paulette Goddard, with special mention for Minnie Dupree as the old lady. On her ability to inspire love, all the others, and the plot, depend. At moments her performance lifts mere acting into art.

"The Citadel" sets out to do more than entertain. It is technically a great picture. Scenes of exceptional variety, action, high suspense—for these values alone the film is notable. In addition there is superb acting by Robert Donat, Rosalind Russell, and many others, guided by a sure hand. Robert Donat has strong moments of simplicity and conviction, more often in smaller scenes where he can avoid the pathos of heroism that the script seems sometimes to force upon him. Rosalind Russell, I must admit, is a favorite of this column. She remains always a greater person than the great movie actress she is, which cannot be said of many in Hollywood. If both main players seem unable to dissolve the types they have been given into the final convincing complexity of characters, they cannot be held responsible, for script and direction stress less the inner development of a young and handsome doctor who compromises than the stations of life at which he arrives. By this method the values of external dramatic situations are heightened—at the cost of experience. The hero's way down in climbing up to prosperity is illustrated more by strikingly changing milieus, new clothes, a car, a moustache, than by the growing despair inside. All this is in conformity with the script, which works

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too much with devices. I could not quite believe the corruption. Therefore the resurrection left me a bit cold.

Of the two pictures the ironical comedy, following, of course, a well-established pattern, is the more finished one. The ambitious drama with an obvious message stops short of being the great picture it wants to be. That objective is beyond the power of the immense amount of talent and sincere intentions at work. I shall discuss the many problems involved in other columns, from fortnight to fortnight.

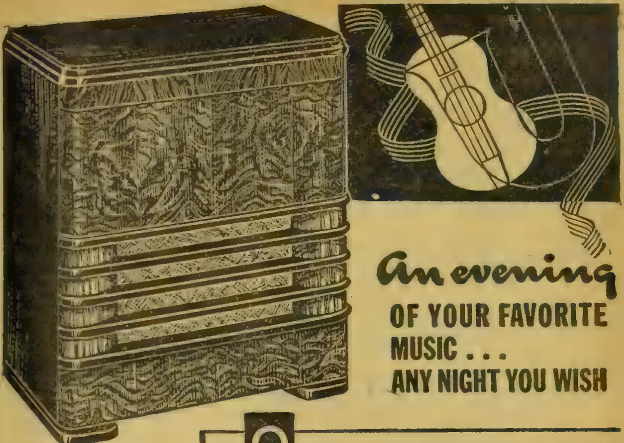
At the Cameo, "Danton," one of the better German films of pre-Hitler days, is being shown. It was a surprising hour for me and will be an experience for everyone who knew the great period of German film production and is aware of the fate of its prominent artists. Present reality interferes. Fritz Kortner, an exile now in New York, plays Danton. His Austrian voice sounds like Hitler's over the radio. And, most ghastly, I could not help seeing Robespierre as the Nazi *Intendant* of the Staatstheater in Berlin, a post which the subtle Gustav Gründgens occupies today.

FRANZ HOELLERING

RECORDS

MOZART'S piano concertos have a special character which gives them a special fascination. They were written for occasions—the concerts in which Mozart presented himself to the public as performer and composer; they were written, then, with a purpose—to display his qualities with the most impressive effect, and with effect always newly contrived. To hear one of the concertos is to hear Mozart on parade, so to speak—from his first entrance on the scene, through all the varied interplay with orchestra, to the last sweeping bow—in all the richness and éclat of his musical personality. And to hear the next concerto and the next is to hear all this accomplished by constantly fresh invention that is fascinating in its inexhaustible variety.

Three of the greatest of these works are offered by Victor's recent special list: K. 491 (four records, $8), with a first movement that is one of the most powerful things in all Mozart; K. 467 (four records, $8), with its breath-taking second movement; and K. 453 (three records, $6.50), with its rich vein of mingled wit and loveliness. The performances—Fischer's of K. 491 and 453, Schnabel's of K. 467—are superb; but unfortunately the second movement of K. 467 fails of complete effect through recording which does not always keep the slow cantilena of the piano clearly outlined above the restless eighth-notes and the exciting plucked bass-notes of the orchestra. To these Victor adds the Piano Concerto K. 537 (four records, $8), which I find to be of lesser stature, though with occasional passages in which Mozart makes his power felt. The first and last movements gain by the strength which Landowska's performance imparts to them; the second movement loses by the excessive coyness. Then the charming Concerto K. 365 for two pianos (three records, $6.50), in a good performance which occasionally reveals the disparity between the playing of Artur Schnabel and that of his son. And finally the high-spirited and witty



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Violin Concerto K. 216 (three records, $6.50) in a performance by Menuhin that has full-blooded vigor rather than high-spirited wit. I remember more wit in Huberman's version.

Further works of Mozart include two delightful symphonies, K. 319 (three records, $6.50) and the earlier K. 200 (two records, $3.50), both beautifully played—the one by Edwin Fischer's Chamber Orchestra, the other by the Berlin College of Instrumentalists under Fritz Stein. On a single record ($2) Fischer and his orchestra give another beautiful performance of the Rondo K. 382 for piano and orchestra, a minor work; on another single ($1.50) is the powerful Adagio and Fugue K. 546, well played by the Busch Chamber Players; on two records ($4) a brilliant performance by Busch and Serkin of the Violin Sonata K. 377, which I find uninteresting; on a single ($1.50) "Welcher Kummer" from "Die Entführung," beautifully sung by Margherita Perras; on another ($2) "Dove sono" and "Porgi amor" from "Figaro," poorly sung by Tiana Lemnitz.

Schubert is represented by two outstanding sets. One (six records, $10) offers a number of his finest songs, sung with exquisite voice and art by Elisabeth Schumann; and to make it perfect the booklet gives the German texts with English translations (the next step is to include texts on a single sheet with each single record of such songs). The other set (six records, $12) offers all the Impromptus for piano, with the quality and scale of their feeling realized to perfection in the performance of Fischer. A third set gives us a new version of the Quartet "Death and the Maiden" made by the Busch Quartet (four records, $8). The performance in the old Victor set is that of the Budapest Quartet as constituted long ago; but it has warmth, plasticity, and rhythmic incisiveness which are not in the Busch performance.

Heavy-footed and pedantic are also the new Busch recordings of Beethoven's Quartets Opus 127 (five records, $10) and Opus 132 (5½ records, $11); and again I prefer the old Flonzaley version of the one, the old London Quartet version of the other. But to hear the Budapest Quartet's set of Beethoven's Opus 74 ("Harp") (four records, $8) is to realize what was lost by not having this group record the other works, and what will be lost by H. M. V.'s failure to use the group as it deserves. The playing of the Budapest Quartet is in the class of Toscanini's conducting; it is as important to have recordings of the Budapest performances of the quartet literature as it is to have recordings of Toscanini's performances of the orchestral literature; and if H. M. V. acts with stupidity let Victor act with wisdom. Let it record, for example, the Budapest performances of all of Beethoven's quartets (in reverse order); and if Victor fears to take the financial risk, let it offer to do them by subscription.

Another Beethoven set (4½ records, $9) offers the Fifth Symphony as recorded by Furtwängler with the Berlin Philharmonic—which means playing of beautiful sonority and finish, but a performance in which the line of the work is broken, now for Furtwängler to show how finely he can draw a pianissimo, and now for some other achievement of that sort. I still prefer Weingartner's version. And then there is Beethoven's song-cycle "An die ferne Geliebte," which moves one by its simple, wistful tenderness, and which is beautifully sung by Hüsch (two records, $3).

The rest next time. B. H. HAGGIN

Children's Books: A Selected List

By LENA BARKSDALE

PICTURE BOOKS

Animals from Everywhere, by Clifford Webb. Warne, $2. An animal book simple in text and beautiful in color and design.

Babar and His Children, by Jean de Brunhoff. Random House, $3. Babar and Celeste became the model parents of three little elephants.

Gloomy, the Camel, by Grace Paull. Viking, $1.50. How a little girl and her mother brought happiness to the zoo.

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. Newly translated and illustrated by Wanda Gag. Coward-McCann. $1. The original tale rescued from Hollywood and returned to Grimm.

Buttons, by Tom Robinson. Illustrated by Peggy Bacon. Viking, $2. Realistic story of an alley cat with pictures of wit and distinction.

Barkis, by Clare Newberry. Harper, $1.50. The merry adventures of a cocker puppy and a striped kitten.

Mei Li, by Thomas Handforth. Doubleday, Doran, $2. Chinese New Year story with distinguished pictures.

Wee Gillis, by Munro Leaf. Illustrated by Robert Lawson. Viking, $1.50. Amusing story of a Scotch boy with beautiful drawings.

The Flop-Eared Hound, by Ellis Credle. Photographs by Charles Townsend. Oxford, $2. How a troublesome but devoted dog found a home. Illustrated with lovely photographs.

Mrs. Peregrine and the Yak, by Esther Burns. Illustrations by Eloise Wilkins. Henry Holt, $1. Humorous and highly diverting.

STORIES OF FANCY AND FACT

Stories from the Old Testament. Retold and Illustrated by Maud and Miska Petersham. Winston, $2.75. Tells of Joseph, Moses, Ruth, and David, with superb pictures.

The 500 Hats of Bartholomew Cubbins, by Dr. Seuss. Vanguard, $1.50. A masterly and amusing tale of magic.

East of the Sun and West of the Moon. Edited and illustrated by Ingri and Edgar Parin D'Aulaire. Viking, $3.50. Old tales and new pictures of perennial freshness.

The Forest Pool, by Laura Adams Armer. Longmans, $2. Story of two little Mexican boys and their pets, with pictures of striking beauty.

Mr. Popper's Penguins, by Richard and Florence Atwater. Illustrated by Robert Lawson. Little, Brown, $1.50. The Popper family go on tour with twelve trained penguins.

Copper-Toed Boots, by Marguerite de Angeli. Doubleday, Doran, $2. A little boy of sixty years ago romps through these gay pages.

Cricket, by Berta and Elmer Hader. Macmillan, $2. The private life of a spirited circus pony.

Little Sharp Ears, by John Y. Beaty. Lippincott, $2. A seventon baby whale explores the oceans.

America Builds Homes, by Alice Dalgleish. Illustrated by Lois Maloy. Scribner, $1.60. How early American settlers made themselves at home.

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The Shape of Things

WALL STREET'S JOY AT THE ELECTION results was quite undisguised. A sharp anticipatory rise on the day before the polling continued to the end of last week. Financial circles profess to believe, in the words of the *Wall Street Journal,* that "a more nearly balanced Congress has been created, one which can check those policies which paralyze business. At the same time, there is no responsible thought in either party of restoring pre-1928 conditions." This seems to indicate that the financial backers of the G. O. P. are awake to the danger of any headlong onslaught on the New Deal and will encourage the reinforced opposition in Congress to pursue instead guerrilla tactics of obstruction and delay. Meanwhile some solid support of the stock market is to be found in the industrial news. Steel output is mounting rapidly, with new orders keeping pace. As in the automobile industry, price-cutting has had a very healthy effect. There are rumors, however, that in the new year an effort will be made to raise steel prices. It is to be hoped that the industry will content itself with the wider profit margins made possible by increased volume. Recovery, handicapped by the downward trend of farm incomes and the lag of employment behind industrial output, is still precariously balanced. It could easily be upset if an attempt were made, as in the beginning of 1937, to use rising demand as an excuse to hoist prices. In this sphere our industrial leaders have a first-rate opportunity to show that statesmanlike moderation which they so constantly urge on the Administration.

*

IN POLITICS DISTANCE ALWAYS IMPROVES the view, and it is well to weigh Mayor LaGuardia's bold call for a new third-party conference in the light of his own position, or lack of it, in the last election. Mayor LaGuardia was in an extraordinarily difficult situation, as is any man who tries to carry water on both shoulders in a strenuous political contest. Dewey had been his campaign mate in 1937. On the other hand it was clear that the defeat of Lehman would be a serious setback for the New Deal, and the Mayor has always referred to himself as a New Dealer. Both sides expected his support; neither

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obtained it. Had the Mayor been silent, he would have been wiser than in the course he finally adopted. First he told the convention of the American Labor Party, of which he is a member, that "only a coward or a eunuch could be neutral in this election," but he failed to reveal whether he was for Lehman or Dewey. Later he challenged Lehman to declare his support for the New Deal and said he would support no one who was not a New Dealer. Lehman answered by praising the "humane purposes of the New Deal"; still silence from LaGuardia. At an election rally for an old friend, Dorothy Bellanca, who ran for Congress, LaGuardia had a heckler thrown out of the auditorium for asking whether the Mayor was for Lehman or Dewey. "No one can accuse me of being timid," the Mayor retorted; but he remained uncommitted. The nearest the Mayor ever came to a stand was on November 6 when he referred to Lehman as "a progressive Governor" in commenting on the President's address the night before. Only a eunuch or a coward, the Mayor said, could be a neutral. The question is whether a neutral can supply the leadership for a genuine third party.

*

THE PALESTINE PARTITION PLAN HAS BEEN abandoned by the British government as wholly impracticable. The decision follows on the report of the Woodhead Commission, whose thankless task it was to recommend boundaries for the proposed Arab and Jewish states and to advise on the economic and financial questions involved in partition. The report makes it clear that the commission saw no hope for the peaceful establishment of two independent states in Palestine, although in an effort to avoid a negative conclusion a majority unenthusiastically proposed a five-way split of the country into a Jewish area, an Arab area, and three separate mandated territories. The British government is to be congratulated on its rejection of this refinement of the judgment of Solomon even though this brings the Palestine problem back to where it started. Malcolm MacDonald, as responsible Minister, is now going to summon Jews and Arabs to a round-table conference. We wish him luck, but we shall not be hopeful about the outcome unless both sides agree to modify their extreme nationalism and talk economics. The most valuable feature of the Woodhead report is its emphasis on the interdependence of Jews and Arabs. If, as Dr. Judah L. Magnes has suggested, the Jews could allay Arab fears of being swamped, the small still voice of economic reason might get a chance. The alternative is British dictation of a solution based purely on considerations of imperial strategy.

*

THE BY-ELECTIONS NOW TAKING PLACE IN Britain provide a useful test of public opinion. At Oxford the Chamberlain candidate was elected, though by a much-reduced plurality, but at Dartford Mrs. Jennie Adamson won a decisive victory for Labor. The Dartford constituency is one of the largest in the country and combines a variegated industrial area with a lower-middle-class London residential district. The Labor Party has been successful there on previous occasions, but only when the political tide was flowing strongly in its favor. Though the area is extremely vulnerable to air raids, the Tory slogan, "Support the man who averted war," proved a flop, and the people showed by their votes that they were ashamed of Chamberlain's betrayals. There is reason to believe that this sentiment is growing throughout the country. Skepticism about the value of Munich is clearly visible in the correspondence columns of the political weeklies and even in *Punch*—beloved of the respectable and affluent. Even more significant are the results of the latest Gallup poll taken in England, which show that 93 per cent of the voters have no faith in Hitler's promises. This mood might develop into a sweeping movement for the revival and defense of democracy, but there is danger that it will be dissipated in cynicism. Important Labor, Liberal, and Conservative elements, as well as no-party men, are prepared to support a political combination in opposition to the Chamberlain government, but the chiefs of the Labor Party, which must form the nucleus of such a coalition, show as yet no signs of being able to rise above narrow party considerations.

*

PAUL REYNAUD'S "RECOVERY PLAN" SEEMS destined to precipitate a bitter struggle for power between the French right and left. The Reynaud program follows the general lines of all the emergency schemes which have been advanced to "save France" in recent years, with particular similarity to Poincaré's 1926 plan in its insistence upon a balanced budget. On the pretext that increased production must be achieved at all costs, the last remnants of the Popular Front's social program have been thrown overboard. The "principle" of the forty-hour week has been retained, but employees are to be required to work a full five-and-a-half-day week during the next three years. Drastic cuts are to be made in the number of civil servants, railway workers, and other government employees. The laws providing government control of wholesale and industrial prices have been repealed. M. Reynaud proposes to balance the ordinary budget partly through reduced expenditures and partly through a drastic increase in both direct and indirect taxation. The wage tax has been increased from 7.56 to 8 per cent, and bus, subway, postal, telephone, and telegraph rates are to be raised. The necessity for an increase in French industrial production is undeniable. It needs to be doubled to put France in the same position relative to Germany as it was in 1929. But how is Reynaud's

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program going to achieve this task? Instead of calling for equal sacrifices it places the whole burden on the workers, leaving those twin curses of French economy—the tax-dodger and the deserting capitalist—free to continue their sabotage.

*

JAPAN'S LATEST DIPLOMATIC EFFORTS TO force the Western powers to recognize the "new situation" in the Far East have tended to boomerang. Great Britain has followed the lead of the United States in reaffirming emphatically the validity of the Nine-Power Treaty and refusing to accept any changes in its basic clauses. Britain, France, and the United States have filed vigorous protests with the Tokyo government against the closing of the Yangtze to foreign shipping while Japanese boats have free access to China's inner empire, and the protests have been rejected. A British spokesman has denied that Chamberlain's statement to the Commons on financial help for rebuilding China in the post-war period could be interpreted as meaning that British capital would be made available to enable Japan to consolidate its conquest of China. Offsetting the fact that Great Britain and the United States have made their position entirely clear in recent notes is France's action in stopping the shipment of supplies through Indo-China. If this embargo is enforced, China will be almost entirely cut off. Neither the new highway from Burma nor the newly improved caravan route across Sinkiang can compare with the Indo-China railway as a practical artery of transportation. If the Open Door is to be preserved, effective means for aiding China immediately must be found.

*

THE CAMPAIGN TO LIFT THE EMBARGO against Spain was renewed last week with the dispatch of an appeal to President Roosevelt signed by ninety-five prominent Americans. The appeal warned against a Munich settlement of the Spanish issue and urged the President to forestall such a catastrophe by restoring normal commercial relations with the government of Spain. A similar appeal was issued in connection with the shipment of twenty-six pounds of nicotinic acid, the new cure for pellagra, on the SS. Erica Reed, a gift from thirty-nine of America's leading scientists, including three former Nobel prize-winners. After pointing out that this shipment contained enough nicotinic acid to save the lives of 270,000 pellagra victims, Dr. Walter B. Cannon of Harvard University, one of the donors, stressed the fact that the treatment must be followed by an adequate diet. This will be impossible if the slow strangulation of Loyalist ports develops into an effective blockade as the result of the granting of belligerent rights to the rebels. Every American who is interested in upholding the last stronghold of democracy in Europe and in protecting Latin America against the onslaughts of fascism should wire or write the President immediately urging that this country act to save the Spanish people from starvation.

*

THE EXECUTIVES OF TEACHERS COLLEGE, Columbia University's teachers' training school, have dealt a serious blow to progressive education. In suddenly announcing the abandonment of New College, experimental unit of Teachers College, Dean William F. Russell acted with a disregard for democratic procedure almost as unfortunate as the decision itself; neither students nor faculty had any intimation that the action was pending, nor were they given a chance to offer proposals for the institution's survival. New College was launched as a laboratory for enlightened methods of teacher-training; it was designed to instil new vitality into a profession which sorely needs modernization. While the few years of the college's existence do not justify a final appraisal of its work, the question of its value was ignored in official statements from Teachers College. Instead Dean Russell explained that the college could not afford to meet the $35,000 annual deficit created by New College. He did not explain why this sum should loom so large in an institution whose annual budget approaches $4,000,000 and whose total deficit exceeds $250,000. Do the officials of Teachers College anticipate an ultimately larger endowment as the result of the closing of New College?

*

PEACE IN THE LABOR MOVEMENT IS ONE OF the most vital necessities in present-day America, not only for labor's sake but in the interest of the country's welfare. Whatever the merits of the family quarrel, the bickering, and worse, that it has given rise to has had a demoralizing effect on ordinary voters who are not acquainted with its fine points; if continued, it will open the way to even more decisive attacks from the right than those which found their mark in the recent elections. The pressure for peace is obviously being felt at the C. I. O. constitutional convention now going on in Pittsburgh. President Roosevelt's message, and its enthusiastic reception by the delegates, must accentuate the pressure. The question is whether the setting up of the C. I. O. as a permanent organization can be consistent with labor peace. It seems doubtful that it can lead to peace in the sense of reamalgamation with the A. F. of L.; it may be in part designed, however, to increase the bargaining power of the C. I. O. in the negotiation of a labor truce. In that case the most destructive battles of the jurisdictional war might be eliminated. It is less clear what compromise could be made on the important issue of the National Labor Relations Board, which operates on the front line of the main battle between capital and labor and yet is constantly bedeviled by the A. F. of L.

War Against the Jews

THE anniversary of the Armistice was celebrated in Germany with a characteristic demonstration of the Nazi spirit. In every city and town Nazi youths in party cars, animated by what Propaganda Minister Goebbels described as "healthy instincts," smashed and plundered Jewish shops, burned synagogues, beat and arrested thousands of helpless Jews while police and firemen looked on with smiling approval. It was a great show. Never were mass cowardice, mass brutality, and mass destructiveness so gruesomely displayed. The demonstration was finally called off when the ruin was complete and the mob presumably sated. Then the official sequel was announced. Field Marshal Hermann Göring, director of Germany's Four-Year Plan, issued a decree forbidding Jews after January 1 to conduct any retail, mail-order, commission, or handicraft business. At the same time he leved a fine of 1,000,000,000 marks—some $400,000,000; and Herr Goebbels published an order prohibiting Jews from entering movie houses, theaters, or concert halls. Thus has the Third Reich, most powerful nation on the Continent of Europe, avenged the death of a German official at the hand of a seventeen-year-old Jewish boy, hysterical with grief because his parents, driven out of Germany with thousands of other Jews, were stranded without money or shelter on the Polish frontier.

What answer can we make to this degenerate brutality? We can and must protest; refusing to be silenced even by the bestial Nazi threat to visit still more vengeance on the Jews for protests coming from abroad. We can protest, but we know that indignation will not influence a government which has abandoned even the outward forms of justice. The perverse mentality that can hold a racial group responsible for the act of one individual is beyond the reach of ordinary remonstrance. The torture of Germany's Jews seemed to have reached its climax when the Nürnberg laws were adopted; many people believed that their position would remain static thereafter, fixed by detailed restrictions; a sorry enough fate, but perhaps bearable. Nothing like that has happened. New decrees have multiplied, narrowing more and more the civil rights and means of self-support permitted to Jews. And now the last possibility of earning a living has been snatched away by the new decrees.

Newspapers and the public men in every country have expressed their horror at the whole performance. They have denounced the Nazi sadists for their atrocities and for the even more perverse cruelty of forcing the victims to pay for the repair of their damaged property. They have pointed out the discrepancy between the Nazis' boast of discipline and order in the Reich and their claim that the riot of destruction was a "spontaneous" outburst. Few of them have emphasized the most significant fact about the new pogroms—that they are direct consequences of the Munich triumph which completed the rout of all the sober elements around Hitler and established the power of the extremists.

The recall of our ambassador for "report and consultation" is an effective and courageous move. It is hinted, as this issue goes to press, that it may be followed by more drastic action. It is known that Mr. Roosevelt and his advisers have been considering the possible effects of a complete diplomatic break with the Reich. We hope most earnestly that this action will be taken. It may be without precedent, but the situation demands unprecedented steps. A rupture of relations would at least bring to the Nazi government some realization of the horror with which its new orgy of *Schrecklichkeit* is regarded.

Such an act would yield many secondary benefits. The United States would at a stroke be rid of Nazi agents concealed in the habiliments and titles of diplomats. And no American representatives would thereafter be subjected to the humiliation of listening to endless attacks on democratic institutions and the solemn nonsense of Nazi party ceremonials. Trade with the Reich is meager at best and could be ended altogether with small hurt to the United States. The primitive rules under which Germany does business preclude satisfactory relations in any case, and make a trade pact unthinkable. Meanwhile, the people of this country can make their indignation felt by intensifying the boycott; a general refusal to buy German goods would prove more effective than all the words of protest that could be spoken.

Some solid good has come out of the orgy of terror: whatever illusions still lingered around the concept of "appeasement" have vanished into the murk of Nazi obscurantism. The official picture of Hitler presented at the time of the Munich pact—comfortably sated, eager for the good-will of his neighbors—has faded into the old familiar outlines. The savior (at a price) of Europe's peace has become again the Nazi street-fighter and Jew-baiter. No official notice of the pogroms has been taken in London or Paris, but the word is going out that further negotiations with Hitler will be indefinitely delayed. The present temper of the French and British people is not suited to good-will tours to Germany. On the other hand Chamberlain is taking pains to avoid ruffling the feelings of his cosigner of the pact of "everlasting peace." He plans to use the unhappy interlude to solidify his relations with Italy, but even this threat is not sufficient to dim our satisfaction at the rough awakening of the British public. Just as the attacks upon the Jews were a direct result of Munich, so the truth about Munich may emerge from the sufferings of the Jews.

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Another silver lining is just beginning to show itself. Goebbels has warned Jews everywhere to keep their mouths shut about the Nazi terror lest they provide a blueprint of action for the anti-Semitism that lurks just under the surface in all countries. The existence of anti-Semitism is not to be denied. It is a part of the daily experience of Americans, as well as Germans. It emerged in more than one state during the recent election campaign, threatening the basic decencies of democratic life. But Goebbels's theory that the German pogroms will encourage the growth of anti-Jewish feeling is a false one, typically Nazi in its arrogant conceit. No news in recent years has so effectively awakened the ordinary man-in-the-street to the ultimate meaning of anti-Semitism as the story of the persecutions in the Reich; and no words have provided a more salutary shock than those of the Propaganda Minister himself.

No Cause for Panic

THE elections were a defeat for Mr. Roosevelt, but hardly a rout. The Democratic Party could not reasonably hope to maintain its landslide strength of 1936. The Republicans will have 23 seats in the new Senate and at least 166 in the new House, but the Democrats retain the control of Congress which they won in 1930. State victories place new patronage in G. O. P. hands, strengthening the party for 1940, but the totals are not impressive. The Republicans will now govern 18 of the 48 states, instead of 7. In terms of the Electoral College, the 1936 vote of 523 to 8 is now 321 to 210 in the Democrats' favor. Nor is comparison with the past discouraging. Since 1870, with the one exception of 1934, the party in control of the House has always lost seats at the mid-term elections. Since 1870, too, the party which won or kept control of the House in the mid-term elections has won the Presidential election which followed. If 1940 runs true to this seventy-year-old pattern, it will see a Democratic victory. Although a Democratic majority in Congress is not synonymous with a liberal majority, those busily hanging crepe on the New Deal are a little premature.

Labor and liberalism suffered the gravest defeats in Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Pennsylvania. Democratic reverses in Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Oregon made little change in the New Deal forces, for in those states, with one exception, the choice was between equally conservative major-party candidates. In Connecticut, Senator Lonergan, a reactionary Democrat, was defeated by Danaher, a Republican liberal and labor lawyer. The money of the anti-union motors industry and its exploitation of the issue of the sitdown strike among farmers and the middle classes defeated Governor Murphy in Michigan. The division between Progressive and New Dealer in Wisconsin, a division for which Phil La Follette and Farley share the blame, handed that state to the reactionaries. The still unhealed scars of primary fights in Minnesota's Farmer-Labor Party and among Pennsylvania's raw Democrats were at least partly responsible for similar setbacks. Minnesota indulged in a vicious anti-Semitic campaign, and Pennsylvania elected Hoover Republicans. Most menacing was the appearance on the ballot in California, Washington, and Oregon of anti-strike constitutional amendments that can be described as semi-fascist. Oregon voters approved theirs by a narrow margin, and their decision may stimulate similar measures elsewhere unless a concerted campaign by labor forces it into the discard through court action. It is a pleasure to record the fact that the Catholic bishops of Spokane and Seattle helped to defeat the amendment in Washington by a joint statement against it.

Politicians have always tried to exploit a certain amount of racial and religious feeling in New York. The Republican Party sought to defeat Roosevelt for the governorship in 1928 and Wagner for the senatorship in 1932 by nominating Jewish candidates. This time "Vote American" signs made their appearance against Lehman, and Poletti's Protestantism was emphasized in an effort to turn Catholics against him. But Dewey's attack on the racial issue did him credit, and neither anti-Semites nor anti-Baptists seem to have played an important role. Lehman's vote, though almost 600,000 less than in the Presidential year of 1936 (Dewey's vote was also less than that polled by the Republican candidate in 1936), was almost 200,000 more than he received in 1934. The reelection of Lehman and Wagner in New York, the sweeping Democratic victory in Illinois, and the defeat of particularly obnoxious Republican candidates in California by Olson and Downey are among the brightest spots in the election picture. The defeat of Hague's candidate in New Jersey, of Curley in Massachusetts, and of Davey in Ohio demonstrates that liberals will refuse to support reactionary and corrupt machine Democrats even when they parade the approval of the New Deal High Command. O'Connor's failure is also cause for satisfaction, while Marcantonio's return to Congress will be some compensation for the loss of O'Connell in Montana.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the campaign was the extent to which the Republicans were compelled to adopt the language of liberalism. Though the insistence of most G. O. P. candidates that they were opposed to the methods rather than the aims of the New Deal was safely ambiguous and not to be relied on too heavily, it testified nevertheless to the change brought about by Mr. Roosevelt in the American philosophy of government. Certainly in the farm belt Republican victories must be regarded as a mandate for more rather than less government aid to agriculture. The dangers to the New

Deal program lie not in frontal attack by its enemies but in stealthy ambush. The fight will be to starve new administrative and regulatory agencies by cutting their appropriations, to weaken them by changing the character of their personnel, to whittle away their powers in the courts. We are convinced that the fight to amend the Wagner Act will be the major engagement between New Deal and anti-New Deal at the next session of Congress, and there are too many conservatives among the Democrats to make us sanguine about the outcome. The Administration is likely to seek to meet the crisis by compromise, and the C. I. O. and A. F. of L. must join forces for the coming struggle or risk a serious setback to the entire labor movement.

Spanish "Settlement"

SPANIARDS go on fighting as if civil war were still raging, and the Ebro's waters run red. Deluded journalists who thought the roar of cannon and the rattle of machine-guns meant continued warfare, must have blushed with shame on learning that Chamberlain and Mussolini had scooped the world by ascertaining "exclusively" that a settlement had been reached in Spain. This must be the meaning of the British and Italian governments' decision that the pact they concluded on April 16, containing the provision that it would become operative as soon as Spanish affairs were "settled," can now be enforced.

With the Anglo-Italian agreement numerous new arrangements come into play. They include an Italian promise to keep hands off British spheres in southern Arabia, a pledge by each government to tell the other before erecting new naval or air bases in the eastern Mediterranean or Red Sea, an Italian assurance that Lake Tsana's waters will not be diverted from the rich cotton fields of Sudan and Lower Egypt (important to Lancashire's textile plants), British reaffirmation that the Suez Canal will stay open to the ships of all powers in peace and war, suspension of mutually hostile wireless propaganda, and virtual withdrawal of British missionaries from Abyssinia and their replacement by Italians. Britain's unhappy leadership of the League's first and probably last romp in economic sanctions in 1935 will end in British recognition of Italy's whole Ethiopian conquest. Italy says it will sign the 1936 London naval treaty, limiting the size of warships and gun calibers but leaving the number of each country's war craft unrestricted—a document robbed of importance and durability by Japan's refusal to adhere to it. Of minor importance also is Italy's diminution of the Libyan garrison, which can be reinforced in three days.

Ordinary folk supposed the Spanish "settlement" upon which enforcement of the Anglo-Italian accord was made dependent meant that as a start all foreign aid should be withdrawn and the Spaniards left to settle their own affairs; Berlin and Rome should cease to use Spain as the fulcrum of their European strategy. But only Republican Spain has dispensed with all foreign volunteers, totaling roughly 10,000 men. Italy has withdrawn 10,000 infantrymen from Franco, Mussolini having confided to Chamberlain in Munich that this number represented half of all the Italian troops in Spain. The Duce has ignored the published admission of his own controlled press that Italy had 40,000 troops in Spain. (Neutrals consider 60,000 a minimum estimate; Barcelona charges 80,000.) It has passed virtually unnoticed that the "settlement" ignores German cooperation with Italy in Spain, though some persons believe that Germany's grip on Nationalist Spain, in the long view, is a graver menace than Italy's. Apparently in Chamberlain's opinion the settlement can also ignore the remaining Italian infantrymen, technicians, and airmen, Italian control of Majorca, and Italian bombing of British vessels, as well as Germany's military and economic domination of the Basque country and other regions.

Ever since April, though hard-pressed by parliamentary questioners, Chamberlain had evaded the clear definitions of a settlement. But he had intimated that he would not regard as satisfactory a settlement involving renunciation of Britain's stake in an independent Spain, free from any power's dictation. Even this measure of enlightened self-interest was discarded when he accepted as a settlement a condition allowing Mussolini and Hitler to continue their efforts to make all Spain their fascist vassal. Such a Spain can render Gibraltar worthless, threaten British Empire communications, and paralyze France. In a parliamentary debate on Spain on July 26 Chamberlain declared, "In seeking peace the British government is not willing to sacrifice, even for peace, British honor and British vital interests." So presumably the settlement in Spain, which Chamberlain professes to have discovered, is reassuring to both British interests and British honor, as was the settlement at Munich.

Britain is publicly committed to withhold belligerent rights from insurgent Spain until the Non-Intervention Commission's scheme for total withdrawal has been carried out. But Chamberlain's pursuit of appeasement may override mere commitments. And in practice Britain has been conceding the privileges of a belligerent to Franco by tolerating his continued attacks on British ships outside Spanish waters.

Horror of social democracy in Spain is so intense among the British ruling class that Chamberlain was able to win approval for the Anglo-Italian pact from Parliament—345 docile members, against 138, with eyes open swallowed the settlement-in-Spain hoax. But every day more Britons realize that what is really being settled is Britain's hash.

What the Election Means

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, November 14

SOME juicy morsels of comfort were tucked among the election returns, but it would be folly to deny that the net result was a sound shellacking for liberalism and labor. Surgical analysis will disclose that the New Deal was hit harder than the Democratic Party as a whole, that labor's wounds are deeper than the Administration's, and that the C. I. O. suffered the most grievous trauma of all. Before turning to compensations let us count the casualties.

In Frank Murphy, Phil La Follette, and Elmer Benson the nation lost three of its ablest and most progressive governors. The loss may be temporary, but it occurs at a critical time. There would be few to lament the repudiation of the Earle administration in Pennsylvania if it were not being supplanted by an outfit highly reminiscent of the Ohio Gang. Try to imagine an administration which owes its victory to Joe Grundy, Ernie Weir, John Pew, and Moe Annenberg! Pennsylvanians don't need to imagine it; they are going to live under it for four years—those who can stand it that long. The miners and steel workers know what to expect, and the early pronouncements of Governor-elect Arthur James show how well founded their apprehensions are. C. I. O. members in Ohio are consoled by the knowledge that the Republican Governor-elect, John Bricker, will hardly aspire to surpass the brutal and lawless record of his predecessor, the unspeakable Martin Davey, but a ticket elected with the help of Tom Girdler and the rubber barons will not strain itself to pamper labor. In Michigan the automobile workers spent their last ounce of energy in a gallant struggle to hold the State House for Murphy, but the National Association of Manufacturers, the Black Legion, and the farmers made too strong a combination. The C. I. O. can expect no quarter from Frank Fitzgerald. It is a grim outlook, yet there is a distinct possibility in all three states (in Pennsylvania it is almost a certainty) that the excesses of the victors will produce a revulsion in public sentiment. Unfortunately, that will neither revive the dead nor heal the living.

One of the most shocking results was the adoption by Oregon voters of a measure which virtually prohibits strikes, picketing, and all other forms of union activity except the purely social. This draconian monstrosity was fully described by Richard Neuberger in *The Nation* of October 29. It is sufficient here to say that unless the courts overturn it—which seems rather likely—unions will cease to exist in Oregon except as ghosts. Similar but less vicious proposals were rejected in California and Washington. The presence of these medieval measures on the ballot was largely the work of such vigilante elements as the Associated Farmers, but organized labor must share the blame. Public sentiment on the coast was embittered by the disruptive and costly battle between the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. For this condition Dave Beck and his red-handed "goon squads" were mainly responsible, and a leader with the skill and tact of Phil Murray or Sidney Hillman would have quickly made use of the opportunity to turn public sympathy to the C. I. O. The inflammatory utterances of Harry Bridges succeeded only in evoking the curse, "A plague on both your houses!"

In many states, but particularly in the Middle West, farmers voted for Republican candidates in protest against crop prices and the Administration's crop-control plan. Do they hope for relief from an Administration headed by Vandenberg or Taft, and based on the support of Grundy, Girdler, and the National Association of Manufacturers? Or have the farmers simply ceased to hope, and settled down to steady hating? Their present mood is significant as portending the death of Henry Wallace's Presidential aspirations.

On the cheerful side of the ledger New York is the brightest spot. It radiates not only with the reelection of Wagner and the election of Mead to the Senate, but acquires added luster from the fact that Governor Lehman ran far behind them. The Governor must know that he owes his election to Mayor LaGuardia and the American Labor Party. Whether he is grateful remains to be seen. John Lord O'Brian chose to make the issue with Wagner squarely on the Labor Relations Act. In drawing a moral from the outcome I am content to echo that masterpiece of understatement by David Lawrence, the columnist for big business. He wrote: "Senator Wagner's signal victory cannot be interpreted as dislike for the basic purposes of the act he sponsored." Retribution finally overtook John J. O'Connor. I hope someone will take the trouble to notice what he does next. As chairman of the House Rules Committee—that reeking abattoir through which many a liberal measure was ushered to an open grave—O'Connor served certain interests faithfully and well. I shall be curious to know whether they remember it.

By electing Culbert Olson as Governor, California announced its decision that twenty-two years was long enough to keep Tom Mooney in prison for a crime he didn't commit, and thereby redeemed itself to the extent which the foregoing words would indicate. However, its penitence must be genuine, because it also snowed under the candidates and proposals of the Associated Farmers and other fascist groups in the state. This should temper the rejoicing of Representative Dies over the results in Michigan and Minnesota, and prove to everyone else that his committee's bogus "exposures" failed to affect the results anywhere. (At this moment, incidentally, a warrant is being sought charging one of Dies's star witnesses with perjury.) California's new Senator, Sheridan Downey, is infinitely preferable to the vigilante candidate who opposed him, but he is not unduly circumspect about the methods by which he seeks office. First it was the Townsend plan, then "Thirty Dollars Every Thursday." However, we must take into consideration that he was running in California.

Some of Tuesday's defeats were quite as gratifying as its victories. I never thought I should live to rejoice over the return of Warren Barbour to the Senate, but any man who administers a thrashing to Frank Hague has earned the thanks of every American who believes in democratic processes and official decency. Barbour would be a hero to the end of his life if he never opened his mouth or cast a vote in the Senate. Indeed, his record indicates that he would be a greater hero on those terms than otherwise. The defeat of Hague and his New Jersey hoodlums, coupled with the repudiation of Governors Earle of Pennsylvania, Davey of Ohio, and Kraschel of Iowa, may prove to be the most salutary result of the recent campaign. It does much to vindicate the petition of New Dealers who have sought earnestly, and not always successfully, to persuade Roosevelt that the local Democratic machines which have flourished under his Administration are liabilities, and that the work of spreading the gospel is not a proper mission for gorillas. If he accepts the evidence of the election, and proceeds hereafter on the assumption that his real strength lies in his liberal policies, the next two years may yet produce that political realignment which is the indispensable prerequisite of intelligent voting and responsible government. The series of conferences with progressive leaders which has now been initiated by Mayor LaGuardia will have a tendency to edge the President still farther along the path he should have chosen boldly long ago. The Little Flower, incidentally, has made himself the most powerful force in this country for uncompromising liberalism. I never doubted that he would.

Just how the election results will be reflected in the temper of Congress is uncertain. Those who say the New Deal will be put in a strait-jacket by a coalition of Republicans and Garner Democrats, and those who declare that the Democrats, confronted with the specter of defeat in 1940, will hasten to submerge their differences, are engaged alike in wishful thinking. It is too early to know, and I see no point in guessing. However, it is no guess that the Presidential prospects of Senator Clark of Missouri have been vastly enhanced. This favorite of Garner and other Old Guard Democrats was reelected by a landslide, and his "availability" becomes more obvious by the hour. Let me urge liberals not to judge Senator Clark too hastily by his supporters. Some of us have felt that the TVA and the Labor Relations Act constitute the simplest test of progressivism. Clark voted for both. I have known him long and well. No flaming liberal, he is nevertheless intelligent, honest, humane, and belligerently independent of corporate influence. Doubters should consult the du Ponts, who had to face him during the munitions investigation. He knows how wars are made and who profits from them. Most important of all perhaps is his immovable faith in democratic institutions.

To those who scoff at the suggestion that those institutions may be seriously assailed in this country, I recommend a careful study of the recent utterances of Major General George Van Horn Mosely, retired commander of the Third Army Corps area. Upon his retirement six weeks ago the General unburdened himself of a blast which might have been translated literally from the German of General Göring. The dominant theme was that the army had become the only stable force in the United States, which was interpreted by many as a threat that the army might find it necessary to "take over." Last week in a speech at Cincinnati this same brass-hatted pensioner appealed to the country to unite in 1940 under a coalition government, comprising "the cream of the parties." From all his utterances it is perfectly plain that when the General speaks of the "cream" he is alluding to an element which some of us prefer to describe as the scum. In all this I find a classic fitness, for it was General George Van Horn Mosely who commanded the troops which gassed the unarmed and destitute veterans and their women and children from their miserable shelters in this city in 1932. I can still see him directing that gallant charge. For his recent Prussian bombast he has been reprimanded by the Secretary of War, but it might be edifying to know in how many beribboned breasts his words found an echo.

One encounters a deepening belief in high official circles here that the Munich betrayal was actually arranged far in advance of its public announcement, and that the September war scare was deliberately staged in England and France to frighten the people of those countries into acceptance of terms which had already been secretly agreed on. That hypothesis would serve to clarify many things which have puzzled the world. The failure of the Germans to dig trenches in streets and parks, to issue gas-masks by the millions, to plan the mass evacuation of their cities, or engage in any of the

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spectacular preparations which terrified London and Paris is understandable if Hitler knew there was to be no war. Unlike Chamberlain and Daladier, he was under no compulsion to create a public opinion. That the danger of gas attacks on London and Paris was enormously exaggerated by the government is now admitted. Gas has not been employed against civilians in Spain or China, for the very practical reason—upon which experts agree—that gas is much less effective than explosives or incendiary bombs. That the heads of the British and French governments would perpetrate such a monstrous hoax upon their peoples is a horrifying thought, but is it any less horrifying than the final betrayal? I think not, and there are others here, far more important, who agree.

I Was Franco's Prisoner

BY SAMUEL ROMER

[*The author of this article served as a private in the Mackenzie-Papineau battalion of the International Brigade from May 4, 1937, until he was captured at Hijar on March 12, 1938; he was released early in October, 1938, in exchange for an Italian aviator, after being in prison for about seven months.*]

"WHY did you come to Spain? To kill me, perhaps?" The question was put by a Fascist machine-gun sergeant. It was a somewhat difficult one to answer. I stammered a bit, but did my best in broken Spanish to satisfy him that I had no personal hatred for him at all, even hinted that I could learn to love everybody. No success. He still persisted in his embarrassing question. Finally I resorted to the classic answer—an answer I was to find increasingly useful as my enforced stay in Fascist Spain continued through long months—"No intiendo" (I don't understand"). It worked. He was angry and stubborn, but I proved quite as adamant. "No intiendo!" After a while he gave up in disgust. It wasn't until after he had walked away that, for the first time since I had been captured two days before, I felt comfortable.

I had expected to be shot, but now I really felt that I had a chance. Actually, I hadn't cared very much whether I lived or died during the first twenty-four hours after I was captured—I was so tired. Where we had been expecting a weak feint, Franco had attacked with 120,000 Italian troops and more than 60,000 Spanish Fascists. Forced to run when its flanks gave way, the Mackenzie-Papineau Canadian Battalion to which I was attached had been on the march for more than eighty hours, with only brief halts. We were all dog-tired when the word came that the enemy had broken through the front six kilometers away and was advancing rapidly. The battalion took to the road in a hurry and began marching again. I was assigned the job of bringing up the rear, making certain no stragglers were left behind. But we hadn't been on the road more than ten minutes when the Fascist cavalry came over the hills shouting "Viva Franco!" as they waved their long sabers and shot their carbines. Four of us at the rear of the marching unit were cut off and surrounded. A hand grenade I tossed at an approaching horseman could not save me; although it eliminated both him and his horse, it did not stop four more troopers behind him. Because there was nothing else to do I wearily raised by hands in obedience to their command.

The platoon that captured me was made up of decent fellows; I suppose if they hadn't been so decent I shouldn't be writing this story. For some inexplicable reason they did not even attempt to take revenge for their dead comrade. Talking with one of them, I discovered that we had fought against each other in an earlier action at Fuentes de Ebro. Promptly we began to fight the battle all over again, disputing how many tanks had been lost, the efficacy of the Fascist machine-gun cross-fire, and so on. He found the recollection pleasant since it had been a pretty disastrous action for us. A Fascist soldier discovered a red Socorro Rojo Internacional (International Red Aid) booklet sticking out of the coat pocket of one of the prisoners. He quietly removed the book and buried it in a hole he dug with his heel. I noted many occurrences of this sort. One soldier tore a sergeant's stripes off a prisoner, telling him it would be very bad if the commanding officer noticed it. Another suggested to a prisoner that he remove the hammer-and-sickle ring he was wearing. The clerk-interpreter who took our prison declarations asked in a long-drawn breath: "Areyouamemberofapolitical partyortradeunionyoumustdenyeverything!"

Some 700 government troops, including 80 internationals, were captured in that week's fighting. At Bilbao I took part in the most exciting demonstration of genuine labor solidarity I have ever seen. The military governor there decided to make the prisoners the feature of a victory parade staged to show the recalcitrant Basques who was really winning the war. We waited for eight hours in the freight yards while preparations were made; then, under heavy armed guard, we began the parade across the city to the concentration camp. The sidewalks were filled with throngs who had come out to see the proof of

Franco's victory. But as we marched along we did not hear a cheer, and the silence was pregnant with hatred of the proud victors. The faces of the onlookers expressed only sympathy, solidarity, with us. All along the route men and women seemingly scratched their heads, and as their fingers brushed their hair, their fists suddenly clenched and unclenched. In the heart of Fascist Spain we were being saluted with the clenched fist of the republic.

We were to discover later that our experience on parade in Bilbao was normal in the north; wherever we went we found tremendous love for the republic. Basque or Asturiano, the people hate Franco and will gladly risk death again to see him overthrown. I am convinced that as soon as the republic shows any sign of real military power, the moment it can carry out a smashing offensive that will not only take but hold Fascist territory, a revolution will break out in the north. They are waiting for the signal there; the underground movement works with the smoothness that comes of long years of apprenticeship under the decadent monarchy and Primo de Rivera's dictatorship. Franco keeps 60,000 northern soldiers in Fascist jails, not daring to trust them even in guarded labor battalions. Six columns totaling 10,000 men are still fighting in the hills of Asturias, conducting successful guerrilla warfare. Machine-guns and ammunition are cached in the hills, much of it stored there after the failure of the 1934 rebellion. Hundreds of Basque priests are held incomunicado in the jails because they refused to accept Vatican dictation about "the holy war against communism."

Within Fascist Spain one finds none of the enthusiasm for the war and the willingness to endure the sacrifices it demands so evident on the Loyalist side. Nearly everybody is tired of the war and prays for a quick end. Some of the soldiers, of course, are *Rojos* (Republicans) caught in Fascist territory in the first days of July, 1936, and later drafted into the army. But most of the recruits are politically indifferent; they merely obey the law and fight without fervor, wondering mildly what it's all about. These men are representative of the civilian population in their indifference; if they dread death on the battlefield, it would be even worse to disobey the draft laws. Although most of them are deeply religious, they have a surprising skepticism about the formal church and its priests.

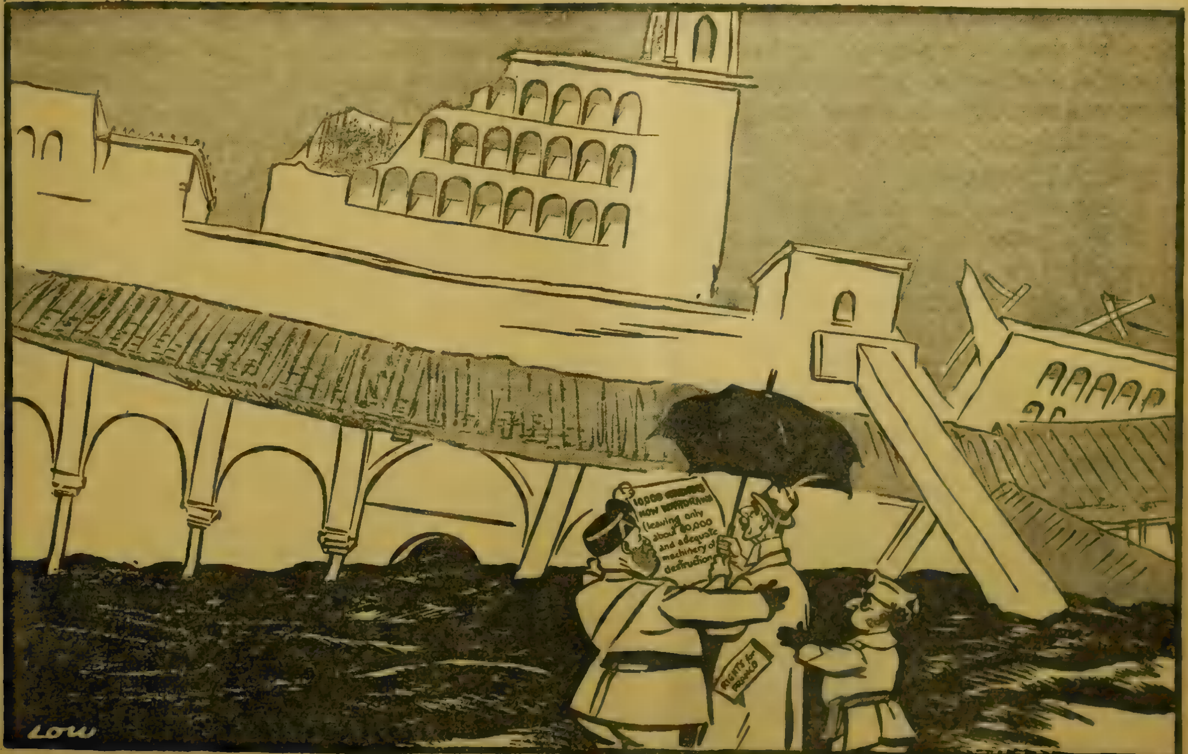
Resentment is directed against Burgos and Salamanca rather than against Berlin and Rome, against the home-grown variety of dictator rather than the imported. Italian soldiers are present wherever one turns, and the German Gestapo openly runs the country; yet we found little anger at the invasion. Of the oft-reported feud between the Carlists and Falangists we saw practically nothing; although here it must be remembered that the mass base of the Carlists was formed by the Basques, now loyal to the republic. There were of course minor incidents—the knifing of a Spaniard by a Moor, the ruthlessness with which German sergeants ordered about Spanish majors. But it seems to me that the real push for republican victory from within Fascist Spain will come almost exclusively from the north and from the old Marxist and Anarchist elements in the cities, and that any uprising will be directed against Franco and his Spanish colleagues rather than against the invaders. The big shot in Fascist Spain is not Franco, I believe, but Serrano Suñer, the Minister of the Interior, of whom even the ordinary civilian speaks with frightened awe. Suñer recently visited Spanish Morocco, whence Franco receives so much political strength, and was given homage by the native governors.

After a month at Bilbao we were transferred to the concentration camp at San Pedro de Cárdenas, about seven miles from Burgos. This camp had been made the center for all non-Spaniards captured since the beginning of the war. Among the 700-odd prisoners were men captured in every important battle during the Italian drive to the sea. Some 500 of us had been soldiers of the International Brigades; the others were *extranjeros del Norte,* foreigners of the north. These were all men who had lived in Spain from five to twenty years before the civil war began—Cubans, Portuguese, South Americans, French Basques, and some Germans, who had gone to Spain to live and were now almost as Spanish as the natives. Franco wanted to exchange these men as "internationals," since he could not possibly match the thousands of Italian prisoners taken by the Loyalists with a paltry 500 prisoners from the International Brigades.

The prison was a bleak monastery on the northern end of the great Navarre plateau. The cold winds whistled through its walls summer and winter. The leaves on the trees had turned a dreary brown even in July, and the freezing nights provided a sharp contrast for those of us who had fought at Brunete during the dog days of the year before. The monastery had been built on the ruins of the palace of El Cid, who centuries before had led the successful revolt against the ruling Moors, and on the façade of the gateway was a huge rough sculpture showing El Cid on horseback piercing with his lance the crescent and star of the Moorish shield. The guards always looked uncomfortable when one of us would point to the sculpture and ask them who had brought the Moors back into Spain. Another work of art we liked was a huge statue of El Cid on top of the bell tower. Originally he had held his sword high in his right hand, but time and the wind had conspired to destroy the sword, and he was left overlooking the prison with his hand raised in "Red Front" salute. (Fascist Spain abounds in these curious contradictions. Basque Catholics relish the story of Franco's personal bodyguard, composed of picked Moors, who fly as their emblem the six-pointed star, also the emblem of international Free Masonry.) Attached to the monastery was an old church which some of the Spanish prisoners told us was one of the historic monuments of old Spain. During my service in the Loyalist army I had seen churches converted into schools, meeting-halls, and supply warehouses, but the only one I saw used to camouflage a munitions dump was here in Franco's territory. Within this church were stored hundreds of huge airplane bombs and artillery shells.

San Pedro, like other prisons, observed a strict routine. Our food never varied. For breakfast we had a hot concoction composed of water, crude olive oil, stale bread, and garlic. We always had beans or something similar for the first course at lunch, red beans or white beans or horse beans or lentils or chick peas. These were served in hot water and oil without any other vegetable. Sometimes bean soup was the only course, since we celebrated in common with the rest of Fascist Spain the *plato unico*. According to this custom every Spaniard loyal to Franco eats once a week a one-course meal and donates the money saved to the war fund. As prisoners we made our contribution two or three times a week. If there was any other course it usually consisted of two fresh sardines fried in olive oil or, once or twice a week, potato soup garnished with a suggestion of meat. Eight times during my prison life a tasteless boiled fish was served us instead of beans, and three times we received two tablespoonfuls of lettuce apiece. In all fairness, however, I should mention that on July 18, the anniversary of the birth of the counter-revolution, our two courses consisted of potatoes and meat and a tuna-fish salad. The memory of that meal remained long with us. For supper, again, the routine was invariable—bean soup and two fried fresh sardines. Supplementing this, two pound loaves of bread were given us daily. One of the prisoners, an Austrian doctor, estimated that the diet was more than sufficient in calories but that it lacked the vitamines of green vegetables, and although it served to keep us alive would not mean health and strength.

At no time were we issued tobacco through the prison authorities; the Red Cross once gave us twenty Spanish cigarettes apiece. We did get some tobacco from the Asturian and Basque prisoners through the prison grapevine, and in July after some of us had received money from home we were allowed to buy tobacco and coarse chocolate and cookies. All 700 of us lived in two large halls, about 300 feet long and 20 feet wide. For more than three months we slept on the bare stone floor shoulder to shoulder; later we were given burlap sacks and mattress covers and, just before we were exchanged, straw to stuff inside the covers. Sanitation was almost non-existent; five toilets and three washbowls served 700 men. There was always a long cue waiting to wash, and at any hour of the night fifteen or twenty men could be found in the washroom taking improvised sponge baths or washing clothes. Lice, fleas, mice, and other vermin were abundant, and it was only once in about every six weeks that we were marched under heavy guard to a river two miles away, where for ninety minutes we were allowed



"SETTLEMENT" IN SPAIN

to bathe and wash our clothes. Every morning we were taken out for an hour's calisthenics; the exercise usually consisted in raising one's arm in the Fascist salute and shouting "Franco!" But we welcomed these periods because only then and at mealtimes were we allowed to leave our cramped quarters—except, of course, when visitors came.

We welcomed visitors warmly since we were usually placed in the fields when they came. In addition most of them spoke English, and we would always vie with one another in worming news out of them. One of our visitors was Charles A. Bay, United States consul at Seville. He refused to see all the Americans but consented to talk to twenty. Of these twenty he actually spoke with only six. Of each he asked the same two questions: "Do you want to hear from your family?" and "Why don't you write them?" The replies were the same from all six: we were very anxious about our families, and we were not allowed to write. After that Mr. Bay passed a pleasant afternoon drinking beer with the *comandante,* and we never saw him again.

Other visitors were Colonel "Wild Bill" Donovan, former Republican candidate for the governorship of New York, the Duchess of Talevera, British-born but married to Spanish royalty, and William P. Carney, Franco's propaganda ace who also works for the New York *Times.* The Duchess's visit had its ludicrous aspects. Before her arrival the prison was turned into a pastoral scene of peace and charity; corporals and sergeants threw away their canes and smiled sweetly at their dear prisoners. But when the prisoners were formed for the principal event of the day—we were to shout hearty *Vivas* and *Arribas* for Franco and our captors—despite intensive rehearsals something went wrong, and from the massed formation of the 700 prisoners was heard only the high, piping voice of the Fascist corporal. This moving demonstration had not been prearranged, but I think all of us as we lined up were determined that, no matter what the cost, we would not be shown off to any royalty. The cost turned out to be not exorbitant: discipline tightened up the next morning and the sticks were used a little more freely. Beatings were far from a novelty anyway. But far worse than caning was "the hole"—a dungeon where the offender was kept in solitary and on half rations.

I don't suppose that most *Nation* readers need be told about the visit of Mr. Carney, which he so graphically reported in the New York *Times.* Carney, whom we shall always remember as the man who brought two packages of cigarettes for eighty prisoners, pictured the prison as a happy vacation resort where only the Americans were ungrateful for Franco's favors. Suffice it here to say that the river he saw flowing past the monastery, the playground, our commodious quarters, the industrious Scandinavians and the tawdry Americans were not even exaggerations; they were absolute lies, figments of a perverted imagination. When fourteen of us were released on October 2 in an exchange of prisoners, we met Mr. Carney again, on the French side of the international bridge. We accused him of outright lying, and he blandly admitted it. Shamelessly he told us that he had lied because "it was the only way to get the story out"—another falsehood, since he could have sent it from France. His unqualified statement that we all admitted having been recruited by the Communist Party or the North American Committee was preposterous; the subject was never mentioned in the interview, and the facts were otherwise.

The morale of all the "internationals" and especially the Americans was always sky-high. One reason for this was that we were constantly buoyed up by the example of the Asturians and Basques. Another reason lay in our own internal organization. We published a little underground newspaper which carried the gossip of the prison and interpreted the news we gleaned from the Fascist press. Once we were able to carry through an effective "strike" against lentils after a fourteen-day steady diet of them. We organized the San Pedro Institute of Higher Learning, which had 19 classes and 285 students. The courses included elementary arithmetic, integral calculus, language instruction in English, French, Spanish, Russian, and German, and lectures on political economy and the labor history of the United States and Great Britain. Afternoon lectures were given on almost every conceivable subject; a series of six was on "Zoos and Circuses," by a former animal trainer for British menageries. When night fell, we would post our own guards to watch for sentries, and then choruses representing our thirty-three different nationalities would sing their revolutionary folksongs.

The Fascists, of course, supplemented this underground activity with a morale-building program of their own. Mass every Sunday and feast day was compulsory, and once when a German, bred in militant anti-clericalism, refused to kneel, he was badly beaten and given a week in the "hole." Spellbinding priests harangued us three or four times a week, quoting at length from the sacred words of the *Generalísimo.* The gospel they preached was the clerical fascism of Portugal, according to which the employer is the patron and the worker the protege and everybody lives happily in peace and harmony ever after.

None of us were capable of much resistance to disease after our continued diet of bread and beans. The infirmary never had less than 100 patients, attended by our own doctors and first-aid men. All of us at one time or another were down with the grippe, diarrhea, or similar illnesses. At least half of us suffered from a peculiarly painful disease in our joints and bones, attributed by the doctors to the lack of green vegetables. Fourteen Americans and 100 English have been exchanged, but

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600 men, including 77 Americans, remain. These men must be released before the winter sets in or there will be far fewer to go in the spring. All of them went through the last hard winter campaign in Teruel; the hardship of that, with the addition of the eight months in prison, has made them weak as kittens. Seven, including two Canadians, have already died; they will be joined by many more unless early freedom is obtained. All international troops have been demobilized by the republic, and Franco need not fear they will return to the front; there is no reason why they should not be released.

But they will not be released unless the United States State Department drops its disinterested attitude and demands their freedom. Even the British Foreign Office has bestirred itself to some extent and obtained for British subjects the permission to write home. Our State Department has not done even that. Washington may use as excuse the fact that the boys broke a law when they went to Spain, but ordinary decency and humanity demand that it act, and immediately. If the State Department's attitude was reliably reflected by Mr. Bay's, San Pedro may become the graveyard of many fine young men this winter.

Poland and the German "Peace"

BY HENRY B. KRANZ

NO longer are the Balkans the prime puzzle of Europe. Poland has taken their place. In the Czech crisis Poland's position remained undefined until the last moment, but its final determination not to allow the Russian army to march through had more weight in deciding the fate of Prague than is commonly realized.

Now that Hitler has Czechoslovakia, will he proceed to conquer Southern and Eastern Europe? I venture to say that Poland may be the decisive factor in the events of the next few months. Poland has 35,000,000 inhabitants. The fanatically nationalist Polish army, with 3,000,000 magnificently equipped and trained soldiers, is only a little weaker than the Italian army. Poland's armament bill is enormous. Fifty per cent of the yearly budget is devoted to the army. Poland is the buffer state between Fascist Germany and Communist Russia. In addition, it lies between the Baltic states to the north and the Balkans to the south. On its autonomy depends the present balance of power in Eastern Europe.

In September Poland refused to stand by the democratic states. It did not want a war. It feared that a war, no matter what its outcome might be, would mean the end of the new Poland. If the allies—France, England, Russia—conquered, the Communist ideal would enter the hearts of the Poles, and 5,000,000 Ukrainians, oppressed for years, would demand reunion with their Russian brothers. If Germany won, Poland would face the danger of complete dismemberment. A victorious Germany would find it child's play to destroy a state in which 12,000,000 people, 32 per cent of the population, belong to national minorities. As is well known, Germany proclaims the right of self-determination whenever it finds it convenient, without regard to its own minorities. Poland knows that Nazi Germany looks upon it as an enemy even if Hitler is courting it today. Therefore it is pursuing a "realistic" foreign policy, dictated by the situation at the moment. Such a policy is of course unpredictable.

What price did Poland demand of Germany for its refusal to allow Russia to use it as a passageway, and when was the "deal" consummated? The time was probably as early as last spring, and the price was the major part of Lithuania in exchange for the Corridor, with Danzig and Memel going to Germany. Hitler has been trying for years to get closer to the Russian border. With Memel and later Riga in his possession, this goal would be attained. Last March the Poles threatened to invade Lithuania to avenge the shooting of a Polish border guard. A forty-eight-hour ultimatum was followed up with impressive military preparations. Lithuania, with its 2,500,000 inhabitants, naturally had to capitulate to its stronger neighbor. This ultimatum was only a prologue to what is to come. It was not simply to obtain the resumption of normal diplomatic relations that the whole country was aroused to the highest pitch of nationalistic excitement. Poland's Foreign Minister, Colonel Beck, is one of the most astute diplomats in Europe, a politician of the old school, and one of the busiest travelers among European ministers. He was in Berlin and Rome shortly before the Lithuanian incident. It is natural to assume that the bargain was made at that time.

That Hitler is laying the groundwork for the "conquest" of Lithuania much as he prepared for that of Czechoslovakia is apparent from the latest events in Memel. On October 26 the predominantly German Diet met in a lively session marked by demands for autonomy. At the same time leading Memel Germans in conference at Königsberg in East Prussia decided to submit to the Lithuanian government a memorandum containing demands which mark the beginning of agitation for German annexation of that territory—Henlein's tactics repeated in another Slavic country.

Paradoxically, Germany, which today threatens to destroy Lithuania, assisted at its founding as an independent state in 1917. When Germany collapsed in November, 1918, the Allies chose to perpetuate the existence of the young Lithuanian state—for the same anti-Bolshevik reasons. But its boundaries remained to be fixed. First the Lithuanians retired to Kaunas, and the Russians moved into Wilno. Three months later the Russians were driven out by the Poles. In June, 1920, the Soviets began an offensive against the Poles and once more occupied Wilno. They then concluded a peace with the Lithuanians, ceding them Wilno with the idea of strengthening a future ally against Poland. In October, 1920, the Polish general Zeligowski, in a private raid, recaptured the city. The Polish government denied that it was behind this undertaking, but it promptly took the city and surrounding territory under its protection. The Lithuanians then appealed to the League of Nations, which backed up the stronger contestant. Wilno and the surrounding territory remained Polish, but Lithuania broke off all relations with Poland, and not till March of this year, under threat of force, did it resume them.

Germany today would like to see Lithuania disappear. Poland, which agreed with Germany in March, is wavering. Which is Poland's greater enemy, Germany or Russia? Where do the greater advantages for it lie?

The Poles have always been rubbed the wrong way by the Nazis. For years Nazi agents have been working feverishly among the million Germans in Lower Silesia, Posen, Danzig, and the Corridor, preparing for the *Tag* when German soldiers shall march through these districts again. Recently the leaders of the German minority in Poland adopted the slogan, "One nation, one party, one leader." On German maps Poznania is marked "Province of Posen" and Pomorze is the "Province of West Prussia." In Danzig, nominally a free city under the supervision of the League of Nations, the Nazi leader Albert Förster declared, "We in Danzig embody a German state with a population which is 96 per cent German. We belong to no other state which can tell us what to do."

The 1,200,000 Poles in Germany are treated as second-class citizens. Thousands of Polish workingmen are in concentration camps. Polish farmers have been forcibly dispossessed. Polish business enterprises are boycotted, sometimes officially, and Polish organizations are subjected to raids. Parents who send their children to Polish schools are excluded from winter relief and other social-welfare assistance. All Polish young men must enter the labor-service army, the "high school of National Socialist education." Peasants are not allowed to acquire land, even by purchase from their own parents, and Polish church services are rapidly being curtailed. Protests from the League of Poles in Germany have received either no answer or one referring to Polish persecution of Germans. Two weeks ago 25,000 Jews of Polish citizenship were arrested and rushed to the border in special trains with only ten marks in their pocket. Only when the Polish government prepared to expel Germans living in Poland was the deportation suspended. Seven thousand Jews already put across the border could not return to their homes in Germany.

Colonel Beck, a sober realist, has never doubted that he is too weak to oppose Germany single-handed. And, more astute than Dr. Benes, he has not relied on French promises. His idea has been to create a sort of "Third Europe," a bloc of Poland, the Baltic states, the Little Entente, and the Balkan Entente. This bloc was not to have any ideological basis. It was to be a club of states. The members were to enjoy complete liberty in their foreign policy but be bound by common aims. This "Third Europe" was to form not a rigid axis but a supple chain. Benes did not appreciate the significance of this idea, any more than he realized that friendship with Schuschnigg was the only salvation for Czechoslovakia as well as for Austria. Nor did the French politicians go along with Colonel Beck. When Beck proposed to change the Little Entente into a "Federation of Four States," France is supposed to have advised Benes against it. What remained for Poland, then, but to go its own way? Forced to live between Germany and Russia, menaced on both sides and without reliable allies, it had to apply itself carefully, before all else, to preserving its independence.

Pilsudski, the saber-rattling, ardent revolutionary who founded Poland, was no friend of Germany's. It is said that as early as 1933 he proposed to France that they wage a preventive war on Germany, but France would have none of it. So Pilsudski had to conclude a ten-year peace with Hitler. Today there is a strong Germanophile element in the Polish army which would like a military alliance with Hitler and to obtain it would be willing to sacrifice the Ukraine and perhaps even Gdynia, Poland's one outlet to the sea. The collapse of the Little Entente and France's betrayal of Prague have been very sobering to Poland.

In case of a war with either Germany or Russia, Poland's difficulties would be greatly increased by the disaffection of the Ukrainians within its borders. The National Democratic Union, the largest Ukrainian political organization, declared a short time ago that every attempt at friendly relations with the government had been repulsed. It pointed to the oppressions which the Ukrainians suffer and demanded the recognition of a separate Ukrainian nation and the right to unhindered development. The National Democratic Union, in spite of its name, is conservative with fascist leanings and is

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supported by German agents. Hitler would like nothing better than a Ukrainian revolt.

In a war against Russia, Poland would have to defend an eastern frontier which not only lacks all natural protection but is populated chiefly by these malcontents. In Polesia only 14 per cent of the inhabitants are Poles, in Volhynia only 16.6 per cent, in the Stanislau only 22.4 per cent. Moreover, the Poles live mainly in the cities, while the Ukrainian and White Russian elements predominate on the flat plains. And the Communist tide is rising in these districts. In a war against Russia the people would probably make common cause with the enemy. Germans and Russians are vying for the friendship of the Ukrainians—and the Poles have their hands full asserting their authority.

The partial dismemberment of Czechoslovakia created for Poland an entirely new situation, but Colonel Beck has not abandoned his plan of a "Third Europe." Lately, to everyone's surprise, he showed up in Bucharest. Why, he asked King Carol, wouldn't it still be possible to form a coalition of Poland, Hungary, and Rumania? The condition would be the partition of Ruthenia and a common Polish-Hungarian frontier. Under this arrangement Czechoslovakia, which is now a vassal of Germany, and also Germany itself would be cut off from Ukrainia. Beck knows quite well that Hitler's prime purpose is to get the treasures of coal, steel, and wheat of the Ukraine into his hands. But Beck tried in vain to convince the Rumanian king of the necessity for the partition of Ruthenia. He pointed out that Rumania was threatened by the 750,000 Germans in Transylvania and by the vital importance to Germany of Rumania's oil wells, and that the new boundary would form an excellent protection. King Carol refused, convinced that Britain and France would not support him if he attempted to block the German march to the East. He is doing his utmost to turn the two million Hungarians within Rumania into good Rumanians, but he held out firmly for the self-determination of the Ruthenians. And he insisted that access to the Black Sea must be preserved for Czechoslovakia.

Thus Czechoslovakia was saved from further dismemberment—and Hitler won another battle. He is now in a position to push both east and south. As soon as he has prepared the Ukrainian revolt against Poland, as soon as his propaganda has fully won over the Ruthenian peasants whom he now claims to be protecting from the Poles and Hungarians, he will make his next move. It may eventuate in the foundation of a Greater Ukraine, uniting all the White Russians, Ruthenians, and Ukrainians who now form minorities under Polish, Rumanian, Soviet, and Hungarian rule—39,000,000 people. With this state as a vassal Hitler's dream would become a reality. Germany would be industrially independent, and Soviet Russia and communism would receive a staggering if not fatal blow.

In the Wind

AFTER A government-sponsored visit to war-ravaged areas in China a number of Japanese writers set down their reactions for Japanese newspapers. Masajiro Kojima, one of the group, wrote as follows in the Osaka *Mainichi:*

> . . . The Commercial Press, the North Station, the San-ili primary school, and the Tsingtse girls' high school . . . presented their battered ruins. The thoroughness with which they were wrecked really enraptured me. They are undoubtedly a poem of destruction . . . a vast expanse strewn with debris of shattered red brick and building materials. . . . I saw plenty of examples of the beauty one finds in destruction carried out to perfection. . . . Chapei today stands expressionless save for patches of wild flowers here and there. Personally I would rather preserve the battlefields as they are, like the Pompeii ruins. I would loathe to see reconstruction rise up above the "poem of destruction."

WHEN THE La Follette committee starts hearings on the Associated Farmers, a West Coast anti-labor organization, the latter body will announce its expansion into a national association. It will claim 100,000 members scattered over fifteen states and will press for restrictions on labor similar to those just enacted into law in Oregon.

AFTERMATH OF the "Mars" invasion: radio executives report that the Charlie McCarthy program has dropped to second place in public favor; Orson Welles is now first.

NEGOTIATIONS LOOKING toward ironclad government censorship of news broadcasts are quietly taking place in Canada. Participants in the discussions are the Canadian Press, the Canadian Newspaper Publishers' Association, and the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. The agreement, which would parallel radio control in fascist nations, would give the government authority not only over news broadcasts but over all other commentators.

NEW YORK voters were bewildered by the pre-election conduct of the Scripps-Howard *World-Telegram.* Every editorial that nominally indorsed Lehman gave at the same time a number of reasons why voters should support Dewey. The real story behind this performance, newspapermen say, goes back to the Supreme Court fight, when Roy Howard urged Lehman to oppose the President's bill. Lehman did so, and Howard was convinced his own advice determined the Governor's stand. Howard favored Dewey for governor but felt that he owed a debt to Lehman; hence the weaseling.

GERMAN ECONOMIC officials, seeking capital to exploit acquisitions in Southeastern Europe, have focused on Switzerland. The German Reichsbank is negotiating with Swiss banks to get them to contribute, the Nazis contending that such cooperation is "inevitable" since Munich.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

I HAVE been much interested in the intimations coming from Hyde Park during Mr. Roosevelt's stay there that the new armament program which is to cost us a mere trifle of five billion dollars is to be sold to the American people as another way of bringing back prosperity. By indirect quotation we are told that the Chief Executive is grasping at this form of public expenditure in order to take a lot more men off the dole, which in turn will sell the preparedness idea to the American business man. Already I have seen echoes of this in articles forecasting the business outlook for 1939. There the armament program is solemnly listed as one of the factors that will make for better business in the months to come. Precisely as has happened in England, the story goes, our factories will hum with making more guns, more shells, more airplanes, more anti-aircraft weapons, and more cruisers and battleships. We are to put men to work by the hundred thousand safeguarding the United States. Specifically the President has announced that he is going to rebuild the abandoned New Orleans Navy Yard and reopen a long-closed plant in West Virginia used to make armor during the World War.

In other words, we are to imitate Adolf Hitler. It was easy for Hitler to wipe out the army of 6,000,000 unemployed which he found when he took office. He put every able-bodied boy in a work camp for six months. He built an army of a million men, increased his navy, and put at least two million to work in armament factories and on fortifications. Why shouldn't we do the same? Our voluntary work camps have helped a lot. Our navy yards are already humming with work on battleships and cruisers in various stages of completion. Why not whoop it up on a still larger scale, throwing in five billion dollars to put men to work again? It is fascinatingly easy, isn't it? I have no doubt it sounds so to the average person who does not stop to think, who is ignorant of economics and may really be seriously alarmed lest the all-conquering Hitler fly innumerable men in planes across the Atlantic to burn Washington and steal all our gold.

Well, the difficulty of it, aside from any question of national defense, is that it is based on utterly false economics and will not make for permanent prosperity but merely create profits for the munitions makers. It will help them to a false prosperity, and when the new program comes to an end we shall have them howling for more guns and more ships and more ammunition and more poison gas and more airplanes and all the rest. They will rush to Washington tearing their hair and ask a future President and a future Congress in heaven's name not to throw all their people out of employment and back on the dole. They will prove conclusively that the country is more than ever in danger from foreign attack; they will get up war scares as they have subventioned them in the past. They will strike the patriotic note and demand that they be supported in their entirely unselfish desire to safeguard the country from foreign attack. Already it is reported from Washington that the Administration has decided on a fleet large enough to defeat single-handed the combined armadas of Japan, Germany, and Italy. When we have reached that point we shall be told that we shall have to have a fleet large enough to defeat Japan, Germany, and Italy, plus England and perhaps France. For if things drift as they are now drifting in Europe, France and England will be vassals of the dictators in three or four years.

The answer to rearmament as a means of restoring prosperity is fortunately available. The matter has come up before. In June, 1937, Edward F. McGrady, Assistant Secretary of Labor, representing the American government at the International Labor Office Conference at Geneva, said, speaking for Mr. Roosevelt: "The significance to labor of this problem appears in the simple fact that every workman engaged in the construction of armaments must be provided with the necessities of life by the labor of those who are engaged in productive enterprises. . . . I predict that the working men and women of the world will not forever be content to stand by while civilized living is being sacrificed on the altar of armaments. No longer will they be willing to forge the means of their own enslavement and their own destruction." But I have a still stronger witness, Franklin D. Roosevelt himself. Speaking at Buenos Aires on December 1, 1936, only two years ago, he said that employment given by armament work "is false employment, it builds no permanent structure and creates no consumers' goods for the maintenance of a lasting prosperity. We know that nations *guilty of these follies* inevitably face the day either when their weapons of destruction must be used against their neighbors or when an unsound economy, like a house of cards, *will fall apart.*" (Italics mine.) Well, which is it to be, Mr. Roosevelt—the sound position taken at Buenos Aires two years ago, or the present misleading appeal to the manufacturers and business men of the country for an "unsound economy"?

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BOOKS and the ARTS

HOLMES AND FRANKFURTER

BY MAX LERNER

NO BOOK* this year will be more intensively read between the lines than this one. In fact many people are likely to scan the interstices who have no mind for the lines themselves. We owe this fact to the accident (or is it an accident?) that the foremost scholar on recent Supreme Court history is also the most assiduously discussed prospect for filling the current Supreme Court vacancy. We owe it also to the paradox that one of the most controversial figures in American life has always been reticent in the extreme about the public expression of his views. This man whose mind has touched and influenced so many others in law, government, business, education, has a way of saying little and making every word count. The more the magazines and newspapers write about him, the less he seems to write for them, by a sort of Gresham's Law which dictates that bad writing drives out good.

Those who come to the book for the light that it sheds on Frankfurter as well as on Holmes will not be disappointed. For no man can write about another without writing at the same time about himself, and every man who has written about Holmes has managed to write something of himself into Holmes. But Mr. Frankfurter has done more. He has written a good deal of himself into his discussion of the Supreme Court and the judicial process, and he has done it courageously. Never in our history has anyone so prominently mentioned for appointment to the court written in so critical a vein of its conservative tendencies. There is no indictment, no finger-pointing. Mr. Frankfurter's method is one of deadly objectivity. In each of his three lectures he considers a phase of Holmes's work on the Supreme Court—his views on "property and society," on "civil liberties and the individual," and on "federalism." He begins each lecture with a brief introduction giving the factual social setting for the court's work in each field, and then proceeds to Holmes's views. The effect is to show that one can be human and reasonable although a Supreme Court judge, and to reveal the chasm that separated Holmes and some of his liberal colleagues from the court majority during his years of tenure. It is as if there were, in the sense in which Disraeli spoke of the "two nations" in England, two Supreme Courts instead of one. Without this factual context, Holmes's opinions are great utterance; with it they take on, in addition, the accents of inevitable statesmanship.

Mr. Frankfurter's eye is always on Holmes and his opinions. Yet the book is also a study of the judicial process, in the sense in which a profound book on Keats would have to contain at the same time a theory of the creative process in poetry. Mr. Frankfurter loves the judicial process, whatever he may think of some of its practitioners. And he is plainspoken about its frustrations because he believes so deeply in its possibilities. It is partly because of this *odi et amo* at the base of Mr. Frankfurter's attitude toward the Supreme Court and partly because the book is about Holmes that it contains his best writing thus far. The sentences crackle and glow, the argument moves swiftly, and there is a sustained brilliance of phrase that gives an edge even to his poised and balanced judgments.

There can be no quarrel with the estimate of the greatness of Holmes's opinions. But since the book is also an inquiry into the nature of the judicial process, I am inclined to linger over the analysis of how Holmes arrived at his judgments. Mr. Frankfurter underscores Holmes's capacity to "transcend personal predilections and private notions of social policy"—what I should call the "austerity theory." But if Holmes was so completely above the battle, it would seem harder to apply Mr. Frankfurter's social-context method of approach to him than to any judge in the court's history. It fits the early Brandeis or the present Black; one can even use it for the inverted sociology of Field or Sutherland. But it is surely one of the prime paradoxes about Holmes that one who averted his eyes from social needs should have written opinions that coincided with, let us say, those of Justice Brandeis, which were frankly sociological.

There are several hypotheses for resolving this paradox. One is that Holmes was a socially neutral Olympian whose credo about the court's power happened by the merest accident to jibe with our deepest social needs. I say "by the merest accident," for if Holmes was a completely disinterested mind who always gave the legislatures *carte blanche*, there can be no strictly logical relation between his decisions and the needs of America: for all we know, the legislators might have wholly misgauged the social needs, and judicial tolerance have been no blessing. Mr. Frankfurter seems inclined to a second and more forceful view of the austerity theory. He points out that Holmes's tenure on the court coincided with an upsurge of regulatory legislation in the interest of "bringing to the masses economic freedom commensurate with their political freedom." Thus his policy of a laissez faire attitude toward the legislatures would be likely to have the same social consequences as a more affirmative method of deciding cases in terms of their social context. Holmes's opinions took on, as it were, the color of the legislature's sense of social need. Logically such a sociology is still strongly tinged with the accidental, but it is accident geared to historic trend.

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* "Mr. Justice Holmes and the Supreme Court." By Felix Frankfurter. Harvard University Press. $1.50.

My own leaning would be away from either of these explanations and toward a third. It may be true, as Mr. Frankfurter observes of Holmes, that "he had an artist's craving for perfection and sought it through an austere observance of the demands of judicial self-limitation." But I am not satisfied with the entire austerity theory. For anyone to transcend his own convictions in the way Holmes is reported to have done would be more than human—and Holmes was always human. I am less impressed with Justice Holmes's austerity than with his shrewd Yankee sense of strategy. As a consummate artist, Holmes had a genius for economy of effort. He knew the extent to which a judge's constitutional doctrines were shaped by his social views, and his social views by his training and his sense of economic interest. He knew his brothers on the bench, and how their narrow lawyers' intelligences could play havoc with the broad demands of social growth. He knew how hard it was to hope for anything from a head-on encounter with them about social policy. And he must have known that, given the power of judicial review, the best way to keep them from meddling over much with the processes of social adjustment was to limit their activity as censors. Thus Holmes became the father of judicial self-limitation.

I am the more inclined to this view by several other considerations. One concerns the difficulty we have always had, on the premise of Holmes's uncompromisingly judicial austerity, of explaining the fault-line between his property decisions and his civil-liberty decisions. The problem is this: how reconcile Holmes's toleration of legislative restrictions on property with his refusal to tolerate legislative restrictions on civil liberties? Mr. Frankfurter's resolution of this paradox is brilliant, but it stays within the limits of the austerity hypothesis. "Just as he would allow experiments in economics which he himself viewed with doubt and distrust," he says of Holmes, "so he would protect speech that offended his taste and wisdom." But surely that is either stretching austerity too far and making self-denial almost an end in itself, or shifting the ground from the principle of judicial self-limitation to the actual social values to be conserved, whether of economic experiment or intellectual experiment. I incline to the latter view as the more adequate, and I wish that Mr. Frankfurter were more consistent in holding to it. Holmes had a realistic way of keeping his eye on the object. He did not make a fetish of the policy of judicial tolerance because, in cases of legislative infringement of civil liberties, he found his colleagues all too willing to pursue such a policy. What was good strategy in regard to the economic restrictions because it led to good social consequences became bad strategy in the civil-liberty restrictions because it led to bad social consequences.

There were, moreover, cases even in the economic areas where Holmes dropped his protective mask of judicial tolerance and acted clearly in accord with his views of economic theory. These were, to be sure, cases where the question was one of interpreting rather than invalidating legislation; yet we all know that the court has shown its power as much in its interpretation of statutes as in its veto of them. One instance was Holmes's opinion in the Northern Securities case. We can sympathize today with Theodore Roosevelt's rage over a line of reasoning which did so much to whittle down the effectiveness of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. It is interesting also to read Holmes's opinion in the Dr. Miles Medical Company case, and watch his floundering in the bog of Austrian economic theory, and see the similarity between his views and those which whittled down the effectiveness of the Federal Trade Commission. Mr. Frankfurter himself mentions some instances of Holmes's archaic views of economic theory. All these cases added together remain marginal and do not reflect upon Holmes's greatness. Yet they indicate that Holmes was not wholly austere in his approach to legislation—that he had economic notions and applied them directly in his opinions, although most often he found it better strategy to let the legislature have its way, so long as it was safe to do so.

I do not want to press too hard this view of Holmes as a strategist. He was neither schemer nor dreamer. He was an aristocrat who cherished on the one hand little love for the *novi homines* of capitalism and on the other very few illusions about tender-minded sociologists and reformers. His decisions show scant sympathy for either. Yet he was caught in a dilemma. As an aristocrat he would not go out of his way to concern himself with mass welfare; neither, however, would he let the capitalists have things to themselves. The best gesture was at once generous and Olympian—to let the legislature have its way. He saw the uses to which he could put the philosophically aristocratic doctrine of judicial laissez faire, and to give it substance he added to it the philosophically aristocratic concept of the reasonable man, borrowed from the common law of torts, changing it into the concept of the not unreasonable legislator.

He was not the greatest judge we have had on the Supreme Court. Marshall was greater, and Taney. He had too much skepticism and too little fighting faith, was too little part of the emerging forces of our economic life, to be able to shape those forces with an unquenchable will.

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But he was probably the greatest mind and the most complete and human personality we have had on the court. If I have a quarrel with Mr. Frankfurter's masterly study it is for the tendency I have pointed out to take Holmes's rhetoric of austerity at its face value, and the tendency to deify him. I think I understand what lies behind this tendency. There is Mr. Frankfurter's own knowledge of the man, and his love for him. There is the fact that the Holmes method of judicial self-limitation, so long neglected by the court majority, has come into the ascendancy in the present court, and Holmes may be viewed somewhat as the judicial prophet now vindicated. Finally—for no work today can help being an *oeuvre de circonstance*—there is the author's desire to hold Holmes up as a model of tolerance and social rationality in an irrational and sadistic world. One may agree with all this and yet ask whether it is not time to bring Holmes down to earth. There he belongs and there, I think, he would prefer to be rather than in the godlike regions where men austerely transcend their social convictions.

FILMS IN NAZI GERMANY

BY R. R. PLANT

EVER since 1933 the German film industry has been in a dilemma. The pictures it makes for home consumption have to spread the spirit of National Socialism and demonstrate to every moviegoer the blessings of the Third Reich. But in order to make money, the producing companies must export their films, and many countries repudiate the Nazi ideology. In 1931, before the fall of the Weimar Republic, Germany exported films to the value of 59,000,000 marks. In 1937, after all "destructive" elements had been eliminated from its products, the carefully cleansed industry exported films to the value of only 7,200,000 marks. National Socialism has been bad business for the motion pictures. And needless to say, the German film has sunk to a low level.

One of the main reasons for this is the expulsion of the best producers, directors, writers, and actors. Directors like G. W. Pabst, Fritz Lang, Max Ophüls, Hermann Koster, Ludwig Berger, Erich Pommer, Robert Siodmak could not be replaced. Serious also was the loss of such composers as Frederick Holländer, Kurt Weill, Hanns Eisler, Karol Rathaus, Mischa Spoliansky, and of such actors as Elizabeth Bergner, Lucy Mannheim, Valeska Gert, Albert Bassermann, Fritz Kortner, Peter Lorre. Among the writers who are today living in exile are Bruno Frank, Vicki Baum, Robert Liebmann, Friedrich Raff, Max Kolpe, and Kurt Siodmak. Fritz Grünbaum, one of Austria's foremost comedians, is in a concentration camp, as are a number of other Austrian film artists.

Strangely enough, Kate de Nagy was able to return to Berlin after three years of exile; Dr. Goebbels certified her to be an "Aryan." This was a fact difficult to prove, but the German film industry is in such a precarious condition that it must at times disregard racial uncertainties. A university professor who is married to a Jewess must resign his position, a teacher or state official with Jewish relatives is expelled from service, but many of the artists working for German films are closely related to "non-Aryans." Jan Kiepura, the famous tenor, and Leni Riefenstahl, whose "Olympia" film represented the Third Reich at the festival in Venice, are said to be part Jews.

It must be emphasized that nationalistic or militaristic films are not the only kind that Germany turns out. Years ago Germany originated the film operetta (William Thiele, Ludwig Berger), and this type has flourished even since 1933. Reinhold Schünzel raised it to a high level, and it would be unfair to deny that Germany has put out charming musical comedies during the new regime. But Schünzel too has now left Germany and gone to Hollywood.

A second reason for the illness of the German film is found in the political censorship. More and more official restrictions are throttling it. Orders and taboos are today so numerous that nobody can know them all. The most petty detail can condemn a manuscript. As for the personnel, a complete lack of logic dominates its selection. Nazi youth leaders who may have been young butchers or bakers are given high positions; experienced men who joined the party too late are demoted.

The third reason lies deeper. It is the new intellectual attitude now dominant. Germany's strength has always been in the psychological and realistic film. At its best the German picture was a creation of individualities treating literary, psychological, and social themes. Today such a picture is impossible. Serious social problems may not be discussed in the Third Reich. Psychological themes—remember "Dr. Caligari" and Pabst's "Joyless Street"?—are only permitted within strict limitations. A frequently used word, *Kulturbolschevismus*, includes everything that does not fit into the Nazi ideology. The works of Sinclair Lewis are *Kulturbolschevismus*, and so are psychoanalysis and "Dr. Caligari." A brutal militaristic spirit has crept into the German film of today, as well as into many novels and short stories.

Not all films, however, contain open political propaganda. Detective and adventure stories are still turned out in the Ufa, Tobis, Terra, and Bavaria studios. But a strange phenomenon can be observed: all such plots are laid in foreign countries. Murderers, thieves, bandits, and cruel, unsympathetic villains are necessary for exciting plots. By official decree they no longer exist in Germany, but fortunately for the film producer they still carry on in England, France, the United States, and other countries. Productions listed for the coming year include: "Water for Canitoga" (Alaska), "Robinson" (Chile), "A Woman Comes to the Tropics" (Africa), "Northlight" (Norway), "Sergeant Berry" (United States).

Only Italy and Japan are excluded as backgrounds for evil doings and fatherlands for villains. There is close collaboration between Japan and Germany in the matter of films. "The Daughter of the Samurai," directed by Dr. Arnold Fanck, was the first German-Japanese joint production. Everywhere in Germany are shown Japanese pictures—"Power of Japan," directed by Häussler, "Magic Hands," produced by the German-Japanese Association. The German government is gradually inducing the Japanese to reduce their importation of all other foreign pictures in order to favor German and Italian films. Similar collaboration exists between Germany and Italy. Three big joint productions are planned for the coming year.

The propaganda films of the Nazi Party seldom stray past the German frontiers. Numerous shorts about the Hitler Youth are distributed by the authorities to the smallest villages. "Triumph of the Will," directed by Leni Riefenstahl, was a masterpiece of propaganda. Now in preparation is a film with the unconsciously symbolic title "The Sword of Peace." This shows "the bolshevistic mobilization in other countries where the class struggle leads to bloody disturbances. In contrast to this spirit of destruction stands the peaceful constructiveness of Germany." The official German press laments that French and American films like "The Road Back" and "La Grande Illusion" "sin against the spirit of international peace, which German films serve with so much devotion."

Notes by the Way

THE divergence between influence and circulation is one of the exaggerated characteristics of modern journalism. The New York *Times*, which both represents and speaks to the dominant groups in government and business, is more influential politically than the New York *Daily News*, though its circulation of approximately a million is only half as great; in another context, such literary journals as the *Little Review* and the *Dial* have had more influence on the actual development of literature than *True Stories*. T. S. Eliot, in a recent commentary in the *Criterion*, cites evidence from a report on the British press which documents the spread. On the basis of investigation it finds that a "class" paper like the London *Times* exercises more influence than papers of far greater circulation, and further asserts that the exploitation of entertainment value required to build up a mass circulation prevents such papers from influencing the political views of their readers to anything like the extent of the "class" dailies and weeklies. Mr. Eliot's own aristocratic views lead him easily to the elegant and pained observation that although the minds of the masses may not be directly influenced "since they have none," their behavior can be directed. Even those who persist in believing in the educability and native sense of the masses must admit that their behavior often *is* directed. But the main reason lies not in their stupidity but in the fact that the owning minority controls the principal instruments of public opinion. The present widespread mental apathy is in large part the result of the occupational monotony of industrialism; it is exploited and increased by the lethal effects of sensation. And, what Mr. Eliot fails to point out, the sugar-coating of entertainment and flagellant advertising in the "popular" press always contains a strong editorial dose which works while the patient sleeps—a dose prepared by the owners of the sensational press, who after all represent the same interests as the stately *Times*. The wonder is, given a one-way set-up which affords expression to the common run of men only in the form of a simplified response to simplified and often distorted issues, that they dissent as often and as intelligently as they do. Certainly in the American election of 1936 they showed up for the huge joke it is the pretension of publishers that their newspapers represent anything but a privileged section of public opinion.

One need not share Mr. Eliot's views, however, to understand his concern over another category of journals, those devoted to literature and the arts, to which the descriptive word "class" applies in another sense. The New York and London *Times* are magnificently self-supporting in spite of their "class" character, and indeed because of it, since they can command rich advertising revenues. The standards of the journals Mr. Eliot has in mind put them outside the range of both mass circulation and advertising as a means of support. Yet "as the need for these unprofitable periodicals increases . . . so the difficulties of their production and circulation increase." Mr. Eliot concludes that the small periodical should have a circulation of from two to five thousand readers, most of them paying subscribers, and assumes that on this basis they could pay their way. This may be valid for England. Is it valid for America? With a sure paid circulation of five thousand such a magazine as the *Partisan Review*, which has been described in the *Criterion* as "by far the liveliest monthly that current English literature can show," could probably support itself. The difficulty is that the building up of such a circulation requires an investment seldom at the command of people who usually start such magazines.

The problem of the serious writer and his relation to periodicals naturally enters. In passing, Mr. Eliot made an ironical remark—"There is something to be said for not paying [contributors] in that this gives some assurance that the writer really has something he wants to say"—which brought him a vigorous rebuke from one of his own contributors. "The smallness or non-existence of payment," wrote Mr. Eliot's correspondent, "in the journals which constitute his rightful medium forces the writer into a slightly different kind of journal. The change is not necessarily disastrous . . . but at least the keenest edge goes off his work." He quotes a letter from a friend who describes himself as one of the writers whom "my god-damned country does *not* pay a living wage and whom it only pays when I interrupt my real work," and he concludes:

> The point seems to be that writers are not dramatically corrupted into Fleet Street snippeteers; what happens is that they are hindered from careful revision and interrupted in their real work. They can't leave their cakes long enough in the oven, and sometimes they have to leave their baking to boil up some tripe.

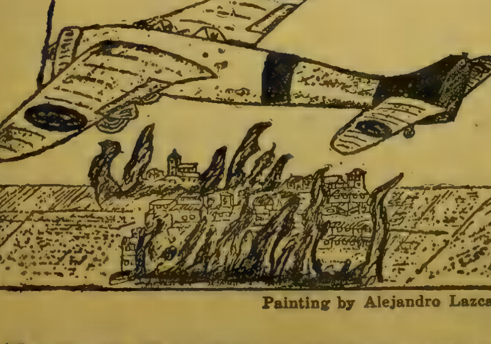
As one who frequently encounters, not aspiring, but so-called "established" authors who are on their uppers and lack the talent for boiling up tripe—which is a talent not easily come by—I know that there are Americans to match the English plaintiff quoted above.

Ignazio Silone, whose latest book is about to be published, offers his own views on this point in a note about himself in the first issue of *Twice a Year.* This publication, and a new quarterly, the *Kenyon Review,* are the latest signs in this country of the irrepressible impulse to set up new means of communication between thoughtful people.

> I have always thought [writes Mr. Silone] that the "intellectual worker" should have a second profession. The condition of my health forbade my remaining a farmer and working the soil; the other circumstances of my life, which has been rather painful [he is in exile], did not permit me to become a doctor. The fact that I now live from my earnings as a writer is the unexpected result of many factors. Nevertheless I strive not to become a professional writer.

Mr. Silone might obtain explicit testimony as to the validity of his theory from Dr. William Carlos Williams, whose distinguished verse and fiction have been written in the free hours of a practicing physician. His "second profession" has undoubtedly given special and important qualities to his writing. It may well be preferable to the "second profession" of boiling up some tripe as a means of livelihood. But it is difficult to believe that any writer would not prefer, if it were a mere matter of preference, to live by his best writing.

Last spring drawings and paintings by Spanish children in war time were shown at Lord and Taylor's in New York City. The Spanish Child Welfare Association of America, sponsored by the Quakers, has now published a volume containing sixty reproductions, with an interesting preface by Aldous Huxley. Proceeds from the sale of the book (it costs $1) will be used for Spanish children. Mr. Huxley writes:



Painting by Alejandro Lazcano

> . . . One can put the matter arithmetically and say that up to the age of fourteen or thereabouts at least 50 per cent of children are little geniuses in the field of pictorial art. After that the ratio declines with enormous and accelerating rapidity until by the time the children have become men and women, the proportion of geniuses in about one in a million. Where artistic sensibility is concerned, the majority of adults have grown, not up, but quite definitely down.

He does not resolve the mystery or offer any device for making big geniuses out of little ones. He analyzes the dominant qualities in the art of children; and in respect to these particular pieces he notes what the most casual observer cannot fail to see, that for Spanish children the one overwhelmingly significant fact in the world of today is the military plane dropping its load of destruction on innocent homes and squares. The picture reproduced on this page is the most striking example of this preoccupation.

MARGARET MARSHALL

BOOKS

The Spanish War

MAN'S HOPE. By André Malraux. Translated by Stuart Gilbert and Alastair Macdonald. Random House. $2.50.

As M. MALRAUX'S readers might have expected, "Man's Hope" is one of the most valuable books written on the Spanish war. At the same time, it is not the great book that he may yet write about the subject under more favorable circumstances. As organizer and commander of the government's international air force, he has been very close to his material: according to his publishers the book was written during his spare moments while he was in active service. To say that it is not so much a novel as a military history interspersed with philosophical commentary in dialogue form is no derogation of its author, for he has been doing a more important job than writing novels. It is the kind of job which must be done if great novels are to be written in the future.

The story covers the first eight months of the war, from the outbreak of the rebellion to the rout of the Italians at Guadalajara. Whatever may be the defects of the book as fiction, Malraux brings before our eyes, as only a master of clean and crisp prose can, events that hitherto have been little more than names to which we have attached the emotions of victory or defeat: Montaña Barracks, Plaza de Cataluña, Medellin, Alcázar, University City, Malaga, Brihuega. We see the workers' mobs armed with shotguns rushing against the machine-guns of the enemy, the Anarchists driving automobiles at seventy miles an hour into the Fascist artillery positions in the city streets, the miners chucking dynamite at the tanks, the patched-up discarded planes maneuvering against the squadrons of Junkers. Along with the military confusion of the early days goes a diversity of motives within the People's Front: the Anarchists seeking the ecstasy of direct action, the Agrarians with visions of watered soil owned by those who till it, the Catholics looking to the republic for the cleansing of their church, the Communists in self-identification with the party executing unquestioningly the chosen means to a chosen end, the Socialists clinging to an idea of humanity, the republican officers remaining loyal from honor or prudence. We are shown the struggle of factions for authority, the antagonisms of the mercenary fliers and the volunteers, the pathos of the veterans of Fascist prisons who have lost their usefulness against the enemy. Gradually out of the heroic mob begins to emerge a disciplined army of the people.

Malraux has spent most of his time at the front, and he does not try to give a complete picture of the conflict. We are not shown the jockeyings of politicians and diplomats behind the scenes, nor has the author—an expert in the analysis of spiritual perversion—given us glimpses into the mind of the adversary. No more here than in his stories of the Chinese civil wars does he trace the roots of a political movement in the life of a people; for this one must go to such sources as Bates's "The Olive Field," Paul's "The Life and Death of a Spanish Town," and the film "The Spanish Earth." If "Man's Hope" is compared with Malraux's first three novels, what one senses most is the failure to embody ideas in persons, and to dramatize the social conflict in terms of individual conflict. The characters have become identified on the one hand with their actions and on the other with their ideas. In so reducing them, Malraux has observed the verisimilitudes of a doctrinal war such as he is chronicling, for in it the personality tends to shrink—or stretch—to the vanishing point.

The philosophical interludes show that Malraux is aware of his predicament. He is at the same time a man of action, an artist, and a moral individual. The man of action for the time being has submerged the other two: the artist becomes the soldier for the sake of art—future art; the moral person has abandoned himself to action because only so can he remain moral. Yet in the intervals of action the two submerged selves must judge the dominant self. The artist must write his own obituary; the moralist must pass judgment upon the imperfectly ideal character of his duty. As Garcia, who appears to be the author's chief spokesman, puts it: "All forms of action are Manichean, because all action pays a tribute to the devil; that Manichean element is most intense when the masses are involved. Every true revolutionary is a born Manichean. The same is true of politics, all politics." But no revolution, Garcia says elsewhere, can get along without a moral code. And in ethics as in aesthetics Malraux is no Manichean but a humanist; both his approval and his censure are always with tacit reservations. Yet his humanism is not of that enervating variety which would prevent his taking sides.

The reading of this book is made bitter by the realization that the forces which control the destiny of Occidental civilization are now trying to give the death-blow to the heroism and the aspiration which Malraux records. Since Munich the decline of the West, instead of being the occasion of a pleasurable intellectual shiver, has become an imminent reality. For our century the hope which is reflected in these pages has become Western Europe's—and possibly Western man's—last hope.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

Poet in a Barrel

THE COMPLETE COLLECTED POEMS OF WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS. Norfolk, Connecticut: New Directions. $3.

A LITTLE more than thirty years ago a young American, determined to devote himself to poetry, turned his back on the usual distractions, including Europe and bohemianism, learned a trade (it happened to be medicine), and thus freed himself to write as fastidiously and as directly as he chose. This book is the result of his decision, his careful and exciting labors. For Dr. Williams, poetry means perfecting the language so as to make it express a man's own time. He believes that it is a job as exacting, as significant, as any task of science, a belief that carries particular weight when it comes from a practicing physician.

In his youth Dr. Williams was closely associated with Ezra Pound. The influence of Pound is apparent throughout the volume. It must have helped to strengthen the student's faith in the value of his art. It obviously shaped many poems of his first period, their imagery, their cadences, occasionally even the attitudes they present. Thus First Praise, Crude Lament, Ad Infinitum, among others, recall certain of Pound's early lyrics; the second Pastoral, Apology, Mezzo Forte, are reminiscent of some of the sharp brief comments in "Lustra"; there are a few succinct images that might have come from the same volume; the poem called The Death of Franco of Cologne, the medieval author of treatises on music, with its allusion to black-eyed children playing over a five-barred gate, is crammed with hints from the author of "Personae." Throughout there is that concern for the exact epithet, that combination of pure song and plain speech, which Pound has taught his confreres. But an atmosphere clings to this volume, apparent as early as the "transitional" pieces dated 1915, that is not to be found in "Personae" or in any of the crowded "Cantos." These poems, for all their references to Porto Rico, Spain, and France, for all their evidences of a mind alive to parent civilizations, are thoroughly American. They are homely, racy, of our own soil as well as of our own day.

The substance of the book is the America of the provinces, the small towns along the Passaic, their neat suburban homes and gardens, their festering fascinating slums, the trains that carry a man away from them, the ferry that communicates with the metropolis on the opposite shore, the joyous tawdry glitter of that metropolis from far away, the housewives, the sick paupers, the simple children, the crazy whores, the lonely servant girls that populate them. The rhythms are American, the bright staccato of electric signs flashing and winking. The language is a mixture of colloquialism and fine lyric utterance.

It is not easy poetry. Here is none of the raw casualness of Sandburg's style, or the simple whimsicalities of Lindsay. Williams belongs to a stricter school. His fidelity to the thing seen is only equaled in strength by the stubbornness of his refusal to compromise with his own standards. He may say too little to communicate his vision. Rarely does he say too much. Of all the imagists Williams remains the one who has been truest to their principles of being concise and concrete, and his abrupt music is wholly his own.

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It is, however, neither for its indigenousness nor its economy that this book is chiefly to be valued. Its outstanding quality is a vitality that suffuses every part, from a slight notation on leaves and broken glass to the difficult and not wholly successful final poem, which, if I read it aright, has to do with the business of being a poet. The book is not without faults. The scene presented is limited. The author's rigorousness—which led him to omit some good things from this definitive collection—sometimes betrays him into undue obscurity. But he has the supreme virtue of a keen sensibility open to the least and meanest, as well as to the lovely and superb, impressions of his own place and time.

Wallace Stevens once called Dr. Williams "a kind of Diogenes of contemporary poetry." It is a marvelously right image. The nakedness, the old barrel, the lantern—they are all here, in work marked by utter candor, delighted irony. If this Diogenes had a mirror, he could quench his lantern; he would have found his man. BABETTE DEUTSCH

The Revolutionary Fever

THE ANATOMY OF REVOLUTION. By Crane Brinton. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.

BEFORE plunging *in medias res* the author of this volume defends science as he understands it against the "romantic lover of his fellow-men," whose objections he dismisses as emotional, and against the "skeptic and critic," whose attitude "can be shown to rest in good part on a misunderstanding of scientific method." He then gives a very readable presentation of the principles of this method: science knows no absolutes; each of its laws is tentative; a scientist *as scientist* is not concerned with the truth of the metaphysician or with the *Ding an sich*, but neither does he confine himself to "the facts and nothing but the facts"; on the contrary, he works with facts and fits them into a conceptual scheme without which he could not function at all and for which its usefulness is the only criterion. And of course personal fears, hopes, opinions must be rigorously excluded.

The author observes these standards as far as is humanly possible. For his study of four specific revolutions he borrows from pathology the concept of fever. He does not imply by his choice that revolutions are a disease or a burning purge, nor does he subscribe to an organic theory of society. He rejects Pareto's scheme of a social system in equilibrium as too ambitious for his limited purposes; he likewise rejects the thesis of the "storm" as too literary, too dramatic, and derived from so undeveloped a science as meteorology.

He proceeds then to work out fever charts for the English, French, and Russian revolutions and the American War of Independence, having rejected the Marxian connotation of the word revolution which assumes a change of power from one class to another as the essential feature. He hunts for facts—"empirically verifiable statements about phenomena in terms of a conceptual scheme" (L. J. Henderson); he checks, rechecks, and finally arranges them according to their uniformities, as established by comparison. The pre-revolutionary regime, the first symptoms of the approaching fever, the rule of the moderates, the accession of the extremists, the terror, and the thermidor are analyzed. In a summary an account

ADVENTURES IN LIVING INTELLIGENTLY

An urbane young philosopher, at large among people and ideas, discovers a zestful approach to contentment

PHILOSOPHER'S HOLIDAY is not Irwin Edman's autobiography. Yet it is of himself, and, consequently, it is the life-story of an amiable and wise human being. Most of all it is about the people—world-famous and obscure—whom he has known. About the gob who was a philosopher and became a milkman; the French provincial doctor who planned an international society of humanists; the Nazi tycoon who sat beside the Aegean Sea and explained that civilization had just begun.

One cannot read this book without relaxing under its spell, without achieving some proper sense of one's relationship to the scheme of things, without realizing that it is possible to live charmingly, to be of good will and good company, to find comradeship anywhere, even—and sometimes especially—in solitude.

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Irwin Edman's
Philosopher's Holiday

of the achievements of the four revolutions is attempted.

I have not the space to list the uniformities Professor Brinton finds. Many come clear; others require more study, including the desertion of the intellectuals from the old regime as the most reliable sign of the impending revolution. The author himself warns the reader "whose appetites demand great discoveries." Nevertheless, even unreasonable expectations will not be disappointed, for the mere number of facts brought into comparison makes this volume more useful than many a more ambitious work in which striking interpretations and empty passions lead to nothing. The sober search for uniformities is here not spoiled by the irksome arrogance of those who, in the attempt to illuminate the "inner logic" of the complex revolutionary course, depend on flashes of "insight" which blind rather than enlighten the reader. The author is aware that one may know the anatomy of the bird and yet not understand what makes him fly. And it is in his favor that he has gone to school to both Trotsky and Pareto, to mention only two, without losing his intellectual freedom.

The style of the book is comparatively easy and elegant. The reader will remember enough of the material to set him thinking. The biographical appendix will serve to satisfy somewhat the interest here aroused in a phenomenon of human behavior, the study of which, especially today, is both important and, since history does make sense after all, consoling.

FRANZ HOELLERING

Grandma Griswold

GRANDMA CALLED IT CARNAL. By Bertha Damon. Simon and Schuster. $2.

WHEN Grandma Griswold, returning from a long winter walk over the Connecticut hills, made her belated lunch on a dish of cold turnip greens, she apologized for having devoured them with a gusto that was "nothing short of carnal." She didn't believe in such indulgence of one's lower nature; it was everyone's duty, she felt, to "keep the body under."

"Grandma Called It Carnal" is a charmingly written volume of reminiscences, tenderly sympathetic but not in the least sentimental, such as Clarence Day might have produced if he had got around to writing a "Life with Grandma." But it has a genial warmth and heartiness that one doesn't often find in Day. Although the style bristles with tingling witticisms and pungent descriptive bits, the author is not a professional writer angling for the book-buyer's two dollars with an interesting relative as bait; rather, the book sounds like a sincere offering on the altar of granddaughterly affection, a tribute to a woman of indomitable character seen through the eyes of both childhood and maturity—and always with a keen scent for the humor of the grim ways of a Puritanical Connecticut village as it was before the New York army of week-end occupation took it over.

Don't get the impression that Grandma was an ascetic. Though she lived under the eyes of the jealous God of the Puritan church, though she shut her door in the face of all "Modern Improvements" (with derisive emphasis on the "Improvements"), it was individualism, not mysticism, that supported her. Her resources were in herself. Thoreau and Ruskin—these were her prophets. "Simplify, simplify," Thoreau had exhorted, and he had put his preaching into practice. Grandma, as a lady, naturally couldn't go and live by herself in a hut in the woods, but she simplified; and she found life "near the bone," as Thoreau put it, sweeter than that complex existence that enslaves most of us to things, to externals. She raised flowers and breathed their fragrance with a nose whose perception had not been dulled by the stenches and synthetic perfumes of modern urban life; she could smack her lips, however guiltily, over beans or cold turnip greens because she flavored them with a sauce of hard exercise and healthy appetite.

And she had books—not novels or plays or other vain frippery, but good tough mental fare, even though ladies in her day were supposed to use all their energies in being good, and to let who would be clever. "From the general intellectual level of her town Grandma had early managed to lift herself by her own spiritual bootstraps." She had made her brother send her duplicate copies of all his college textbooks, and she had devoured them with a gusto for which she needed to make no apology, since no one could call such an appetite carnal.

Toward the end of her life even the hard shell of her Puritan ideology softened somewhat, and she came closer to the warm humanity and tolerance of her favorite philosopher from Walden Pond. When Thoreau lay on his deathbed someone asked him whether he had made his peace with God. "Sir," replied Thoreau, "I am not aware that we ever quarreled." When Grandma Griswold died, at the age of ninety-six, she too had come to recognize that her life had been happy not merely because she had lived in accordance with the Law but because she had lived with zest in her extremely circumscribed world.

LOUIS B. SALOMON

Saving and Spending

FULL RECOVERY OR STAGNATION? By Alvin Harvey Hansen. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.50.

IT WILL scarcely be questioned by anyone that the fundamental problems which America faces today are economic. Nor will it be denied that a successful solution of those problems requires as a first condition a clear understanding of their nature. It is for this reason that Professor Hansen's new book must be regarded as one of the most important to come from the pen of an American economist in recent years. By this I do not mean to imply that Professor Hansen has produced a learned treatise dealing with every aspect of the current economic scene, for he has not. What he has done is perhaps more important: he has set down in a form intelligible to the non-professional reader ideas which go to the root of many of our difficulties and ought to help us to lay intelligent plans for overcoming them.

Professor Hansen's central thesis may be summarized somewhat as follows. In a society such as ours in which there is at all times a certain amount of more or less automatic saving going on there must be an amount of expenditure on additions to the community's real capital at least equal to the amount of saving out of current income. If there is not, this

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saving simply reduces the amount of current consumption and hence indirectly the need for investment. In other words, there must be outlets for new capital investment adequate to absorb what the community wants to save if we are not to have a permanent depression. But the trend of events in the last few decades has been extremely unfavorable in this respect. New territories are no longer open for settlement and exploitation; population is now practically stable and may soon begin to decline in various Western countries; no innovations in industrial technique which would require vast amounts of capital are in sight. In short, the era of economic expansion has come to an end, a fact which enormously aggravates the difficulty of finding a sufficient volume of investment outlets. These are hard facts which have to be reckoned with. As Professor Hansen says, "Many of us do not like the current trends in economic life. But in every age there is something more or less inevitable about the stream of historical events."

The implications of these facts for public policy are fundamental. It is extremely unlikely that capital expenditures by business men in search of profits will ever again approach a figure adequate to support a satisfactory national income. That they ever were adequate may be doubted. Professor Hansen shows that the prosperity of the twenties rested to an amazing extent on capital expenditures of a non-business nature, for example, residential construction and road-building. But if non-business expenditures were necessary even in earlier times, how much more true is this today when the field for business expansion has been radically curtailed. "When one views the problem in this manner," Professor Hansen says, "the role of public debt and of governmental expenditures, and indeed the whole question of taxation, takes on quite a different aspect from what it had in the nineteenth century." This, I think, is the very least that can be said.

If Professor Hansen's analysis is brilliant and profound, his proposals for policy are disappointing. The fault does not lie with him as an individual but with the tradition of thought—orthodox economics—with which he is identified. The economic system, according to the orthodox way of looking at things, can be analyzed and its ills prescribed for in complete abstraction from the kind of society to which it gives rise. Whether capitalism will survive, says Professor Hansen, "is not so much a question of class struggle; it is rather a question of the inherent workability of the system." But the basis of the system is a set of property relationships which carries with it a set of power relationships which, in turn, inevitably gives rise to the class struggle. Here again it is not a question of whether we like it or not; to attempt to understand capitalism in abstraction from class struggle is to miss the nub of the problem as it exists in the real world.

This does not mean that orthodox economics is not capable of contributing extremely valuable partial analyses: Professor Hansen's book is living proof to the contrary. It does mean, however, that these partial analyses fail to carry with them suggestions for ultimately successful action. I think this point is so important that I should like to illustrate what I mean by a specific example from Professor Hansen's book.

In his essay Economic Bases of Peace Professor Hansen gives an admirably clear analysis of one of the economic forces which drive the aggressor nations to seek new terri-

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tory, namely, their urgent need for basic raw materials. The usual liberal answer is: Well, then, let them buy raw materials; the price is the same to them as to everyone else. But as Professor Hansen shows, the trouble is not the price but the simple fact that they have no money to pay with. And as long as restrictions on trade are such that they cannot export, it is clear that they cannot acquire the necessary money. From this Professor Hansen concludes that the remedy is a return, as far and as fast as possible, in the direction of free trade. The conclusion is as logical as it is futile. It completely ignores the fact that the ruling classes (or, in Veblenian terminology, the vested interests) in each country have erected the barriers to trade in order to monopolize the home market. To preach free trade to those who live on protection is like preaching suicide to a healthy man. The aggressions of today are a sufficient commentary on similar preachments of yesterday.

But I suppose it is too much to ask an orthodox economist to be more than a very good orthodox economist; and "Full Recovery or Stagnation?" shows that Professor Hansen is all of that. Anyone who will cast aside his preconceptions and prejudices and study this book carefully will gain greatly in understanding of the world's problems even if he may still be left wondering how they can be solved.

PAUL M. SWEEZY

RECORDS

AWARE that even Haydn is too remote for some present-day listeners I will say only that the sixteenth-century songs with lute accompaniment as sung by Max Meili, in the Victor special list's "Music of the Renaissance" (three records, $6.50), were moving and—in the cases of the Spanish songs—exciting experiences for me. Impressive also were the madrigals of Monteverdi on the first and fifth records of the album of his music ($7.50); the rest I cared less about. The performances directed by Nadia Boulanger are excellent.

Haydn is represented on the list by one of his fine London symphonies, No. 100 ("Military"), available heretofore only in a faulty performance on Columbia, and with its warmth and high spirits now well realized in Bruno Walter's performance with the Vienna Philharmonic (three records, $5). Of the same period is Boccherini's charming 'cello concerto, with its solo part phrased in extraordinarily dynamic fashion by Casals (three records, $6.50).

As against the great Chaconne movement of the Sonata in D minor, most of the other movements of Bach's six sonatas for unaccompanied violin affect me as mere exercises of his prodigious craftsmanship on the problems set by this limited medium—which is to say that the Sonata (or Partita) in B minor recorded by Menuhin (four records, $8) does not affect me at all. Only one other movement is comparable with the Chaconne: the magnificent Prelude of the Sonata in E major, which also is recorded by Menuhin (2½ records, $5). Menuhin, who once played with musicianship that was extraordinary for a child, does not yet play with musicianship extraordinary for an adult; meanwhile his performances are highly competent, clear, and vigorous. Bach is further represented by the final chorus of the St. John Passion (one record, $1.50)—moving but repetitious, and beautifully sung by the chorus of the Berlin College of Instrumentalists under Stein. And by the Toccata in D (two records, $4), which has its impressive pages and its unimpressive ones, and is played on the harpsichord in imposing style by Landowska. On a single record ($2) she does a few works by Rameau, including the brilliant "Hen"; the pieces by Daquin, Lully, and Chambonnières on another single ($2) and Couperin's vocal work, "Third Sermon of Shadows for Holy Wednesday" (two records, $3), I find less interesting.

To come to the nineteenth century: Schumann did his best musical thinking and most effective writing in his works for piano and in his songs; and the special list offers one of his outstanding large-scale works for piano, the Fantasy Opus 17 (four records, $8), one of his collections of imaginative small pieces, the "Kreisleriana" (four records, $8), and the songs "Die Lotosblume" and "Widmung" (one record, $1.50). Bachaus's performance of the Fantasy is very good in the somewhat over-romantic style that is traditional with this and other romantic music; this style is exaggerated in Cortot's playing of "Kreisleriana"; but Janssen's delivery of the songs is flawless, as is his treatment of two of Strauss's best—"Traum durch die Dämmerung" and "Die Nacht" (one record, $1.50). Cortot does a fine job with Mendelssohn's Variations Sérieuses (two records, $4), a work effectively written for the piano but not of great consequence. Of Brahms there are two examples of the chamber-music method—with its over-elaboration of substance and feeling—that irritates me as much as it intoxicates others: the String Quintet Opus 88 (three records, $6.50), beautifully wrought by the Budapest Quartet and Alfred Hobday; the Clarinet Quintet Opus 115 (four records, $8), for which the Busch Quartet's style of performance is perfectly suited, and in which it is ably assisted by Reginald Kell. Dvorak's Quartet Opus 105 (three records, $6.50) is excellently played by the Prague Quartet; the work, however, is not of the stature of the "New World" Symphony, which is superbly done by the Czech Philharmonic under Szell (five records, $7.50).

And to come to our own century: Cortot applies his over-romantically mannered style to music which negates romanticism—the first volume of Debussy's Preludes (six records, $9.50), in most of which I hear mere Debussyan mannerism and formula. One of the best of them, however, "La cathédrale engloutie," Cortot does very well. Another set (four records, $8) offers Prokofiev's brilliant performances of a number of his works for piano—from the innocuous "Suggestion Diabolique" Opus 4 that outraged the outrageous Mr. Krehbiel many years ago, to the arid "Sonatine Pastorale" and "Paysage" Opus 59, by way of the interesting "Visions Fugitives" Opus 22 and the superb Andante Opus 29 that are on the first and fourth records of the set. And on a single record ($1.50) is the heavily nostalgic Adagietto from Mahler's Fifth Symphony played as well as one would expect it to be played by the Vienna Philharmonic under Bruno Walter.

B. H. HAGGIN

[Joseph Wood Krutch's regular article on the drama will appear again next week.]

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Letters to the Editors

Jew and Arab Must Unite

Dear Sirs: Some of Raif Khuri's proposals in *The Nation* of October 29 are unacceptable to progressive Jews and Zionists, but his suggestions do form a basis upon which Jews and Arabs in Palestine could get together and hammer out an agreement. All previous negotiations for a Round Table Conference of Jews and Arabs have broken down because there was no common ground upon which the two groups could meet, discuss, and compromise.

Here is a representative of the Arab youth in Palestine who recognizes that only the unity of Jew and Arab can make possible the expulsion of the British imperialist bureaucracy and the protection of the country from the onslaughts of Chamberlain's ally, Mussolini. Such a program has long been advocated by strong elements among the Zionists, including Dr. Judah L. Magnes and other idealists and intellectuals, the strong left-wing opposition of the Jewish trade unions, and leading industrialists such as Pinhas Rutenberg, who holds the electric-power concession. The industrialists are not enemies of Britain, but business sufferers from Arab-Jewish dissension and boycott. These groups have continually opposed the policy of the Jewish Agency, led by labor's right wing, of putting the friendship of Britain above that of the Arabs.

American public opinion plays an important part in the affairs of Palestine, as was demonstrated by the recent flood of telegrams and statements from Senators, Representatives, and others. Progressive Jews and Americans should strengthen the hands of those elements which are working toward unity with the Arabs on the basis of peace and freedom for both nationalities and against the machinations of Chamberlain and Mussolini. ZEL LURIE

New York, November 9

Honest, at Least

Dear Sirs: Mr. MacIver of Leeds, in his attempt to defend the Chamberlain policy of betraying Czechoslovakia (in your issue of November 5), declares that Americans have no right to criticize his government unless they were ready to go to war to stop Hitler. Has Mr. MacIver forgotten not only that Great Britain is a member of the League of Nations and pledged to collective security but that the present Tory government won its parliamentary majority in 1935 by declaring that it would support the principles of the Covenant?

Our government has at least been honest. Believing that we should not enter the League of Nations, it has made no promises and broken no vows. The British government, on the other hand, has been loud in its protestations of loyalty to the principle of collective action to restrain aggression, but in practice it has consistently betrayed the victims to their aggressors.

PAUL H. DOUGLAS

Chicago, November 4

China's Wounded

Dear Sirs: With reference to the article by Agnes Smedley in *The Nation* of November 5, entitled China's Wounded, I feel it my duty to correct some of the misapprehensions which it may have caused in the minds of your readers. While the general picture of the deplorable conditions is correct, it must be remembered that the army medical authorities and the Chinese Red Cross have to work under the extreme difficulties peculiar to China. They should not bear all the blame for the fact that the wounded have to travel enormous distances before they get to a base hospital or that the going is very rough. As to the sanitary conditions, I can vouch for the marked improvement during recent months.

In the great majority of cases the medical and surgical work in the hospitals is done by the visiting curative units of the Chinese National Red Cross, and it is their usual practice to begin work very early in the morning and to have *finished* by 10 a. m. or earlier. This is done because the air raids usually take place around 10 a. m. and all who can be are evacuated before the first alarm. In recent months, because the air raids have come earlier and more frequently, the practice has been to operate in the afternoons and deal with air-raid victims in the morning.

As to my own procedure in Nanchang, in transferring patients from the military hospitals to the Nanchang General Hospital I encountered no difficulty at all, whatever difficulties others may have had. And here I must say that the authorities of the Nanchang General Hospital gave all possible help.

Another and most important correction I wish to make is with regard to the disposal of funds. The Chinese Red Cross Medical Relief Commission receives any funds or equipment that is sent specifically earmarked for Dr. Lim's organization. Various organizations, such as the American Bureau for Medical Aid to China, Inc., under Dr. Co Tui's leadership, the China Aid Council, the American Friends of the Chinese People, the American League for Peace and Democracy, and some Chinese societies, coöperate with Dr. Lim's organization. I am sure they would wish to assure those people who have helped that everything sent through them gets to its proper destination. The needs are great and becoming more urgent, and it is to be hoped that even more help will be forthcoming. H. TALBOT,

American Bureau for Medical
Aid to China, Inc.

New York, November 10

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The Shape of Things

CERTAIN STARTLING FACTS EMERGE FROM the story we publish this week on the behavior of Mr. Kennedy in the matter of the German refugees, facts which raise the pertinent question—Whom does our Ambassador in London represent, anyhow? First, it took a cable from President Roosevelt and a nation-wide pogrom in Germany to bend the Kennedy-Chamberlain axis. Second, the news of the President's effort to jolt his Ambassador into action was not, as far as we can learn, published in the United States. Why wasn't it? We have searched our own newspaper files and consulted the librarian of the New York *Times,* and found no dispatch mentioning the incident. To our minds the situation revealed in our correspondent's story is one which should cause concern to all decent Americans. It boils down to this. The American Ambassador connived with the British Prime Minister to impede the efforts of Mr. Rublee and the Intergovernmental Committee to deal with the desperate situation of the refugees. When the pogroms finally precipitated a major crisis and multiplied and dramatized the problem, these two officials stepped forward with vague but large solutions and accepted credit for an intention to do something. But their past conduct throws the gravest doubt on their present role. The fate of the refugees should not be left to the reluctant mercies of men who put "appeasement" before humanity. Mr. Kennedy's behavior in London has become a scandal. Isn't this a time when we should have an Ambassador who at least represents the interests of his own people and the desires of the President?

* * *

THE FEROCIOUS NAZI PROGRAM HAS AT LAST roused the civilized world to face the task of finding a haven for the disinherited Jews of Central Europe. Now, if ever, when public indignation and pity have risen to unprecedented heights, there may be hope of reaching a genuine solution. It has become obvious, at last, that no private agencies can do the job alone. Yet the danger is that, unless strong pressure is continued, the governments, slow-moving as they are, may stop with halfway

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measures. The President's move to extend permits of refugees in this country on visitors' visas is an excellent gesture, but it is only a gesture. The insistence of the Nazis that the Jews will be allowed to leave only after they have been stripped of every penny increases both the magnitude and the desperation of an already staggering problem. In a later issue we shall discuss the numerous plans so far put forward. Meanwhile popular pressure for a comprehensive solution must be continued and intensified.

* * *

EXTRACTION OF MONEY UNDER TORTURE and kidnapping for ransom are considered among civilized people the most despicable forms of crime. Yet under Hitler, sadism has become a national virtue and extortion a normal part of treasury procedure. All too clearly the latest pogrom is intimately related to German financial stringency, with the murder of vom Rath serving as a convenient excuse to put into effect measures long prepared. Several months ago Göring ordered all Jews to report their wealth, and the completed data now serve for the assessment of the colossal fine of $400,000,000. In addition the Jewish community is to pay for all the damage done to its property by the Nazi hoodlums, estimated to amount to nearly as much more. Finally the German government is seizing the proceeds of all insurance claims; these, in so far as they are against foreign companies, will provide a useful amount of foreign exchange. This calculation, however, seems likely to turn out badly, as Lloyds of London are reported to have placed all payments in escrow until the policy holders leave Germany. Stolen domestic funds will go a long way toward financing the cost of mobilization during the Czech crisis, which, with national resources already mortgaged to the limit, seems to have been met by inflation. The amount of currency in circulation rose rapidly in August and September and is now more than 40 per cent greater than a year ago. In the field of normal taxation the limit is near, for while national income is little if at all higher than in 1929, taxes are up by 80 per cent. Under these circumstances the Nazi government is likely to extend its gangster methods of financing. The Catholic church is clearly the next in line, with the *Schwarze Korps* already pointing greedily to property controlled by the "corrupt, unpatriotic, and criminal clergy."

* * *

THREE THOUSAND AMERICANS IN FORTY-SIX states sent telegrams to Dorothy Thompson last week in response to a speech over the radio in which she analyzed the state of mind of the seventeen-year-old Jewish refugee from Germany who shot the Nazi diplomat vom Rath in Paris and involuntarily gave the signal for the robbery, mutilation, and murder of thousands of helpless Jews in Germany. In addition came uncounted letters and several hundred dollars in checks to be used in procuring a fair trial for Herschell Grynzspan. Under a new French decree he may be tried in secret. This is all the more reason why pressure should be exerted in his defense, lest the French government out of fear of Germany dispatch him to the guillotine without a full investigation of the circumstances surrounding his act. The Journalists' Defense Fund, formed to handle contributions, received $1,000 from its first appeal. Limiting its appeal to non-Jews, it has already collected $10,000 and has retained a prominent French lawyer to defend Grynszpan.

* * *

RETURNS FROM THREE MORE BY-ELECTIONS make it abundantly clear that the British people are not behind Prime Minister Chamberlain in his peace-at-any-price policies. Five constituences have voted thus far in England's "little general election." Three have been carried by the opposition, and the government victories in the other two have been obtained by reduced margins. Most notable has been the victory of Vernon Bartlett, writer on international affairs and stout advocate of collective security, in the rock-ribbed Tory stronghold of Bridgewater. Running as an independent progressive, Mr. Bartlett won by 2,332 votes in a constituency which was carried by the government in 1935 by a majority of 10,569. Mr. Bartlett's triumph carries unusual significance because it was the first for the new non-party coalition which has arisen in opposition to Chamberlain's foreign policy. On the previous day John Morgan, a straight Labor candidate, won at Doncaster in Yorkshire by 11,708 votes, a gain of 4,000 over the last election. The one Chamberlain victory came in the leather-goods center of Walsall, where Sir George Schuster, a well-known banker and economist, triumphed by a slightly reduced margin on the National Liberal ticket. Here the sharpness of the Labor defeat was unexpected, even though Walsall is situated in a non-union industrial area which has traditionally leaned toward the Conservatives. The fact that the latest opposition triumphs came after the postponement of the new Chamberlain-Hitler conversations suggests that more substantial concessions may soon be forthcoming in an effort to check the mounting wave of popular displeasure.

* * *

SECRETARY HULL'S TRADE AGREEMENTS with Britain and Canada are important, politically and economically. They do not, of course, herald the millennium, nor can they be expected to bring about a large increase in world trade immediately. But they do make the biggest breach yet achieved in the tariff walls which, under American leadership, all countries have built up since the war. They involve a definite modification of the imperial-preference system with which Britain attempted to create a self-contained empire, and they thus open the way to further agreements with the other dominions. Politically they may be considered a force pulling Britain away from the Nazi orbit and a counterweight everywhere to the attractions of autarchy. The exact value of the specific reductions of duties on both sides can only be assessed by experience. In general the long process of horse-trading appears to have resulted in a fair bargain. A greater volume of American than of British exports is favored by lower rates. On the other hand, in making tariff cuts this country appears to have sliced rather more generously than Britain. American machinery and some food products should find better markets in Britain, while British traders have won concessions on textiles and a variety of manufactured specialties. It is not detracting from the merit of the agreements to point out that they will do very little to reduce our surpluses of wheat and cotton. We have still to face the fact that the world market for such staples has gone and will not be restored by any possible trade agreements. This does not mean that we should dismiss Mr. Hull's policies as futile but rather that we must recognize they will not save us from the task of reorganizing agriculture and turning the vast marginal acreage now devoted to cotton and wheat to some more profitable use.

*

NATIONAL DEFENSE IS NOW WASHINGTON'S dominant theme. Brass hats and bureaucrats have gone into a permanent huddle under the benevolent eye of the great quarterback and are discovering military angles to every major problem. Tentative plans have already been developed for utilities and railroads, and now the WPA is being brought into line. We are well on the way to acquiring a cartload of arms, but as *The Nation* has pointed out before, we are forgetting the foreign-policy horse. The President, indeed, touched on this matter a few days ago when he proclaimed the defense of "continental solidarity." That is an impressive phrase; but before we can translate it into terms of armaments we need an answer to such questions as, At what point outside the three-mile limit does defense start? Until we have a definite foreign policy to guide us, the amount and kind of arms we get are likely to be determined, not by real needs but by the degree of heat the different services can turn on the Treasury and Congress. Again there is grave danger in allowing defense to dominate domestic economic policy. It may be easy to slip through some New Deal projects disguised in uniforms, but this kind of smartness can all too easily overreach itself. Let us not forget the grandiose schemes for the regimentation of industry and labor which the War Department has long cherished. We do need an armament plan, duly subordinate to a foreign policy, just as we need an economic plan. There are, no doubt, many points at which the two plans must be harmonized. But harmony will best be secured by keeping the themes distinct, for any attempt to combine them is bound to produce a racket with the military brass predominant.

*

ANTI-TRUST PROSECUTIONS IN THE MILK industry have been due for a long time, and Assistant Attorney General Thurman Arnold is to be congratulated for his courage and energy in obtaining indictments for price-fixing against sixty-three individuals and thirty-four corporations in the Chicago area. Much will be made—by newspapers which draw calcium from milk-company advertising—of an apparent contradiction between the activity of the Department of Justice and that of the Department of Agriculture, which has issued marketing orders or agreements fixing milk prices in twenty-four urban areas. The contradiction is an unreal one. The fixing of prices by the government, under legal safeguards, is hardly comparable with price-fixing by private combinations, in secret, and without surveillance. The Secretary of Agriculture, after hearings, fixes prices to producers but leaves retail prices to competition. It should hardly be necessary to add that milk combines do not establish prices in order to protect farmers or consumers. Investigations by the Federal Trade Commission and by the Department of Agriculture during the past few years have revealed enormous profits on the part of the great milk companies which dominate the distribution and processing of milk, and most of the established dairy-farm cooperatives as well. The FTC estimated that the average annual return on stockholders' investments in the ten largest dairy corporations from 1929 through 1934 was 10.25 per cent. The farmer is getting too little, the consumer paying too much. Milk is too important a food to be left to the mercies of a few monster corporations. We are more interested than surprised to find that one of those indicted at Chicago is Professor Leland Spencer, milk expert of the New York College of Agriculture. Professor Spencer's methods of analysis aroused criticism in New York in 1934 when an investigation he made for the state showed that the milk companies were practically earning no profits at all.

*

THE SAFE ARRIVAL OF THE ERICA REED AT Barcelona was a dramatic and memorable event. The food ship's cargo, contributed by Americans, not only brought vital relief to those who have suffered so much for values we prize; it was a symbol of that anti-fascist fraternity which neither non-intervention committees nor neutrality laws can wholly disrupt. We are proud that readers of *The Nation* contributed so generously to the ship's cargo. Our rejoicing is tempered only by amazement at the attitude of the Catholic weekly *America* toward the voyage. While the ship was speeding to a hungry populace facing a desolate winter, *America* was editorially denouncing its sponsors and issuing warnings that the vessel would probably be sunk. This chance apparently upset the editors of that journal, not because it would have meant added suffering for thousands of Spaniards, but because it would have outraged neutral American opinion, thereby jeopardizing the cause of those who would save Spain by starving its inhabitants. *America* dropped the further "confidential" hint that pro-Loyalists were themselves planning surreptitiously to sink the ship, blame Franco, and thus woo American sympathy. This infamous lie is happily scotched by the ship's safe arrival.

*

THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION IS determined to survive even if, as a result, some Americans don't. The newest evidence of this stubbornness is visible in Tampa where the well-being of 25,000 impoverished tobacco workers is threatened by the medical politicians. For years these workers have had the benefit of a cooperative medical program which has drastically reduced the cost of adequate care. Now, at the instigation of the A. M. A. and the American College of Surgeons, the Tampa municipal hospital board has slammed the hospital's doors to physicians identified with the cooperative. Although a court order has momentarily prevented the execution of this ruling, the situation is still precarious; the County Medical Society in that area apparently shares the A. M. A.'s aristocratic precepts and has long kept the physicians serving the cooperative out of the society's ranks. The present attack, typical of the A. M. A.'s last-ditch war on group medicine, is of course camouflaged behind proclamations about "improving medical standards." Its real consequence would be to deprive thousands of workers of decent medical care—workers whose profession renders them peculiarly susceptible to disease—and to penalize an unusually valiant company of doctors.

*

CHARLES LINDBERGH'S SENSATIONAL flights into international politics continue to agitate the headlines. Did he speak to Lady Astor about the inferiority of the Russian air force, and if he did would the British Foreign Office have taken his word for it? It seems doubtful but. . . . Is he pro-Nazi or merely naive? Why does he persist in his silence? Some would have it that the same pigheadedness that sent him across the Atlantic in 1927 keeps him from offering any defense. Others see him as another T. E. Lawrence with a liking for a reputation as a mystery man and a taste for power. It has even been suggested that when the time comes he may be brought back in triumph to America as the man on horseback (in an airplane) to save the country from the reds and the politicians. The latest is worse than all the others. According to "information from German aviation and American diplomatic quarters" Colonel Lindbergh is contemplating residence in Berlin. The rest is silence, as far as Lindbergh is concerned, and journalistic conjecture. The Associated Press reports that the Colonel's German friends are trying to find a house with a garden for his two small sons, and since the housing shortage is acute it is suggested that he may find what he wants among the Jewish homes that have recently been abandoned! Isn't it time Colonel Lindbergh, if only to keep his father from turning any more in his grave, let the world know what all his recent maneuvers really mean?

*

THE LONG FIGHT FOR THE FREEDOM OF the Scottsboro boys has met an unexpected and serious reverse. When charges were dropped against four of the boys last year it was confidently expected that pardons for the others would be promptly forthcoming, but Governor Bibb Graves of Alabama has disregarded the overwhelming weight of evidence as well as the urgent pleas of the civilized world. All judicial avenues of relief are apparently exhausted; and while Governor Graves leaves office in January, his successor has thus far indicated no intention to act more humanely. Will Alabama, like California, rob its victims of most of the years of their lives before rectifying a wrong?

Hope and Despair in Europe

THE worldwide reaction against the latest anti-Semitic excesses in Germany indicates that Hitler overrated his Munich triumph. The common people of the democracies have shown a capacity to rise from defeat for a new stand against reaction. Despite censorship and the growing suppression of civil rights, protests have been heard from every quarter of the globe. While President Roosevelt was the only head of a great state to make a public denunciation, he spoke for the common people in all the democracies. In England the silence of the government contrasted with the many expressions of public condemnation of the Nazi terror. In France the rising tide of opposition to Daladier's dictatorial ambitions coincided with displeasure at his indecent flirting with Hitler at the very moment when the attacks against the Jews were at their height. With the extreme right joining the Socialists and Communists in opposition to Reynaud's decrees, Daladier's early fall is not unlikely. Even Poland, noted for anti-Jewish outrages of its own, is reported to be shocked by the extent to which Hitler has carried his attack.

That Hitler is more sensitive to world opinion than is commonly believed is shown by his failure to deliver his scheduled harangue at the funeral of Ernst vom Rath. But apart from this one exhibition of restraint, nothing has come out of Germany in the past fortnight which even suggests the possibility of moderation in the Nazi domestic or foreign policy. The campaign against the Jews and Jewish influence on German culture has been carried to more fantastic lengths than ever. New attacks on the Catholics have occurred, and it is evident that this campaign may ultimately reach the extremes which the anti-Semitic drive has attained.

Nor is there any evidence that the coauthors of the Munich pact have in any way been sidetracked in their determination to bring Europe under the domination of fascist policies. In the midst of the flare of indignation against Hitler, both Chamberlain and Daladier completed their long-planned surrender to Mussolini, whitewashing the Italian seizure of Ethiopia and giving the Duce, in effect, a free hand in Spain. Although belligerent rights have not yet been granted to Franco—largely because of the protest of the Soviet representative on the Non-Intervention Committee—an effective and wholly illegal blockade against the Spanish government is being maintained by France and Britain. Last week's disastrous fire in a Barcelona munitions plant makes this action more threatening than ever to Spanish liberties. Moreover, Chamberlain is reported to have given a decisive rebuff to King Carol of Rumania in his effort to gain economic and political support in Britain to offset the new Nazi drive in Central Europe. Although Carol was honored as few visitors have been in England in recent years, he received neither the loan nor the trade concessions which he declared he needed to defend his country against Nazi economic penetration. Much less was he able to obtain promises of aid against the tactics which Hitler used so successfully in Czechoslovakia. Having been turned away empty-handed by Britain, Carol is unlikely to be more successful in France, where grave domestic perils threaten the stability of the government. It would seem that Carol has repeated Benes's mistake of turning to the west rather than to the east for support against Nazi aggression.

In southeastern Czechoslovakia the outlines of Nazi strategy are also gradually being unfolded. The new autonomous Carpatho-Ukraine is apparently to be used as a springboard for a new Ukrainian nationalist movement which, under Nazi domination, will demand "self-determination" for the Ukrainians in Poland, Rumania, and the Soviet Union. With German influence gaining daily throughout Central Europe, and Spain in grave danger, an early overthrow of Chamberlain and Daladier would seem the only hope of preventing Hitler from realizing, well ahead of schedule, the aims set forth in "Mein Kampf."

The Task Before Us

IN A different world one could afford to be a shade complacent about the situation in which the New Deal finds itself after the last elections. A President who has fought on as many fronts as Mr. Roosevelt, made as many enemies, fathered as many legislative novelties, and dared to engage in an attack on the Supreme Court is able to enter the last two years of his second term with a majority in both houses of Congress. His opponents have had to adopt oblique tactics, paying lip-service to his objectives while pretending to differ merely with his methods. Much of his program obviously is here to stay. Under other conditions one could regard even the possibility of a New Deal defeat in 1940 as part of the usual rhythm of progress, one step backward after two steps forward.

This might have been a possible view in 1918. It is not in 1938. There is no prospect now of a new period of capitalist stabilization and expansion during which, without too much danger, we could allow reforms to become atrophied, as they would under a conservative Administration. Measured retreat is impossible in a world in which the propertied classes inevitably turn to a fascist solution of the problems of capitalist decline. The stagnant pools of permanent unemployment must be drained or they will breed the storm troops of a future American Leader. The impact of the axis on our society is inescapable. Its rearmament drive raises the cost of basic raw materials, pushes up our tax bills by forcing us to rearm too, limits the possibility of reform by the necessities of defense and the need of winning and holding allies in business circles, spreads the disintegrating virus of anti-Semitism, and gives weapons to reaction and sets examples for its leaders the world over. Under these circumstances the New Deal must be not merely continued but broadened if democracy in America is to survive.

The recent elections served the useful purpose of a dress rehearsal. The campaign disclosed the obstacles to be overcome, the enemies to be fought. The undertow to the right originated in a middle class surfeited with reform. The small business man, the well-to-do farmer, the better-paid white-collar worker have little appetite for change at any time, and the effects of their terrifying toboggan slide to 1932 and the shock of the bank closings are wearing off. It is true that they operate their businesses and earn their bread under a system which is still ailing, though no longer bedridden. But the drag of unemployment and the minor cyclical fluctuations of the past few years seem to irritate rather than spur to action. Perhaps the chief value of the monopoly investigation is that it may again rouse these groups to a realization of their position.

Growing out of middle-class reaction is a new crop of bigotries, domestic and imported. The appearance of anti-Semitism in several state elections is not unprecedented, for racial and religious issues are not new in American politics; but the combination of unemployment with the victories of fascism abroad and the spread of Nazi propaganda vastly enhance their danger. Linked with the outcropping of Jew-baiting is the increasingly reactionary position taken by most of the Catholic hierarchy, particularly in the East, where Hague and Curley have had the church's unofficial blessing. In both cases the Administration's support of its natural enemies resulted in deserved defeat. The New Deal cannot preserve democracy by making deals with our domestic dictators. As the elections amply proved, this policy weakens or alienates liberal and labor allies whose unified support is essential to continuance of Mr. Roosevelt's reforms. From this point of view third-party proposals of the La Follette or LaGuardia variety, equivocal in their attitude toward reform and questionable in their political flirtations, are a hindrance rather than a help.

The C. I. O. Peace Terms

THE newly established Congress of Industrial Organizations and the old American Federation of Labor will probably achieve "peace in our time," but to set a more precise date for that happy event would be rash indeed. At the Pittsburgh convention which converted the C. I. O. into a permanent constitutional body the "goal of unity in the labor movement" was embodied in a declaration of policy, and no speaker on the issue failed to put in a good word for peace. Nevertheless, unity was not the dominant note, nor was it reasonable to expect that it would be; constitutional conventions are not called until the die of independence is cast. Whatever formal peace comes now must take the form of a pact between two equal and self-governing bodies. This is the only realistic peace there can be between labor organizations whose techniques are so fundamentally at variance, and the events at Pittsburgh were probably an indispensable prelude to such an understanding.

Unable to remain indefinitely in its anomalous position as a disconnected "committee" with something like four million members, the C. I. O. was confronted with two alternatives: it could return to the A. F. of L., retaining some gains in the organization of mass-production workers but with a substantial sacrifice of the principle of industrial unionism which made those gains possible; or it could create an independent labor movement so determined and so promising that it might eventually make peace with the Federation on its own terms or even absorb it altogether. For more than a year the C. I. O. officers dickered with the Green bureaucracy, requesting the status of an autonomous department within the Federation to organize industrially the workers in the mass-production, marine, public-utilities, service, and basic fabricating industries. The A. F. of L. countered with the proposal that C. I. O. unions once affiliated with the Federation be readmitted on the basis of their original charters; other C. I. O. unions, such as the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee, for example, would have to meet with all the craft unions of the A. F. of L. that claimed jurisdiction over the employees involved and if possible persuade them to relinquish such jurisdiction. If they refused, that would settle the matter; the steel workers' organization and other C. I. O. giants would then have to allow themselves to be cut up small and distributed bit by bit among the craft unions. The C. I. O. itself was to be dissolved.

However much the delegates in Pittsburgh realized the dangers of prolonged dissension in the labor movement, there was no sentiment whatever for compromise along these lines. Moreover, it was idle to hope that craft leaders would have a sudden change of heart. There is not a shred of evidence that the Freys and the Hutchesons are ready to surrender their claims to masses of workers even though the Federation for a half-century has failed to organize them.

Until the craft lords pull their heads out of the sand and acknowledge the logical interests of the C. I. O., the one hope for solidarity in the labor movement lies in the disposition of the rank and file of both organizations to cooperate, industrially as well as politically, wherever possible. The bitter harangues of some of the C. I. O. leaders at the convention are not going to be helpful in this direction, but despite this far from unnatural residue of passion, there is every sign that the great body of C. I. O. members not only want such practical unity but are getting it. C. I. O. and A. F. of L. worked hand in glove in many places in the recent elections, notably on the West Coast, in Pennsylvania, and in New York, and their cooperation proved both fruitful and instructive. For all the Pecksniffian concern of the press for peace in the labor movement, the present disunity finds labor far stronger than it was before the C. I. O. came on the scene; for the first time a severe economic depression has passed over the country and left its labor movement relatively intact.

Between unity with concessions and uncompromising independence the C. I. O. has made an irrevocable choice. To urge unity with the A. F. of L. now would not bring the two organizations together; it could only encourage disunity within the C. I. O.

[*A first-hand account of the convention at Pittsburgh and an analysis of the present strength and state of mind of the C. I. O. by M. R. Bendiner will appear in* THE NATION *next week.*]

Kennedy and the Jews

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

London, November 19

AMERICA'S streamlined Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy is now being credited by his friends with helping induce Neville Chamberlain to do something toward alleviating the distress of 700,000 German Jews. But it required sharp prodding, along with Hitler's latest tornado of anti-Semitic terror, to persuade Mr. Kennedy to bestir himself.

George Rublee, director of the Intergovernmental Committee on Refugees, has been endeavoring honestly during the three months he has been occupying that position here, to spur Mr. Kennedy to action. Against heavy odds and meeting one rebuff after another from the thirty-one nations on his committee, Mr. Rublee has been trying not merely to earn the $15,000 yearly salary attached to his new job but to create a sanctuary of decency for Hitler's victims, to whom he represents a last hope. An occasional polite cough from Mr. Rublee, however, scarcely attracted Ambassador Kennedy's notice. And so early in October Mr. Rublee telephoned Washington and prompted the cablegram which President Roosevelt dispatched to Mr. Kennedy for delivery to Mr. Chamberlain.

But Mr. Kennedy apparently did not see eye to eye with the White House in gauging the importance of the refugee tragedy. It may have been symptomatic that the United States Ambassador, now a familiar and welcome visitor at 10 Downing Street, instead of handing the President's message to Mr. Chamberlain and thereby lending personal emphasis to it, simply sent it to the Prime Minister by messenger. This mechanical mode of procedure might in part account for the few noncommittal words with which Mr. Chamberlain replied to Washington. There is yet more conclusive evidence that Mr. Roosevelt and his high-powered ambassador at the Court of St. James's were at variance in estimating the refugee issue as a touchstone of civilization. In his unpublished communication to Mr. Chamberlain, President Roosevelt at some length said he considered solution of the refugees' problem extremely important, not only for simple humanitarian reasons but also for the political appeasement of Europe.

Contrasting with President Roosevelt's opinion were Mr. Kennedy's conversational remarks to Mr. Rublee, in the course of which the Ambassador said he was ready to give the Intergovernmental Committee moral support, but made clear that he was unwilling to endanger other "causes" in which he is interested and which he deems more essential. According to reliable private advices current in London, Mr. Kennedy refrained from identifying the other fish he is intent on frying. Nor did he explain how his more active intervention in behalf of German refugees could have endangered, say, acceptance of the then pending invitation to the British royal couple to visit the United States next summer, or a possible approach to war-debt settlement following a signature of the Anglo-American trade pact. If credit is due Ambassador Kennedy in this connection, it is mainly for his candor in intimating to Mr. Rublee that he declined to regard the plight of Germany's stricken Jews and Gentile refugees as a major interest of the American government and that he quite definitely preferred not to let the refugees cramp his diplomatic style in London. If he kept his sympathy with the refugees well under control, Ambassador Kennedy was at least scrupulously polite, almost too polite, to Mr. Rublee. During the period under review, however, in drawing up the lists of the people chosen to enjoy the lavish and gracious hospitality of the Kennedys' home Mr. Rublee was evidently overlooked; he was not among the guests.

Unleashing of warfare upon German Jews on an unprecedented scale last week, culminating in the summoning from Berlin to Washington of Ambassador Hugh Wilson and President Roosevelt's condemnation of Nazi savagery, seems at last to have goaded Ambassador Kennedy to join those trying to cope with what he had viewed as a relatively minor problem. Fresh instructions from Washington may also have had something to do with Mr. Kennedy's consultation with Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Halifax, and Malcolm MacDonald, Minister for Dominions and Colonies. Admittedly, the complete blowing-off of the lid in Germany caused a more resounding detonation than Mr. Rublee's gently admonitory cough. To many, however, it will seem a pity that Mr. Kennedy was apparently prevailed upon to help close the barn door only after the Nazi runaway horse had bolted and left in its path a broad sweep of ruin and anguish.

Of course, there is this to be said for the Ambassador's desire to avoid being too deeply bogged in the ugly refugee mire: Mr. Chamberlain himself has consistently opposed letting the refugees impair an improvement of Anglo-German relations. And Ambassador Kennedy, in his eight and a half months in London, has time and again demonstrated convincingly his slightly grim determination to collaborate with the British Prime Minister.

"Continental Defense"

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, November 21

THE President made a fine brave gesture when he voiced his own and this nation's horror over the streamlined barbarism which is supplanting German civilization, but the question remains whether it was more than a gesture. The President sought to point his remarks by proceeding in the next breath to suggest a program of "continental defense," based upon the supposed "solidarity" of twenty-one American republics and the Dominion of Canada. His point was that the American republics and Canada will unite to repel any Nazi attempt to gain a foothold in the Western Hemisphere. Alas, there is where the catch comes, and the Nazis are not likely to overlook it. There is very little evidence that such solidarity exists now or that it can be produced in the near future. The only formal basis for concerted action of the kind envisaged by Mr. Roosevelt is the convention signed at Buenos Aires two years ago. It provides:

> In the event that the peace of the American republics is menaced, and in order to coordinate efforts to prevent war, any of the governments . . . shall consult with the other governments of the American republics, which, in such event, shall consult together for the purpose of finding and adopting methods of peaceful cooperation.

What does this mean? It means that if any one of the twenty-one republics, including the United States, deems itself threatened, it can summon the other twenty into a huddle. All are pledged to join the huddle but none is pledged to do anything afterward. In some quarters, indeed, the phrase "*peaceful* cooperation" has been construed to mean the opposite of military cooperation. The fact is that the convention is just another example of the bumbling rhetoric in which statesmen take refuge when they are unable to accomplish anything tangible. I do not say that "hemisphere defense" is an unattainable goal. It is surely conceivable that Hitler, Mussolini, and the Japs will drive the American republics and Canada into a common defense pact. For the present, however, Roosevelt's declaration that our conception of national defense has been exchanged for a conception of hemisphere defense, must be accepted as a conception rather than a reality.

The Argentine Foreign Minister put it rather neatly when he said his country had always "felt" solidarity with other American republics in the matter of defense, but any thought of concluding pacts was out of the question for the present. My guess is that they will continue to "feel" solid—and do nothing about it. Similar pious expressions were uttered throughout Latin America, but among them I was able to discern nothing beyond a feeling on the part of each nation that, if attacked, it would be greatly relieved to have the others come to its assistance. It is in *going* to the assistance of others that the rub occurs. As for Canadian participation, the President's Kingston speech pledging our arms to the Dominion's defense in case of attack was notable for the enormous enthusiasm which it failed to arouse in this country, Canada, or England. The truth is that all such amorous gestures on our part produce lifted eyebrows and a fastidious drawing away. We are a good neighbor and the Canadians like us fine—especially when we show a disposition to stay on our own side of the fence. A system of "hemisphere defense" based on military alliances is obviously impossible, and one illustration will suffice. To become binding on this country they would require the ratification of the Senate, where they would certainly meet the fate which overtook the League Covenant, only much more quickly.

I am loath to accept a partisan Republican argument, but there is a large plausibility in the imputation that the President is confusing political defense with national defense in the present instance. That he intends going in for armament in a big way is quite evident. The need for it is less evident. It is very plain, however, that elements in this country which go into convulsions over expenditures for schools, roads, hospitals, sewers, and public power plants would be very happy if the same sums were laid out for armament. National defense, moreover, is always a sacred cause. The Chicago *Tribune,* which publishes faked photographs of WPA workers under scurrilous captions, would drape American flags around a picture of the same workers digging a gun emplacement. How could General Johnson find it in his heart to criticize any appropriation for mechanizing the army? How could Walter Lippmann or Dorothy Thompson cavil at any measure labeled as a defense against the Nazis? The temptation to spend in the name of "national defense" is a powerful one. Moreover, it has this advantage, that many of the desirable projects now being carried on in the name of social justice could be carried on quite as well, at even greater cost, under a more "patriotic" slogan.

The Administration has just suffered its first great reverse at the polls. Under such circumstances it is natural for Administrations—and it would be singularly characteristic of this one—to resort to a quick change of emphasis. If the voters are a little weary of being indignant about the Stock Exchange, the power trust, and the Liberty League, they probably will welcome an invitation to transfer their indignation to Hitler, Mussolini, and the Japs. And Hitler, Mussolini, and the Japs certainly can be relied on to supply their indignation with plenty of fuel for the next two years. I indulge in this surmise entirely without malice, and, indeed, with a feeling that what I surmise to be true may be all for the best. The truth is, when I contemplate the recent election results in Pennsylvania and Michigan I get a little weary of the voters. They love to be buncoed.

One of the most interesting reports in circulation here is concerned with the Supreme Court. It is said on good authority that *after* the present vacancy has been filled, Justice Brandeis will retire and be succeeded by Felix Frankfurter. Such a succession would have all the perfection of a poem. Professor Frankfurter's qualifications are so obvious that even the American Bar Association concedes them. During the court fight it was reported that Justice Brandeis was nettled over the age issue, but if an inducement to retire were needed, the prospect of being succeeded by Frankfurter would provide it. There remains the question of filling the existing vacancy. I am told the President would dearly love to appoint Frank Murphy, but has been warned the Senate probably would refuse to confirm him. I cannot believe the Senate is quite that bad, but if it is, the President should not shrink from the issue. Serious opposition to Murphy could only arise from his refusal to shoot the sitdown strikers and the fact that he is a Catholic. If those are sufficient grounds for rejection of his name by the Senate, let us know it. The roll call will be public.

Hague's Army Falls Back

BY McALISTER COLEMAN

A VISITING Martian traveling through New Jersey on one of this autumn's golden days would hardly have imagined that so peaceful a scene was in reality a war setting. Even the wastelands of Hudson County back of the Palisades have had a strange, smoky beauty in the sun-flecked haze. Yet for more than a year the state has been harried by wars and rumors of wars, internecine, even interplanetary.

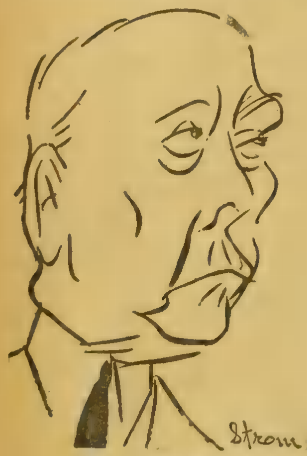
When a group of some twenty men and women went through the empty streets of Jersey City on the dawn of November 20, 1937, to distribute C. I. O. leaflets at the gates of a factory, the struggle between labor and Mayor Hague became a real war. Before that, skirmishes had occurred on picket lines in Jersey City; striking seamen and, later, boot and shoe workers in the big sweatshop rookery that is the Harborside Building had been thrown out of Haguetown into Hoboken; Arthur Garfield Hays, representing the strikers, had kept a lone vigil carrying an American flag on a windswept street by the docks and been hustled out of town—only to seek and obtain an injunction from Judge William Clark, the federal judge who has just recently issued another injunction restraining the Jersey City police. But the C. I. O. was late in starting organization work in Jersey City. Though it was engaged earlier in other parts of the state in defiance of Governor Harold Hoffman (what has become of that bright young man?), it did not undertake the organization of the badly sweated workers in Hague's home town until after election last year.

The first attempt to distribute leaflets in defiance of a local ordinance resulted in the complete rout of what Hague called "the invaders." With great shrieking of sirens and spectacular fury, the police fell upon the distributors, arrested five of them, and pushed the rest into the Hudson Tubes. Then Hague rallied his pay-rollers, his Legion mercenaries, his Catholic and Chamber of Commerce supporters in the first of his surging "American Night" mass-meetings at the Jersey City Armory. There he called for a holy war against the C. I. O., against the defenders of civil liberties, and against all other persons with ideas offensive to the Jersey City dictatorship.

Since that time the opposing forces have clashed on many battle fronts. They have met in Jersey City's Journal Square; in the mean side streets of the grimy town; in Newark's Military Park, where Norman Thomas was egged by Hague's gangsters; in Hague's dependency of Hoboken, where Herman Matson was brutally beaten and then arrested for profanity; in municipal, state, and federal courts. More recently they have met at the polls, where in spite of a thumping Hudson County Democratic vote and the combined blessings of the army, the navy, and Jim Farley, William H. J. Ely, Hague's candidate for the United States Senate, went down to defeat.

As usual, both sides here claim a victory. If we sift the facts from the published communiqués we find that although Hague's iron grip on Hudson County has not yet been broken, the recent injunction granted by Judge Clark restraining the more flagrant restrictions on civil liberties in Jersey City has hurt Hague in many influential quarters. Pending the final fate of the injunction in the higher court, members of the C. I. O. may walk unmolested through the streets of the city, distribute leaflets urging organization, and even hold outdoor meetings under certain circumstances. It is difficult for an outsider to realize what a concession this is. That the Mayor has been upset by Judge Clark's ruling is indicated clearly enough by the zeal with which his lawyers are pressing their appeal for a stay of the injunction.

Hague is happy over the failure of the federal grand jury to return an indictment against him and his officials for conspiracy to violate the United States civil code upholding civil rights. He is not so happy over the announcement of Welly Hopkins and Henry A. Schweinhaut, special assistant attorney generals, who conducted the investigation, that they would present new and stronger evidence against Hague to another grand jury. In the suit brought by Norman Thomas, who asks for a mandamus forcing Hague to give him a permit to hold outdoor meetings, Hague has won in the lower courts, but an appeal is being taken to the higher court. The case of Herman Matson, who was given a suspended sentence by a scared little Hoboken magistrate, has also been appealed. Now and again rumors reach Hague that investigators from the La Follette Civil Liberties Committee are in town, though lately nothing has been heard from that body. That Hague is becoming distinctly "allergic"—to use the word frequently employed by Judge Clark in his amazing injunction decree—to these libertarian counter-offensives is evidenced by his recent behavior. Never an "easy boss," he is now bellowing at his cowed lieutenants, bawling out his press agents and lawyers.



Mayor Hague

Snarled up as he is in these various legal nets, the sixty-three-year-old boss is most irked by the political situation. From the time he was nineteen, a recent graduate from the leadership of a gang in Jersey City's swarming Hook, his whole active life has been devoted to the manufacture of Democratic majorities. He is one of the last of a generation of indigenous political bosses. If now his creed sounds like a made-in-America version of fascism, it should be remembered that he was running his town in the Tweed-Croker tradition when Mussolini was a jittery editor of *Avanti* and Hitler was painting houses in Austria. Mass hooliganism, political reprisals, and the rest were rampant in our own Jersey City before the word "totalitarianism" ever came from overseas. The technique of oppression of minorities is old stuff for a man who has been able to decide months before election just how many Republican votes were to be allowed in Jersey City.

When the colorless Ely was taken out of his WPA job to run for Senator, Hague kept in the background. The Mayor's first choice was John Milton, who had been sent to Washington as a reward for his faithful services as chief of Hague's legal staff. Milton, however, was needed back home, and it was arranged that Hague was to allow Ely to run on a vague New Deal platform, trusting to the indorsement of the Administration at Washington and the votes of the WPA workers to pull him through. The New Deal gave its indorsement in thoroughgoing fashion. Secretary of War Woodring told a vast Hague-Ely mass-meeting that the President would be "thrilled" to hear how solidly Hudson County stood behind the New Deal. Assistant Secretary of the Navy Edison spoke to the same effect, and finally Jim Farley arrived to give the official benediction. Young Ely was so impressed that in a hysterical outburst he turned to Hague sitting behind him on the platform and cried, "He is my leader, my beloved leader." Whatever happened to energize Hague in Ely's behalf, the aging boss showed that his political hand had not lost its cunning. Hudson County turned in a majority of 131,000 for Ely, 2,000 more votes than were cast for Jersey City's favorite son, Governor Moore, in the 1937 election. Although Barbour won by a majority of 108,000, Hague had shown Jersey and the world that in Hudson County at any rate "I decide, me over here."

Nevertheless, Hague's prestige through the state has been sadly diminished. The unpredictable Senator Smathers, who went to Washington with the Hague label but who has occasionally shown signs of independence, may now demand a slice of federal patronage, hitherto securely within Hague's jurisdiction. And there is the perennial threat of a legislative inquiry into the happenings in Hudson County on Election Day. Last year Hague's judges held the line against investigators from Trenton seeking to look into Governor Moore's astounding majorities. Now, however, with fourteen Republicans and seven Democrats in the state Senate and forty-one Republicans and nineteen Democrats in the Assembly, the new Legislature may be more ardent in its pursuit of Democratic skulduggery.

On the whole, politically and legally, the fight seems to be going against the boss, and the stories of his retirement are renewed. After all, he is sixty-three years old, he likes his golf at Miami with Jim Farley and his other pals on the Democratic National Committee, of which he is vice-chairman, and he has been well rewarded for his outstanding services to the big industrialists of the state. Why not quit and take things easy, with no insulting reds around to disturb the twilight of his years? That thought may be tempting, but it is doubtful if it will lead to Hague's immediate exit. When Judge Clark's injunction, with its puzzling "allergy" references and its heavily documented discussion of the fundamentals of civil liberties, was patiently explained to him, he said, "The fight must go on." He has been told that the C. I. O. is definitely on the toboggan. The withdrawal of the International Ladies' Garments Workers' Union, one of the chief sources of C. I. O. strength in New Jersey, will take away much of their punch from the state's progressive laborites; or so Hague is assured by his loyal A. F. of L. advisers. Furthermore, Hague apparently sincerely believes that he is one of the last bulwarks of old-fashioned Americanism against the tide of red "naturalism."

This menace of "naturalism" may require some explanation for those unacquainted with the vocabulary of Jersey Catholicism. It is a phrase constantly on the eloquent lips of John A. Matthews, who served as Hague's legal and literate front in last summer's injunction proceedings. Perhaps Mr. Matthews himself deserves some explanation. He is a blurredly handsome, florid, gray-haired, enormously articulate Newark lawyer with a lucrative practice, a beautiful radio voice, and an itch to be a judge. Several years ago, during the fight of the consumers of electricity against the exorbitant rates imposed by the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey, which monopolizes gas, electricity, and transportation in the state, Mr. Matthews popped up as defender of the poor. His cross-examination of Thomas N. McCarter, the puffing president of Public Service, put Matthews on the front pages. To his everlasting regret the writer of this article assisted in the publicity build-up. Mr. Matthews then went about the state assuring Catholic organizations that the Labor Encyclical of the Pope contained more fundamentally radical ideas than anything put forth by Socialists or Communists. He was named Papal Chamberlain and Sovereign Knight of the Military Order of Malta, and he became a member of Hague's legal force. During the injunction proceedings he constantly prompted the Mayor while he was on the stand, and in radio speeches he declaimed, "If you, Mr. Thomas, and your ilk want to come to de-Christianize Christianity, the great Catholic masses will ride you out." Now Matthews has discovered that it is the subversive philosophy of "naturalism," as well as Norman Thomas, that is undermining our foundations. Naturalism is not defined other than as being anti-Christ, but Hague is sure that something has to be done about it and that he is the man to do it.

Whatever the extent of Hague's losses in this past year, little has been accomplished in New Jersey to advance the cause of liberalism. The fighting has been done mainly by outsiders—Hays, Morris Ernst, Thomas, and others. Few contests in the recent elections presented so clear-cut an issue as Hagueism, yet the Republicans made little use of it. To be sure, Warren Barbour wrote a letter to Thomas saying that he was in favor of free speech. But he spent most of his time defending himself against the charge that he had claimed exemption from the draft in the World War on the ground that his services were indispensable to the thread business. Veterans of free-speech fights cannot recall meeting Warren Barbour on the front lines. When he was in the Senate before, though he voted for some New Deal measures, his career was as colorless as that of any other run-of-the-mill manufacturer.

Jersey liberals, and there are such, had the choice of two evils and chose the lesser. They voted against Hague to be sure, but they also voted for the Public Service Corporation, the railroads, and the insurance companies, for which Barbour is a front. Many liberals were shocked by the New Deal's indorsement of Hague and stayed away from the polls. After a year of bitter struggle there is no liberal movement in the state worthy of the name.

But after all, the chief cause of war in New Jersey was the attempt of the C. I. O. to organize the unorganized. William Jennings Carney, C. I. O. head in the state, has announced that the Clark injunction means the end of the sweatshop in New Jersey. Now that C. I. O. organizers have freer access to Jersey City workers, we may expect a renewal of the drive, which has seemed strangely hesitant of late. Depending too much upon outside aid, the leaders of the New Jersey C. I. O. have been content to fight the issue in the courts, the papers, and over the radio. They have not taken their fight to the factory gates, the sweatshop doors. To be sure, the atmosphere of Jersey City is still none too salubrious for organizers of any union except the tight-held, Hague-ridden A. F. of L. crafts. But strong unions have been built against greater odds. Even if the Clark injunction is stayed, it is doubtful if Hague will attempt any more mass deportations of organizers at this time. Freedom to distribute literature has been established by the decision of the United States Supreme Court, and some hall-owners may yet be found with courage enough to rent their places for union meetings. It would be difficult to name a spot better suited than Jersey City for an immediate show of C. I. O. strength, but if there is to be a show, it must be put on by New Jersey industrial unionists themselves, not depending on aid from across the river.

Why do reporters of the American scene hasten from New York editorial offices straight across Jersey on their way to supposedly more colorful sources of copy? Why is New Jersey so neglected by the collectors of Americana? Consider the events of this past year: legionnaires in the cellar of a Jersey City armory waiting for the word from City Hall to stage riots as spontaneous as the Nazis' anti-Jewish demonstrations; Hague shouting on the witness stand that he would send all reds to Alaska—he meant Alcatraz but couldn't hear Matthews prompting him; John A. Matthews's personal war on "naturalism"; Jerseymen riding around the country on the night of the

Orson Welles broadcast shouting, "The Martians are coming!"; people getting eight cents a day for relief in Hoboken and Matson beaten for protesting; John Longo still in jail for, of all things, election frauds in Jersey City; Jeff Burkitt, thrown out of jail a day ahead of time so that there could be no reception for him, walking the streets of Jersey City with a gag in his mouth. Why go South for the fantastic, the sinister? Only a tube-ride away, my young writing friends, is a copy-mine, full of the richest ore imaginable.

Spain's Schedule of War

BY LAWRENCE A. FERNSWORTH

Toulouse, France, November

EVER since the Munich "peace" pact, republican Spain has been expecting the worst at the hands of the Chamberlain government—and has been getting it. It anticipated, for instance, that the Anglo-Italian pact would speedily be ratified and that the rebels would no longer be impeded in their attacks upon shipping. All this has happened or is happening. But the Barcelona government, disillusioned and grim, has its own plan of action which in no wise is affected by these developments.

After the Anglo-Italian pact was agreed upon last April but held in abeyance pending "a settlement of the Spanish question," the Negrin government, newly reinforced, followed the policy of frustrating the Chamberlain government by a determined resistance. Culminating in the successful Ebro offensive, this upset all calculations for bringing about a Mediterranean peace on the basis of a Loyalist defeat, and upset Franco's plans for the winter. The Chamberlain government was embarrassed in the eyes of the country—as was expected—although Chamberlain was not. That gentleman is above being embarrassed. The scheduled "settlement of the Spanish question" having thus been prevented, a token settlement was arranged for the purpose of making the agreement effective. Italy made a token withdrawal of volunteers—and immediately began sending back to Spain more war materials and men. It is obvious, and the fact has been long discounted in Barcelona, that Italy has no intention of getting out of Spain until it obtains what it wants, and the Chamberlain government has no notion of crossing its pathway.

It was likewise discounted at Barcelona that this token "settlement" of the Spanish question would be followed by the granting of belligerent rights to Franco and his allies. It is not of record that such rights have been granted as yet, although the sinking in the British Channel on November 2 of the British-register ship, Cantabria, supposedly in the service of the Loyalists, would indicate that there has now been a token recognition of Franco's belligerency. Without belligerent rights Franco could not molest, much less attack, burn, and sink, any ships whatever, whether of the adversary or of foreign governments, outside the Spanish three-mile limit. When in the summer of 1937 such procedure was followed on the Mediterranean, it was rightly called piracy and the Nyon conference stopped it. Now when ships are sunk at England's very door, one hears not even a whisper of protest from England's government.

But since what is happening is only what the Barcelona government expected, that government is pursuing its own course according to schedule. What that course will be was clearly indicated by Prime Minister Juan Negrin's speech of October 14. Its outstanding note was that the *sine qua non* of any settlement of the Spanish question is the driving of the foreigner out of Spain, and that to accomplish this Spaniards of both sides must unite. It was a peace-or-war speech the importance of which has not been sufficiently noted abroad. Spaniards, said Negrin, were prepared to go on fighting even at the price of their own extermination rather than accept an arranged peace incompatible with Spanish honor. "They are no homing pigeons who bring peace to us," he told other countries. Putting his finger on the nub of the policy of the "non-intervention" countries toward Spain, he said: "They affected to ignore what everyone knew [that is, the Italian and German intervention], confident that meanwhile we would succumb and that they could weep over our tomb for our futile heroism and the inclemencies of destiny." And he warned: "Peace will not be achieved by a pretense of stabilizing the fronts and carving out artificial frontiers between rebel and loyalist zones. . . . If any Spaniard admits that, even in hypothesis, he commits the highest treason against the fatherland and strips himself of his own nationality." To the Spaniards who are his adversaries today he offered "a reconciliation . . . upon a basis of collaboration with a view to the reconstruction and the rebirth of Spain." A vision of what might happen was given in the following words: "That is why we must triumph and will triumph. If justice is done to us, then very soon; or, if they continue to create obstacles for us, then in months. Or perhaps in years, after a long struggle, in the streets if necessary and at the crossroads, if they attempt to suffocate us."

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Cal.

These statements deserve to be studied as an indication of the government's view of the future trajectory of the conflict. The Prime Minister was giving notice that if driven to it the republican government, rather than give in, was ready to let the conflict revert to the guerrilla fighting that marked the first part of the civil war. "I consider the last statement the most important part of the speech," I was told by a member of the Cabinet. Reflecting the main idea behind the speech, Barcelona is today preparing both for peace and for war.

Barcelona has learned that at Munich Mussolini demanded a continued free hand in Spain and furthermore made the following four demands on Chamberlain: (1) a foothold in the Balearics, if not actual possession of them; (2) guaranties that the political and economic pledges given him by Franco in return for his aid will be fulfilled; (3) the establishment in Spain of a friendly government, which would certainly not be an anti-fascist republic; (4) final settlement of the Mediterranean question. The British government may or may not be disposed to accede to these demands, but it would be well advised to understand that any attempt to do so will not bring peace in Spain except by "suffocation" of the republican government.

Quite apart from specific terms, there still remains the question of the political and economic pledges given to Italy and Germany. How are these powers to be compensated for their heavy expenditures in Spain, made in consideration of those pledges? In the Cortes Negrin emphasized that republican Spain would recognize no obligations incurred toward Italy and Germany by the rebel regime. However, his peace-or-war declaration of October 14 was silent on that subject, and this has been interpreted as leaving a loophole for an arrangement with those countries on the question of compensation. A member of the government informs me that this omission has no significance. Others think that it may have. I believe that opinion in Spain would accept the buying off of the two fascist countries by a monetary arrangement if thereby the invaders could be got out of Spain and the main obstacle to peace be removed.

The Cabinet member mentioned above further informed me: "The words of Negrin relative to welcoming 'mediation between ourselves and the invaders' [as distinguished from mediation between Spaniards] does not mean that Spain is ready either to treat with Germany and Italy or to compensate them for their war expenditures incurred in an effort to destroy us. What it means is that foreign powers, which by their so-called 'non-intervention' have made it possible for the invader to get a foothold on our soil, are free to negotiate with those same invaders in an attempt to get them out if possible. But we will have no foreign mediation between Spaniards of one side and Spaniards of the other."

There is a growing certainty that the government forces in England are once more being made the dupe of Franco's false promises. It is recalled that the rebel leader was constantly using fair words toward England while at the same time helping Italy and Germany along a course that struck directly at England's most vital interests. Franco's recent offer of neutrality toward England in case of war over Czechoslovakia is set down in Barcelona as merely another such snare. "I am confident," said the same Cabinet member, "that Franco was egged on by Italy and Germany to make such an offer in the hope of deluding England and catching it unawares in Spain. By so doing they might have procured a blockade of Spain which would have strangled the republican government, which is a natural ally of England notwithstanding the injuries it has suffered from England's policy. With the Spanish war thus liquidated, Germany and Italy would have been in a stronger position to menace England and France by sea and by land."

In this difficult situation republican Spain is losing no occasion for making conciliatory gestures toward Spaniards on the opposite side. Although semi-public religious worship in chapels has now been the order for some time, the government is determined to establish public worship in churches as soon as possible. Unfortunately the greatest obstacle has been the opposition of the majority of the clergy and their most ardent followers, who are determined at all costs to fix on the Barcelona government the stigma of being anti-God. The Vicar General has in writing forbidden the Basques to hold public worship in churches. On October 17 three Ministers of the government marched in a Catholic funeral procession through the principal streets and boulevards. It was the first time since the war that a surpliced priest and the cross have publicly appeared in a religious ceremony. The gesture was intended to show Catholics on both sides that the republican government is the government of all Spaniards, whether Catholics or dissenters. It was significant that the procession everywhere was received with the utmost respect.

In connection with Negrin's policy of conciliation it may also be noted that the execution of death sentences has for a considerable time been suspended, notwithstanding Franco's brutal refusal to suspend death sentences on a reciprocal basis. About 200 persons are under sentence of death now for treason or similar crimes in various government prisons. I know of one such person who has been transferred to a children's school as a teacher and is no more than a nominal prisoner. It seems clear that the government would like to spare the lives of all these condemned if possible, and in general pursue as humane a policy toward prisoners as is compatible with war. Yet it is not to be doubted that the lives of some of these men will depend on whether peace or war to the bitter end shall be the outcome of Negrin's gestures toward peace.

The League and the Swastika

BY ROBERT DELL

THE anti-Semitic atrocities in Germany have interrupted for the present the negotiations between Hitler and Neville Chamberlain, but those negotiations will certainly be resumed if Chamberlain has his way. There can be no doubt that the proposed Anglo-German understanding would take the form of a four-power pact into which France and Italy would be admitted as junior partners. It appears, however, to have been recognized by Hitler that some sort of permanent organization is desirable. According to my information, Hitler might even be willing to return to the League if the Covenant were drastically amended, notably by the suppression of Articles 10 and 16. An amendment of the Covenant is, however, a long and difficult business. Some of the amendments to Article 16 and Article 26 adopted by the Assembly in 1921 have not yet come into force because they have not yet received the necessary ratifications. Furthermore, whereas Italy has not yet actually left the League and the Italian notice of withdrawal can be revoked at any time before December, 1939, Germany is actually outside the League and has to be reelected. Germany would certainly not consent to return to the League without having a permanent seat on the Council. A new permanent seat can be created only by a unanimous vote of the members of the Council, and Russia as a permanent member can always veto the creation of a permanent seat for Germany and undoubtedly always would. Thus it will never be possible to get Germany back to the League unless Russia can be forced out. It is precisely for that reason that the Soviet government will probably remain in the League and refuse to be forced out. In these circumstances it is difficult to see how the League can be made safe for fascism, and it would seem that it may have to be scrapped altogether if the Hitler-Chamberlain policy is to succeed.

In any case, Chamberlain has apparently decided to undermine the League from within by a "purge" of the secretariat by which all officials hostile to fascism, or at least all in important posts, would be eliminated. The first step toward this end was taken rather more than a month ago when the Secretary General, M. Avenol, got rid of his own Chef de Cabinet, Marcel Hoden, a Frenchman, by canceling his contract and suppressing his post as from October 31. M. Hoden was dismissed under a staff regulation which empowers the secretary general to cancel a contract of a member of the staff if his post is abolished or if there is a reorganization of the secretariat with a view to the reduction of the staff. Since at present no such reorganization is in progress, M. Avenol had to abolish the post of chef de cabinet.

M. Avenol frankly based his decision on personal and political differences between himself and Hoden and on the allegation that Hoden's conduct had given offense to certain governments, notably the British government, and thereby done injury to the secretariat. Before dismissing Hoden, Avenol paid a visit to Paris, where he saw Georges Bonnet, the French Foreign Secretary, and although the initiative in the matter came from London, the French government no doubt agreed.

The action taken against Hoden is the climax of a press campaign against him and certain other members of the secretariat which began more than a year ago. On June 7, 1937, the Geneva correspondent of the official Italian Stefani agency sent a telegram which appeared the same day in those Italian papers that publish an afternoon edition on Mondays. It accused Hoden and Vigier, a French member of the Political Section of the secretariat, of having inspired a speech made by Fabela, the delegate from Mexico, at a meeting of the Extraordinary Assembly on May 26, 1937, on the question of the credentials of the Abyssinian delegation. The Secretary General immediately appointed a committee presided over by Mr. Lester, Deputy Secretary General, to hold an inquiry. After hearing evidence the committee unanimously reported that the assertion of the Stefani agency was entirely without foundation. Fabela also wrote to the Secretary General to the same effect. Ever since then Hoden has been the object of constant attacks in fascist and pro-fascist papers, notably in the Paris weekly *Candide*, which is the organ of Chiappe, late prefect of the Paris police, and his family.

One of Avenol's accusations against Hoden was that he belonged to a small group who introduced division into the secretariat by pursuing a policy of their own in opposition to that of the Secretary General, and who sometimes opposed their own opinions to those of the delegates of their own governments. This means that they put their loyalty to the League of Nations first in accordance with the declaration that has to be made before the League Council in public session by all officials of the rank of director or above at the time of their appointment. This declaration runs as follows:

> I solemnly undertake to exercise in all loyalty, discretion, and conscience the functions that have been

> intrusted to me as ——— of the League of Nations, to discharge my functions and to regulate my conduct with the interests of the League alone in view, and not to seek or receive instructions from any government or other authority external.

It is undoubtedly true that there is a division in the secretariat, but it is between those who live up to this declaration and those who are merely agents of their respective governments, from whom they take their instructions. The latter are so numerous that the secretariat has ceased to be what it was intended to be and at first was—an international civil service.

The countries most responsible for this change are Germany and Italy, especially Germany. The deterioration of the secretariat began after Germany entered the League in 1926. The great majority of the new German officials entirely lacked any international spirit, and the German government looked upon them, and they looked upon themselves, as government officials bound to obey orders from Berlin. This was just as true in the period 1926-33 as it was after Hitler came into power. The Italian Fascist officials were equally subservient to their government, and the bad example of Germany and Italy was followed by some other countries. There are still officials in the secretariat who "seek or receive instructions" from governments and other "authorities external." They belong to various nationalities. It might be thought that if there is to be a "purge," these are the officials that ought to go, not those who put their loyalty to the League first. That is not, however, the opinion of Neville Chamberlain or of the Secretary General of the League of Nations, who is acting on his instructions.

It is apparently intended to get rid of about fifty or sixty members of the secretariat, some of them officials in high positions. It will be done under pretext of economy. On September 30 the Assembly of the League of Nations at its last meeting adopted a resolution authorizing the formation of a committee to make an examination of the budget of the League and recommend ways of providing "necessary economies." In the same resolution the Secretary General and the Director of the International Labor Office were requested "to prepare and draft budgets for 1940 in the light of the recommendations of the committee." This committee has now been set up and will presumably get to work. There is no reason to suppose that a majority of its members, or perhaps even any of its members, have any desire to further the proposed "purge" in the secretariat, but recommendations in themselves reasonable and desirable might be manipulated to effect that purge.

For example, it is quite possible that the committee might recommend the fusion of certain sections of the secretariat. Neither the Disarmament Section nor the Minorities Section has now much to do, and they might be fused with the Political Section. It has already been proposed that the Opium Section and the Social Questions Section should be fused with the Health Section, and that would be quite a reasonable change. Already the Opium and Social Questions Sections have the same director although they have separate members. The fusion of two or three sections into a single section would eliminate one or two of the present directors, and the Secretary General could choose for elimination men obnoxious to the fascist powers.

Since it is, however, likely that it will be a long time before the Committee on Economies in the Budget produces a report, the instigators of the "purge" may prefer a more rapid procedure which would also make it much easier to get rid of the anti-fascist officials. The last Assembly arrived at the following decision:

> Until the next ordinary session of the Assembly the Secretary General and, as regards the International Labor Organization, the Director of the International Labor Office, acting with the approval of the Supervisory Commission, which may take all decisions by a majority vote, shall have power in their discretion to take any exceptional administrative or financial measures or decisions which appear necessary (including the amendment of administrative or financial regulations), and such measures and decisions shall have the same force and effect as if they had been taken by the Assembly.

It was, however, provided that this should be brought into force only by a decision of the President of the Nineteenth Session of the Assembly (that is, the session held in September) if and when in his opinion a state of emergency had arisen. As the last session was not closed but only adjourned, the Assembly is still in being, and its President is Mr. De Valera. It rests with him, therefore, to decide whether these exceptional powers shall be given to the Secretary General and the Director of the International Labor Office. A literal interpretation of the Assembly resolution might justify Mr. De Valera in deciding that a "state of emergency" has arisen, but such a decision would certainly not be in accordance with the wishes of the Assembly. The resolutions were adopted merely to provide for the possibility of war breaking out before next September, and it was clearly explained at the time that a "state of emergency" really meant a state of war. De Valera has fascist sympathies, as his words and actions at Geneva have shown. If he declared a state of emergency, the Secretary General could do almost anything he liked, subject to the approval of the majority of the Supervisory Commission, which deals with the finances of the League.

It will be much more difficult to deal with the International Labor Office. Nobody believes for a moment that the new director, John P. Winant, would allow himself to become the instrument of those who wish to make the League of Nations safe for fascism.

Liberal's Defeat—a Case History

BY JOHN E. KENNEDY

Hamilton, Montana, November 18

PROBABLY in no other state is the domination of one corporation so outstanding as in Montana. The great Anaconda Copper Mining Company, owning as it does all but two of the daily newspapers in Montana, and controlling by advertising or credit the majority of the weekly papers, can mold public opinion to an alarming extent. This was made painfully clear to progressives in Montana by Tuesday's election, when Representative Jerry J. O'Connell, liberal New Dealer, was defeated by the copper-power-newspaper combine, aided by Senator Burton K. Wheeler and Governor Roy A. Ayers.

Senator Wheeler, who since the Supreme Court fight has become the darling of the copper and power interests in Montana, gave the word that O'Connell must go. The state machine of the Democratic Governor, Roy E. Ayers, came to the Senator's help, and a campaign was started for Dr. Jacob Thorkelson, Republican and Anaconda Company nominee, the like of which had never been witnessed in Montana. As a result a political nonentity was built up to the stature of a United States Congressman in six weeks.

Day in and day out the company press denounced O'Connell and praised Thorkelson. Senator Wheeler induced Dr. Francis E. Townsend to withdraw his indorsement of O'Connell and later to come to Montana and make an address against the Congressman. Although Townsend spoke to 600 persons in Helena, and made a district-wide radio address in addition, his appearance was something of a flop. More than 175 persons walked out of the hall in a body when he started his attack upon O'Connell. Even after his visit, the majority of the Townsend Clubs in western Montana passed resolutions indorsing O'Connell's candidacy.

When it was apparent that this strategy would not work, Senator Wheeler similarly induced several of the rail brotherhoods to withdraw their indorsement of O'Connell. An edition of *Labor* condemning O'Connell and praising Thorkelson went to its regular Montana subscribers, and in addition thousands and thousands of copies were sent into the district for door-to-door distribution in Missoula, Kalispell, Whitefish, Helena, Butte, Anaconda, and Bozeman. This distribution was handled by the Anaconda Company.

Over various radio stations in western Montana a statement was read purporting to come from James A. Farley, to the effect that Mr. Farley had urged Montana Democrats to get together and had severely criticized O'Connell for his attacks on Senator Wheeler. In due course, the Postmaster General denied that he had made such a statement, but it was then too late to remedy the harm which had been done O'Connell's candidacy. When this matter was checked, it was discovered that the news dispatch in question had been forwarded to Montana radio stations by Ed Craney of radio station KGIR of Butte. Craney sent other stations the statement as having come from the Transradio Press and added the revealing note, "Senator Wheeler would appreciate any additional publicity you are able to give this announcement."

The Catholic hierarchy opposed O'Connell in every nook and corner of his district, and the copper-power-company crowd, who control both the Catholic and non-Catholic groups, got the word to Masonic groups that as a member of the state legislature O'Connell had led the fight for the free-textbook bill, which would have permitted children in parochial schools to obtain books on the same basis as students in public schools.

With the Democratic State Central Committee controlled by Senator B. K. Wheeler and the Corporation through the chairmanship of Arthur F. Lamey, a railroad and utility lawyer of Havre, it was clear to O'Connell at the outset that he would receive no financial contributions from the State Committee. Lamey was frank to say these were the instructions he had received from higher up. The Democratic National Committee likewise made no financial contribution to the O'Connell campaign and the Democratic Congressional Committee sent its regrets at not being able to help.

William Green's refusal to indorse O'Connell and request for Thorkelson's election did little harm. As a matter of fact, the *Montana Labor News,* the A. F. of L. organ for Montana, urged O'Connell's reelection. It was, however, a sad blow that John L. Lewis of the C. I. O. failed to indorse him. Miners and smelter workers in Butte and Anaconda were asking each other during the campaign why, if the Congressman was a friend of labor, John L. Lewis didn't offer his support.

A. F. of L. unions in Helena passed resolutions condemning Green's action and indorsing O'Connell. On Saturday, November 5, they presented a paid advertisement to the *Independent* and the *Montana Record Herald* in Helena, both dominated by Anaconda, urging union labor to stick with O'Connell. Both newspapers refused to accept the advertisement.

The Communist bugaboo was played up in every way, reaching its climax in the last week of the campaign when Thorkelson's company supporters brought out a placard with a picture of Uncle Sam at the top, Thorkelson at the bottom, and in bold type the words "Crush Communism." In the last two days of the campaign handbills were circulated all over Montana claiming that the fact that Roosevelt had not mentioned O'Connell in his last radio address was conclusive evidence that the President was against him.

O'Connell fought his campaign without any organization, with inadequate finances, with no help from the State Committee or the National Committee, and with the powerful copper-power-Wheeler-Ayers machine against him. He had to depend upon his own platform speaking and the support of three weekly papers, the *Western News* of Hamilton, the Columbia Falls *Review*, and the *Montana Labor News* of Butte. While Senator Wheeler spoke in practically all of the small towns in the district urging Democrats to vote against O'Connell, Mrs. Wheeler and Rose Bresnahan, dismissed director of the Women's Division of the WPA in Montana, visited all WPA sewing projects urging support of the Republican nominee. The Senator, a former ardent dry, even went so far as to visit Montana bars and buy drinks while urging the defeat of O'Connell.

Pocket Guide

THE PRESS-AGENT RACKET

JUST now big business is obsessed with "the great coming new profession," that of public-relations counsel—the press agent in modern dress. He has been with us for some time but he has recently come into a new prosperity.

There is no other business quite like his. He makes his terms with his customer on a completely up-in-the-air basis. He cannot promise to deliver anything specific, and after the job is done he can't prove what he has accomplished by sales figures. He waves clippings to show how much newspaper space he has obtained free—but whether it has sold the client's goods is something else again. And the amazing thing is that business doesn't try to find out what it is getting for its money, whether the press agent is earning his pay or is merely exploiting a rich racket.

What is the justification for these public-relations counsels? Who are they? How do they work? What do they accomplish? What are their profits?

Scared by the FTC, the Food and Drug Administration, and consumer movements, the manufacturer is hysterically trying to put on a better face before the public. And since the public is learning to distrust his advertising, he tries to put across his story in some other way. He ought to know that the best public-relations copy is the goods he is selling. Often, instead of trying to sell better goods, he tries to sell words, and the public-relations counsel provides them.

Who are they? Among the bigger public-relations counsels are Carl Byoir (chain stores), Ivy Lee (Standard Oil, Pennsylvania Railroad), Edward Bernays (beer), Braun and Company of Los Angeles ("Beat Upton Sinclair," chain stores), Ralph H. Jones (Little Steel), Ames and Norr. But a new one starts up every week. No capital is needed, and for many of them reputation would be a drawback. They do need nerve, and most of them have it, including the one who proposed to wash all the statues in the United States with Colgate's Soap. Colgate's said no. The War Department said no. But the p.r.c. released a story all the same, saying that the War Department didn't want its statues to be cleaned although a soap company had offered to do the job for nothing. In addition to the foregoing, all the big advertising agencies now do big-time public-relations work, handled by what they call the "publicity department."

How do the general run of public-relations counsels work? They have employees ready to grind out routine stuff, but suppose they are asked for an article glorifying canned goods. They get a chemist of standing to write a piece for a big magazine which will be read by unsuspicious readers who have no idea that it is press-agent stuff. The manufacturer then makes quotations and sends them out to newspapers.

They send mountains of material to the schools, and they work overtime on the radio. They dispatch speakers to schools, to colleges, to women's clubs, to organizations of business men. Of course they work on Congress and legislatures. If existing magazines and organizations aren't enough, they start their own with fine names and loud protestations about protecting the consumer. All over the country are fake consumer organizations which are merely fronts for various industries.

If they can't buy the writer they want, they use other methods. For example: One of the biggest press agents in the country—let us call him Mr. Brass—wanted a biography written of a client, Mr. Money. He got in touch with a writer, Mr. Pen. Pen said he'd like to do the job if he could get all Mr. Money's fresh and untouched material. "Fine," said Brass, adding, "Of course we can't finance your writing the book." "I wouldn't want you to," said Pen. "But before you give me the material you must understand this—I'm a radical, and I shall write the book from that point of view." Brass replied shrewdly, "Fine; we want you to write it just because you are a radical."

Pen was puzzled. But a telephone call the next week cast a little light. Said Brass: "We have a little job of 5,000 words, a circular for the X and Y Railroad. We'll pay you $5,000 for it." Pen, amused at the barefaced use of the biography as a bribe, said he was sorry, but he was too busy

A week later Brass called up again. This time there was a month's work to be done for a political candidate in Chicago. It was very difficult work; only Pen could do it right, the job was worth $10,000. Pen, who badly needed the $10,000, again felt that he had to refuse. Sequel? The material on the great man was never turned over, and the biography was never written.

There are also the simple, old-fashioned methods. Every public-relations counsel, no matter how elegant, has at least one ex-reporter on his staff. The ideal one is a drinker, a wisecracker, who goes out every night for cocktails with an old buddy on a newspaper. Later he telephones the buddy, "I got a little story for you." With the story goes a bottle of Scotch, or prize-fight tickets. And usually someone on the staff can play the social game which was long ago brought to perfection by British duchesses.

What do they accomplish? Don Francisco, president of Lord and Thomas, has boasted that public-relations work defeated Upton Sinclair and caused the repeal of the chain-store tax bill of California. Public-relations work had much to do with defeating Governor Benson in Minnesota and Governor Murphy in Michigan. But one of the biggest campaigns ever handled, that for the public utilities, couldn't stop the TVA, nor did U. S. Steel's drive against unionization in 1936 work out. At the moment Carl Byoir, who has represented Machado of Cuba and the Nazi government, is doing a job for the A. and P. Company. Women are certainly not going to read his dreary spreads of small type, but the A. and P. in public relations is a novelty, and Mr. Byoir is pulling in customers for himself with great speed. It is a good p.r. job for him whatever it may be for the A. and P.

If industry is being fooled, what about the newspapers and magazines? Every penny paid to a press agent would normally go into paid advertising. Yet newspapers and magazines hand over the free space. Why? Of course the advertiser applies quiet pressure. He doesn't go to the newspapers and say, "Here's a lot of advertising; now you give us plenty of free space." That would be crude. But his wants are understood. However, there's more to it than that. I can say from my own knowledge that many newspapers are as bamboozled by this pie-in-the-sky public-relations business as the simplest-minded manufacturer. It's fantastic, for the press agent means death to newspapers and magazines, which live on advertising. If the public-relations technique works, less advertising space will be taken and perhaps even none.

As in every other field there are good and bad press agents. Many decent business firms and many non-business organizations use them. But they're handicapped. They don't have a drunken ex-reporter on the staff, and they can't work the racket fully. In general, a press-agent job must pretend that it is something it isn't; it is writing over a false name, speaking with a false voice. Compared with the press-agent industry, advertising, bad as it is, shines with honesty and directness.

HELEN WOODWARD

In the Wind

THE PRESENT Hitler terror has underscored a journalistic boner committed by the Hearst papers last month. When the demonstrations against Cardinal Innitzer flared up in Vienna, all news accounts except those in the Hearst press blamed the Nazis; the Hearst papers in headlines and stories played up charges that "Communists" had instigated the riot, attributing these statements to "Nazi officials." This position was taken because William Randolph Hearst, in a memorandum to his executives from San Simeon, had expressed the "belief" that Communists were responsible. Now, with Hitler spokesmen publicly taking credit for the terror, Hearst is writing front-page editorials denouncing the "Nazi outrages."

THE FRANCO regime recently ordered the withdrawal of an entire issue of 25-centésimo nickel coins. Though they had been issued by the Franco government, they were retired because a minute hammer and sickle was found engraved on them. The coins were made in Germany.

ON THE eve of the Munich agreement the London correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune* cabled a dramatic account of the debate in Parliament. One sentence in his dispatch read: "Big Ben was slowly ticking peace away." Either because of transmission difficulties or editing on the cable desk in New York, the sentence appeared in print as "Big men were slowly kicking peace away."

AMONG WIDESPREAD public protests against the German anti-Jewish drive the utterances of Alfred E. Smith have been prominently featured. It is not generally known, however, that at the height of the recent New York campaign, when anti-Semitic feeling was being widely used against Governor Lehman's candidacy, Democratic chieftains pleaded with Smith to condemn publicly the introduction of the religious issue. Smith refused.

IN WESTMINSTER County Court, London, a witness told Judge Dumas that his name was Neville Chamberlain. "Is your name really Neville Chamberlain?" asked the Judge incredulously. "Unfortunately, yes," was the witness's reply, for which the Judge promptly rebuked him.

ON LAST JULY 7 Reuter's (British news agency) dispatched this cable from Tsingtao to its Shanghai office: "Briton Jock Crichton stopped by Japanese sentry for smoking cigarette Commercial Wharf this morning. Crichton extinguished cigarette and apologized, *whereupon sentry slapped his face.*" The Shanghai office received the cable from Tsingtao in the following form: "Briton Jock Crichton stopped by Japanese sentry for smoking cigarette Commercial Wharf this morning. Crichton extinguished cigarette and apologized, *whereupon sentry let him go.*"

FOLLOWING UP the campaign reported in this column some months ago, the National Association of Manufacturers is directing another barrage on school officials to persuade them to accept the association's "You and Industry" booklets for classroom use. The booklets are distributed free. The N. A. M. claims that they are being used in 1,500 schools.

AN ARTICLE in *Contemporary Japan* for March, 1938, describes relief measures for soldiers' families as follows:

> Our imperial family always has accorded unlimited consideration to the people. Their Majesties, the Emperor and the Empress, have granted money for funerals of those killed in battles. Particularly, Her Majesty the Empress has graciously given cakes impressed with the imperial crest as offerings to officers, soldiers, and policemen who died from wounds or illness in the incident; and she has also composed a poem consoling their spirits.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THERE is but one subject I can discuss in this issue, and that is the Nazi barbarism in Germany. Indeed, I feel that it is the one subject that Americans should be discussing everywhere, for it is the most intolerable wickedness that any living man or woman has ever witnessed. No, I am not forgetting Ethiopia or the horrors in China, which were or are so vast as to preclude the human mind's grasping them in full. When millions are killed, the brain fails to comprehend. But at least in those two countries there was a war, and a stupid humanity still recognizes war as a legal means of settling disputes between human beings. Nothing, however, in any war has exceeded the deliberate, cold-blooded robbery, degradation, and torture of the Jews of Germany by the Nazis, using the crime of a half-crazed seventeen-year-old boy as their excuse. Not men nor women nor children have been spared by the fiends who boast of their manliness, their Aryan purity, their divinely appointed mission to lead the world to a "higher civilization."

We now know exactly what these men were about. The policy of the infamous Jew-baiter, Streicher, has been brought into the open and adopted as that of Goebbels, Göring, and Hitler. They have published their program. It is the *deliberate murder* of fully 600,000 people by slow starvation, after they have been robbed of all their possessions, after they have been deprived of education and of every means of support, forbidden to remain in trade, denied the right to be peddlers, denied the right to a work card, without which no German can obtain a laborer's job, and today even denied, in Munich and other cities, the chance to buy food except as kind-hearted shopkeepers—so reliable press dispatches report—sell it to them surreptitiously after dark. On top of this the ghetto is to be revived, into which the Jews are to be crowded without means of livelihood, to die by inches of mental and physical starvation.

Doubtless no foreigner and no kind-hearted German will be allowed to enter the ghetto to reveal to the world the horrors within. Already 300 Germans are under arrest for protesting against this unbearable crime against all humanity. And not one word of the protests of the horrified world is permitted to appear in the German press; the recall of Ambassador Wilson will doubtless be portrayed as a mere routine return to the United States for vacation purposes. With calculated fiendishness the bloody-handed masters of a once proud Germany which boasted of its superior *Kultur* are going to blot out some of the finest, most brilliant, most loyal and devoted souls Germany has ever produced, counting upon the world to stand by and let them get away with mass-murder, precisely as England and France assented to the destruction of Czechoslovakia, and the League of Nations finally yielded to the despoiler of Abyssinia.

It was time for President Roosevelt to act, and I rejoice with all my heart that he has reinforced the camouflaged recall of Ambassador Wilson by still more vigorous action. The words that he has so bravely spoken have been welcomed by every decent and loyal American. He spoke for the conscience not only of America but of the world. If he had not done so he would have been recreant to the finest American traditions. Not our business? Never was anything more so. Historically it has always been our business to rise in protest against such horrible atrocities, in Russia, or Armenia, or Africa. Of course it is our business when we, with the rest of the world, are called upon to take care of the refugees.

What would I do now if I were President? I should send for the German ambassador and express without reserve the outraged feelings of America. Then I should send for the Russian, French, and British ambassadors, repeat to them what I had said to the German, and ask the moral cooperation of their governments in a joint protest. Next I should publicly send for Senator King and discuss with him his proposal to break off relations with Germany, and then ask other leaders to see me and discuss the same question. Far more important than that, I should raise the embargo against Spain and enforce the neutrality law against Japan, and so let the world know that without the slightest thought of resorting to war, I was mobilizing the moral opinion of the world under the leadership of the unconquerable moral power of America. I should ask Congress to rescind its action in voting $3,000,000 for an utterly unnecessary Jefferson memorial in Washington and to vote that amount for a permanent fund for aiding the refugees from European tyranny. Idle gestures? Well, I can't believe it when I read the furious attacks of Hitler upon Duff Cooper, Winston Churchill, and Anthony Eden, who have dared to attack him and to oppose the policies of Hitler's ally, Neville Chamberlain. If these criticisms had not gone deep under Hitler's skin, he never would have had the effrontery to tell the English people whom they should and should not elect to office. Peace in Europe? That is impossible now. Peace with Hitler will never be possible, no matter how many mutual-security pacts are signed.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Bombs and Philosophy

PHILOSOPHER'S HOLIDAY. By Irwin Edman. The Viking Press. $2.75.

MR. EDMAN'S book bears an unpretentious title, but in the period after catastrophe has changed our world it may become a historical document. It is the record of the observations, experiences, preoccupations, aesthetic, intellectual, and social, of a man of liberal culture, such as a Roman gentleman of Gaul might have written in the fourth century, when the afterglow of a sunlit day was giving way to a melancholy and threatening twilight. Mr. Edman's sense of precious things is sharpened by intimations of their impending loss, but his mood is none the less cheerful, as befits a holiday. He has accepted the dogma of Heraclitus in the spirit of Democritus. He realizes Matthew Arnold's aspiration, to be "gay without frivolity."

The miscellaneous nature of the volume permits Mr. Edman to include memories of New York in his childhood, of his own early misgivings in a world not realized, of his teachers and former pupils, of travel and the casual associations that it brings, of aesthetic experience in nature, music, and the noble architecture of Greece. All these are recalled with gusto, if one forgets the boisterous suggestion that Hazlitt threw about the word, and reported with an engaging frankness which invites intimacy and a feeling of participation.

This urbane approach to human things lures the reader into sympathy with Mr. Edman's philosophy and its application to the present state of the world. He quotes William James: "A professor of philosophy studies philosophy. A philosopher studies life." It is in this holiday that Mr. Edman become a true philosopher; and whatever may be his philosophic creed in the classroom, in his private hours of ease he is a pragmatist. He went to college in the days when William James and John Dewey were in the ascendant. We catch their echoes in the declaration: "However life be defined it is something immediately sensed and felt and known." For a later influence he shares Santayana's reliance on animal faith, and enters his "realm of essence." Philosophy is for Mr. Edman a genuine guide to life, and in its stimulation of interest and ardor it becomes, as he suggests, assimilated to poetry.

The serious interest of Mr. Edman's book lies in its comment on the intellectual world that he has known. He has seen the "climate of opinion" change frequently and violently in response to "winds of doctrine" blowing from many quarters. "A sociological study might be made," he remarks, "of the time lag between the discovery of ideas and their popular or snob appeal. Along with my contemporaries I have lived through many fashions in ideas: Dewey, Bergson, Freud, Marx, Einstein, T. S. Eliot, liberalism, progressive education, fascism, communism, neo-Thomism, progress, disillusion, reform, revolution." To a philosopher the most sinister change in "psychological climate," to use Balfour's term, is the reaction against belief in the control of human affairs by intelligence and reason. In the years immediately before the World War liberalism was in fashion. Education had a good start in its race with catastrophe. Science was to prove a new Messiah, cradled in the laboratory. Social psychology had been discovered. "Theology itself became a gospel of social reform." Mr. Edman sees clearly how shallow were the roots of this liberalism, how largely it was an affair of words, how the popular breath poisoned the atmosphere in which ideas tried to live. But the repudiation of the mind, the replacement of cerebration by blood thinking, must remain for the philosopher the supreme tragedy.

It is in his last chapter, The Bomb and the Ivory Tower, that Mr. Edman's philosophy is put to its final test. "Ever since I can remember thinking and feeling about the world at all," he writes, "I have been torn between the conception of the world all threats, alarms, and obligations, and the vision of it as an arcanum of delighted perception, a spectacle to be enjoyed, endured, and understood." He admits the overwhelming sense of obligation in a world in which women and children are being bombed in Spain and China, in which families are starving in our own South, in which refugees by the thousand are fleeing from the wrath that is, only to be engulfed by the wrath to come. "One basks in the sun, one listens to music, one has friends, one broods, one wonders, and occasionally one is lighted with a gleam of understanding. . . . But in a society where the bombs batter against the mood of felicity, art and philosophy must, for the most part, be moral holidays." Mr. Edman, however, stoutly maintains the right of the philosopher to his holiday, the only time when he becomes really himself. "It is his task . . . to commit himself as to what is the good life," and the good life can shape itself according to his desires only in that freedom of intercourse and contemplation of which Mr. Edman has given explicit illustrations.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

Rise or Fall?

THE RISE OF EUROPEAN CIVILIZATION. By Charles Seignobos. Translated from the French by Catherine Alison Phillips. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.50.

THIS admirable piece of work has the qualities of a mathematical treatise or a very formal symphony or architectural construction; it is pure historical art. For that reason it will not be easy for the general public to read, and while the translation deserves great praise, the fact that this volume is the result of translation is unlikely to increase its popular appeal.

"Unity began to come into being toward the opening of our era among one portion only of the populations of Europe, and assumed two forms: unity of civilization, the work of the Greeks, and unity of government, the work of the Romans." It is in this manner that Professor Seignobos can, in a sentence, indicate the entire history of ancient Europe. And yet one understands why architecture perhaps too readily allies itself with decorative sculpture.

Professor Seignobos clears away whole thickets of inaccurate slogans which have been allowed to entangle the path of the lay student of history, at least until recently. He points out that "the arts had been producing beautiful works since the twelfth century and had no need to be reborn. The men of the Middle Ages had not ceased to admire the writers of antiquity." The so-called Renaissance, therefore, was rather a period of the rapid development of technique. It is only, perhaps, when Professor Seignobos tells us that all the original works of eighteenth-century literature are in prose that the lovers of Alexander Pope themselves will be forced to cry out against the exactness of a sentence whose merits they will otherwise appreciate. They will, of course, delight in Professor Seignobos's analysis of the French Revolution of 1789: "The Revolution had produced results very different from what its authors had intended. . . . They had desired to reform the monarchy, and had established a republic; to restore the finances, and had ended in a deficit and bankruptcy; to reorganize the church, and had overthrown it. . . . They had wanted to renounce war and conquest, and had involved France in a general war followed by extensive conquests." It is not only in the twentieth century that man too often seems to destroy precisely that which he had wished to fortify.

Professor Seignobos is of course well aware that Hitlerist notions were rife in Germany long before 1914. In writing of Germany after 1870 he points out that nationalism there was "consolidated into a pseudo-scientific doctrine based upon a confusion between race and language." Nor does he suffer from the illusion that political principles can prevail when they are not backed by a certain degree of force. It is perhaps for this reason that he retains the optimistic title he has chosen for this book, with the implication that European civilization is still in the ascendant, for he brings his narrative up to the immediate present. It is clear that Professor Seignobos condemns the anti-democratic systems of today. "In lands where political experience was insufficient," he writes, "the catastrophe resulting from the war has led to a retrograde movement toward a system based upon compulsion." But he does not seem to fear that this retrograde movement may become general and may indeed be related to the stage we have reached in mechanical progress. The organization of civilized life he attributes to "analogous methods . . . arising out of conditions common to all peoples and, still more, from imitation of the same innovations, made as the result of exceptional conditions . . ."; such phenomena might today be leading, in Europe, to civilization's decline and fall.

Professor Seignobos's description of arbitrary government in the police state of the eighteenth century gives but a pale though exact reflection of the brutal tyranny exerted by contemporary dictators. Unlike Renaissance monarchs, they have discarded those "externals of Italian politeness" which characterized the earlier pupils of Machiavelli. And their states are inspired by what Professor Seignobos defines as "instinctive repulsion for the foreigner," in the place of those humanitarian ideas which somehow pervaded the absolutist states of the Age of Reason.

ELIZABETH WISKEMANN

Portrait of Lillian Wald

LILLIAN WALD, NEIGHBOR AND CRUSADER. By R. L. Duffus. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

SOCIAL settlements are alike in providing certain fundamental services. But all have special functions and characters which grew out of the circumstances of their founding and the personalities of their founders. Henry Street Settlement was not deliberately founded at all. This is one of its many distinctions. When Lillian Wald and Mary Brewster went to live on the East Side in 1893 they had never heard of a settlement. They were trained nurses, and their whole intention was to nurse those who needed nursing and couldn't afford to pay for it. They had hardly begun when they discovered that their work involved much more than nursing. It involved family health, domestic and public sanitation, food, clothing, housing, employment, conditions of work, wages, schooling, vocational guidance and recreation; problems of personal, economic, and social adjustment; interpretation, advice, and protection to an alien, poverty-stricken, and exploited population; investigations, surveys, records, and civic campaigns. If the settlements were in those years "the spearpoints of reform" as Mr. Duffus says, it is easy to see that they had to be. Their intensive and extensive growth was a demonstration of the interrelatedness of all social problems. "All that we ever did we did the first day," says Miss Wald. ". . . We were pushed into everything we did. . . . It was not a plan but a compulsion."

But this is not the story of the settlement and the nursing service but of their founder and head worker. She had to withdraw from active service a few years ago, but her work goes marching on. And this work is impressive in its social vision, scope, and spreading practical achievement. Lillian Wald is best known as the initiator of public-health nursing, which has spread from New York's East Side all over the world, but actually she was a pioneer in many fields and was in the thick of every liberal movement. The Children's Bureau was conceived by Lillian Wald and Florence Kelley, and both were among the most active campaigners for its establishment. Miss Wald, in fact, was referred to as "the woman behind the bureau" and might have been its first head if she could have borne to leave her own work. Every organized movement to help children had her active support, as well as trade unionism, woman suffrage, and the peace movement as represented by the American Union against Militarism, which did its best to "keep us out of war." A league of neutrals and an anticipation of the "cash-and-carry" plan of 1937, intended to keep us out of another world war, were among the plans urged on President Wilson by the union.

But Mr. Duffus has given us a portrait of a personality as well as the story of a career. There is an ingenuous charm in the manner of Miss Wald's entrance upon the life work that was to make her a distinguished citizen. Nobody ever pioneered with less fuss, self-consciousness, or self-importance. She came from a happy, cultivated, well-to-do middle-class home, and the concept of a kindly cooperative family life underlay the settlement organization and made it markedly uninstitutional. She had exceptional parents, for if it was unusual for a girl of her generation and milieu to wish to be a nurse, it was even more so for the parents to offer no objections. She started her social work with no theories and no sense of being remarkable or sacrificial. She wanted to do her duty as a citizen, as she said in her first simple statement of her nursing plan, and to make known the terrible conditions she encountered. She thought people could not know about them. If they did they would want to change them. She loved work and she loved people; she had great practical ability, a genius for organization, a feminine passion for bringing about order and happiness. Incapable of condescension, naturally democratic, she had a "way" that made her both generally beloved and obeyed, a talent for friendship and instinctive knowledge of how to appeal to the right people or agencies to get things done.

Apart from the endless claims upon her at the settlement she worked on committees, wrote reports, articles, and books, addressed legislatures, appealed to Presidents, and worked with various official boards whose work she had often anticipated or supplemented. When she writes or speaks, she is always appealing and authoritative, never either theoretic or sentimental. Jacob Riis once described her as weeping over a patient while deftly dressing a wound. She never did, she assured her biographer, who would have known it anyway. "Gay courage" and "disciplined emotion" are her characteristics, he finds, and there were a steel will and energy under her vivacious gentleness.

Mr. Duffus has written an admiring but unsentimental biography and incidentally an able outline of the interaction of a settlement and social conditions through the vicissitudes of the past forty-five years.

CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN

Dunant and the Red Cross

DUNANT: THE STORY OF THE RED CROSS. By Martin Gumpert. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

> This is the story of Henri Dunant: a rich banker, whose interest centered in his business, blundered by chance into the inferno of a battlefield. He became obsessed with the idea of doing everything humanly possible against the inhuman horror of war. His passionate struggle, as a private individual, against political powers and bureaucracies ended with the founding of the Red Cross, but meanwhile his reputation and money had been sacrificed. He was one of Europe's outstanding figures, but with his fortune he also lost his bourgeois status. For years he lived as a beggar in misery and concealment. Decades later the old man, whom everyone had long believed dead, was discovered in the almshouse of a Swiss village. He was awarded the Nobel Prize. He died without ever quitting his almshouse.

THIS is the opening paragraph of the book, and the gist of the whole story. Would that the other 317 pages were as lucid and as free from glaring errors! The subject is a fascinating one. By the side of ruthless "struggle for life," there grew in nineteenth-century Europe a humanitarian spirit, best represented in literature by Hugo's "Les Misérables." In many instances capitalist wolf and humanitarian lamb were one and the same: we find that puzzling blend in Robert Owen, in the disciples of St. Simon, in Nobel, in our own idealistic millionaires. Napoleon III was such a chimera: a realistic-utopian hybrid, incongruously wearing an absurd crown and wielding a futile sword. Between the banker Dunant and the imperial dreamer there was a secret harmony. Dunant saw in Napoleon III the heir to Charlemagne and (a more questionable ancestry) Nebuchadnezzar. Napoleon was responsible for the shambles of Solferino, which struck with horror Dunant's sensitive soul; and the gentle Imperator, remorse-stricken, supported Dunant against generals and bureaucrats. The Red Cross was the result.

Our own Seward rather haughtily refused to join, fearful of European commitments. Meanwhile Clara Barton, the American Florence Nightingale, had started her marvelous work. She wrote to Frances Willard:

> The Red Cross, a little foreign ship . . . runs upon the chains that have shut it out so long . . . "non-intervention," "isolation," safeguarding against "entangling alliances," Washington's Farewell Address, "Monroe Doctrine," apathy, indolence, universal ignorance, national darkness, national distrust, the wish to maintain the barbarous old privileges of privateering and piracy, which we have defended as a precious good against every humane treaty since we began.

Finally, in 1882, America became the thirty-second country to join the Red Cross.

A career of romantic contrasts, a noble enterprise still living and expanding, the stormy background of *Realpolitik*—it was a splendid theme indeed, and we easily understand that it appealed to Thomas Mann, heir to the best traditions of bourgeois humanitarianism. Unfortunately, we cannot share his enthusiasm for Gumpert's handling of his great subject. When Gumpert deals with the generalities of philosophical history he uses a semi-Marxian jargon which is not quite funny enough: "Dunant's presumptuousness, his utter ignorance of the actual horror of death, is only an aspect of *the arch simplicity and egocentric blindness of the capitalist mind*." This is Soviet-poster psychology. When he descends from generalities to facts, he jumbles them with incredible gusto. This is no professorial carping. I am willing to grant that the spirit should count for more than a few details. But a book which offers itself as history should have some regard for elementary accuracy. A few samples, at random: "Sevastopol fell to the armies of *Marshal Niel*"; the *architect* Haussmann; "Napoleon III, in his overheated room in the *Palais-Bourbon*"; "the French had to keep sending new troops [into Mexico]: after *General Prim* came General Lorencez"; [in 1870] Lord Clarendon died, and *Palmerston* succeeded him"; "Two million pounds sterling had to be paid as war indemnity" (the right figure is two hundred million); "Boulanger killed himself at *his wife's* grave"; such oddities in chronology as the Tangiers episode in 1895, the Sino-Japanese war in 1814, Dunant and Tolstoy, born in 1828, dying in 1910, at the age of *eighty-five*. Hardly any historical work is free from slips, but here the slips become a habit and almost a wilful mannerism. There are mistakes

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that are venial, but here the errors are sufficient, in number and in importance, utterly to spoil our pleasure and to ruin our confidence.

ALBERT GUERARD

Opera into Tract

A PENNY FOR THE POOR. By Bertolt Brecht. Translated from the German by Raymond I. Vesey. Hillman-Curl. $2.50.

IN 1716 Dean Swift wrote to Pope: "What think you of a Newgate pastoral, among the whores and thieves there?" Passed on to John Gay, the Dean's idea came to fruition in "The Beggar's Opera," which turned out to be the most popular English play of the eighteenth century. Some two hundred years afterward the mirthful correspondences which Gay drew in his Newgate pastoral between high and low life, between people of fashion and the underworld, appealed so strongly to Bertolt Brecht—who excelled as an innovator among the poets and playwrights of Weimar Germany—that he set himself to recreate its basic pattern in a work of his own. Brecht's dry, mock-popular verses, combined with Kurt Weill's music, made of the "Dreigroschen Opera" a most satisfactory and typical production of the post-war stage; and later it was effectively transferred to the screen. Now, working on a more ambitious scale, Brecht deals with the same material cast in the form of a novel.

In this version the original text is almost obliterated. Though its leading characters are retained, they are moved forward into the period of the Boer War; and Gay's key image of the "gang" is extended into a complete generalization of social life. In its passage out of the early eighteenth century into modern times, Gay's light satire on social vices has been transformed into a full-length tract against capitalism. This signifies more than a loss of geniality. In turning the pickpockets, gamesters, and highwaymen of a bygone age and a more homogeneous society into brain-trusters of crime, war profiteers, and chain-store proprietors, Brecht has deprived them, as it were, of their native ideality, of that ceremonial viciousness which not only could be borne but could also charm. The specific qualities of "The Beggar's Opera" are those of a comic ritual, and even the viciousness projected in it is in a sense a form of innocence, for so long as a ritual is held together by social reality, every part of it, even the part of villain, is a necessary and nourishing element in an organic whole. But now Brecht, whose intention in this novel is to introduce an ultimate revolutionary morality and to judge "all who had in any way wronged the poor and defenseless," has changed Gay's pastoral crooks into dehumanized money-grubbers and his pastoral wenches, whose sentimental depravity has its points, into sex machines. In doing so he has been true to history—which has indeed subverted the particular comic ritual to which he has attached himself—but has he been true to the intelligence of art?

For the novel blunders in its humor; its movement is heavy and the plot diffuse, inwardly uncertain of its direction. And it is so, it seems to me, because Brecht has been singularly undiscriminating in trying to fit what is essentially an exposure, a picture of a society in discord, into the framework of a ritual of the past expressing a relatively ordered

THE
LETTERS
OF
LINCOLN STEFFENS

Edited by Ella Winter and Granville Hicks

WITH A MEMORANDUM BY CARL SANDBURG

THEIR INFORMALITY:
The lovable, irrepressible Steffens was not only a great American in the things he did, but in the gifts of his myriad moods and ideas, in his amazing "aliveness." These letters are about human things—falling in love, getting married, getting divorced, spending and saving money, bringing up children, traveling, people. They are full of the kind of things you and your wife talk about after the guests are gone.

THEIR TIMELINESS:
Many of the Versailles letters might have been today's editorials, on Czechoslovakia, Hitler, Spain, England. The Mexican letters deal with the fundamental matters discussed now in the press. They give the living background, explain the personalities involved. In the forefront of history in the making throughout his life, Steffens knew everyone—leaders, politicians, artists, writers, business men—and, like all good reporters, he has the knack of taking you with him in his talks with them.

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Steffens wrote many letters about the abstractions which worry people today—freedom of speech, justice, democracy, liberty, communism, fascism. He tells what they meant for him as concrete realities. He shows how ideas about them have developed over the past forty years, through national and international events.

THEIR PLACE:
These letters add a new and fuller picture to Steffens' AUTOBIOGRAPHY, give a fresh close-up of the half-century of history Steffens observed. The *New York Times* says: "They may be the best two volumes of letters written in this period. . . . There are none certainly that give a more engaging and endearing picture of a man, or a wider sweep over a tumultuous age."

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way of life. The underlying pastoral scheme of this novel is in contradiction with its anarchic content. This shows best in the narration of crimes, whose comic edge is blunted by undue emphasis and earnestness, by the involved and detailed documentation of business chicanery. MacHeath, the dashing bandit of the "Opera," is converted into an underworld entrepreneur. Like any respectable banker, he coldly and cautiously plans his profitable raids. The result is that the author is engaged in proving the identity of high and low life rather than in drawing satiric correspondences between them.

Brecht was more successful in the earlier "Dreigroschen Opera," because there he preserved the locale as well as the ideality of Gay's characters. The only change was in the verses, which were rewritten in a manner that served to color with a modern accent the play's nostalgic atmosphere. But in the novel he has gone wrong. It is strange that his Marxism did not save him from overvaluing the continuity of history. The historical method relates the present to the past but does not confound them. PHILIP RAHV

DRAMA

Attention Dies Committee

ANY day now Cole Porter is likely to find himself listed—along with Mrs. Roosevelt and the present reviewer—among the members of the "red network," and when even he goes in for social significance it can no longer be denied that the New Drama has definitely arrived. It is true that "Leave It to Me" (Imperial Theater) bears one of those characteristically neutral titles which make it almost impossible to distinguish by name one musical revue from another and leave the theatergoer wondering whether it was "Sing Out the Good News" or "You Never Can Tell Where We Go from Here" that he saw last week. It is also true that the plot of the new opus is very remotely derived from a farce which was called "Clear All Wires" when presented as originally written by those two notorious revolutionaries Bella and Samuel Spewack. The fact remains, nevertheless, that the exquisite Mr. Porter consents to associate with such people, that he wrote music as well as lyrics for a first-act finale representing a jollification in the Red Square, and that Stalin himself appears on the stage. Moreover, when our ambassador to the Soviets, trying to get himself fired, kicks the Nazi plenipotentiary in the stomach he receives a telegram from the State Department which reads when decoded: "Sock him again." This is precisely the sort of thing classified as "offensive to the heads of a friendly power" and now frowned upon in most countries where culture is beginning to hum. It would certainly not pass the Hays office, and it reminds us again how urgently the stage needs a czar. Or should Mr. Hays, Mr. Landis, and their fellows of the present and future be called Führers henceforth?

Those readers who can still be frivolous will probably want to know that, despite all that has been said, the general method of "Leave It to Me" resembles that of Morrie Ryskind

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or George Kaufman rather more than it does the method of Karl Marx or Granville Hicks, and that it is, as a matter of fact, by far the most amusing of this year's revues. They will also probably be glad to learn that Mr. Porter is still sufficiently "confused" politically—that is the proper phrase, I think—to concern himself with such mere epiphenomena as love, and that as a matter of fact several of his very best patter songs, notably "Most Gentlemen Don't Like Love" and "My Heart Belongs to Daddy," show no awareness of the fact that situations which present themselves to him as merely problems in the psychology of the individual might be more profoundly analyzed through reference to the social system in which such problems arise.

The plot, on the contrary, cuts much deeper. Victor Moore, a successful bathtub magnate from Topeka, is appointed to an ambassadorship because "somebody in Washington doesn't like me," and given Moscow instead of London because he has only five children instead of nine. All his efforts to do the wrong thing in order that he may retire to Kansas despite his wife's refusal to let him resign are so completely unsuccessful that he becomes a local hero and is compelled to stand through a demonstration in his favor which, with characteristic Russian tirelessness, lasts three weeks. But when he tries to do the right thing, when he proposes his own simple plan for the abolition of war and the permanent establishment of peace, he is recalled at once. And if that does not prove that Mr. Porter, the Spewacks, or all three together are approaching a clear grasp of political problems, I do not know what would.

In addition to Victor Moore, the principal performers are William Gaxton, Sophie Tucker, and Tamara. Miss Tucker sings with all the finesse that many years of experience have taught her, and if I may turn now from a discussion of political implications to an equally serious consideration of an aesthetic matter I should like to point the contrast between her methods and those of Mr. Moore. To me at least he is almost too affecting to be funny. His anguish, his bewilderment, and his shyness are so real that I cannot laugh at them with a clear conscience, and when he sings his big aria, "I Want to Go Home," he breaks my heart. Miss Tucker, on the other hand, always manages to tip the audience that wink which puts you at ease with the reminder that her soul is not really being lacerated and that you may laugh at her without being a heartless wretch. In a way Mr. Moore is too convincing, too good. Doubtless it all comes down in the end to the Paradox of the Comedian. Miss Tucker is all art; there is too much nature in Mr. Moore. It makes the whole world kin, and you ought not be kin to the clown whose sufferings are supposed to be comic.

At the Mercury Theater Orson Welles's latest offering is that "Danton's Death" which was acted here in German some years ago. I thought then that my failure to grasp what it was all about was probably due to a language difficulty, but the play seems rather less clear now that I am sure what all the words mean. Mr. Welles has cut drastically, but like the Protestant expounders of the Bible referred to by Dryden he seems "ambitious of the obscurest places," with the result that what you get is a succession of gloomy philosophical dialogues and portentous, soul-searching soliloquies

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IT IS LATER THAN YOU THINK

The Need for a Militant Democracy

by MAX LERNER

THE VIKING PRESS, New York, N. Y. $2.50

which, to me at least, conveyed the conviction that all the dramatis personae were in great distress but failed to make clear where the various pains were located. Perhaps I should add that a minority of Mercury patrons were impressed, but that to me the staging of the play seemed as much like a parody of Mr. Welles's method as the play itself seemed a parody of that post-war German pessimism which, as a matter of fact, the play actually antedates by approximately one hundred years. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FILMS

THE two latest foreign pictures, one Russian, the other French, outstrip the most expensive merchandise of the movie factories. The obvious intention which both films have—to tell uncompromisingly a bit of truth—puts them into a class high above the ordinary level. Anyone who wants more from a movie than "a landslide of entertainment" (as the slogan for one of the stupidest offerings of recent weeks "Men with Wings" runs) will find it in "Professor Mamlock" (Cameo) and "Ballerina" (Little Carnegie).

Professor Mamlock, the hero of the first picture, is a thoroughly assimilated German Jew, cited for bravery in the war, a pure scientist, the head of a hospital in Berlin. After the Nazis burn the Reichstag he is arrested by storm troopers and, with the word *Jude* smeared across his surgeon's robe, driven through the streets like the outcast he will be from now on. With all his beliefs shattered, confronted by the dawn of barbarism in his German world of culture, not understanding how it could happen, he is ready to end his life. At this moment he is suddenly called back to operate on a high Nazi commander who wants the famous professor, Jew or no Jew, to save his life. The professor operates successfully, only to be driven out again as soon as the emergency is over. He tries to commit suicide, is saved, but finally dies under the machine-guns of Black Guards when he appears on the balcony of his clinic and proclaims—speaking to the crowd and the storm troopers in the street—his faith in the ultimate defeat of Nazism. In an equally dramatic parallel sequence the professor's son, whose political interests the father once condemned, develops into an underground worker.

The movie version of this realistic story is based on the German play by Friedrich Wolf, himself a doctor by profession. From S. Mezhinsky's professor, very convincing in his simplicity, to the smallest character, it is acted so plausibly that one often forgets to notice the actors. The street and underground scenes have the documentary intensity of newsreel shots. There is almost no idealization of the oppressed. The dragging in of Stalin by way of a speech seems, unjustly, to limit the active opposition to fascism in Germany to the Communists and reminds many a spectator uncomfortably of the agents of the GPU. This remnant of propaganda should be cut out of what is the best Soviet film in a long time. The young Viennese director, Herbert Rappaport, who like his teacher Pabst has been unable to find a place in Hollywood, has succeeded—in cooperation with the Russian director A. Minkin—in producing the most timely picture for these days of the thousand-fold intensified pogrom in Germany.

The French picture portrays with equal skill and truth to life the full cruelty and sweetness of a little girl's soul. Rose Souris, one of the *petits rats,* as the young pupils of the ballet corps at the Paris Opera are called, adores the *prima ballerina,* Mlle Beaupré, dreams of her steps and pirouettes, worships as relics her old dancing shoes. To Rose life and art alike are beautiful. Suddenly a new star, Karina, is engaged to replace Mlle Beaupré, and the ordeal of Rose Souris begins. To her it means the end of the Grand Opera if her idol is dethroned. The little dancer experiences all the tortures of defeat and jealousy, but with the pure and unrestrained emotions of her childish heart, which no grown-up understands. After the rehearsal at which Karina seems to laugh at Mlle Beaupré, the child has no quiet moment. A psychological sequence, handled with great mastery, shows the ripening of Rose Souris's hatred and her decision to hinder the success of Karina, whose superiority she senses. At the gala opening a little devil in the costume of an angel crawls beneath the stage and releases the catch on the trap door. Karina plunges through the floor and breaks her leg. She will no longer be the competitor of Mlle Beaupré.

But Mlle Beaupré has been protected in vain. She discovers that dancing is not all of life and leaves the opera to marry. Karina becomes the teacher of the rats. Rose Souris fascinates her with her talent and her obsession, and the girl remains her favorite even after she finds out what Rose has done. The film has a happy ending which may not be realistic, but which serves well enough in a work which does not depend on plot. Jean Benoit-Lévy, the director of the unforgettable "La Maternelle," has created another excellent picture in which children are the main players. There is not one second of cuteness or false innocence. The mixture of savagery and tenderness, honesty and crookedness, and above all the readiness to be inspired by the beautiful is given whole. And nothing of the charm and sublime eroticism of the ballet as Degas conveyed it is missed in a touching, unsentimental story told and danced to the music of Chopin and Gounod.

Rose Souris is played by a little genius of a person named Janine Charrat, Mlle Beaupré by Yvette Chauvire of the Paris Opera, and Karina by the great Russian dancer Mia Slavenska. The gracious movements of Rose Souris's fingers, when she imitates with her hands the dance of the Dying Swan, come back again and again to the delighted memory.

The Soviet picture presents a vital subject which no film czar of the democracies dared to touch. Till now their policy of ruling out themes which will arouse the opposition of the dictators or the bureaucracy of the churches has been almost without exception successful. But in a modern democracy which wants to survive, a free press is not sufficient. Free movies and free broadcasts are at least as essential. The French picture demonstrates that children can be presented as children. If our producers could learn that lesson they would spare us many miles of photographed automatons and falsifications of the child mind.

FRANZ HOELLERING

Letters to the Editors

The Rearmament Threat

Dear Sirs: The President has again hinted at a vast rearmament program, possibly to replace a public-works program for stimulating business recovery. To many of us this will be a threat because (1) it is not actually rearming but the continuation of a huge and long-run armament plan; (2) it means increased danger of American intervention in European or Asiatic affairs; (3) it will increase the national debt to the point where needed and productive government services may have to be curtailed or omitted.

Those opposing this program will find it supported by the American Legion, the army and navy departments, many advocates of governmental economy, and, worst of all, many earnest workers for peace. I believe that there is only one maneuver which can stave off the almost immediate acceptance of whatever proposals the President may make—a Congressional investigation of our land, sea, and air forces to determine whether they are suited for defense or offense, whether they are efficient, and whether they are worth their price.

Super-patriots will naturally oppose such an investigation as an embarrassment to our government at a critical time. But it would be even more embarrassing to discover our military weakness during a war. Beyond that, the plan will have to depend on the good sense of its proponents and of those persons who constitute the investigating committee.

FREDERICK I. OLSON

Cambridge, Mass., November 10

Let Liberals Unite!

Dear Sirs: If the Republican victories in Wisconsin and Minnesota bring about the downfall of third-party movements, these victories will, in the end, be of great benefit to liberalism. The forces of reaction will not be defeated by guerrilla warfare carried on by the American Labor Party in New York, the Progressive Party in Wisconsin, the Farmer-Labor Party in Minnesota, the Non-Partisan League in North Dakota, and assorted liberal parties in other states.

Democracy failed in Central Europe because the various democratic groups did not work together. President Roosevelt is trying to make the Democratic Party a great liberal party. If all liberals will join him, I see hope of victory. If the liberals fall apart, they will be defeated in detail.

BLACHFORD KOUGH

Chicago, November 17

Reflections of a Canadian

Dear Sirs: I read *The Nation* and it does me a lot of good. Your fearless defense of democracy is refreshing.

But what can one do—I mean a layman like me? Once in a while I write to the newspapers, but the lickspittle daily press of Canada won't publish anything that's at all "hot."

It is impossible to say what the Canadian view is, but a great number of the fighting men and thinking men are certainly overcome with shame because of Britain's betrayal of small nations and the cause of democracy.

I'm one of the Canadians who, while well on in life, fought nearly four years in Flanders. I really thought I was fighting "a war to end war." But I find now, twenty years later, that it was all futile; ten times worse things are taking place in the world than those we went to war about.

Britain betrayed the League of Nations, betrayed Austria, betrayed Czechoslovakia, and even now, if we can believe the papers, is doing its best to betray Northern Ireland and is going to let down the Jews in Palestine. Talk about honor among nations and scraps of paper! Can any Canadian believe that if Britain ever finds it to its selfish interests, it will not also betray Canada?

It's high time for Canada to cut the painter. The law of geography has ruled that the destinies of Canada and the United States lie in the same direction. As one great and united force they must lead the world's democracy.

Canada's government said nothing in the late crisis. What could it say? This has caused the British government some tall thinking. The King and Queen are coming out next summer. This is to stir up lagging Canadian loyalty.

A CANADIAN

Winnipeg, November 3

Palestine the Only Hope

Dear Sirs: Raif N. Khuri, in *The Nation* of October 29, demanded the abandonment of Zionism and the settlement of the Jews in other lands. But Mr. Khuri should know that the Jews cannot possibly give up their aim. Zionism is today not only a cultural and religious ideal but a strong effort of hungry, persecuted Jewish masses to find a home and to build up their own state. These other places of which Mr. Khuri speaks do not exist. All other states have practically closed their frontiers to Jews. Palestine is our only hope.

The self-sacrificing work of Jewish pioneers has transformed the deserts and swamps of Palestine into flowering gardens. Now the Arabs demand this land, which we have paid for not only with money but with the blood and the sweat of thousands. Mr. Khuri confesses that the Arab bands are fighting for the abolition of Jewish immigration and land-buying. But a regime based on the present numerical relationship would be in reality a dictatorship of the Arabs over the Jews. How would Mr. Khuri bring the Jews to accept such a plan of suicide?

One cannot say that the mandate is unrealizable, for the British government has never tried to carry it out. It has never made laws to facilitate the Zionist task. All the laws of the government of Palestine have been for the benefit of the Arabs. The Jews need (1) agrarian reforms which would make it possible for every Jew who is willing to do agricultural work to build up his own home; (2) industrial and commercial laws to protect our young economy; (3) free immigration for every Jew. Such measures would be a true interpretation of the Balfour Declaration, the treaty between Albion and Israel.

JAKOB KATZ

Brooklyn, November 7

Mrs. Parsons Protests

Dear Sirs: Opinions about books notoriously vary, but when it comes to facts your anonymous reviewer of my new novel, "The Trial of Helen McLeod," in your issue of October 8 owes it to *The Nation's* public to state them correctly.

He observes: "Incidentally it isn't the trial of Helen McLeod but of one of her confederates." The trial in question was a test case involving ten defendants, among them Helen McLeod. If the case was won, she would be free; if lost, she would go to jail for ten years.

He states that the trial doesn't begin until page 276. The book opens with the arrest of Helen McLeod and nine others. It proceeds to narrate the moves of the prosecution and defense and the deliberate creation of hysteria in the town. Though the actual court presentation of the case begins on page 276, the whole book is taken up with the trial.

He states: "Three-fourths of the book is flooded with irritatingly irrelevant small talk and rehashes of social theory that may have sounded dangerous in 1920 but today are merely trite." The theories on which the trial turned are precisely the social theories that are today lining up the nations of Europe in warring camps and making every thoughtful American ask where we shall stand when the great controversy of our age topples our peace, as it has toppled Europe's. That great controversy was argued pro and con in an Illinois court by our foremost advocate of the individual's right to freedom of thought and speech. Opposed to him was the hysteria of a town that believed its most precious institutions were menaced.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Nyack, N. Y., November 6

Mr. Salomon Replies

Dear Sirs: First let me say that I prefer signing what I write, but when *The Nation* tells me to write a 250-word review, unsigned, then I write a 250-word review, unsigned.

Mrs. Parsons objects to my using nearly two lines of my short space to observe, "And incidentally it isn't the trial of Helen McLeod but of one of her confederates," the inference she draws being that I didn't read the book carefully. But if I hadn't read the book with some care, how would I have known that it *wasn't* Helen's trial? Of course it was a test case, and of course Helen's fate depended indirectly on the outcome, but the fact remains that the novel depicts the trial of Oles Anderson (if I remember the name correctly) and of him alone. I merely mentioned that fact, as a matter of information.

Mrs. Parsons objects to my statement that the trial doesn't begin till page 276. Then she admits that the trial doesn't begin till page 276. As a matter of fact, the point I made, or tried to make, was that the trial—and when I say trial I mean trial—was the only exciting part of the book, and that it therefore was given a disproportionately small amount of space.

Finally, she quotes, bitterly, my sentence: "Three-fourths of the book is flooded with irritatingly irrelevant small talk and rehashings of social theory that may have sounded dangerous in 1920 but today are merely trite," and interprets that to mean that I find the struggle for individual freedom—that is, the "social theory" of the sentence—trite. To me the struggle for individual freedom is one of the most vital subjects in the world, but God knows I find a lot of the rehashings of it trite. I don't say that Mrs. Parson's story isn't a faithful representation of the feelings of the Illinois burghers at that time; I say that today it doesn't sound exciting.

LOUIS B. SALOMON

New York, November 10

Victory Without Fanfares

Dear Sirs: Yesterday I went to a celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the Czechoslovakian Republic at the National House of the Czechs in New York. It was a very sad celebration. No one of us thought three months ago that it would be celebrated this way.

I think there were several reasons for our tragedy. The first was the position of our country just at the crossroad, standing in the way of a big, ambitious nation. The second was that we were too small to defend the dangerous spot we occupied without some help from outside. The third reason, perhaps the most fatal for us, was that we so stubbornly believed that the "truth will prevail." No wonder we have been so often deceived. Mr. Hearst in one of his papers wrote recently: "The Czechs had lived for twenty years in a fool's paradise." I should say not twenty years but through the whole of our history—always believing, always struggling for the truth. But were we this time the only fools? Was not the whole world a fool to think a nation of seventy millions was dead for ever?

We have been told that ours was the moral victory. But when was the world impressed by a moral victory? What means for us a moral victory at which we cry our eyes out—a victory without fanfares?

JIRINA MRACKOVA

New York, October 28

Life of Tom L. Johnson

Dear Sirs: I am writing a biography of Tom L. Johnson, member of Congress from 1891 to 1895, mayor of Cleveland from 1901 to 1909, and supporter of Henry George and the Single Tax doctrine. Should any of your readers possess any material relating to Mr. Johnson I would appreciate their communicating with me, at 1165 Simpson Street, New York. All material sent to me will receive proper acknowledgment and will be returned promptly.

HARRY P. KRAUS

New York, October 30

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The Shape of Things

AMBASSADOR KENNEDY'S SABOTAGE OF THE Intergovernmental Committee on Refugees was demonstrated in last week's *Nation* by a well-informed London correspondent whose facts the President chose to dismiss but which he could not deny. We hope Mr. Roosevelt will give more careful attention to subsequent revelations in the House of Commons which provided yet another instance of Mr. Kennedy's "slightly grim determination to collaborate with the British Prime Minister." The facts, as stated by Sir John Simon in answer to questions, are that during the Czech crisis Paramount Newsreel interviews with Wickham Steed and A. J. Cummings, noted authorities on international affairs, were regarded in Downing Street as likely to have a "prejudicial effect." According to Sir John, "the Ambassador of the United States thought it right to indicate this to a member of the Hays organization," and as a result Paramount agreed to make certain desired excisions. Newsreels do not come under the jurisdiction of the British Board of Film Censors, which is the equivalent of the Hays organization. Unable to exert pressure through this body, the British government called on the obliging Mr. Kennedy to do the dirty work. A hint by him to the Hays organization, always impressed by the voice of authority, was quite enough to produce a hint to Paramount which that company could not ignore. The British government rightly expressed its gratitude to Mr. Kennedy, but it was inconsiderate to give him away so completely and force him to issue a denial of the accuracy of Simon's account of the incident. We are certain, however, that Downing Street will quickly take steps to soothe the feelings of so faithful a friend. Meanwhile, the incident gives added point to the question we raised last week—"Whom does our Ambassador in London represent anyhow?"

*

THIS PARTICULAR ESSAY IN CENSORSHIP IS, unfortunately, only one instance of the efforts now being made by the British government to suppress opinions and news that it dislikes. There is nothing open about these maneuvers, for the British public would still shy violently at outright peace-time censorship. There are,

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however, many unobtrusive ways of exercising pressure, and the government appears to be using most of them. American correspondents in London, as well as British newspapermen, are finding that if they do not "co-operate" with the authorities all official channels of information are closed to them. Again, in Britain, even more than in this country, the press is controlled by a few wealthy men who can usually be influenced by a discreet word conveyed over a club dinner table. This is an old-established technique, but it is a new and disreputable trick, vouched for by Mr. Wickham Steed in a new pamphlet on "The Press," to organize pressure through the medium of big advertisers. Another means of silencing opposition is the Official Secrets Act, supposedly intended to deal with espionage. Unfortunately loose wording has made it possible to invoke it against anyone using official information which could possibly be construed as confidential. There have already been prosecutions under this act in cases where no possible "danger to the state" was involved, but its most potent use has been as a club to prevent publication of books and articles displeasing to the authorities. Efforts are being made by the National Union of Journalists and the National Council for Civil Liberties to check these encroachments on freedom of the press. We hope they succeed, for at present writing Mr. Churchill's forebodings about the effects of the Munich agreement on British liberties seem all too justified.

*

THE FATE OF THE THIRD REPUBLIC MAY hinge on the outcome of the general strike called by the French General Confederation of Labor for Wednesday of this week. Should Daladier make good his threat to break the strike by military mobilization of transport workers, miners, and employees of munition plants, he will have removed the last substantial obstacle to a dictatorship which, if not fascist, will be subservient to Hitler. Daladier has denounced the strike as "political" on the ground that it is directed as much against his foreign policy as it is against the Reynaud decrees placing the burden of recovery on the working classes. The Premier's charges doubtless have some foundation; the common people of France have had no other means of expressing their bitterness over the betrayal of Czechoslovakia. But labor's animosity appears to be directed primarily against Daladier's attempt to destroy the five-day week, which has become a symbol of the social program enacted by the Popular Front. That a struggle for relatively limited objectives threatens to develop into civil strife can be attributed directly to Daladier's decision to apply forcible measures of suppression. While there has been no confirmation of the report that he was considering the dissolution of the Communist Party, and possibly of the Socialists as well, his action in requisitioning the railway lines indicates that he is prepared to go the limit in forcing his will on the French people. Step by step he is driving France to the point where it must make the tragic choice between dictatorship and civil war.

*

WE DO NOT FOR ONE MOMENT BELIEVE that Father Coughlin speaks for a majority of the Catholic clergy or laity in this country. But we believe that he is doing his church, as well as the Jews, a great deal of harm by acting as the chief American outlet for the shabby canards with which the Nazis helped pave their way to power in Germany. The Catholics, like the Jews, are a minority group. The anti-republican position taken by the church in Spain, like the unprogressive attitude assumed by sections of the hierarchy in this country, notably in the fight against the Child Labor Amendment, is making "Catholic" and "reactionary" synonymous in the minds of many people. If a Catholic priest is now to become our No. 1 anti-Semite, the identification of the church with all that is backward and obscurantist will be strengthened, and America will some day see the kind of violent anti-clericalism hitherto confined to Catholic countries. Otto D. Tolischus, German correspondent of the New York *Times,* reports that Coughlin is a hero in the Reich. It is well to remember that he is the *only* Catholic acclaimed as a hero there; the others are being discriminated against, gagged, jailed, or persecuted. Coughlin admitted that some of his anti-Jewish "information" was taken from Nazi sources, that is, from sources that are anti-Catholic as well as anti-Jewish. The radio priest's oily hypocrisies are passed upon by Archbishop Edward Mooney of Detroit before he goes on the air. Responsibility rests, therefore, upon the Archbishop. How much longer will he permit his subordinate to spread the flames of racial and religious hatred in this country—flames which, as German experience demonstrates, are certain to singe his own church as well as the Jews.

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THE DIGESTIVE CAPACITY OF THE DIES committee is a contemporary wonder. Last week it swallowed another huge compound of half-truths and whole cloth served up by a nondescript crew of irresponsible witnesses. It heard "anonymous" WPA officials testify how polite words such as "overtime work" were changed to crude ones like "stretch-out" in the WPA guidebooks; it heard the lowdown on Spain from an ex-Socialist repudiated by his own party; it resurrected—and distorted—an ancient article by David J. Saposs, NLRB economist, to show that "outright Socialists and Communists" are the brains behind the New Deal. Armed with these discoveries and a bundle of others, Mr. Dies modestly made these proposals: (1) that Ickes, Perkins, and Hopkins forthwith resign from the government service; (2) that the State Department investigate such organizations as the American Civil Liberties Union, which, Mr. Dies suspects, should be compelled to register as agents of foreign governments. The only refreshing note in this malicious mess was furnished by Gipsy Rose Lee, who is accused by Mr. Dies's associates of contributing to Spanish and Chinese relief and thereby undermining native institutions. Miss Lee, a professional at being exposed, calmly invited committee members to Columbus, where she promised to "bare all." They prudently abandoned the subject. The crucial question is whether Congress will abandon the Dies committee, which has become the most violently undemocratic agency in America. By branding the most active defenders of civil liberties as "foreign agents," Mr. Dies has adequately defined his own conception of Americanism; it remains for him only to demand that Mr. Roosevelt run around to the State Department and file his registration blank.

* * *

SOME TWELVE HUNDRED PERSONS FROM thirteen Southern states met last week in Birmingham at the Southern Conference for Human Welfare. There were delegates from the left and from the right, some politicians, a few labor leaders, a scattering of workers, and a large body of professional and church people. New Deal liberalism predominated. The general sentiment ran strongly against any and all North-South differentials, whether in wages, freight rates, or federal appropriations. The few politicians present—New Dealers, be it said—were alone in raising the states' rights issue, as the delegates, often against their advice, enthusiastically adopted resolutions calling for a federal uniform-suffrage law and a federal anti-lynching act. The race question had been strikingly brought home to the conference when the city of Birmingham sent in police to enforce the Jim Crow ordinance, and large signs "For Whites Only" and "For Colored Only" appeared in the conference hall. Bowing to the ordinance, the conference unanimously adopted a resolution of protest. With only faint opposition it went on record against the Dies committee and against any amendment of the Wagner Act; the latter was a particularly significant step since many of the longest and most bitter fights against the act have been waged by Southern industrialists. Another important action was the recommendation of extensive legislation to define and protect the rights of share-croppers. The thorough airing of sore Southern problems by Southerners will unquestionably have a wholesome effect. But the real test of the permanent organization established at Birmingham will be the extent to which it can translate into action the reforms it advocates. Will it, under the liberal leadership of Frank Graham, be a means of furthering the effort to give votes to the disfranchised masses of the South? Will it, steering clear of over-cautious and self-interested politicians, provide coordination and leadership for a genuine economic-reform movement?

* * *

THE REPORT THAT THE NEUTRALITY ACT may be revised at the Administration's urging to distinguish between aggressor and victim is good news. For months it has been evident, in both the Spanish civil war and the Far Eastern conflict, that the Neutrality Act in its present form works a frightful injustice on a country which is attacked in violation of international law. Applied to Spain, it has been instrumental, together with the non-intervention agreement, in throttling the Spanish government while imposing no obstacle to the unlimited importation by Germany and Italy of munitions for use in Spain. In the Far East it has prevented any effective action to check Japan. Had it been invoked, it would automatically have cut off supplies from China also. The President, therefore, could only take advantage of the technicality that no war had been declared and leave both sides free to import what they liked. This means that we have continued to underwrite Japanese aggression, a course which, aside from moral issues, is highly detrimental to our interests. Revision of the act is overdue. Even the announcement that it is under consideration may give pause to aggressors and would-be aggressors.

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NEWS FROM CHINA IS EXTREMELY DIFFICULT to obtain these days since there are at present no regular American correspondents in the unoccupied sections of the country. This means that all the reports now being received have filtered through Japanese hands and been subject to Japanese censorship. Nevertheless, it is clear that Chinese resistance is far from broken. For some weeks Japan has been unable to make progress in its drive on the important city of Changsha. In Shansi, which has been in Japanese hands for more than a year, the invaders are said to have lost 10,000 men in thirty engagements. The Taiyuan arsenal has been reported destroyed with 300 casualties. A strong Chinese army is still on the outskirts of Canton. But most significant are the reports of a new agreement between Chiang Kai-shek and the Chinese Communist Party which would permit Communists to reenter the Kuomintang. If verified, this would imply a complete reorientation of Chinese policy toward the Soviet Union, with prospects of greater Soviet aid. Thus Japan's "war against communism" appears to have achieved in seventeen months what Comintern propaganda failed to achieve in fifteen years.

* * *

JAPAN'S REJECTION OF SECRETARY HULL'S protest against the closing of the Open Door in China makes it clear that in the future the United States will be admitted to the vast Chinese market only upon Japanese terms. The principle of equal rights, which has been the keystone of American Far Eastern policy for some forty years, is thrown overboard as an "inapplicable idea . . . of the past." In its place there is to be found a "new order . . . which is . . . an indispensable condition for the very existence of Japan"—namely, the puppet governments. Experience in Manchuria and North China has shown that protests against the discriminatory actions of this "new order" are futile whether delivered locally or at Tokyo. Fortunately, however, the United States is not without weapons which, in the long run, should bring Japan to terms. The first step must be the denunciation of the present Japanese-American commercial treaty on the ground of unjust discrimination against American goods. This should be done immediately. Six months after this action the President can place Japan on the black list under Section 350 of the Tariff Act. This would deny to Japan the tariff concessions which the United States has granted other countries under the Hull trade program. Should this fail to move Japan—as it well might in view of the small number of Japanese imports affected by these concessions—the President is empowered to place an embargo on all trade with Japan.

Witches' Brew in Europe

TO WRITE a coherent account of the latest developments in European diplomacy is like attempting to put together a jigsaw puzzle of which half the pieces are missing and most of the rest broken. The picture broadly is one of a witches' brew, simmering menacingly, with a band of sorcerer's apprentices hurrying back and forth gathering fresh ingredients to add to the pot. But the different recipes they are following and the methods they are using to render innocuous one another's poisons must be deduced from communiqués which do not communicate and from calculated leakages ot information.

At Munich, Germany won an empire in Southeastern Europe, but the task of organizing and consolidating it remains. There are indications that the work is not proceeding altogether smoothly. Germany has an unparalleled opportunity for economic exploitation but is hindered by lack of resources. The demands of armament make it difficult to manufacture suitable goods to exchange for Balkan raw materials, while the Anglo-American trade treaty and repercussions of the new program mean a further restriction of trade with that part of the world not amenable to barter arrangements. Germany is consuming internally its whole current production; it is not creating surplus resources available for investment in Danubia. Since Munich, many grandiose economic schemes have been concocted in Berlin, but it may be long before they leave the paper stage.

Nor is the political situation entirely satisfactory. Czechoslovakia is sufficiently docile, but neither Poland nor Hungary has accepted as final the Vienna award. They still hope to achieve a common frontier, and while they dare not openly seize Ruthenia they are doing their utmost through intrigue and propaganda to keep the question open. They would also like to bring Rumania into line, but King Carol has not been cooperative. He may be unenthusiastic about Nazi plans for making his country an economic protectorate; he is even less anxious to foster the aggrandizement of a Hungary which cherishes renewed hopes of recovering Transylvania. Consequently he has been shopping around Europe to pick up as much support, financial and diplomatic, as possible. His only tangible acquisitions in London and Paris were the Order of the Garter and an undertaking by the French to raise their legation in Bucharest to the status of an embassy. He thus was forced, like other poor flies, to seek admission to the Berchtesgaden web and learn on what terms Germany would do business. Reports of an attempt to revivify the Balkan League may indicate that he is still struggling against his fate. The only other new move open to Rumania is a return to the Titulescu policy of friendship with Russia.

In Poland the versatile Mr. Beck has extended a tentative hand in that direction. Whether he is genuinely alarmed at the possibility of Germany's promotion of a movement for Ukrainian independence, or whether he is merely bent on another demonstration of his country's not inconsiderable nuisance value, is not quite clear. But the reaffirmation of the non-aggression pact with Russia, the smoothing out of various disputes between the two countries, and the opening of conversations for an increase of trade suggest that Poland may be having second thoughts about the wisdom of its recent pro-Nazi policies.

More than ever Southeastern Europe remains a breeding ground for intrigue, but it is questionable whether any permutations and combinations which the diplomats may devise will do more than delay the German advance. One of the obscure factors is Italy's part in the game. Openly Mussolini is sticking close to the axis. He has, for instance, warned Hungary to leave Ruthenia alone. But it is not inconceivable that behind the scenes he is doing all he can to make difficulties for his fellow-dictator. This would explain why Hitler chose to conclude the new pact with France at a moment when negotiations for an agreement between Paris and Rome—for which Italy's terms were reported to be somewhat exorbitant—were in suspense. Under these circumstances a friendly gesture toward France appears rather like a warning to Italy not to attempt any double-crossing. It may also mean that Hitler has decided his next positive action must be in the east to demonstrate that interference with his plans there will not be tolerated. Under these circumstances the neutralization of France, at the cost of another promise to respect

Burlingame

French territorial integrity, would be well worth while.

It is a commentary on the complete lack of faith characterizing all European diplomacy in these days that the conclusion of the Franco-German pact was immediately followed by conversations between Chamberlain and Daladier mainly devoted to questions of defense. Plans were laid for the close coordination of the British and French air forces, armies, and war industries, and Daladier is said to have put forward a plea for an increase in the British army so that in the event of war a strong expeditionary force could immediately be sent to the Continent. The discussion of such plans only two months after Munich makes a quaint postscript to Chamberlain's claim of "peace in our time."

The most immediately important result of the Paris conversations was an agreement not to grant Franco belligerent rights until all foreign "volunteers" are withdrawn. This decision is as welcome as it was unexpected. Its probable explanation is not any belated decency but the fact that Mussolini, in quoting France too high a price for his friendship, overbid his hand. Thus out of the tangled web of European intrigue we can draw one thread of comfort. It should remind us that only in Spain is the banner of democracy still held high against all onslaughts.

The Horrid Word

TO BE specific has never been accounted a virtue in politics, and perhaps the most informative part of the articles in this issue by Governors Benson, Murphy, and La Follette is what they leave unsaid. This is put down more in sorrow than in disparagement, for their defeat was the worst blow suffered by liberalism at the last election and they remain among the most promising figures in our political life. Governor Murphy comes to grips with the issues at just one point, where he speaks of the reaction against the New Deal. "The shift grew in part," he writes, "out of the 1937 economic recession, *which resulted in large measure from the retrenchment in federal expenditures under the recovery program.*" It might not have been politic to add that the Administration, with the election past, is now proceeding to make the same mistake by cutting WPA rolls rapidly and sharply. As reflected by Governor Murphy, the distinction between New Dealer and anti-New Dealer remains a question of sympathies. The Republicans in Michigan, he says, "displayed a cold, disheartening unconcern for the improvement of the lot of the common man." But when one looks for the elements of a future program, Governor Murphy is elusive: "The basic problem of unemployment is yet to be solved. . . . To the discovery of a solution, a progressive, liberal government, working in close cooperation with industry and business, must increasingly direct its efforts."

Governor La Follette repeats what his father said in 1926, that both parties are fundamentally conservative. The statement is not as true now as it was then, though the Hagues and Farleys and the Southern Bourbons in the Democratic Party give the accusation weight for all Mr. Roosevelt's counterbalancing vigor and leadership. But when one looks to the Governor for a new course of action, for a progressivism that will carry us beyond the New Deal, he is still disappointingly vague. It is not fair, of course, to judge his program by a single short article, but it is significant that the one solution put forward here for our economic problems is "complete nationalization of money and credit." "Money and credit," the Governor writes, "are the thermostats of economic air conditioning." The metaphor is vivid, but what does it mean? The discount rate and open-market operations have proved ineffective thermostats; increased national control of banking through the new Federal Reserve set-up and the FDIC has not made it possible to check cyclical fluctuations of business. Or does nationalization mean government ownership and operation of our banking system? This would entail government control of business, a step in seven-league boots toward socialism. Certainly Coughlin and the money cranks do not mean this when they talk of nationalizing money and credit; their demagogic appeal to the right lies in the contention that some vague tinkering with credit would make more painful reforms unnecessary. Governor La Follette will have himself to blame if he does not, by clear explanation, differentiate himself from these peddlers of economic pink pills.

Governor Benson's analysis of the reasons for his defeat seems to us more realistic than the others. He sees the swing away from the New Deal as a result of its failure to solve the farm and unemployment problems. He stresses the need of moving forward to new experiments. But what he says of the Republicans also applies in perspective to the Democrats: "Republicans have promised two things: (1) to rebuild our crumbling economic foundations; (2) to do so without dislodging the financial and industrial oligarchy which now stands between the people and their full use of the economic, social, and political institutions of their country. The two promises contradict each other." The New Deal's "middle way," too, seeks to obtain the cake of social control without letting go the penny of private irresponsibility in the management of our great corporations and monopolies. Governor Benson indicates that he sees the way out, but does not go beyond indications. Profit still takes precedence over need; billions are added to the public debt so that capital may have the luxury of remaining idle though millions are in want. One of these days we shall have to take the bold step of bringing idle men and idle factories together, whether or not they can be operated at a profit. But that way lies socialism, the horrid word. Minnesota's Farmer-Labor Party seems to be the only major political group brave enough to hint at the possibility of it, even in a whisper.

The British Trade Pact

IN SIGNING the Anglo-American and Canadian-American trade agreements, the United States made a major international move. Although their economic effect may be easily exaggerated, their political significance exceeds that of any of the earlier agreements. Great Britain is our best customer and is second as a source of supplies. Canada ranks first as a source of supplies and is our second-best customer. There is no close third. The agreements thus represent the most substantial assault yet made on the ramparts of economic nationalism. They have forced Britain to discard the imperial-preference system launched with such fanfare in 1932. They reflect the triumph of Hull's trade philosophy within the Administration over the nationalist economic theories which dominated the New Deal in the days of the London Economic Conference.

The number of articles affected by the agreements is not great in comparison with the total number traded between the United States and the United Kingdom. Tariff reductions cover only about 15 or 20 per cent of the goods, in value, normally traded between Britain and the United States. Most of the cuts are small. But a much larger proportion of articles is found on the free list or at their previous rate of duty. Such assurances may mean more, in terms of increased confidence for traders, than the actual reduction of duties.

Months must pass before it will be possible to say with assurance who got the "best" of the haggling which preceded the signing of the pact. In fact, it is difficult to say whether the United States obtains a greater benefit from the British and Canadian tariff concessions on American exports or from the American concessions on British and Canadian exports. In either case the stimulus to trade does not stop with the original concession. The dollars which Americans pay for increased imports must, of necessity, come back in the form of added demand for American products, while an increased sale of American goods abroad creates a compensating demand for foreign goods. The trade agreements, providing an equal stimulus to imports and exports, do not strike at the fundamental disequilibrium which has brought billions of dollars in unwanted gold to this country. They do, however, turn the increased trade into carefully prepared channels. Thus the recent agreements permit wheat, lard, hams, and apples—in which there is an important export surplus in the United States—to enter Britain more freely, in exchange for our acceptance of greater quantities of specialized manufactured products not made in any amount in this country. The agreements are not a solution for our most pressing agricultural problems. They provide no outlet for the huge cotton surplus and only a minor one for wheat. But the additional market for hog products will aid thousands of farmers in a particularly hard-hit area. It is noteworthy, moreover, that none of the American concessions seriously discommode an important American industry or throw any number of American workers out of work. Such protests as have been made against the agreements have come from anti-Administration circles rather than injured economic groups.

Far outweighing the economic are the political implications of the agreements. The Hull trade policy stands diametrically opposed to the autarchy programs of the totalitarian states. It represents an attempt to reverse the world-wide drift toward nationalist trade policies. But it is more than merely a pious gesture toward better trade relations. It serves as an offensive as well as a defensive weapon. No one has attempted to conceal the fact, for example, that the present pacts are a severe blow to Germany. A surprising number of the concessions made on our imports from Britain are on articles which Germany also is seeking to sell in the United States. Strengthening the economic ties of the democracies constitutes the most effective answer, short of military cooperation, which can be made to the aggressor states at this moment. An improvement in domestic economic conditions as a result of the agreements should stiffen morale both in Britain and the United States.

Secretary Hull may seem to be placing too much faith in a program which, at best, cannot demonstrate its effectiveness for some years. The trade agreements cannot even be weighed in the same scale as Hitler's triumph at Munich. But while they should not be overemphasized, their significance is apparent. The Anglo-British agreement places the United States openly in the ranks of the anti-fascist countries. It does not guarantee our participation in further political steps to check aggression and reestablish the principles of international law, but Hitler can no longer assume that the United States is disinterested in his plans to dominate Europe.

A CORRECTION

An editorial entitled Next Week's Elections, which appeared in our issue of November 5, contained a reference to the Republican Auditor of Minnesota as having circulated during the election campaign a pamphlet playing up the alleged influence of Jews in the Farmer-Labor Party. The pamphlet in question was written by Ray Chase, a *former* Auditor of Minnesota, and not by Stafford King, who now holds that position. We regret the omission of the word "former" and offer Mr. King our apologies.

Who's Court-Packing Now?

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, November 28

IT ALL seems to depend on whose court is "packed," and why. When Roosevelt proposed to enlarge the Supreme Court in a perfectly lawful manner, freedom shrieked from a thousand editorial pages, the moon turned blood red, and the Potomac River ran uphill. But when the presiding judge of the Third Circuit Court of Appeals proceeds to "pack" his own court in a manner which appears on its face to be thoroughly unlawful, it is hardly worth a paragraph outside a few papers like the Newark *Evening News* and the Philadelphia *Record*—and there aren't many like them. Why such editorial frenzy in one case followed by such indifference in the other? Perhaps that can be answered. In asking Congress to expand the Supreme Court from nine members to fifteen, Roosevelt sought permission to name new justices having some acquaintance with the problems of modern industrial civilization. When Judge J. Warren Davis of the Third Circuit recalled two superannuated colleagues from retirement to sit on the injunction against Frank Hague's dictatorship, he invited the accusation that he was "packing" that court to obtain a decision prolonging the suppression of civil liberties in Jersey City. The accusation was promptly made in a brief filed with the Supreme Court by Morris Ernst; yet a situation which contained all the ingredients for a judicial scandal caused hardly a ripple.

Here are the facts: After Federal Judge Clark granted the injunction to restrain Hague's gorillas from deporting C. I. O. organizers, prohibiting public meetings, and perpetrating other outrages on the Bill of Rights, Jersey City officials applied for a writ of supersedeas, which Judge Clark denied. Thereupon Judge Davis, senior member of the circuit, took the extraordinary course of adding two members to that tribunal, thus creating a five-man court—which promptly granted the writ. The law says that a Circuit Court of Appeals "shall consist of three judges, of whom two shall constitute a quorum." Earlier this year the Third Circuit Court, then consisting of Judges Buffington, Thompson, and Davis, denied the Labor Board permission to perfect the record in the Republic Steel case. The Supreme Court promptly pinned its ears back. Shortly thereafter Buffington and Thompson availed themselves of their right to retire, and there was hardly a dry eye outside the Supreme Court. For a long time the Third Circuit had been the sore spot of the federal judiciary, and it was expected that the appointment of two new judges by the President would relieve the soreness. But where do you suppose Judge Davis found two added starters to make up his five-man court? Correct. He dug up his old pals, Buffington and Thompson. When Buffington opened his eyes and recognized his former surroundings he promptly issued a statement to the press denouncing the C. I. O., which at that moment was a party to the suit before him! Naturally, the C. I. O., having already appealed to the Supreme Court to take the case away from the Third Circuit on the ground that it was "packed," now added to its original complaint the fact that Buffington had publicly aired his prejudices against the complainant, thereby disqualifying himself. Considering what the Supreme Court already knows about the Third Circuit, there is no reason to apprehend a miscarriage of justice in this case, but I should like to know what has become of the editors and publishers who once had fits over the thought of a court being "packed." Where is Frank Gannett? Where is the Chicago *Tribune?* Where is the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch?*

Jo-Jo O'Mahoney, the Wyoming dispenser of sweetness and light, continues to assure big business that nothing will be turned up by the monopoly investigation which could possibly embarrass the right people. His latest assurance was passed on by way of General Johnson's column, thus insuring its receipt by the right people in the right way. Anyone who doesn't think the General has the right contacts is mistaken. From Teagle and Sloan right down the line, he calls 'em all by their first names. I've heard him. In a perfect transport of delight the old cavalryman permitted himself to describe Jo-Jo as a great statesman, which affords some measure of the relief produced by his words in the right circles. Of course, it is always possible that the sage of the sheep ranges may not be able to handle the commission. Senator Borah has some positive convictions on the subject of monopoly, and William Douglas and Isidor Lubin will hardly be content to join in singing "Brighten the Corner Where You Are." However, Assistant Attorney General Thurman Arnold appears to be taking no chances. He is proceeding with a realistic program of enforcement of the anti-trust laws, heedless of the anguished cries which issue from the little brothers of the rich. The indictment of a Chicago milk combination including dairymen, distributors, union officials, and four city officials is the latest evidence of his purpose. Moreover, the forthcoming resignation of Attorney General

Cummings and the likelihood that he will be succeeded either by Frank Murphy or Bob Jackson are signs that the Administration has not abandoned its theory that artificial restraints of trade are still among the main causes of depression.

At the same time the testimony of Wendell Willkie before the TVA investigating committee warns us that the monopolists seldom surrender. If I read Willkie's statement correctly, he declared that not even vital considerations of national defense could induce the electric-utility industry to proceed with a normal program of expansion until it has been assured of freedom from government competition. If that seems a little shocking, it nevertheless is quite consistent with the historic position of the utilities. That position always has been that profits must come first and public welfare later. Men of Willkie's type are entitled to credit for supplying the best possible argument for public ownership.

I derive considerable personal satisfaction from the fact that the Dies committee finally is being recognized by the country generally for what it is—namely, a sounding board for Nazi-Fascist propaganda in this country. Three months ago I wrote in *The Nation* that the spiritual godfather of this committee was Dr. Goebbels. Since that time an agent of an American fascist organization has testified at length before the committee, and now it appears that Dies and Goebbels have simultaneously made the discovery that the New Deal is seeking to spread the gospel of communism among the American Indians! Secretary Ickes undoubtedly is correct in appraising Dies as "the world's outstanding zany," but the fact remains that he is a dangerous zany because of the forces which are using him. A thorough investigation by the House of Dies's activities should not be postponed a day after Congress convenes. "Hemisphere defense" begins on Capitol Hill.

Czechoslovakia as Jonah

BY M. W. FODOR

Prague, November 12

SINCE I have been back in Prague, I have gained a slight notion of how poor old Jonah must have felt when the whale swallowed him. Czechoslovakia—in a few weeks' time even the name may disappear and the country will be called by another, probably Zapadoslavia (West-Slavia)—feels just as comfortable in the jaws of Hitler's Greater Germany as Jonah felt in the whale. Let us hope that its later fortune will turn out to be as favorable as was Jonah's.

I must say in advance that this article will be an indictment of many things, of almost everything, that the rulers of Czechoslovakia are doing at present, but to be fair I must immediately declare that the responsibility is not theirs. This country always wanted to become, and to remain, a stronghold of democracy in Central Europe. It was ready to fight for democratic ideals, ready to die for them. It was not permitted to do so, because a powerful group in Great Britain agreed with Germany's diagnosis that this "democratic pest" in the heart of Europe must be eradicated. The operation was successful. Chamberlain and Halifax, as consultants, confirmed the diagnosis; Runciman supplied the ether; and Hitler did the carving up.

The Germans always charged that Czechoslovakia was the advance guard of bolshevism in Central Europe, but what Germany and Italy, and their friends in England and France, really feared was the strong spirit of liberty and democracy inherent in the Czechs. Freedom, the craving for freedom, is a contagious disease. That is one reason why the old Czechoslovakia was singled out for destruction. There were, of course, other reasons. It was, for instance, in the way of German expansion to the Balkans. It no longer is such an obstacle; in fact, overnight it has become a useful link connecting Germany with both the east and the southeast. Its Carpatho-Russian, now Carpatho-Ukrainian, province will be the place from which the penetration of all the Ukraines, Polish, Rumanian, and Soviet Russian, will be attempted; its railroad lines, leading through Vienna and Budapest to the southeast, will play an important part in helping to connect the Balkans with Germany proper. For twenty years Czechoslovakia was used by France as a citadel against German expansion toward Southeastern Europe. Abandoned by France, it has become the *bridge* between Germany and Southeastern Europe. But: *tu l'a voulu*, Georges Dandin! Or Georges Bonnet? It took Professor Masaryk and Dr. Benes twenty years to build up in the northwestern corner of the former absolutist Austro-Hungarian Monarchy a democratic country, based on the ideas of "liberty, equality, and fraternity" of the French Revolution. It took Herr Hitler less than twenty days to destroy their work.

As I write these lines, it is announced that a strong, united government party, under the name of Great National Party, has been formed from the Agrarians, the National Union, the Traders', part of the Czechoslovak National Socialists and Fascists, and the National

League. All the remaining parties will be compelled to unite in a single opposition party in which each will lose its identity, especially the Socialists and Communists.

Germany, of course, maintains that it does not want to interfere with the internal affairs of Czechoslovakia or of any other Central European or Balkan country. And, indeed, it will not interfere provided a few "unimportant" conditions are fulfilled. These conditions are, first, that the president or ruler of the country shall be a strong man who can impose his will on the people; second, that the ruling party shall be a large united party with enough permanence and authority to carry out legislation quickly; third, that no Socialists or Communists shall be tolerated, nor any "Churchill" opposition which might say disagreeable things about Germany; fourth, that the economic demands of Germany shall be quickly and efficiently carried through. If these trifling conditions are complied with, the country can lead an "absolutely" independent life.

There is not the least doubt that at the beginning of November Germany used veiled threats to force Prague to comply with these conditions. The influential organ of the Agrarian Party, the *Venkov,* on November 12 warned those Czech parties which had no wish to dissolve and unite in a national party that "there will be very soon either an all-national, state-supporting movement, with national discipline and order, or instead of us somebody else will create order. This clarification of the situation must occur in the next few days."

What are the ideas of the new rulers of Czechoslovakia? The chief power in the new combination is held by the Agrarians, who previously were the largest party in Parliament, but whose somewhat reactionary ideas were kept under control by Benes. The Agrarians were by no means unanimously reactionary, but an influential wing under the leadership of Rudolf Beran always advocated semi-fascist or semi-authoritarian methods. Moreover, they always advocated friendship with Germany, a policy which now of course brings laurels to them.

In pre-Munich days, however, the authority of the President was so great that nobody from the right parties could successfully oppose it. I remember September 20, when a huge, indignant crowd was protesting in the streets of Prague against the London decision to mutilate Czechoslovakia. It was an angry crowd, yet disciplined, orderly, and solemn. It shouted slogans against France and England, cheered the army, and cheered liberty. Some of my friends, coming from Spain and France, expected that these hundreds of thousands would break into rioting. I assured them that this would not happen, and subsequent events showed that I knew the Czechs. But there was one group of unruly people among the crowd. They carried many inscriptions and streamers, almost as many slogans as men—the group was hardly fifty strong. I turned to a friend who watched the procession with me from the balcony of my hotel and said: "I am not afraid of these crowds. They are calm, composed, civilized, the true, trained sons of a great democracy. But do you see those fifty nonentities there? They are the followers of Josef Gadja, the Fascist chief. Today they are just a noisy but insignificant group. Tomorrow they will be the leaders. The betrayal in London finished the democratic regime here, and those noisy people will be the profit-takers of the change."

And so it came about. The program of the new regime probably is best foreshadowed in the *Brazda,* the organ of the Young Agrarians, "young" here meaning the more active and determined group. This program can be regarded as the line of the future government of Czechoslovakia. It demands the concentration of all political forces in one large national unit. The President, it is true, shall be elected; the Agrarians consider democracy a means of "changing the guard," if necessary, by popular will. In foreign affairs political, cultural, and economic cooperation is recommended with all states, but "in the first line with Germany." The school age must be extended to sixteen, and after that every student must spend one year in a labor camp, as in Germany. The trade unions must become "unpolitical," that is, must give up their Socialist beliefs, and must be reorganized on a corporative basis, as in Italy. Citizenship will be reexamined, and the Jewish question will be solved by completing a register in which the date of the immigration of all Jews will appear, and their stay be made dependent on the time of their arrival in the country. The Young Agrarians further recommend a planned economy, a new fiscal policy, and new financial methods not unlike German financial methods.

Slovakia reacted to its newly won autonomy differently from Bohemia. The Czech was always used to discipline; the Slovak is excitable, mercurial, more Southern in temperament. In the first weeks of autonomy violence and excesses occurred. Slovakia, and especially the capital, Bratislava, has come more completely under German influence than Bohemia or Moravia.

Corresponding to the Nazi S. S. (Schutz-Staffel), the so-called Hlinka guards have taken over the police duty in Slovakia. And they are not much more gentle than their German brethren. These Hlinka guards were organized fifteen years ago by Professor Tuka, but the Czechs dissolved them. Like all organizations which have worked underground, they are high-handed now that they have come to power. They examine arrivals in Bratislava, inspect passports, and try to prevent anyone from taking more than $100 from Slovakia to the united Bohemian-Moravian lands. In the case of Jews this sum is limited to $10. The procedure is, of course, altogether illegal, but it remains to be seen whether the adoption of a new constitution will put an end to the excesses of the past few weeks.

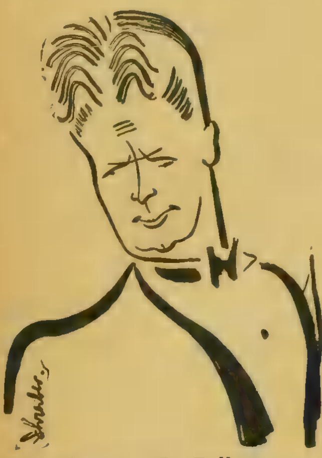
Why We Lost

They Wanted Something New

BY PHILIP F. LA FOLLETTE

Governor of Wisconsin

THE Wisconsin election was part of a deep-running national current whose intensity most observers misjudged. As far back as last winter I thought I sensed a gradual but unmistakable drift of public opinion—a drift which gathered momentum as it developed into a feeling of tired dejection. On every hand there was a very real feeling that government somehow had muffed the ball. There was a feeling that government had tried to do the right thing, but that in spite of all our relief spending, pump-priming, and social legislation we were back where we started from—in the midst of depression.



Governor La Follette

As I traveled over this great dairy state before and during the campaign, I sensed more than ever the genuine despair which gripped the farmers and their wives and children. Prices were disastrously low, in some cases as low as or lower than they were in the bleak days of 1933. Afterward, surveying the results of the election, particularly the heavy Republican gains in the farm areas, one distinguished economist sagely concluded: "I guess you can't beat the price of cheese."

We based our Wisconsin campaign on our record of performance in office—our state labor-relations act, our splendid government-reorganization program, our taxation legislation based on ability to pay, our drive for a coordinated, statewide power program, and our major advances in behalf of education, civil service, conservation, social security, modernized farm marketing, and greatly improved regulation of security issues. But nowhere did we find any real disposition to consider the state issues as such. As a matter of fact, our Republican opponents were never openly too critical of our record of achievement. They emphasized the need for a change, the need for a "business" administration; and a distressed people decided to take a crack at something "new."

Under our democracy, when the people are dissatisfied with things as they are, they can only vote the "ins" out and the "outs" in. They cannot sit down and affirmatively prepare their own ticket and their own platform. To a very large extent, this democratic, two-choice method resulted in the landslide of 1932. The present national Administration received a clear-cut mandate to go forward along new lines not only in 1932 but in 1934 and, overwhelmingly, in 1936. Now in 1938 the great rank and file who dictated three times the command for action feel that substituting the word "recession" for "depression" has not materially improved their position.

Progressives have felt for some time that the Democratic Party, as such, was not really interested in coming to grips with the very real problems which confront this nation. We recognized and readily acknowledged that, for the moment, the Democratic Party had gifted and socially conscious leadership whose objectives, at least, were those of the great mass of our people. At the same time, we were all too conscious of the presence of a Hague, a Pendergast, a Kelly-Nash, and a Tammany machine as integral parts of this party. These urban, graft-ridden machines, one of which calmly and arrogantly continues to defy the Bill of Rights, were by no means the backbone of the Democratic Party's successive triumphs in 1932, 1934, and 1936. On the contrary, the party succeeded to power because for the first time in nearly two decades the great mass of people *became* the Democratic Party, embracing it as the only available instrument for change and progress. But almost from the very first there was a life-and-death struggle within the Democratic Party itself. Despite overwhelming majorities in both houses of Congress, the Administration was compelled to pull its punches and on several major occasions to retreat.

Some progressives recognized last spring the futility of relying on a political instrument which was fundamentally conservative and which must soon be without the brilliant leadership which, for the moment, gave it a liberal hue. These progressives planted the progressive standard in the national scene. They enunciated in clear, simple language the nature of the problem, and then invited progressives everywhere to cooperate in the working out of a genuinely progressive program. Strangely enough, a large number of liberals protested. They were disturbed, and sincerely so I know, lest our action disrupt the progressive forces of America and play into the hands of the reactionaries. We pointed out again and again that there was no hope in either of the old parties. We predicted that the old-line politicians in the Democratic Party would continue to show no more interest in grappling with vital problems than the Old Guard in the Republican Party. The results of the so-called "purge" by President Roosevelt showed that the fight to make the Democratic Party liberal is a hopeless one.

We said last spring, when we launched the National Progressives of America, that there could be no permanent solution of our economic problem until we completed a program which would provide every able-bodied man and woman with a self-respecting job at secure wages. In the field of technology, where we have made so much progress, our physical scientists are perfecting air conditioning. By the mere wiggling of a thermostat we can adjust our physical climate to suit our comfort. One of the greatest needs of our time is economic "air-conditioning" control, to prevent fluctuations in the economic system. The Progressives propose to approach this problem by striking at its very heart—the problem of money and credit. Progressives are unreservedly committed to the complete nationalization of money and credit as the only means of regulating the flow of capital into the vital arteries of our economic system. Money and credit are the thermostats of economic air conditioning. By maintaining vigilant government supervision at the controls, we can regulate the economic climate in such fashion as to remove the fluctuations which cause us to shiver at one moment in a climate of 30 degrees below zero and perspire at another in 110 above. We are determined that the control of the economic thermostat shall not remain in the hands of privateers working against the interests of the great mass of our people.

In 1924 my father became an independent candidate for the Presidency. His was a protest against the tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum choice offered by the two old parties. Those of us who toiled in that campaign understand only too well the futility of forging a new political instrument without careful and precise preparations. We know from first-hand experience the terrific amount of time and energy which must precede the actual launching of a ticket in the field. We differ sharply with a great many liberals who feel that we ought to go on trying to liberalize the Democratic Party. Recent efforts have shown only too conclusively that that fight in the long run will be futile. When the people of this nation have to choose again between a conservative Democrat and a conservative Republican, liberals will raise their voices and clamor for a new political instrument. But when that moment arrives, it will be too late to build a really dynamic political movement. Our job is a long, slow pull. A genuine Progressive movement must be more than a movement of protest. It must be a movement with a strong affirmative program of its own. I have not space here to develop more fully the nature of the problem or to outline a possible program. I propose in the months ahead to give as much of my time as I can to developing Progressive principles throughout the nation so that we may build for our future.

Wisconsin Progressives have suffered temporary setbacks in the past, and they are not discouraged. They know their history well enough to know that progressives have lost many a battle but never a war. A few days after our defeat last week we called a hurried meeting of leaders of the party from every county in Wisconsin. More than 1,500 Progressives with no hope of patronage or favor packed the largest hall in the state capital. They agreed enthusiastically that the time is too precious and the issues too important to spend valuable moments weeping over our temporary setback. They are committed to go forward. They are determined to obtain a complete political realignment which will actually place in the hands of Progressives the power to make our economy work for us.

The decks are cleared for action. The recent election emphasized our contention—and the election in 1940 will reemphasize it—that the so-called liberal attitude of temporizing for immediate results and for the protection of immediate interests is a certain road to disaster. Only by careful planning and by the formulation of a long-range program based on a courageous acceptance of realities will the Progressive forces of this nation become articulate and make their philosophy prevail.

The Direction Is Forward

BY ELMER A. BENSON

Governor of Minnesota

REPUBLICANS came out of the recent elections with a string of victories—more, perhaps, than many of them had hoped for. Progressive parties, on the other hand, met with serious reverses. What is the meaning of the election returns? What factors caused the difficulties of the progressives at the polls?

Among the main factors were the red scare, the sharp anti-Semitic campaign, the division within the ranks of organized labor, the confusion in the minds of farmers and "white-collar" sections of our city population as to what the sharpening labor issues were all about, and a persistent two-year campaign of hate conducted by many newspapers against progressive forces and liberal governments, particularly against New Dealers, who were insistently represented as the source of "class war" and of the confusion and turbulence in the sessions of Congress and the state legislatures.

All these factors were employed by the conservative forces to rally the following which they launched against the progressives on Election Day. In Michigan, for instance, Governor Murphy, a good Catholic, whose governmental policies have squared religiously with the economic and labor views set forth in the papal encyclicals on social justice, went down to defeat amid the echoes of a campaign filled with shouts about "protecting reds" and "fomenting labor violence." In Wisconsin Phil La Follette, who had singled out the Communists as among those who should be excluded from his new party of National Progressives, was defeated by a millionaire Republican manufacturer from Milwaukee. Yet in California the incumbent Republican was voted out to make way for a vigorous progressive, Culbert Olson, who promised to free Tom Mooney; and in New York the victorious Governor Lehman is a Jew, and "guilty" of protecting the civil liberties of Communists by his veto of the McNaboe bill, which sought to keep "persons who believe in communism" out of the civil service and the state educational system.

In the face of such facts, one is justified in refusing to fix on any one of the factors I have mentioned as decisive in the election results. Some deeper, more widespread, and more constant reason needs to be sought. Did the people, then, vote against the New Deal?

The New Deal stands for the right of wage-earners to organize and bargain collectively, and for a labor-relations act which obligates the government to protect that right. The New Deal means, also, social-security legislation, unemployment compensation, relief for the unemployed, and subsidies to farmers. The New Deal means, above all, government intervention to remove economic maladjustments.

The victorious candidates and parties in the last elections quite generally rode into office upon promises to provide these things. In my own state of Minnesota, for example, the Republican candidate promised "continued support to the right of labor to organize and bargain collectively through representatives of their own selection, with absolute freedom from intimidation," and that his administration would "never permit the National Guardsmen's bayonets to be used as an employer's weapon to crush those who labor." He also promised to work for a state labor-relations act designed to reduce the grounds of industrial conflict by guaranteeing these rights. My opponent avoided attacking the New Deal and its agencies, pledged better care for the aged, and promised, "We shall not be niggardly with relief."

Evidently, then, the people did not vote against those features of the New Deal which represent social progress. What did they vote against, and what did they vote for? We may find a cue to the right answer in certain aspects of the campaign of the victorious Republicans in Minnesota.

The Republicans promised the farmers "cost of production plus a profit." They promised the wage-earners jobs in private industry, at good wages instead of the pittance provided by relief or WPA, and with the job-security of a thriving private industry. They promised that these things would be given to them without a continuance of the bitter struggle which the progressives have so far had to wage in order to achieve them. That is what the people voted for.

The farmer requires, first, a price for his products which covers the cost of production (including a fair return for his labor and the use of his property); and second, the right to rent or own his farm under conditions which are not the conditions of serfdom. These have not yet been won for the farmer, despite all the battling of the last ten years. Liberals in the last session of Congress supported a "cost of production" proposal, but they never even got a chance to vote on it. Similarly, no legislation has been passed to cope seriously with the problems of farm tenantry and farm indebtedness. In some instances, New Deal farm agencies have even emasculated the farm programs which do exist. Thus in Minnesota the director of one of the New Deal agencies which several months ago had been allotted special aid for 5,000 farmers had, by November 6, provided such aid for only 500. Do you blame farmers for wanting a change?

In one respect the Roosevelt Administration has consistently increased the prevalent discontent. It has promised that some day private industry would be restored in all its glory, and that it would then provide everybody with the jobs and full dinner pails they so long for. Recovery of that sort did not come. The Republicans then came along and said, in effect, "Let's try our formula for recovery," and people can scarcely be blamed if they were ready to take the chance.

If you believe that a recovery of that sort will ever permanently come to America, then perhaps you can also believe that the reverses which the progressives suffered at the polls are a real and permanent defeat. In that case, you will want the progressives to begin at once a retreat from their most advanced positions; you will think they can be returned to office by becoming more conservative. If, on the other hand, you believe that the present prolonged economic crisis, which has existed since 1920, arises from a basic maladjustment between the vast productive powers of our nation and our continuously insufficient consuming (or buying) power, then you will also believe that the persons and groups who are behind the momentarily victorious Republicans are not capable of producing and carrying out a program which will bring lasting economic prosperity to our people.

I am among those who believe these things. I therefore feel that the important lesson of the election results is that the progressives have only one direction in which to go—namely, forward.

Today's streamlined conservatives and "New Dealized" Republicans have promised two things: (1) To rebuild our crumbling economic foundations; (2) to do so without dislodging the financial and industrial oligarchy which now stands between the people and their full use of the economic, social, and political institutions of their country. The two promises contradict each other. When the impossibility of keeping both of them becomes apparent, the people will once more turn to the progressives to ask for a program that makes sense. Perhaps that call will come earlier than many of us expect.

Tragic Interruption

BY FRANK MURPHY

Governor of Michigan

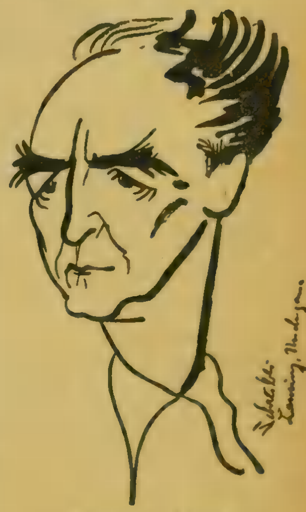
BECAUSE the issues were so clear-cut, the story of the 1938 campaign and election in Michigan is quickly told. Nowhere in the nation were the opposing philosophies of government more sharply in contrast. On one side was the present administration, which has found its greatest satisfaction in struggling for an efficient, modern, and incorruptible government, and against conditions and practices that are unfair to the wage-earner and detrimental to the best interests of the general public. On the other side was a group—in no sense truly representative of the rank and file of the Republican Party—under whose leadership the state government in 1935 and 1936 had displayed a cold, disheartening unconcern for the improvement of the lot of the common man and governmental reform.

These basic philosophies were clearly evidenced in the attitudes of the opposing candidates with respect to the great strikes of 1937. This administration stood firm on the policy it had adopted upon taking office in January, 1937. We had approached the strikes with this question in mind: Shall we handle them in an enlightened way—through the exercise of the reason and intelligence which supposedly raises man above the ways of the jungle—or shall we handle them in the old, stupid, futile way that actually never settles anything for anybody—through force and violence? In choosing the way of reason, we gave political expediency not even momentary consideration. What our course might mean to us politically was not important then; it is not important now. What *is* important is that the greatest industrial crisis in history was settled in an atmosphere of justice and reason, without the suppression of a liberty or the loss of a single human life. Our opponents bitterly condemned the course we followed. Pursued to its logical conclusion, their contention leads inescapably to the force and violence which we succeeded in avoiding and which our opponents say they too wish to avoid.

The two philosophies were again mirrored in our stand and that of our opponents on the question of state finances. A budgetary deficit of $8,750,000 for the 1937-38 fiscal year was incurred primarily because the recession necessitated relief expenditures totaling $16,000,000, or $8,000,000 more than legislative appropriations for that purpose. Our opponents represented the deficit as evidence of "mismanagement," citing also a pay-roll increase which in fact resulted from the establishment of badly needed new agencies and services and the expansion of old services in which retrenchments had been effected during the depression. Followed again to its logical conclusion, their criticism leads either to failure to provide necessary services or to a refusal to make proper provision for the relief of the destitute.

It is a primary tenet of our governmental philosophy that in normal times any government, if it is prudent and wise, will spend less than it takes in. But in an emergency that rule cannot be strictly followed. It must give way to the greater consideration of human needs.

This administration has a profound belief that it is the responsibility of government to search constantly for sound ways in which, as Lincoln said, "to elevate the condition of men." Accordingly, we considered it our duty to fight for an uncompromised civil-service system; to instal a modern, efficient system of budgetary control and accounting practices; to fight for a comprehensive reorganization of welfare administration; to initiate a study of the state's obsolete tax system with a view to revamping it in the interest of an equitable distribution of the tax burden; and to launch a broad survey of the structure of the state government toward the end of modernization and reform.



Governor Murphy

Accordingly, too, we considered it a great privilege to press for unemployment compensation and to bring about the enactment of the present law; to liberalize and greatly increase assistance for the aged; to institute, with federal aid, a twelve-million-dollar hospital-building program and a systematic program for the prevention of mental illness; to bring electric power to 16,000 farms in our state through a program of rural electrification which had been systematically discouraged by the Republican leadership; to organize a thorough study of the state's milk industry, with a view to assuring a fair price for the farmer, an adequate milk ration for the underprivileged, and freedom from ruinous trade practices for the distributor; to amend the state housing law so that every community in Michigan might take advantage of the federal government's effort to provide decent homes for the low-income groups; and to lay the groundwork for a pioneering health program based on the conviction that good health should be the property of all.

To those of us who have struggled to build the record of the past two years, it is tragic that this work must be interrupted. We profoundly regret that a social-minded government of unquestioned honesty and high character was compelled to give way to a combination of habit and tradition and the nation-wide swing that brought reactionary victories in many states.

It is true that the opposition employed some tactics—such as the unconscionable timing of the Dies committee activities and the creation of a red scare—which no good citizen of any party will condone, but the primary factors in my estimation were those I have mentioned—habit and tradition, and the nation-wide trend. The former, of course, is deep-rooted and can be permanently overcome only by the slow processes of education.

But the latter factor I believe was more than a natural swing of the political pendulum. The shift grew in part out of the 1937 economic recession, which resulted in large measure from the retrenchment in federal expenditures under the recovery program. Undoubtedly the drop in farm prices—beginning in midsummer of 1937 and reaching a low point in midsummer of 1938—played a considerable part in the disaffection of a section of the voting public which since 1932 has been preponderantly Democratic. Many farmers, and doubtless some wage-earners, protested by their vote against the decline in their purchasing power. In the case of the small business men it was a protest against the business uncertainties born of the recession.

It may be, too, that the election represented a concern on the part of many voters over continued large-scale unemployment, for which work relief is recognized as only a temporary solution. The basic problem of unemployment is yet to be solved. It will not be solved by the so-called "restoration of confidence" about which some individuals have been so vociferous. To the discovery of a solution a progressive, liberal government, working in close cooperation with industry and business, must increasingly direct its efforts.

Good government is akin to a great spiritual thought—it roams the earth, now and then coming to rest as men inspired by its promise embrace it and give it expression. In the two years now ending that ideal has found a home in Michigan. The day is coming when our people will make for it here a safe and permanent haven.

C. I. O.—from Committee to Congress

BY ROBERT BENDINER

AT PITTSBURGH in the week of November 14 the C. I. O. concluded its pre-revolutionary history and began its career as *the* labor movement of the United States. What had been a body loose in structure but unified by the necessity of revolt became the most highly centralized national labor mechanism in the history of the country. Press reports of the convention spoke of "incipient revolt" and hinted darkly at schisms, but what struck me most forcibly at Pittsburgh was not a trend toward factionalism but rather the advance notice served by John L. Lewis, almost gratuitously, that no such tendency would be tolerated—and the complete humility with which the left-wing suspects accepted the rap on the knuckles which, at the convention at least, they had done nothing to deserve. Not division but excessive unanimity was the order of the day.

The extent to which power in effect is centralized in the new Congress of Industrial Organizations (which is to say, in the persons of Lewis, Philip Murray, and Sidney Hillman) may be looked upon as a warning for the future, but the concentration is personally assumed rather than structurally inherent and is therefore open to remedy; the democratic traditions of many sections of the C. I. O. should and almost certainly will emerge as soon as the ecstatic harmony of these honeymoon days wears off. In the meantime the newly constructed C. I. O. represents a compromise between the paralyzing looseness of the A. F. of L. and the obvious dangers of an excessively controlled movement. As such it produced a well-oiled machine at Pittsburgh, highly effective in plowing through the roughest problems facing the convention: relations with the A. F. of L., factionalism, and the adoption of a constitution.

That the break with the A. F. of L. was inevitable is still open to argument; that it is beyond recall is not. Even as late as the first day of the Pittsburgh meeting there were delegates who spoke of unity, despite the improbability that a constitutional convention would have been summoned while there was still a chance or an intention of remaining within the parent body. Heywood Broun rose after a reading of the report on the subject to ask "a little time to digest this report and think it over and argue this at great length. . . . After all, it is the most important issue before this convention." A delegate from a California industrial council went so far as to announce that "every one of our constituents at home have sent us here and told us to go down the line for peace." Seeing how the wind blew, Philip Murray, who was presiding at the time, declined to entertain

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Broun's motion for delay, insisting that discussion take place then and there. The steam-roller for the first time was set in motion: Bittner, Quill, Carey, Hillman, Fremming, Flaxer, Mortimer, Curran, Kennedy, Merrill, Bridges—all were leaders rather than rank-and-file delegates, and all said that of course they wanted peace, but not peace with compromise. Long before the engine stopped puffing, Broun surrendered even on the question of delay. Without another dissenting vote the delegates resolved "with finality" that while the goal of unity in the labor movement was accepted, the C. I. O. would never compromise with either the fundamental principle of industrial unionism or "its obligation to fully protect the rights and interests of all of its members and affiliated organizations." The door to further negotiations was not slammed; it simply wasn't approached.

The procedure may have been a little rough on the delegates who had been told back home to "go down the line for peace," but the result, given the purpose of the convention, was inevitable. For three years the C. I. O. leaders, convinced that industrial unionism held the only possibility of injecting life into the moribund Federation, had endeavored to come to some kind of understanding with Green and his colleagues. They could have reached an agreement any number of times, but it would always have been at the expense of the principle of industrial unionism which had been the wellspring of the new labor militancy and the basis of its success. The Federation's best terms involved readmission of unions which had once been affiliated with it on the terms that were embodied in their original charters; other C. I. O. unions would have to convince each Federation craft union that had any interest in their members to relinquish jurisdiction. If the craft bureaucrats refused—and certainly Messrs. Hutcheson, Frey, and Tracy, whose organizations and sinecures were most obviously at stake, were determined to do nothing else—the C. I. O. unions would have had to consent to be dissected, their members to be distributed among the various craft organizations. The C. I. O. itself was to disappear.

Lewis and his aides had nothing to lose by striking out alone. If the craft leaders came to their senses at once, there could be an honorable peace between equals; if not, the C. I. O. could go on to organize the millions of workers in the mass-production industries, to make itself so strong that the A. F. of L., besides being galvanized into action on its own account by the competition, would be compelled in the end to come to terms—the C. I. O.'s terms.

This is altogether likely to happen in time, but the interim will be a trying one for American labor. It will be a period in which labor politically has everything to gain from solidarity but in which agitation for unity within the C. I. O. is more likely to disrupt that all-important organization than to bring about a union with the A. F. of L.; to result not in one great labor organization but in general dissolution, with skeleton groups on either side and a no man's land between the lines for those who, like Dubinsky and his I. L. G. W. U., cry neither a plague nor a blessing on either house. The test of labor statesmanship will be the ability to preserve an informal entente cordiale between the membership bodies of C. I. O. and A. F. of L. which will permit them to work together in the innumerable situations where jurisdictional lines do not cross. The C. I. O. is more than willing to play such a game, and large sections of the A. F. of L.'s officialdom, despite the diehard leaders, as well as practically all the Federation rank and file, will go along.

Even more hard-boiled than the handling of the unity issue, and far less creditable, was the approach to the delicate problem of factionalism. Events at Pittsburgh showed with unmistakable clarity that Communist, or if you prefer, "Communist," elements are in no sense in control of the C. I. O. The broadcasting of this fact is all to the good, and may well explain the maneuvering, but the tactics themselves were redolent of Tammany. The delegates were asked to vote on a constitution which they had never seen and whose provisions they had had no opportunity to study. It was simply to be read on the spot and put to a vote, section by section. The left-wingers objected. Not only was the procedure high-handed, but at the outset there was a conspicuous omission: the purpose of the C. I. O. was "to bring about the effective organization of the working men and women of America regardless of race, creed, color, or nationality." Not a word about "political affiliation." The point is not especially important at the moment, because there is no attempt to bar Communists even from Lewis's United Mine Workers, which constitutionally rules them out. But who could say to what purpose such an omission might not be put in the future? On the safest possible ground, Delegates Rathborne, Curran, and Bridges rose to request that the delegates be given a little more time to study the provisions of the constitution before voting on it. Not until he had completely demonstrated to the objectors that they were helpless by rushing the first two sections to a vote did Sidney Hillman, then in the chair, consent to postpone consideration of the rest of the constitution to the following day. Then the delegates would have a printed copy of the constitution before them, though they still would have had no time to study its provisions.

Alarmed at press references to "reds" and "revolt," the left-wingers came to Lewis with peace protestations and declarations of loyalty. Explaining that he had had no intention of provoking a row, Bridges privately attempted to convince Lewis that his objections the day before were not only harmless but reasonable. Whereupon Lewis turned on him and in language drawn from other than his customary Biblical and Shakespearean sources, warned him that if he or his fellow-dissidents wanted a fight, they could have one and that he would "lick" them. The convention itself was told sharply that it could not "let the amendment of a man who merely has an idea destroy the work of a committee or change the whole subject of debate from the committee's report to his own personal idea."

John L. Lewis

Completely unwilling to create any disharmony in the convention, the left-wingers publicly tumbled over themselves in their protestations of loyalty. And not to be outdone, Lewis himself spoke in support of a resolution against the deportation of Bridges, who had complained sorrowfully that what had occurred would diminish his prestige on the West Coast. The whole episode faded out in a suffusion of good-will, but there was no mistaking what had occurred. The left-wing leaders had been told clearly that they were not running the show, and they in turn demonstrated just as clearly that harmony in the C. I. O. meant more to them than sectarian considerations—or, perhaps more accurately, that the Congress's success was in fact the supreme sectarian consideration of the day.

To dwell too much on the steam-roller aspects of the convention would be to distort the picture: first, because the remedies for over-centralization lie with the affiliates and the members; and, secondly, because the purposes of the C. I. O. are tremendous in their implications for American democracy.

If the first administration of the Congress of Industrial Organizations smacks somewhat of Federalism, its constitution is for the most part Jeffersonian. No affiliate, for example, may be expelled or even suspended without a two-thirds' vote at the convention (the A. F. of L. executive council suspended C. I. O. unions two months before the meeting of the convention which voted on their expulsion). The executive board may file charges against any of the four officers or against any member of the board itself and make recommendations to the convention for appropriate action, but it has no power of removal. It may also investigate any situation involving an affiliate if there is a suspicion of unconstitutionality and make recommendations to the affiliate and report to the convention. While direct action is barred, this last provision is nevertheless a significant grant of power to the central authority, and will regularize the procedure by which Lewis sent Murray and Hillman to Detroit to iron out the tangled affairs of the U. A. W.

For such militantly independent unions as the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and the United Mine Workers such a grant of authority is distinctly an innovation, but in practical terms it will hardly affect them—at least for the present. On the demand of one member of the board a roll-call vote must be taken on any question, and in such an event each member has as many votes as there are members in his affiliate. The U. M. W., the Amalgamated, and Murray's S. W. O. C. are, aside from the automobile workers, the giants of the C. I. O., and a combination that could be lined up against them is hardly feasible. This is in fact the source of power of the C. I. O.'s three chief officers—Lewis, Hillman, and Murray. James Carey, the new and brilliant young secretary, owes his job at least in part to the easing out of John Brophy. The executive director was the logical candidate, but his support from the left has not endeared him to the top leadership.

There is no doubt that the founding fathers of the C. I. O. felt that a tighter organization than the Federation afforded was needed to consolidate the gains made under the New Deal and enable it to move on to fresh victories—and they have built such an organization. Nor is there reason to fear that in so doing they have lost sight of the political and industrial democracy which is the reason for its being. The legislative demands to which the C. I. O. now stands committed go far beyond the program of any other group in the country of comparable size or significance. They include a permanent civil-liberties bureau in the federal government, liberal credit to small farmers and the maintenance of farm prices at not less than the cost of production; opposition to reduction in WPA while there are unemployed workers who will take WPA jobs; substantial expansion in the housing, social-security, and youth programs, both federal and state; and extension and raising of wage-and-hour standards. The C. I. O. would eliminate the poll tax in the South partly through the withdrawal of federal aid to states maintaining such a tax and would bring similar federal pressure on state and local governments which take a cavalier attitude toward civil liberties. It asks federal legislation to forbid the use of the National Guard to break strikes; urges passage of the complete program of President Roosevelt's Committee on National Health, which includes a provision for free medical care for families with insufficient income to pay for treatment; and insists on the right of organized labor to take part in the administration of all social legislation.

In the realm of foreign affairs the C. I. O. leadership leans heavily toward President Roosevelt's Latin American program. It would extend government credits to Central and South American countries both as a stimulus to domestic business and as a bulwark against "the fascist empires of Germany, Italy, and Japan." Wild and prolonged ovations at the convention greeted any and every attack on the Nazi program of robbery and blackmail, but aside from that the C. I. O. rank and file, to judge by its delegates, is apathetic about foreign affairs. Except for a Socialist fringe, the C. I. O. has no inclination toward pacifism, and menacing to organized labor as a runaway arms program can be, the Roosevelt Administration need lose little sleep over opposition to such a project from this quarter. All the C. I. O. asks is that social services should not be curtailed to pay for armaments and that the rights of labor under the Labor Relations Act be respected in the process.

To implement such a political program the C. I. O. still looks to the Roosevelt Administration and beyond that only to Labor's Non-Partisan League. No demoralization or even discouragement over the election returns of the preceding week was in evidence at Pittsburgh. The convention withheld any commitments on a third term for Roosevelt, and Lewis himself had some sharp things to say about the Hagues, Daveys, and other pre-Cambrian props of the Democratic Party. But the emphasis is all on a Democratic house-cleaning rather than on any third-party mirage. There is some private tendency to find fault with the American Labor Party's horse-trading in the New York campaign—chiefly because the party was buncoed—and with its over-enthusiastic prophecies of a greater vote than it got in 1937. Nevertheless, the A. L. P. remains a favorite, and efforts will be made to follow the model in other states.

But it is on the industrial front rather than in convention halls or the political arena that the story of the new C. I. O. will be written, and the broad outlines of attack were indicated in Pittsburgh. The forecast is for an intensified drive on the big meat packers, Swift and Armour; a broad campaign against the carpetbag factories now flocking to Dixie, where old Southern hospitality provides cheap labor and vigilante service by the hour; and, above all, a frontal attack on Henry Ford. Against the Ford autocracy the whole weight of the C. I. O. will be thrown, not merely that of the U. A. W. Dearborn and River Rouge will afford the first great test of the spirit and determination generated by the conversion of the Committee for Industrial Organization into the Congress of Industrial Organizations.

In the Wind

LAST JULY 2 the Scripps-Howard newspapers hotly challenged the New York *Daily News* for classifying the Scripps-Howard chain as "anti-New Deal." It promised that "when we part company with the New Deal, announcement of that fact will appear in these columns." There hasn't been any announcement; but here are some statistics on Scripps-Howard policy as reflected in the New York *World-Telegram,* largest daily in the chain, from July 5 through November 12. In that period there appeared 75 editorials on President Roosevelt's domestic program. Among them were 22 condemning "politics" in the WPA and "coercion" of government employees; 14 attacking the Wagner Act and/or the NLRB; 9 criticizing President Roosevelt's activities in the primaries; 8 attacking New Deal "extravagance" and tax laws; 8 against miscellaneous measures—the Supreme Court plan, government reorganization, AAA, Roosevelt "methods," and so on; that is, 61 of the 75 were anti-New Deal. Of the others 2 praised the survey of Southern conditions by the President's Commission; 2, the wage-hour law; 1, the housing program; 2, the NLRB; 7, miscellaneous activities—"peace" with the utilities, the FDIC, Ickes, the Hull trade program—a total of 14 being pro-New Deal.

THE NEWEST German air-mail stamp depicts the globe of the earth with the German eagle's wings inclosing it. The rising sun of Nazism is expressed by Old Sol wearing a swastika. But the sun is on the wrong side of the globe; it is a setting sun!

A STORY now current in Hearst newspaper offices concerns "Cotton Ed" Smith, who is distinguished for his ability to make comic faces before camera men. When voting in the primaries he obligingly put on one of his customary grimaces as the cameras clicked. The photograph sped over the wires and was published in several West Coast Hearst papers. Shortly afterward Hearst sent a long telegram to his executives forbidding any future use of pictures so uncomplimentary to "respectable people."

REPORTS FROM Hollywood indicate that film companies are beginning to disregard the prohibitions of foreign censorship. Symptomatic of the new trend are the starting of work on the long-delayed "Idiot's Delight"—frowned on by Mussolini—and preparations to shoot "It Can't Happen Here."

NOTE OF CHEER: *Our Sunday Visitor,* a Catholic weekly, quotes John F. O'Hara, president of Notre Dame University, as follows: "If, of all the favors of God, I have to pick out one today for a special act of thanksgiving, let me make it the depression. . . . As a result of the depression a great portion of the American public rediscovered the home, rediscovered fireside joys, rediscovered the things of the spirit."

[*We invite readers to submit material for In the Wind. The $5 prize for the best item submitted during November goes to Mrs. Sanford Rosenthal of Washington, D. C., for the item about "Jimmy Hitler" published on November 5.*]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

A LETTER from William Henry Chamberlin printed on another page of this issue both astounds and discourages me. I am amazed that anybody could think that I have denounced France and Great Britain for declining to fight to maintain the Czechoslovakian government, and discouraged that I have apparently failed to make my meaning clear. I thought that I had stated with the utmost clarity that I am no more in favor of any war today than I was in 1917; that I do not believe that there is such a thing as a good war. I thought that I had stated that given the situation as it was when Prime Minister Chamberlain reached Munich I should have done what he did—though I should, I hope, have made a fight and driven a hard bargain. Neville Chamberlain in those final negotiations was enmeshed by the blunders of Baldwin and himself. I repeat that Czechoslovakia was betrayed when Manchuria was betrayed, when the British Lion backed down over Ethiopia, when the Allies allowed Hitler to remilitarize the Rhineland, when Hitler was permitted to take Austria in the way that he did. Worst of all, perhaps, Czechoslovakia was betrayed when France and England permitted Italy and Germany to interfere in the internal affairs of Spain.

William Henry Chamberlin is an excellent journalist. I can only lay his misunderstanding and confusion, and perhaps ignorance—certainly as to Russia's role—to his being so far away in Tokyo. Robert Dell could and would set him right in regard to the part played by Russia, show him how England and France deliberately let Moscow down and refused even to talk with Russia about military measures. The brutal truth is that the Allied statesmen never had to make that choice between a good war and a bad peace which Mr. Chamberlin supposes. No war need have been thought of. What was needed was common honesty in dealing with Hitler, decent sincerity in regard to Czechoslovakia, and a united note of warning signed by Russia, England, France, and Czechoslovakia. British conduct, and French, too, was crooked from the start. If that was not the case, why did Neville Chamberlain and Daladier not only betray Czechoslovakia but actually make Hitler a present of the whole of Southeastern Europe, give him the road from Berlin to Bagdad without even his asking for it, and enable him to compel every one of the Balkan states to become a satellite of the German Reich? That is the chief disaster. That is why there appears very little hope today for France and the British Empire. I say this after sober second thinking, after a very careful reexamination of the facts in the case, after talking with a number of reliable men, mostly trained observers, who were in Europe when the débâcle occurred.

So much for William Henry Chamberlin. Now I want to answer those who are accusing me of inconsistency because I ask for a vigorous, aggressive, anti-dictator policy, and am still just as much opposed to armaments in the United States as ever. I see no inconsistency. A war between the United States and Germany is as impracticable as it would be criminal. We could not get at each other if we wanted to. If our ships could force an entrance into Bremerhaven or Hamburg or Kiel, we wouldn't have the men or the guns—thank God—to follow them up and put ashore an expeditionary force. Let no one forget that during our entire war with Germany we never on one single day, with all the thousands of ships we employed, landed in France sufficient supplies for our troops on that day. We need not now attempt an impossible war; we have more effective weapons, as for example, non-intercourse, the boycott. I want to see Washington aggressive in its opposition to the dictators; I want to have the embargo against Spain lifted by Congress the day it meets; I want to see the neutrality law put into force against Japan and extended by Congress to cover everything that Japan buys here to help carry on its foul war in China.

My difficulty is not any doubt about my policy or about any inconsistency. My fear is that if the policy I desire is followed in Washington, the men who carry it out will be so obsessed with the idea that the dictators understand nothing but force that they will needlessly land us in war. Secretary Hull has yielded even more to the battleship mania than has Franklin Roosevelt, who according to authoritative reports has been kept by high navy officials from finally coming out for the two-fleet folly. The danger is not only that we shall be put into war, but that piling up armaments and hitching our industries and our power utilities to a war machine will build up further a militarism here which is already far advanced and is itself a threat to our republican institutions. What good to us would be a victory by force over the dictators if in achieving it we destroyed democracy at home? There is good reason for believing that the rearmament program on which England is spending so much is producing the very fascism at home which it is to combat abroad. Perhaps that is what Neville Chamberlain wants. I begin to think so. Chamberlain and the crowd who control him would rather have fascism in England than yield one bit of their special privileges or alter in the slightest the present social system.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Notes by the Way

IT WAS a little surprising to find the Mormons turning up in the *Völkischer Beobachter,* and as one who, at the age of eight, was routed toward the Kingdom of Heaven by total immersion in an ice pond in October I found it rather piquant. The *Beobachter,* according to the Associated Press, "published what it called a history of the ejection of Mormons from the states of Missouri and Illinois." Nazi history being what it is, the martyrdom of Joseph Smith at Nauvoo according to St. Adolf would be worth reading. The piece was headed "A State Within a State" and was avowedly designed to recall to the memory of "fair-minded Americans" a "staggering parallel from the history of God's own land" which should make for "better understanding of the Jewish question in Germany." It won't. But it did serve to remind me that as a child I heard non-believers referred to as Jews and Gentiles. A little later, during the war, a soldier refreshing himself at a canteen in the railroad station in Salt Lake asked me if I would please show him a Mormon. The shocking thing is that I should have forgotten, until the *Beobachter* spoke up, that I too am a member of a "chosen people." I wonder how many "chosen peoples" there have been since the so-called dawn of history. Probably one for every Führer with a thirst for power. So far the pristine fanaticism of the type hasn't lasted very long in the American air. In Utah, at least, you can't tell a leader of the local chosen people from any other banker.

When is a "motherland" a "fatherland"? And if we must attribute sex to nations shouldn't there be some logic about it? Germany has recalled "her" envoy, but now, if ever, shouldn't it be "his"? When a nation goes to war its soldiers usually die "for the fatherland." The French compromise by calling it *la patrie.* Fiorello LaGuardia added confusion to compromise the other day when he said that a dictator country is like a woman of bad repute. No motherland, of good or bad repute, would murder her most helpless children, Jew or non-Jew. Perhaps we ought to call the dictatorships "he" and the democracies "she"—except that there is already too much of a tendency to regard a democracy as an old lady with an umbrella. We might agree to call the dictatorships "it." (*The Nation* calls all countries "it," probably because some early proofreader insisted.) Ignazio Silone in his brilliant "School for Dictators" shows pretty conclusively that the dictator is essentially a sterile type who pours all his frustrated desire for creation into the destructive drive for power which will enable him to frustrate the creative powers of fruitful men.

Refugees from Germany and Italy display a dual attitude. Their hatred for Hitler and Mussolini has all the fire of an Oedipus complex; their love of country is that of a child for a long-suffering mother. I recently heard Erika Mann and G. A. Borgese mildly competing as to which fascist "fatherland," black or brown, was worse. In the books of both, pride in the "motherland's" creative achievements in the feminine arts of poetry and peace touches every page. It is this element which makes their attacks on fascism so telling and counteracts a tendency, which is far too general, to assume that the German and the Italian people somehow deserve their fate. That is a brutal idea worthy only of a fascist.

Incidentally Mr. Borgese, whose sense of the dramatic makes "Goliath" so readable, made a nice point I had not seen brought out before when he spoke of the devilish art with which Hitler and Goebbels planned and carried out the humiliation in three acts of Chamberlain and the Allies of the World War. Berchtesgaden was the throne at which Schuschnigg and others had been humbled; Godesberg was a British headquarters after the war; Munich was the scene of the beerhall putsch which was for too long a laughing matter for those who refused to take the house-painter seriously. Hitler's unctuous references to the self-determination of small nations was a fillip for America.

> British Guiana has among its fauna the constricting anaconda snake, the bushmaster, and the caiman. The fauna of Tanganyika, one of the big-game centers of the world, includes the lion, the leopard, the hippopotamus, and the rhinoceros. The deadly tsetse fly also is found there.—New York *Times.*

Everything but the deadly Nazi.

One of the more interesting plays of the current season in New York is "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," which is playing to packed houses. Most of the critics gave it "rave" notices. Joseph Wood Krutch was, I think rightly, less impressed. But a play about Lincoln is not really a fair test of a critic's judgment. The Lincoln legend is so entwined with the emotions of most Americans, native or foreign-born, that, given such a play, it is hard to tell where the art of the playwright ends and the imaginative feelings of the audience begin. It is bound to be a collaboration. The present play is a rather formless series of emotive incidents rather than a full-bodied characterization. The lusty humor of Lincoln is toned down more than is necessary, and Lincoln's recurring desire to escape into the wilderness is given too much the cast of a rather feeble mysticism, closer to the modern escapism of an unsuccessful poet than to the occasional attempts of a strong character to escape the bonds of impending destiny. A correspondent fresh from the delights of the "entirety" "Hamlet" felt that a play about Lincoln could well be much longer, considering the richness of the material to be drawn upon, and raised the question whether plays in general would not gain by following the Russian and Shakespearean models.

In his article on the theater in "America Now" Mr. Krutch cites a theory of Mark Van Doren's that the very best plays seem to be written when everybody is trying to write the same one—when a Congreve finally achieves, in "The Way of the World," the work a whole generation has been laboring at, or when a Shakespeare manages to stand on the shoulders of a race of poets whose similarities are at least more significant than their differences. It would be interesting to compile a bibliography—or has one been compiled?—of plays, poems, and novels centering on the greatest dramatic tragedy of our history, the Civil War, and its central figure, Lincoln. It might well prove to be the theme on which the American imagination has most persistently concentrated. If this is true, the wide appeal of a book like "Gone with the Wind" and other essentially second-rate novels about the Civil War is not merely the simple one of romantic escape. And it may be that the genius the theme deserves will eventually rise on the shoulders of countless striving but mediocre talents to give us our own "War and Peace."

These late autumn days throw a fine mellow light on the medieval architecture of the Cloisters on upper Riverside Drive in New York. Among the minor delights of these religious monuments are the colloquial touches by which unknown artisans projected their individual tempers and talents. On the separate capitals of the columns in the Cuxa Cloisters are many self-portraits in worn stone of medieval workmen. One in particular shows a relief of crude humorous faces in which the boisterous laughter of workers on a job is almost audible—and deeply infectious, like the grimaces of children when the back of authority is turned.

The homely touch crops up in more conscious art, which nevertheless has nothing to do with realism. The leaves of Vallombrosa are arbitrary earthly foliage in "Paradise Lost," and when Hawthorne, in the "Tanglewood Tales," makes the breakfast which King Midas turns to gold a hearty New England meal of "hot cakes, some nice little brook trout, roasted potatoes, fresh boiled eggs, and coffee" (with a bowl of bread and milk for Marygold) he is domesticating Ovid with a Puritan's will to make all life fit into his own climate

MARGARET MARSHALL

From Brickyard to Cabinet

BEHIND THE BALLOTS. THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF A POLITICIAN. By James A. Farley. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

> A number of people have been curious to know why I am writing this book at this time, because men in public life usually wait for retirement before attempting to put their thoughts and recollections on paper. To give a blunt answer, I am writing because I need the money. Before entering President Roosevelt's Cabinet, I was able to make a larger salary than the $15,000 paid me as Postmaster General. Personal expenses over the past five years have increased, and as a consequence a small accumulation of savings has been wiped out and replaced by debts. Being in debt is decidedly unpleasant.

THIS extraordinary frankness is characteristic of Jim Farley's unvarnished and obviously honest record of his career from a small boy working in a brickyard to his present eminence as Postmaster General, chairman of the New York State Democratic Committee, and chairman of the National Democratic Committee. What is more important, he tells, often quite naively and with complete ingenuousness, how he put Franklin Roosevelt into the Governorship of New York and the Presidency of the United States with the considerable aid of others and, most of all, of F. D. R. himself. It is not an egotistical record; he gives himself no airs and attributes to himself no supernatural wisdom or unusual political skill. He had been a bookkeeper and a commercial traveler before entering upon his active political career, and he merely applied the technique of a good salesman to building up the Democratic Party in this state and throughout the country. He knew that nothing flatters the average person so much as a letter or a telephone call or a personal visit from a man in high position. Upon that fact he built his whole campaign for resuscitating the party and putting his beloved F. D. R. in the White House. The happiest moment of his life was when he called the Governor on the telephone and told him that he had been nominated for the Presidency.

The green ink which he uses in signing his letters he adopted merely because it was original and would set people talking. He is undoubtedly the greatest letter-writer the country has ever seen. He frequently signs two thousand letters at a time—usually just "Jim." "If there is a particularly heavy batch of mail, the letters running up into the thousands, I frequently sign for hours on end—usually the procedure takes me from six to eight hours. . . . I have been able to sign very close to two thousand letters in an hour." He glories in the fact that he is the nation's "most prolific letter-writer" as well as the nation's "number-one mailman." But to all this must be added enormous industry, the ability to work without rest for eighteen or nineteen hours a day, day after day, and complete fidelity to the end in view, above all to the man whom he has placed under such tremendous indebtedness to him. That he has great political intelligence is as obvious as is his unusual executive ability.

With the same frankness he takes up charge after charge that has been made against him—the canceling of the air-mail contracts and all the rest. He has no difficulty in showing that so far as giving the spoils to the victors is concerned, he has been no different from any of his predecessors. His defense of the spoils system as necessary in large degree in order to have an Administration loyal to whatever party head may be in the White House is clearly stated, just as he sets forth frankly the names of contributors to the pre-convention Roosevelt campaign and the amounts they paid. If he does not defend the fact that most of them got high office, that is undoubtedly because he would be very much surprised if anybody should question the propriety of it. Yet he lauds to the skies the efficiency of the Post Office inspectors who run criminals to earth with even greater efficiency than the G-men and cites with approval the fact that no political influence of any kind is allowed to affect this force. He claims that the Post Office is better run than ever before, and there are many unbiased observers in Washington who would agree with him. I constantly meet Washington correspondents with a high opinion of Farley both as a man and an executive. I for one am, however, still unconvinced that the combining of the office of chief party spoilsman with the Postmaster Generalship is else than a grievous wrong. But I gladly admit that this book will raise Farley in the estimation of those who read it.

Mr. Farley gives one chapter to F. D. R. It is a valuable one from the point of view of the historian of the future, and yet it does not add much to our knowledge of the President. He frankly says that he is not discussing the President's philosophy of government or his stature as a public man, but rather how skilful he is in handling men and women and in meeting difficult situations. He is astounded by the President's knowledge of the United States and its business activities. He declares that the President actually reads reports by the dozen that are sent to him for his information or signature. Philatelists will be fascinated by his account of Roosevelt as a stamp collector and his revelations that the President himself has drawn, however crudely, the designs for many new stamps. He dwells upon the President's enjoyment of jokes on himself and of the cartoons lampooning him. He declares that he is a man of iron will and absolute determination, but scorns the suggestion that he wishes to make himself a dictator. The President, he says, is at his best in a crisis, when he is cool, calm, clear-headed, quick to make decisions, and never flustered. There are many interesting sidelights not only on the President but on many others. He draws an especially moving picture of the President's faithful secretary, Louis F. Howe, who literally gave his life for the President, to whom, incidentally, Howe was introduced by the writer of this review. Mr. Farley declares that the Republicans cannot win in 1940, and that no one but F. D. R. himself knows whether he will run again.

Finally, Mr. Farley tells us that while he has often disagreed with the President there is no break between them. He is going to get out of the Cabinet, however, as soon as the right opportunity offers, so as to get out of those debts which he dislikes so much, and to take better care of his three youngsters—Betty, now sixteen, Ann, thirteen, and Jimmy, aged ten. "The wise man," he says, "steps down when he is at the top and before the going gets rough." Whatever the future holds for him, here is a success story to appeal to every American parent who hopes that his son will arrive at the Cabinet room if not in the White House. Also it is a genuine human document.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Palestine and Britain

THE RAPE OF PALESTINE. By William B. Ziff. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.50.

THOROUGH documentation, including almost a hundred pages of footnotes and appendices, cannot make this completely one-sided anti-British, anti-Arab, and anti-official-Zionist diatribe a scholarly or accurate account of Zionist history. Mr. Ziff's scholarship, which is mistakenly lauded on the dust-jacket by such trained observers of the foreign and domestic scene as Eugene Lyons and William Green, consists of quoting from anyone whose ideas agree with his own preconceived revisionist notions, with no regard for the obvious prejudice or lack of facts of the source.

Mr. Ziff's argument stated baldly is that the British used the Zionists solely to wrest the mandate over the strategically important Holy Land away from the French, and never intended to keep their war-time promise to facilitate the development of a Jewish National Home. In 500 pages he accuses the colonial officials of every conceivable method of sabotage, from enacting harmful tariffs to fostering pogroms. Much of what he charges is true in effect; almost all of it is inaccurate in detail. The composite is a half-truth which completely ignores the British dependence on the loyal Zionist population and a Jewish army of 10,000 well-trained youths to crush the present Arab revolt and keep Palestine safe for imperialism.

The truth is that Britain needs the Zionists. Without them the mandate over Palestine would not have lasted any longer than that of Iraq or Syria. Why, then, has it not done more to aid Zionist colonization? Mr. Ziff lays the blame mainly on anti-Semitic officials. In one of the unsupported statements which intersperse his melodramatic narrative, he names two female and two male secret agents of the Admiralty, Colonial, and Foreign Offices, whose duties are subtly to spread anti-Semitism and anti-Zionism in government circles. London and Jerusalem are certainly not free of pro-Nazi and anti-Semitic officials, but that does not prove that pogrom-making is a government policy. Mr. Ziff accuses the British not only of being responsible for every anti-Jewish outbreak in Palestine from 1920 onward, but also for the Arab anti-imperialist demonstration in 1933. The latter was planned as an anti-Zionist riot, says Mr. Ziff, but at the last moment the officials ordered their agents provocateurs to turn the demonstrators against the British, because the 1933 Nazi outrages had aroused world opinion in favor of the Jews. Many Americans may believe after Munich that the British Tory politicians would sell their grandmothers to achieve their political ends, but this figment of Mr. Ziff's imagination, which is used to advance his thesis that the Arabs have no political will of their own, is hardly credible.

The real reason for the seeming lack of enthusiasm of British officials for Zionist development is probably a matter of arithmetic. It is easier to keep 400,000 Jews safely attached to the tail of the British kite than 800,000. There is also the simple matter of colonial exploitation, which is mentioned by Mr. Ziff. A highly developed industry in Palestine would compete with British manufacturers.

As might be expected, Mr. Ziff has little that is good to say of the Zionist leaders, and he is even stinting in his praise of Jabotinsky, the revisionist Führer. His real hero seems to be Aba Achimeir, founder of a gang of fascist gorillas and strike-breakers in Tel Aviv, who is described as "of the new type of Hebrew patriot, rigid, incorruptible, and single-minded to the point of rhapsody." Could the official Nazi biographer of that other gang leader, Horst Wessel, say more?

In all this rigmarole of hysterical accusations against British, Arabs, and liberal Zionists, together with rhapsodic praise for Jewish fascists, Mr. Ziff unconsciously proves the contention of the liberals that the basic economic and political interests of the Jews and Arabs living in Palestine coincide. Both would benefit from a free, independent, united country. Until they unite, England will continue to pit one against the other. Mr. Ziff's method of packing the Arabs off to

Iraq, the British back to London, and dissident Jews to concentration camps is no help to right-thinking people troubled by the sorry plight of Palestine.

This book should be an object lesson to notables who are wont to indorse forthcoming publications without carefully reading them. William Green says of this volume: "Every lover of humanity and everyone who hopes to preserve our present civilization should read these dynamic pages." Mr. Ziff, who shows his anti-labor bias throughout, in the closing pages advises the Jews "ruthlessly to eradicate their inner enemies, the pacifists, weaklings, and advocates of class struggle." Surely, this is not Mr. Green's idea of preserving civilization. ZEL LURIE

Russia, White and Red

BLOODY BARON. By Vladimir Pozner. Translated from the French by Warre Bradley Wells. Random House. $2.50.

TESTAMENT. By R. C. Hutchinson. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.

"BLOODY BARON" hits you right between the eyes. If it depends for its effect on the same morbid fascination that lies in a tabloid account of the latest torso murder —well, that just means that you shouldn't read it unless you have a reasonably strong stomach for horrors. It is a novelized biography of the almost legendary White Russian general Baron Roman von Ungern-Sternberg, scion of a family older than the Romanovs, who terrorized Mongolia and portions of Siberia in 1920-21 by the most incredible military exploits and the most barbarous cruelty. Few readers will be in any position to judge whether M. Pozner has interpreted Ungern's character accurately in picturing him as obsessed with the ambition to restore the tremendous Oriental empire of Genghis Khan, but he has unquestionably etched a fearsome portrait of a mad tyrant whose ruthless lust for power, combined with a little luck and the secret support of the Japanese high command, enabled him for a year or two to defy both the Red Army and the forces of the Chinese government. The Russians finally captured him and put him to death.

Perhaps the most striking thing about the book is M. Pozner's piquant manner of telling the story, a manner difficult to describe. First of all, he takes the reader behind the scenes, as it were, relating in vivacious narrative form the events that caused him to write about Ungern, the places where he found material, his interviews, real or imaginary, with persons who had known the Baron. Then he launches into the midst of the story and carries it right through its welter of blood, torture, pillage, rape, and battle—writing, if you can imagine such a thing, with a tone of almost whimsical urbanity that would seem to fit rather a tale of the boudoir than such a calendar of horrors. The resulting weird, nightmarish flavor may prove shocking to some; to others the flashes of levity may serve to heighten the gruesomeness of the events described. It is definitely a tour de force, but one not easy to forget.

"Testament," the fifth novel by the British writer R. C. Hutchinson, is a much more bulky and ambitious project, a story of Russia before and during the revolution, told with a tremendous amount of circumstantial detail. Written in the first person as by a certain Captain Otraveskov, a liberal-minded officer in the Russian army, it pictures through the eyes of a sympathetic but relatively impartial observer the effects of the Czar's abdication and the Kerensky government, and later the chaos and fanaticism of the Bolshevik regime, on the well-to-do classes in Petrograd and Moscow. The captain and his family are caught in the maelstrom of events in spite of themselves; in the end they effect their escape from the Soviets only after the most harrowing trials and adventures. Sharing the limelight with Otraveskov is Count Anton Scheffler, an idealist and humanitarian of inflexible will, who suffers first at the hands of the imperial army and later at the hands of the Communist chiefs, both times because he stands up for justice to individuals and refuses to compromise with the heartless machinery of mass policy. There is more than a modicum of melodrama in the book, along with much genuine pathos: plenty of fighting and hairbreadth escapes and heroic self-sacrifices by the hero, and providential rescues by his faithful servant.

LOUIS B. SALOMON

The Difficult Child

GUIDING HUMAN MISFITS. By Alexandra Adler. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

THIS wise and simple little book by Dr. Alexandra Adler, daughter of the late Professor Alfred Adler of Vienna, who is herself a research fellow in neurology of Harvard University, and associate in research at the Boston City Hospital, makes a real contribution to character psychology. The late Alfred Adler was the founder of "individual" psychology and created the child-guidance movement of Vienna.

Dr. Alexandra Adler was brought up as an almost unconscious psychologist. Her methods as doctor and thinker are transparently honest and objective; no doubt or complexity attaches to her plain statements of what can be done and has been done in the development of human misfits. Her practice has been so successfully the result of her teaching that in her succinct description of case histories one sometimes misses the explanations which would reveal *how* these enormous strides in child training have been taken. There is practically no limit, except that of physiological brain deterioration, to what can be done to assist neurotic or delinquent children.

"Guiding Human Misfits" presents very clearly the chief features of Adlerian psychology: the early life plan of the child, the behavior patterns typical of neurosis, the main features of the family constellation, and the releasing power of an education founded upon social interest.

There is something very uncontroversial and easy to accept in Dr. Alexandra Adler's simple treatment of these fiery psychological problems, which have such a direct relation to human life. She handles the great questions of heredity and environment with a direct common sense and matter-of-factness which prevent friction and produce in any fair-minded reader a reassuring sense of being given the materials for decision without the menace of propaganda.

This is a book which will be priceless to any intelligent teacher or parent, for it points out the types of children liable to develop into neurotics or delinquents, and tells how to meet their various difficulties. The chapters on Childhood as a Preparation for Later Life and Some Problems of Adolescents are particularly stimulating for educators.

It is interesting to note the Adlerian interpretation of dreams and early recollections, with its marked differences from the more complicated and sex-biased Freudian interpretation. To Adler, dreams and the choice of individual memory in early recollections were always indications of a person's real aim or goal in life. They were as significant to him as the fingerprints of a criminal to a criminal expert.

One of Confucius's disciples once asked his master how, in one word, to sum up a prescription for a happy and useful life. "Perhaps the word you are seeking," Confucius replied, "is reciprocity." Dr. Adler shows step by step how this law of "reciprocity" (love of the neighbor) can come to the rescue of every narrowed, stunted life based upon a false aim and heading in a wrong direction.

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DRAMA

"Rocket to the Moon"

THE tendency still persists to make of Clifford Odets and his plays a political issue. That, I think, is a pity from any point of view now that the facts are becoming increasingly clear. Whatever his opinions may have been or, for that matter, may still be, those opinions are shared by many, while Mr. Odets reveals a gift for characterization and a gift for incisive dialogue unapproached by any of his Marxian fellows and hardly equaled by any other American playwright.

"Rocket to the Moon," the new play produced by the Group at the Belasco Theater, carries him at least one step farther along the road he is traveling, and to my mind at least makes the best of the other new plays now current on Broadway seem pallid indeed. Certain crudities, though they are less conspicuous than those in any of his previous works, do remain. Moreover, the fable of "Rocket to the Moon," like that of both "Awake and Sing" and "Golden Boy," seems more powerful in conception than in development; so that as the story approaches its end the manipulation of events tends to become more nearly mechanical. Perhaps the play as a whole never rises above the level of its first act. But the personages are endowed with a life almost painfully intense, and the incisive thrusts of the dialogue follow one another relentlessly from the beginning to the end.

Reduced to an outline, the story may seem almost commonplace. The action takes place in the dingy office of an unsuccessful dentist who is married to a nagging wife and who finds himself at forty in the arms of the eager but pathetic child engaged to keep his books and clean his instruments. In the end he is compelled to bid for her favors against his own father-in-law, a man of wealth and power, and in the end also both lose to the girl, just intelligent enough to know that neither the love of a timid failure whom his wife will always rule nor the love of a man who will soon be old is quite good enough. But no such outline can suggest either the solid reality of the characters or the insight exhibited into the workings of their minds. Not one of the personages is a story-book cliché; not one of the situations seems other than freshly imagined; and Mr. Odets exhibits, among other things, two gifts not often combined—the gift for a kind of literal realism which makes his characters recognizable fragments of reality, and the gift for endowing these same characters with an intensity of life which lifts them into another realm. They are immediately recognized and accepted, but the sense that one has met them before is soon succeeded by the realization that the full force of what they are and what they imply is here thrust for the first time upon an awakened awareness.

Like the best scenes in previous works, "Rocket to the Moon" is in one sense not a "pleasant" play. The spectator is spared no ugliness and, except perhaps at the very end, permitted no romantic or sentimental evasion of the situation. The broken spirit of the middle-aged failure, the desperate gallantry of the old man trying to pretend that he can

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Burling

accept the emptiness of his own life, and the unconscious cruelty of the girl who cannot even imagine what it is like not to have a whole lifetime before one, are realities which nothing can explain away and nothing make other than painful in themselves. Yet the intensity which makes the play at moments almost unbearable is responsible also for the fact that it is more than a tale of frustration and rises above mere realism toward the tragic level. No desires so agonizingly intense as those which possess these people can be really trivial, and even the defeated become heroes when they fight with such desperation.

The political implications of the play, if they exist at all, are even less intrusive and less explicit than they were in "Golden Boy," and seem to come down to no more than the suggestion that money or the lack of it plays some part in determining the course which our lives must take. It needs no ghost come from the grave to tell us that, and the fact is frequently recognized by writers without party affiliations. Whatever further private meanings the play may have for the author need be no concern of either the general public or the critic. Mr. Odets is welcome to any opinions he may care to hold so long as he can write as impressive a play as the present one.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

RECORDS

EACH of the Lafayette radio-phonographs I recommended recently is excellent value, but the fifteen-tube C-32 with Garrard record-changer at $159.50 (A. C.) is in addition one of the best-sounding machines I have heard. In this one—as compared with the nine-tube C-22—one is aware of the greater power behind the sound, and with it the greater spaciousness, clarity of definition, depth, and richness. As I heard it—in a room all concrete and glass, with volume strong and the tone-control set for maximum treble—the high register of the violins sounded excessively sharp; but in a normally carpeted and draped room and with the high frequencies at less than maximum the sharpness should be eliminated. The same machine without its record-changer can be had by paying $137.50 for the C-33 equipped with Garrard single-record assembly.

Alternative cabinets are to be had; so is A. C.-D. C., on which I will report later, as I will also on the phonograph without radio, 392-T, which when I heard it had a fault that was to be looked into. The table-model phonograph—$84.50 for the 390-T automatic, $55.50 for 389-T with Garrard single-record assembly (A. C.)—sounded like the C-13 table-model radio-phonograph.

Here I might mention the Ansley D-16, a six-tube phonograph which gives reproduction as good as that of the D-21 combination, and which at $120 is a good buy for someone afflicted with D. C. But for A. C. the outstanding phonograph is the Magnavox Symphony at $134.50. For $143.50 it can be had with radio-input; and a little Emerson radio-tuner is all that is needed to convert it into an excellent radio-phonograph. Magnavox puts the same amplifier and speaker

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Books of 1938
Selected by the Editors

Next Week in *The Nation*

into larger cabinets with radios; and I will report on them when I have heard them.

Of the two medium-priced Scotts I do not recommend the new Super XII, but do recommend the new nineteen-tube Phantom, which is very fine, and possibly even the finest I have heard in the medium-price range (I say possibly because of the fact that I am not able to hear instruments of different makes side by side). One can understand that the chromium glitter of the Scott chassis and other features of Scott sales promotion would annoy organizations like Consumers' Union; but what is more important to me is the fact —according to people whose judgment I can depend on— that the materials, the workmanship, and the engineering skill that go into a machine like the Phantom and the thirty-tube Philharmonic are unsurpassed. I heard the Phantom in its lowest-priced set-up: radio-tuner, amplifier, and speaker in the Braemar console cabinet ($199.50 f. o. b. Chicago) against a wall, and single-record-player ($29.50) next to one's chair in a little box ($11.95) or in a little console ($29.50). This removes the necessity of getting up to change each record side, leaving only the necessity of making the change itself while one is seated; and if that is too heavy a burden the automatic record-player costs $87.50 (both players are Garrard with magnetic pick-up, which you may be able to buy more cheaply elsewhere; and a cabinetmaker can make something to hold it).

Ansley offers a similar set-up: a table-model radio-phonograph which has its own little speaker if one wants to take it to the country, but which ordinarily is connected with a large speaker in a separate cabinet that stands unobtrusively in a corner. The tone is much superior to that of the D-25 in spaciousness, clarity of definition, and fidelity; but I must add that the middle of the tonal range sounded to my ears a little wooden in comparison with the upper and lower portions. At $150 this set-up is remarkably good value; it is to be had only by special order from the Ansley Company itself. (In the one I heard the pick-up was badly mounted, so that the needle pointed into the side of the groove instead of into the bottom. Watch out for that.)

Here let me emphasize the fact that to hear what I have heard from one of these machines you will have to use it as I did. If you play records with volume low and the treble reduced to make the tone "mellow" and eliminate scratch, you may as well keep the machine you have. In one of these high-fidelity machines turn up the volume so that the tone is full, strong, and clear; set the treble-control at maximum. If this makes the treble too sharp set the control lower, but not below the point at which scratch is plainly audible. That is what I did with the Lafayette; in the Scott Phantom with treble at maximum, I had the S on the bass-control and volume-control pointing anywhere from 5 to 7.

Let me also warn you against phonograph salesmanship, which is even worse than automobile salesmanship because you have greater ignorance for it to work on. Go to the salesroom with your own high-fidelity records and half-tone steel needles; ask the salesman or saleswoman to lead you to the particular machine you want to try, and to show you only how the volume- and tone-controls work; then insist on being left alone and let your ears discover whether what the machine gives is what you want.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

"Bad" Peace or "Good" War

Dear Sirs: I usually agree with Oswald Garrison Villard's views on the question of war and peace. But I am at a loss to understand the logic of his denunciations of France and Great Britain for declining to fight to maintain Czech rule over districts predominantly inhabited by Germans and other racial minorities. Mr. Villard has consistently and, in my opinion, rightly opposed all policies which seem likely to bring about the involvement of the United States in foreign quarrels. Why, then, does he set up one standard of morals for America and another for France and Great Britain? Why does he, at least by implication, accept for France and Great Britain the whole philosophy of collective security and crusading and preventive wars which he has so often and so eloquently rejected for America? Mr. Villard speaks of "an obituary of democracy" in Europe. Does he think the chances of survival of democracy would be better if all Europe were now engaged in a devastating war, made more brutal and ferocious by modern weapons of destruction?

Mr. Villard does not include the Soviet Union in his criticisms of France and Great Britain. Yet the Soviet Union was technically more committed than Great Britain to the defense of Czechoslovakia and stood to lose more through the fall of that country's military power. After all, Czechoslovakia is on the road to Kiev and Moscow, not on the road to Paris and London. Is there any proof that the Soviet Union gave Czechoslovakia any more positive support than speeches at Geneva and unverifiable *post factum* statements as to what it would have done if France and Great Britain had only stepped in first? The most revealing indication of the inability or unwillingness of the Soviet Union to come effectively to the aid of Czechoslovakia is, I think, to be found in a message from Harold Denny in the New York *Times* of September 28. This shows that at the height of the European crisis, when Great Britain had mobilized the fleet and France was calling up reserves to the Maginot line, the Soviet War Commissar was far away in eastern Siberia, engaged in the political "liquidation" of one of the few surviving Soviet generals of proved military ability, Marshal Blücher.

No non-fascist can feel any enthusiasm over the Munich agreement. But when the alternatives were a harsh, brutal, vindictive alteration of a frontier which most liberals denounced when it was drawn in 1919 and a general war which, whatever its result, would have certainly signalized the end of democracy and civilization in Europe, I think there is more to be said for the decision of Chamberlain and Daladier than most of their critics will allow. I wonder whether Mr. Villard himself, when he views the situation in retrospect, will not admit that this is a case where the old adage that a "bad" peace is better than a "good" war may prove to be the verdict of history.

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

Tokyo, Japan, November 1

The Arab Point of View

Dear Sirs: Recently a large number of Christians in America have expressed protests in behalf of the Zionist aim of further considerable Jewish immigration into Palestine. We do not think that any Christian, or indeed any fair-minded Jew, would sign such statements if he knew what an injustice he was thereby supporting, or if he had even heard the Arab point of view expressed.

The Palestine Arab sees his homeland invaded, and cannot understand the difference between that and the conquest of Ethiopia or the attack on China; he would almost prefer the fate of those countries, for at least they are not being settled by Italians or Japanese in mass. He hears of the sympathy shown by Americans to the Jews of the world in their plight; in many cases he shares it; yet he cannot understand why his small country should have been called upon to absorb a greater influx of Jewish immigrants since the war than the whole of the United States. There is no parallel in modern times to such a mass immigration, not freely determined, as the immigration policy of this country is freely determined by the American people, but based upon force against the will of the original inhabitants. And there is no parallel to the Zionist claim that because the Jews lived in Palestine many centuries ago, therefore they have a "historical" right to return there like absentee landlords.

Appeals are being constantly made to the Balfour Declaration as though the question for the British government were a simple one of keeping its bond or repudiating it. About this let me say four things: in the first place, promises were made to the Arabs too; secondly, no declaration can take away the right of a people to independence in its homeland; thirdly, we think repudiation of the declaration would be preferable to continuing an unjust policy; in the fourth place, it is fair to regard the Jewish National Home as now established, so that the obligations of the Balfour Declaration may be considered already fulfilled.

Emigration to Palestine cannot solve the Jewish problem; it has merely raised an Arab problem, which, we assure you, will come increasingly to the fore as the Arabs of the surrounding countries—Egypt, Syria, Iraq, and Arabia—make it their own concern.

GEORGE F. HOURANI
NABIH A. FARIS

Princeton, N. J., November 15

Biography of W. C. Whitney

Dear Sirs: I am well advanced upon a biography of the late William C. Whitney, statesman and financier of this city. This work is a doctoral dissertation under the supervision of Professor Allan Nevins of Columbia University. If any of your readers possess any correspondence to or from Mr. Whitney, or other manuscript material concerning him, I should be very grateful if they would lend it to me. I can assure them that their contributions would be copied and photostated with the greatest care and immediately returned through the mails insured. My address is 13 West Seventy-fourth Street, New York.

MARK D. HIRSCH

New York, November 27

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THE *Nation*

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The Shape of Things

*

NEWS OF THE DEATH OF PAUL Y. ANDERSON comes just as we go to press with an issue which contains as usual one of his excellent letters from Washington. This letter in itself is a little monument to his vigorous, bright, and humorous spirit, though its very liveliness makes all the more incredible and shocking the realization that it will be the last we shall have from his crusading typewriter. His place, not only in *The Nation's* pages, but in the corps of American journalists, will not easily be filled. Throughout a journalistic career already long and distinguished in proportion to his forty-five years, he was an unrelenting fighter for the good life in its highest social sense, and his deft and driving style made him doubly effective. It is hard to lose him at a time when the Paul Andersons are as rare as they are essential in a continuing battle. We shall miss him as friend and as collaborator more than we can say.

*

THE LIMA CONFERENCE MAY BE A TURNING point in pan-American relations if Chile's proposal ruling out force in the collection of international obligations is adopted. While many of the Latin American delegations are persuaded of the need for joining with the United States in concerted measures for continental defense, they find it difficult to forget the years in which the armed forces of the United States were useful primarily as bill collectors in the Latin American republics. The agreement between the United States and Mexico on the expropriated lands is reassuring, but such countries as Chile, Bolivia, and Mexico, faced with the necessity of wresting their vast natural resources from foreign control, wish to crystallize the Good Neighbor policy in a form that is binding on future American Administrations. Acceptance of the Chilean proposal will doubtless be fought in this country by the interests which have mulcted Latin America during the past half-century. But it would be a concrete and important step for genuine hemispheric unity on a basis of equality, as opposed to domination of Latin America by the United States; it would strengthen progressive countries to the south of

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us; and it would take the wind out of the sails of the Rome-Berlin propaganda corps now openly at work in Lima trying to sabotage the conference by playing up the menace of Washington imperialism.

*

THE SUPREME COURT'S DECISION IN THE Consolidated Edison case makes the first serious breach in the National Labor Relations Act. Consolidated Edison, the largest public utility in the New York City area, has one of the country's worst labor records. When the NIRA, with its Section 7-a, was enacted, the reaction of Consolidated Edison was to organize a company union. A week after the Supreme Court, in the Jones and Laughlin Steel case, upheld the Wagner Act, the company union was abandoned. Consolidated Edison then passed over a C. I. O. union that had, at great sacrifice, organized many of its employees, and signed a contract with Local 3 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers. As far back as 1924 Local 3 had an agreement with the company *not* to organize its workers; its militancy may therefore be imagined. It signed a contract first and organized afterward—with company help. The Labor Board invalidated the contract and was upheld in the Circuit Court. The Supreme Court held that the company was subject to the Wagner Act, though an intrastate utility, but that the board had exceeded its powers in voiding the contract. Black and Reed dissented from this portion of the decision. Whether it rests on a technical point of procedure, easily corrected, or on a narrow view of the board's powers is not yet clear. If the latter is the case, the door is opened wide for similar contracts between unscrupulous employers and unscrupulous labor leaders.

*

FATHER COUGHLIN'S NAZI SYMPATHIES were made clearer than ever in his broadcast of last Sunday. But what is his relationship to Henry Ford? On November 30 Ford issued a signed statement declaring that his acceptance of a medal "from the German people does not, as some people seem to think, involve any sympathy on my part with Nazism." On December 4 Coughlin read a statement by Harry Bennett, Ford's anti-union personnel manager, declaring that Ford did not mention Nazism. After the broadcast Bennett confirmed this but denied Father Coughlin's statement over the air that "Ford said he believed there was little or no persecution in Germany," thereby deepening the impression that Coughlin, who has become an American outlet for Goebbels, is also on the friendliest terms, if not with Ford, then with Harry Bennett, whose spy system is also famous. The greatest individualist of them all, whose mental processes have never run as smoothly as the assembly lines in his factories, seems to have fallen between two "stools."

ACCORDING TO THE ADVANCE PUBLICITY, last week's Washington meeting of the Republican National Committee was to signalize the ascent of the "young progressives" into the party's higher councils; instead the gathering reflected the kind of economic realism embodied in Calvin Coolidge's warning that unemployment occurs when a great many people are out of work. In the most decisive test of strength Daniel O. Hastings, ex-Senator from Delaware, was named to fill a vacancy on the National Committee. Hastings, a liability to any party, served the du Ponts so ardently in Washington that the voters turned out in huge numbers to block his reelection. Yet he was chosen for the committee over Kenneth Simpson, who had deviated from the party program by fraternizing with laborites. Although this step enraged even the patient New York *Herald Tribune,* it amply demonstrated that—between campaigns at least—Messrs. Hamilton, Hilles, and Company still occupy the driver's seat. This return to "normalcy" must have nettled Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., of Massachusetts, who had just promised to introduce a proposal for a lavish increase in old-age pensions, thus keeping faith with the credulous Townsendites. To be or not to be demagogic remains the crucial issue tormenting the Republicans, but it is clear that their handful of authentic progressives are in the wrong party.

*

DESPITE THIS REPUDIATION OF "LIBERALS" at the Washington meeting, "resurgent Republicans," according to *Barron's,* the financial weekly, "are toying with a brand-new issue which, they hope, may smack the New Deal by a blow to the point where it has always been strongest—the vote of the average man." After this introduction we learn with a sense of anti-climax that this revolutionary idea is nothing more than our old friend "profit-sharing." Under the sponsorship of Senator Vandenberg, still aspirant to the Republican nomination in 1940, a Senate subcommittee is now investigating its possibilities as a way of producing a more equitable distribution of income and of stimulating purchasing power and employment. Obviously, if this does prove the way of economic salvation, some means must be found of translating it into a practical political plank. The Republicans could hardly advocate such a step toward regimentation as the compulsory installation of profit-sharing by all industries. Equally a mere appeal to the social conscience of employers would have no vote-getting value. Senator Vandenberg apparently believes he can solve this dilemma by means of "incentive taxation"—that is to say, by rewarding corporations which adopt profit-sharing with a rebate in normal taxation. Unhappily for him his business witnesses are not proving cooperative. Lammot du Pont, for instance, not only criticized profit-sharing but came down heavily against "incentive taxation" on the ground that the principle, once established, could "readily be used for ends definitely harmful to business." We offer the Senator our commiserations. But he should have known that Republican hounds who try to run with even the feeblest liberal hare are apt to get their tails bitten.

*

EVIDENCE THAT THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT is belatedly awakening to the economic implications of Munich may be seen in the plan of the Secretary of Overseas Trade "to fight Germany at its own game" in the trade war now developing. Several recent happenings have combined to stimulate Britain to action. Perhaps the most substantial is the report that King Carol is prepared to negotiate an agreement whereby Germany would obtain large quantities of Rumanian wheat and oil in exchange for machinery and technical assistance, thus securing for itself a virtual monopoly of the Rumanian market. As if to add insult to injury, Dr. Hjalmar Schacht has publicly denounced "antiquated, pre-war ideas" of trade and vigorously defended the Nazi plan of controlled bilateral barter which, supported by heavy subsidies, has gained a strangle-hold on the markets of Central Europe. Although the details of the British counter-plan have not yet been announced, it is probable that industries will be asked to set up pools to finance competitive exports. Eventually, government subsidies will presumably be required to support this trade. Any indication of a stiffening of British policy against Nazi gangster tactics is reassuring. But there is little to be said under the circumstances for the decision to fight fire with fire. And it is ironical that within a fortnight after the signing of the British-American trade pact, bolstering the liberal trade policies of Secretary Hull, Great Britain should threaten to destroy those policies by experimenting with the diametrically opposite tactics of the Nazi regime.

*

THE STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS OF NAZI trade tactics were clearly portrayed in Thomas Ybarra's series of articles on German commercial penetration in Brazil which recently appeared in the New York *Times.* Germany's total trade with Brazil has been tremendously stimulated by its barter agreement with the Brazilian government, under which German manufactured articles are traded for coffee and cocoa. Transactions are carried on in "compensation marks," which, since they are valueless in international exchange, are subject to manipulation in Germany's interest. But if Mr. Ybarra's analysis is correct, the temporary advantage which Germany has gained by its high-handed methods has provoked such resentment in Brazil that many traders are turning to American products. It should be evident that any effort by the United States to compete with Germany by export subsidies, a two-price system, or other totalitarian trade tactics, would similarly injure American prestige. This is not to suggest that the United States should not seek by all legitimate methods to hold and extend its markets in South America. But it would be useless for this country to enter the Lima conference with a broad program for liberalizing economic and political relations throughout the American continent if, at the same time, we denied this principle in our own relations. Fortunately, Secretary Hull is fully aware of this fact.

*

THE EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENTS OF THE New York *Times* have, for the most part, been brilliantly successful of late in their most difficult task of collecting and interpreting the news. It is with regret therefore that we have to point out a conspicuously black sheep within their ranks. With so many important happenings in France it is distressing that our greatest newspaper should be so inadequately represented there. More and more P. J. Philip, head of the *Times's* Paris office, is devoting his cables to publicity for French reactionaries. During the strike (dealt with by Mr. Werth on another page) he faithfully relayed official handouts. He swallowed greedily propaganda about the revolutionary inspiration of the strike and willingly saw a Communist behind every bush. It has been hard to find in his dispatches any reflection of the workers' legitimate indignation at the Reynaud program, which curtails their rights while trying to get the cooperation of capital by prospects of greater profits. Nor did he adequately report the disillusionment that after Munich destroyed all confidence in Daladier's ability to lead "a strong and united France." We do not doubt that Daladier's prestige needs rebuilding in America, but we do not see why a newspaperman should select this as his primary task.

*

THE EDUCATOR'S ANNUAL LAMENT OVER THE business of football is contributed this year by President Robert Maynard Hutchins of the University of Chicago writing in the *Saturday Evening Post.* Although there is much that is persuasive in his diagnosis, Dr. Hutchins's plea for abandonment of huge stadiums, staggering gate receipts, and the wage system for players will be savagely greeted. His proposal for a ten-cent admission fee to football matches will be fair game for those who consider the sum excessive for Chicago's brand of play; there will even be philistines to detect professionalism in magazine writing; some connection between Chicago's stress on Aristotelianism (we mean the university) and these seditious proposals will be ferreted out. Our own emotions are mixed, largely because Dr. Hutchins's case has been so often, so persuasively, and so futilely made. It is as true as it ever was that the game should be given back to the boys, and their education to the educators. But it is doubtful whether even the young and agile Hutchins can buck the line for a first down.

France Pays for Munich

AT NO time since the World War has France gone through such a week as the one just past. It started with a series of sitdown strikes in vital industries; saw an attempted nation-wide general strike crushed by the illegal use of the army and heard the summoning of a rump Parliament threatened; and ended with a wholesale lockout, a maritime strike of unusual effectiveness, and a first-rate row with Italy over the latter's demand for French territory. And in the midst of an internal struggle which threatened at times to develop into civil war, Daladier found time to make final arrangements for the visit of von Ribbentrop for the purpose of signing the new Franco-German accord.

All these events are obviously part of the price that France must pay for Munich. If Daladier is to pursue a policy of conciliation and collaboration with the dictatorships, he must first throttle the working class. The effort to do so by a number of high-handed decrees provoked a succession of sitdowns which, because of the drastic methods utilized to crush them, culminated in the showdown on November 30. Mussolini immediately took advantage of France's domestic discord to act in accordance with standard dictatorial strategy. Il Duce has no intention of provoking a war with France to gain Tunisia, Corsica, Nice, or Savoy. But neither did Hitler have any intention of going to war to obtain Austria or the Sudeten areas of Czechoslovakia. The dictators believe—and all the evidence is on their side—that a continuous reiteration of their demands, coupled with violent sword rattling, will eventually achieve their objectives without recourse to armed force. It is likely that Mussolini's immediate objective is not anything as remote as the cession of Tunisia, Corsica, or Nice, but the granting of belligerent rights and various other concessions to Franco. In any case the strategy is a tested one.

Confronted by these tactics Daladier and Chamberlain continue to act as if they were puppets in a play prepared by Hitler himself. Balked in his efforts to make peace with Mussolini, Daladier has turned toward an "agreement" with Hitler. Chamberlain, finding it inexpedient to continue his conversations with Hitler in the midst of the new anti-Semitic outbreak, is scheduled to make a pilgrimage to Rome in January. All these events seem to follow a prearranged plan. Years ago in "Mein Kampf" Hitler declared that "a shrewd victor, in dealing with a nation that has lost is character—this means one that submits voluntarily—can count on its never finding any particular act of oppression sufficient excuse for taking up arms." Having surrendered an impregnable position when they yielded at Munich, Daladier and Chamberlain are finding that there is no point at which they can check their headlong retreat. And Hitler and Mussolini, who are above all shrewd victors, can be counted on to follow up their triumph relentlessly. As long as they do not overplay their hand to the extent of forcing an overthrow of the French or British Cabinet, they will continue to dominate not only the international scene but internal developments within the defeated democracies.

Investigating Scarcity

THE so-called monopoly inquiry has opened its hearings with testimony by three of its own experts, Dr. Isador Lubin, Willard L. Thorp, and Leon Henderson, and though they presented little that is new they repeated much that has yet to be learned. The atmosphere of the Temporary National Economic Committee's first sessions—the elaborate charts, the schoolmaster's pointer wielded over them, the interrupting question that sometimes seemed intended to impress the "professor" rather than to illuminate the point—had an undergraduate flavor. But the academic tone is likely to evaporate when the committee gets to the job of examining the actual details by which specific industries dig themselves in against the rigors of the free market.

The Lubin-Thorp-Henderson testimony was termed a prologue to the investigation, and the phrase is a helpful one. For the duty of the committee is not only to find facts but to dramatize their implications. Congressional inquiries of this kind at their best are a sort of economic morality play, graphically instructing a democratic electorate in the complex issues on which it must pass judgment. The cry of "witch-hunting" raised by the conservative press in the hope of restricting the inquiry to comfortable abstractions springs from a fear that the committee by personalizing the evils with which we must contend may turn sermonizing into effective drama.

It is encouraging to note that the stage managers of the inquiry are not neglecting the showmanship without which its discoveries would remain tedious statistics. Dr. Lubin did little more than repeat the findings of the famous studies by the Brookings Institution of America's capacity to consume. But they seemed new and they attracted attention by translation into the most elementary terms. If the 54 per cent of the nation's families which have incomes of $1,200 a year or less should have $2.25 more to spend each day, Dr. Lubin said, American industry could run at top capacity. That is as good as "$30 every Thursday." When professional economists learn to be as vivid as the crackpots, we may begin to make progress.

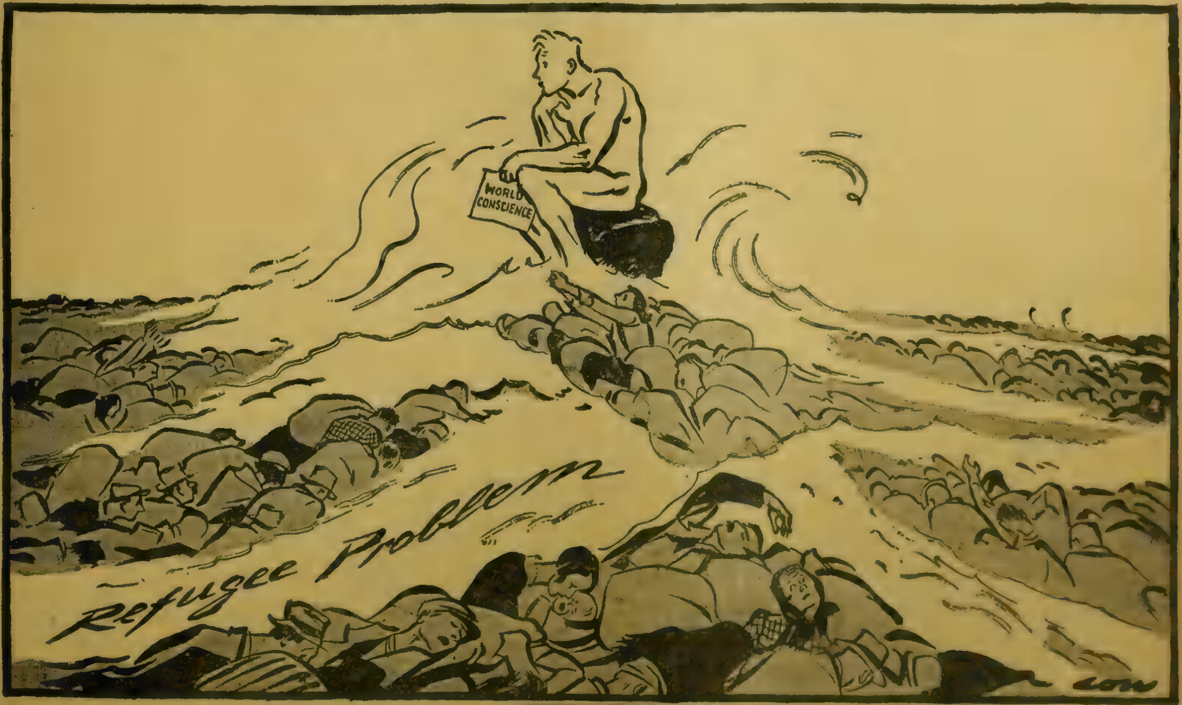
More than a slogan and more than startling facts will, of course, be necessary if this investigation is to make a dent in the problems which it will take up. The first three days of testimony, the clash of opinion revealed on the committee itself, and the differences among the experts will stir misgiving. Dr. Lubin talked of the need for increasing the purchasing power of the masses; Mr. Thorp stressed the subtler methods of control that are more important than rare cases of actual monopoly. But this diversity of approach, like the similarity between this investigation and past futilities in the field of trust busting, may easily be overemphasized. Behind the drive for the original anti-trust laws was an effort to maintain competition. Behind the Federal Trade Commission Act was a desire to control competition. The basic question for this investigation is not how to break up trusts or prevent unfair competition—these have become possible means, not ends; the basic question here, as put by Mr. Henderson, is how to utilize our productive capacity and resources fully and efficiently. The problem of ironing out the ups and downs of the business cycle, of wiping out marginal poverty, insecurity, and unemployment, is more fundamental to this inquiry, despite the name attached to it, than the problem of monopoly. "Monopoly" is but one of the difficulties.

The committee will serve a useful function by bringing to light all the devices which perpetuate scarcity. The old ones have been perfected and many new ones invented since the days of the trust busters. But whether it provides more than a nine days' wonder for the press and a new source of material for the student will depend on the power, courage, and insight of the New Deal. "The great mass of our population," Thurman Arnold said in a recent speech, "sell their goods and services and labor in the competitive markets. They buy their necessities in a controlled market." The power to buy the labor of worker and farmer cheap and sell it dear is the basis on which our great fortunes rest. True, these privileges hamper production and create distress. But it will take more than a diagram on a blackboard to end them. If there is to be better utilization of productive plant, there will have to be less right to irresponsibility in business management; if there is to be more purchasing power, there will have to be less profit.

Refugees and Economics

LET no one believe because inspired rioting has ceased in Germany that the pogrom is over. In Hitler's Reich the terror is as continuous as it is calculated. The jack-booted hoodlums perform their allotted tasks and give place to the cold inquisitors of the tax departments and the screened bullies of the concentration camps.

Nor let us deceive ourselves about the efficacy of protests, however official and strong. Unless backed by action they are no more than a form of emotional release. The only retreat the Nazis have yet made in the course of their persecutions was the halt to the wholesale deportation of Polish Jews which followed Poland's threat of retaliation in kind. We do not advocate the imitation of such methods by the democracies—that would be stooping to the Nazi level and committing



RISING TIDE (Copyright in All Countries.)

gross injustice against innocent individuals—but we do urge that means be found to prove that pogroms do not pay.

This task is as urgently necessary as that of giving succor to the victims. With the best will in the world the hundreds of thousands of Jews still left in Germany, together with the growing number of Christians on whom the strangle-hold of terror is tightening, cannot all be provided with immediate refuge. Schemes for colonial development and mass migration must inevitably mature slowly. Meanwhile, we cannot allow those who must wait to be bled white, as the *Schwarze Korps*, organ of the S. S., proposes, until "they all become destitute and so necessarily criminals" and ready for extermination with "fire and sword." Again, it is of the utmost importance that other reactionary and anti-Semitic governments in Europe should be strenuously discouraged from following Germany's example.

America is in the best position to take a lead in this matter. We could without hardship to ourselves cut off all trade with Germany. Our exports to the Reich do not form a very large part of our foreign sales, and they are mainly composed of articles that Germany badly needs and that it cannot easily obtain elsewhere. Again, as Professor F. L. Schuman recently suggested in the New York *Herald Tribune*, we could impose a tax on all bank balances, securities, and other forms of property held here by non-resident aliens of states indulging in persecution of racial or religious minorities. Such a step would be all the more justified because German holdings are only nominally the property of individuals, having been impounded by the German government to increase its supplies of foreign exchange. According to the Department of Commerce, such German investments considerably exceed American holdings in Germany; so that while Berlin would no doubt retaliate, a confiscatory tax would make it possible to compensate American investors and yet leave a large sum for the maintenance and resettlement of refugees.

These are two substantial ways of hitting the German government in its weakest spot—its economic solar plexus—and unless sympathy is all we have to offer in this crisis we should not let lack of precedent hinder their adoption. Equally, if our horror of Nazi persecutions is really sincere, we must ask ourselves earnestly whether we are doing our share in providing shelter for the refugees.

Many suggestions have been put forward during the past few weeks for an increase in the German immigration quota, but neither the President nor any other spokesman for the Administration has given any encouragement to the idea. Liberalization of the immigration laws is an idea which most politicians regard as too hot to handle, and it would take an unmistakable demonstration of public opinion to change this attitude.

We are all too apt to make the facile assumption that every immigrant who finds a job here must be keeping one of our unemployed out of it. There are good grounds for believing this is untrue. Large sums of money which might otherwise be devoted to consumption or investment in this country are being sent abroad for the aid of refugees. To the extent that the recipients are admitted, such relief funds will be expended here. Among the refugees there are technicians and business men with ability to develop processes or even industries hitherto unknown in America. They are likely to attract capital which might otherwise be invested abroad, or even remain idle, and thus provide far more employment than they displace. This has been very clearly demonstrated in England.

In any case, fear of refugee competition for jobs need not prevent our admitting children of school age outside the quota. There are at least 60,000 Jewish or partly Jewish children in Germany in danger of starvation, forbidden an education, subjected to psychological if not actual physical terror. We cannot act too quickly if we are to save these doubly innocent victims from horrors which at best can never be wholly eradicated from their minds.

Britain has suspended its immigration laws to the extent of admitting all children whose maintenance is undertaken by private organizations or individuals, and expects to take care of some 15,000. Can we do less? There must be thousands of families in this country ready to take such children into their homes and to offer strict guarantees against their becoming a public charge. Nor would it be difficult to create an organization, privately supported, which would supervise and underwrite their care and maintenance. We urge all readers who favor the amendment of the immigration laws, at least to this extent, to write to their Congressman and the President.

Spain Must Be Fed

HUNGER in Spain has now reached a point where it is no longer a national or partisan problem but a great human disaster which can be alleviated only through coordinated official action by the civilized nations of the world. Ever since the beginning of the conflict private organizations have carried on campaigns to collect money and supplies. Various groups coordinated under the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy have sent thousands of dollars' worth of food and medical supplies into Loyalist territory; both in America and England the Quakers, continuing their great tradition of non-partisan humanitarian relief, have given aid on a large scale to the sufferers of both sides. All these organizations have paid special attention to the children, who, as always, are the innocent and helpless victims of war and its aftermath. These groups have no intention of slackening their efforts and must have continued support, but the need has now grown beyond the capacities of private relief. Just as it was necessary during the Russian famine to organize relief on an international scale, so it is necessary now to save the Spanish people from starvation by international action.

The sympathies of the majority in the democratic nations are with the Loyalists. But this is not an argument against feeding hungry women and children in Franco territory. On the contrary, democratic bread in Nationalist Spain might be far more effective than shortwave propaganda. As it happens, the need on the Loyalist side is so incomparably the greater that even non-partisan relief will go mainly to the aid of the republic. There are from three to five million refugees in Loyalist territory, aside from its permanent population. All are literally in the first stages of starvation. To support the move for non-partisan relief by the governments and at the same time to intensify pressure for the lifting of the embargo against Loyalist Spain is to take the most practical steps toward saving democracy in Europe.

In an effort to enlist the aid of nations as well as individuals and organizations, Ernst Toller, writer and refugee from Nazi Germany, has within recent weeks been carrying on a campaign in Scandinavia, England, and now the United States to induce the democratic governments themselves to give $50,000,000 to help the civilian population in Spain. His objective is not to compete with existing organizations but to enlarge to its necessary scope the great task of feeding Spain. His appeal has had an impressive initial success. In each country he has visited, labor organizations, churchmen, writers, teachers, and political leaders have agreed to sponsor his cause.

One of the main objectives of the groups and individuals working for Spanish relief has been to bring about the transfer of the various surpluses of food and supplies which in every country form one of the depressing elements in the national economy. A few weeks ago the Red Cross bought 60,000 barrels of flour from the Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation for distribution in Spain on a non-partisan basis. The ship Erica Reed recently landed in Barcelona with 5,000 tons of wheat bought from the same source by the North American Committee. Herbert L. Matthews, in a dispatch to the New York *Times* on November 29, described the touching scenes in the schools of Barcelona when bread from American wheat was distributed; he also pointed out that the supply so far received is pitifully inadequate.

We hope the move for large scale international and official relief will receive the support it deserves from President Roosevelt and the Administration. For if hunger wins in Spain, democracy will be its first victim.

French Labor Loses a Battle

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, December 5, by Cable

THE French general strike was an immense error. The question first arose at the Congress of the General Federation of Labor at Nantes in mid-November, when Jouhaux, impressed by the indignation displayed at the Reynaud decrees and the general state of affairs, uttered the threat that such action would be taken. It was directed nominally against the decrees, but the psychological background was the discontent over Munich, especially among the Communist elements, and over the government's totalitarian tendencies as exemplified by Bonnet's projected press-lawsuit decrees. The older syndicalists were skeptical about a strike. Jouhaux himself did not seriously think of resorting to it, but hoped that the Chamber would meet about November 20, as Daladier had promised on October 4, and that the government would then be overthrown. On November 22 a majority in Parliament was clearly against the decrees, the finance committee approving them by a majority of only two after Daladier's extraordinary threat to cancel Chamberlain's visit the next day. The Socialists declared that the strike could have been avoided if Parliament had been in session and had had an opportunity to revise the decrees, but Daladier continued to postpone the convening of Parliament.

Nevertheless, the strike question was still not clear on November 24, when the grave Renault incidents occurred. The sitdown strike at the Renault plant was a quasi-spontaneous revolt of a Communist majority of the workers against the government's policy in general, including Munich and the pending visit of Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop to sign the French-German accord. The forced evacuation with tear gas, the aggressiveness of the employers, and the arrest of hundreds, followed by what amounted almost to a court martial, constituted a provocation that the C. G. T. could not ignore.

The strike was called despite the lack of unanimity and Jouhaux's hesitation, which were understandable since the government had been given a fortnight to prepare counter-measures. The official reason for the strike, namely, the decrees, was not a stimulating one. Moreover, the government's requisition orders to railways and public services and its threats to state employees bewildered the C. G. T., which, up to the day before the strike was scheduled, desperately hoped that after mediation attempts by Frossard and the war veterans some conciliating gesture would be made by the government—some face-saving move that would enable them to cancel the strike. The C. G. T. was also aware of the doubtful legality of the strike, since under the laws of December 31, 1936, and March 4, 1937, strikes are illegal if started before the introduction of the regular arbitration mechanism.

The strike failed. It is estimated that only 6,000 workers went out in the requisitioned services and state employment; many in the transport industries were individually forced by the guards to resume work. Strikers in private industry averaged 40 per cent; in stores the turnout was negligible. The most curious phenomenon was the relative failure of some predominantly Communist unions to respond to the strike call and the readiness of syndicalist unions like the printers and miners to respond fully, although they are pacifist and almost pro-Munich, and were unenthusiastic about the strike. The explanation is suggested that the Communist unions lack the disciplinary tradition of the syndicalists. With sanctions threatened and the strike's basis uncertain, the failure in the requisitioned services was inevitable, though the railwaymen were mostly Communists.

Daladier missed an opportunity to proclaim an amnesty by way of appeasement. Extensive reprisals followed in the first three days after the strike, but these threatened to become so vast, what with employers thirsting for revenge and for the recovery of their *droits sacrés*, that the government was obliged to apply the brake. Even so, the employers obtained moral satisfaction by firing hundreds of thousands of workers, subject to hiring at their discretion. Rehiring, however, is inevitable because of the shortage of labor. The number permanently discharged will probably total only a few thousand, but the employer-worker relationship will be drastically altered unless the C. G. T., now discouraged and demoralized, avoids such disintegration as occurred after the strike in 1920. The employers and the government ardently desired a weakening strike on the part of the C. G. T. and provided an easy opportunity for it. Business men are delighted to think that industry will run smoothly now, but the brutal court sentences meted out to scores of Renault workers have created bitterness. This feeling will continue unless the government, realizing that today's workers are tomorrow's soldiers, refrains from provocations like the threatened dissolution of the Communist Party.

Why Is Eden Coming?

BY ROBERT DELL

WHEN Anthony Eden's sudden and unexpected decision to visit America was announced, people naturally asked why he was coming. The question was answered by Lord Halifax, the British Foreign Secretary, in the House of Lords on November 30. He said:

> While Mr. Eden is not a minister at present, he is going to the United States with the fullest assent and approbation of the government. I have no doubt that his visit will be extremely valuable for the establishment of the same contacts that Lord Runciman was able to make in 1935.

The name of Runciman is a program in itself, and it is clear that Mr. Eden is coming here as an unofficial emissary of the British Prime Minister, perhaps for the purpose of trying to modify American opinion about the Munich capitulation. Evidently the strength of that opinion has caused alarm in London.

Neville Chamberlain could not possibly have made a better choice. Anthony Eden enjoys in the United States a popularity due to much the same causes as that of a movie star. He is young, extremely good looking, very well dressed, and has a charming manner. His admirers, it is true, would say that they base their admiration on the fact that he is a knight *sans peur et sans reproche* standing up against the Chamberlain dragon.

Let us briefly examine this claim. Mr. Eden first won popularity in America by what was supposed to be his attitude in the Abyssinian affair in 1935. He was believed to be sincerely in favor of sanctions against Italy and to be opposed in December, 1935, to the so-called Hoare-Laval plan.

What in fact was Mr. Eden's attitude in 1935? The British Cabinet, in which he was Minister for League of Nations Affairs, decided at the end of August, 1935, to apply sanctions against Italy solely for the purpose of winning the general election three months later. It intended to drop sanctions after the election. The main lines of what became the Hoare-Laval plan were drafted by Sir Robert Vansittart in September, 1935. On September 11 Sir Samuel Hoare made his famous speech before the League Assembly calling for "collective resistance to all acts of unprovoked aggression." At that moment Sir Samuel had arrived at a complete agreement with Laval that no effective sanctions should be adopted. Immediately after the general election the Hoare-Laval plan was drafted, and in December it was signed in Paris.

There is no reason to suppose that Eden was aware of the agreement between Hoare and Laval in September, 1935, but it is hardly possible that he could have remained ignorant of it until December. In any case, as a member of the Cabinet he agreed to the Hoare-Laval plan, and it was he who, in the absence of Hoare in Paris, initialed the telegrams to the British ambassador in Rome and the British minister in Addis Ababa, the latter of which instructed the minister to press the Emperor of Ethiopia to accept the plan immediately.

When, after Hoare's resignation, Eden succeeded him as Foreign Secretary, British policy did not change and sanctions were abandoned. Eden has as great a responsibility for what happened as any other member of the British government. If he was sincerely in favor of stopping the Italian aggression, why did he not resign rather than agree to the Hoare-Laval plan? When Eden did at last resign rather than accept Chamberlain's Italian policy, it can hardly be said that his attitude was a strong one. Mr. Lloyd George is reported to have summed up Eden's speech on that occasion by remarking that Eden said in effect to the Prime Minister: "You are conducting the British Empire to destruction. I wish you well and hope that you may succeed."

Eden has never made any active opposition to a policy which he presumably believes to be disastrous and has never even voted against the government, although he did abstain in the vote approving the Munich agreement. Now Eden is coming to New York as an emissary of the authors of the Munich agreement which he refused to support, and Lord Halifax's remark that Eden is not "at present" a minister suggests that this visit may be a prelude to his return to office of some kind. In any case the American public will do well to be on its guard.

Economics for Congressmen

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, December 5

THE investigation of monopoly may yet amount to something, although it is difficult to see what. My observation of Congressional investigations, which has been fairly extensive, long ago led me to the conclusion that their chief value consists in informing public opinion. Sometimes, to be sure, they result in the apprehension of thieves and the recovery of stolen property, but that is exceptional. As a general thing the most to be hoped of such an inquiry is that it will tell the public how it has been, is being, or will be rooked. The present hearings promise little in that respect. Thus far they have set a record for dulness and ponderosity, and the chances are that even the committee members will soon take to doing their sleeping in their offices, where they can enjoy more comfort and privacy. I question whether more than one newspaper reader in a thousand has read a paragraph of the testimony, and he probably got nothing out of it except a headache. Leon Henderson, a brilliant and able man if there is one in Washington, has performed a massive job of preparation for the inquiry; the question is whether it is *too* massive. This brings us, of course, back to the fact that the basic flaw in the whole inquiry is its scope. The committee didn't merely bite off too much—it bit off a hundred times too much. A thorough study of the national economy may be needed, but public committee hearings are not suited to such a job.

However, some good will be accomplished. It is interesting and significant, for example, to learn that if industrial production were now at its 1929 peak, we should still have 7,000,000 unemployed. It should give us something of a start to reflect that the cheapest automobile might cost $2,000—with no automobile industry comparable to that which exists now—if Henry Ford and the late James Couzens had not succeeded in breaking the Selden patent. I hope that fact will impress itself on the members of the Supreme Court who have once again upheld the iniquitous radio patent pool, over the eloquent protest of Justices Black and Reed. I am informed that forthcoming evidence before the committee will disclose how patent monopolies have confined great potential industries just as the automobile industry escaped being confined. The disclosure that one-man monopolies such as the late John D. Rockefeller organized—and such as the Aluminum Company of America still maintains—have been supplanted by four-company and five-company monopolies is hardly news, although facts of that kind cannot be emphasized too often.

That there has been a terrific decline in competition is one of the commonplace facts of our economy. Assuming for the sake of discussion that it should be restored, the question is—how? Henderson's guess is that the nation is *not* in for a period of decline and stagnation. Some of us are under the impression that it is in such a period, and has been for some time. Henderson did not explain his optimism, but I have reason to believe that he hopes to "educate" business men through the present inquiry. Yet in the massive array of facts which he has assembled there certainly is no basis for that hope, and all the lessons of history are against it. There are men engaged in this investigation who are convinced that the ability of American business men to learn the facts of economic life is the chief remaining safeguard against Hitlerism in this country. If that is true, God help us!

The TVA investigation plods on its painful way, and only the activity of the Dies committee keeps it from being the most obscene spectacle in Washington. Chairman Donahey allowed Wendell Willkie to steal the show for a day, although to puncture his pretenses would have been child's play. Willkie made much of his "offer" to sell certain Southern power properties to municipalities at a price to be fixed by the SEC. The fact is that in a bill amending the original TVA act, and passed by the Senate, Senator Norris attempted to set up machinery for such sales—and it was beaten in the House by power lobbyists! Willkie also complained that the power companies have difficulty marketing their securities. I think he knows the explanation, but if he doesn't, here it is: the Federal Trade Commission's investigation of the utility industry disclosed such unconscionable mulcting of investors that even the dumbest widows and orphans have become wary. Concerning the Black committee's revelations of the financial practices of Associated Gas and Electric, it is hardly necessary to speak. Mr. Willkie has a convenient memory. And why was poor, discredited Arthur Morgan permitted to resume the witness stand? And why does the committee allow itself to be used as an arena for the ancient battle between the TVA and the Comptroller General's office? Actually this is not an investigation at all. It is simply a case in which the power interests are prosecuting the TVA before the committee.

Anyone who thought the Republican National Committee had changed its spots—and such simple souls do exist—must be disillusioned by now. For months I have been reading treacle about the "new" Republican Party, to be directed by men of the Dewey-Simpson-Barton type. I didn't believe the treacle, and, to be perfectly candid, I wasn't exactly captivated by the type. Well, the payoff occurred in Washington last week when the National Committee met and chose an Executive Committee. Who do you suppose was the head man, the "big fellow," the Boss? Herbert Hoover, no less. He is still in the saddle, the forces allied with him are in control of the party machinery, and he is running for the nomination in 1940! Although living men cannot remember when New York didn't have a member on the Executive Committee, Kenneth Simpson was slapped all around the place and finally tossed in the ashcan, just to teach him not to be so fresh. Simpson's "liberalism," let it be remembered, is perfectly satisfactory to the New York *Herald Tribune.* If that was not sufficiently illuminating this will be. The vacancy denied Simpson was given to Dan Hastings, of Delaware. Hastings served a term in the Senate. As a Senator, he was to the du Ponts precisely what Dave Reed of Pennsylvania was to the Mellons, only more so. Hastings took pride in being more reactionary than anyone else in the chamber. He boasted of his membership in the Liberty League after it was thoroughly discredited. He was against everything—regulation of the Stock Exchange, work relief, reciprocal trade treaties, dissolution of useless holding companies. Maybe Roosevelt knew what he was doing when he sent Alf Landon to Peru.

Grover Whalen's Mammoth Circus

BY RUTH BRINDZE

PREVIEW

GROVER A. WHALEN'S Fair City looks like stage scenery after the show is over and the lights are turned on for the cleaning squad. Some of the rainbow colors, so glowingly described in the publicity handouts are streaked; the pillars of one of the buildings in the "Shelter zone" group are cracked, and in a few spots have crumbled. The World of Tomorrow out in Flushing looks exceedingly frail and highly perishable.

The Perisphere and the Trylon, the fair's theme center and trademark, are still sheathed in scaffolding. It is the two red shafts, the pylons, that now catch the eye. These sentinels stand in front of the Communications Building, with its mural that puts the entire World's Fair into its proper frame of reference.

Here, on a grand scale, is an illustration out of the pages of the *New Yorker.* A weary, leering Atlas shoulders the world like a Roman warrior disappointed with his loot. Facing Atlas is a ball-eyed lady looking into a hand mirror. She is labeled Truth. Behind the globe carrier is an exophthalmic Terpsichore dancing on a blanket held by an Indian chief. Completing the composition are zigzags symbolizing wireless communication and other figures suggestive of the remaining Muses. If you pay your 75 cents admission to see the fair next summer you'll look at this mural and not believe your eyes.

Almost everything that is being done out on Flushing Meadows is pretty unbelievable. Two years ago the place was a swamp, marked at one end by Mount Corona, a ninety-foot heap of ashes and rubbish. Now the mount has been leveled, the swamp filled, and along the wide avenues flanked with trees and gardens policemen on horseback, martial-looking trucks, and workers on bicycles clatter by. Lawns are already decorated with signs bearing the single word "Please." But the sublety of the sign-planning division is best exemplified by the pointers showing the way to the "Men's Smoking Room."

Visitors are not now welcome in the World of Tomorrow except on special occasions such as Armistice Day, which was celebrated with a grand turnout of the military and the flight of 500 doves of peace, a round of oratorical extravaganza marking the dedication of each exhibitor's building. On all other days the sentry at the gate turns back sightseers, who, President Whalen has found, interfere with the efficiency of the workmen.

Around the theme center the buildings are nearly completed. The Telephone Building, which was the cause of one of the strikes at the fair, is being sheathed with plasterboard, and all around you can hear the tap, tap of hammers. You miss the noise of riveters and steam shovels. With two exceptions World's Fair buildings are being built to be torn down.

According to the latest reports, the building program is three weeks ahead of schedule. But things look pretty slow in the foreign zone. The big lot where Brazil is to build a million-dollar display has not been touched; next door, the steel work of the French Building is just being bolted. Despite Whalen's many statements about the big lift that his show is giving to the cause of peace and international good-will, the wars that some of the exhibitors persist in carrying on are causing real inconvenience in Flushing. Japan is still committed to build an exhibit to "illustrate the simple yet dignified phases of Japanese life," but China's Executive Council has resolved that the "uncertainties of transportation" make even the modest participation previously planned inadvisable. The Czech display, which separates the U. S. S. R. Building from the Japanese gardens, is going to be, like the republic itself, on a much narrower strip than was originally planned. Germany will take no part in the World of Tomorrow.

Across the Grand Central Parkway, where the biggest of the industrial sideshows of Whalen's Circus are being constructed, work is moving at top speed. The General Motors and the Ford buildings, the Transportation and the Railroad buildings are bulking impressively. Windows are taboo except for a few favored structures, and the windowless elevations in the transportation center make a fine unbroken sweep. How cool these or the other exhibition buildings are going to be when the sun begins to bake Flushing Meadows is just one of the problems spokesmen for the fair do not especially care to discuss.

Right now the big worry is getting the plaster on the display buildings before the winter closes in. For Time Tears On, as Mr. Whalen says, and he is taking no chances that the World of Tomorrow will not be ready on time. The grand opening is scheduled for April 30, but actually the fair is to be completed by April Fool's Day.

FINANCES

Richard Whitney's name is inked out of the World's Fair bond prospectus. But it was Whitney who, as chairman of the bond committee, helped to put the fair's $27,829,500 bond issue over the top. This amount represents only a fraction of what the fair is going to cost. The latest computations show that Whalen is going to put on a $150,000,000 circus. After all, you wouldn't expect New York or, more important, Grover Whalen to be associated with any small-time proposition.

In its original financial set-up gate receipts were calculated on an estimated attendance of forty to fifty million. On the lower figure the fair would have shown a deficit of four million dollars, and on the higher one a surplus of a million. But the estimates have recently been revised, and Whalen is now talking of sixty and even seventy-five millions clicking through the turnstiles. If they do, the World's Fair Corporation will have more than enough to pay off its bonds with interest. If they don't—and even if they do—the fair may be held over for a second year.

How much out-of-town visitors are going to spend at the fair has been figured to the dollar. The average visitor is to have $70 in his purse, stay in New York five days, spend $3 a day for fair "attractions" and $4 a day for food, most of it, it is hoped, in the fair restaurants. No arrangements have been made to care for visitors who arrive with too little money. State, city, and private agencies are apparently expected to shoulder the relief problems; the fair's budget includes no appropriation for welfare work.

So far, the federal government has sunk three million in its exhibit building, and appropriated at least another million for harbor improvements in Flushing Bay; New York State has constructed a $1,700,000 permanent amphitheater, where Maestro Billy Rose will stage one of his super girl extravaganzas, and has spent four million for parkways, landscaping, and generally preparing the site for the park it is to become after the fair shuts down. New York City's building, the only one in addition to the amphitheater which is to be left standing, will cost a mere $1,200,000. If Whalen's Circus brings the billion-dollar business boom that he is prophesying, it is petty quibbling to question whether the money spent for the plaster buildings in Flushing Meadows might not have been better invested in permanent housing projects. But set up the cost of the fair against the $265,054,000 that the United States Housing Authority has lent for low-cost housing throughout the entire country, and the circus shapes up as a mighty expensive amusement.

FAIR UNFAIR?

As a make-work, make-prosperity project the World's Fair has been almost a complete bust for Joseph Shadgen, who started the whole thing. Four years ago he conceived the notion of celebrating the 150th anniversary of George Washington's inauguration with a World's Fair on the salt meadows near Flushing. George McAneny blessed the plan and sent him to Edward Roosevelt, now on the Whalen ambassadorial staff as commissioner to Central and South America. Edward passed him on to Nicholas Roosevelt. As the scheme grew and other important business leaders came in, Shadgen began to ask how he was going to be taken care of. He was bought off a week ago, when his action against the World's Fair Corporation was already on the trial calendar.

Shadgen was asking for $150,000, which is not far out of line considering that Whalen is drawing a salary reported to be $100,000 a year. He settled for a payment said to be $45,000 and a job as engineer until the fair closes. This is the second time Shadgen's claim has been "settled." The first time, Thomas J. Donovan, who was acting director of the legal division of New York City's NRA when Whalen was administrator, was retained to press Shadgen's claim. But Donovan convinced his client that his best bet was to sign a general release and trust to Whalen. Shortly afterward Donovan became one of President Whalen's administrative assistants, and Shadgen was given a job from which he was fired within a year. The New York newspapers have much to gain in circulation and advertising lineage from a successful fair, and although there is hardly a day without a column of news about its marvels, the Shadgen story has of course been played down. The fair's publicity experts will doubtless now redouble their efforts to make Shadgen the World of Tomorrow's forgotten man.

The lawsuit instituted by the contractors originally hired to build the Perisphere and the Trylon has likewise been kept quiet. The corporation canceled the contract on the ground that the building of the theme center was not keeping pace with Time Tearing On. The contractors say that the strikes last summer caused the delay. They are now trying to prove that their reputation will be gravely impaired if they are not permitted to complete the much ballyhooed sphere and tower, but the court, in denying an application for an injunction, discounted much of what the publicity department has been saying. The judge was not convinced that the Perisphere and Trylon constitute the eighth wonder of the world.

At the publicity offices the word "strike" is taboo. "We do not talk of such things," they say. The first strike was called early last May by Local 3 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers. The electricians apparently had made a deal with the fair to buy $175,000 of bonds, members paying for their jobs by taking a proportionate share, in return for which the local was to handle all the electrical work. The men walked out first because General Motors operated one of its pre-showings with a self-contained electrical system. The second strike, which tied up construction work for three weeks, started from a dispute with the telephone company. The strike was finally settled at a meeting at which the telephone company was not represented. Since the fair is legally a charitable corporation—its profits, if any, are to be turned over to unnamed charities—its employees do not come within the provisions of the Social Security Act. The special nature of their employment entails other disadvantages for the fair's two thousand office workers. In addition to night work, attendance is required at pep sessions, at which, among other activities, the fair's theme song, "Dawn of a New Day," is sung over and over again.

There are rumors of more litigation and of mass resignations by members of advisory committees. More than a hundred of these advisory committees were set up, and each member got an official appointment on imitation parchment, signed by Grover Whalen and bearing a big gold seal. Most of the advisory committees have never held a meeting; some of them have turned into business go-getters and have taken over the rental of entire buildings.

The Advisory Committee on Consumer Interests took its advisory functions seriously, and lined up plans for a focal exhibit that would really have taught visitors a thing or two about getting their money's worth. But the plans pleased neither the business interests represented on the committee nor the fair. The fair has withdrawn its promise of financial assistance, and the sale of exhibit space in the Consumer Building is lagging far behind that in other buildings. Consumers Union has signed up for space, but its contract provides that no advertised names may be named. As fellow-exhibitors Consumers Union will have Dr. Scholl, manufacturer of corn pads, the Household Finance Corporation, which makes loans at an interest rate as high as 36 per cent a year, and the Singer Sewing Machine Company. Paul Willis, of the Associated Grocery Manufacturers, the leader of the opposition in the bitter fight over the grading of canned foods for consumers during the NRA days, is now acting chairman of the fair's Consumer Committee. Members representing government bureaus and non-commercial interests, it is rumored, will soon turn in their resignations.

CLEAN FUN

Whalen promises to outdo the Chicago Fair, and all others for that matter, in every way and every day. With only one exception—there is to be no Sally Rand. "No one person," proclaims a fair spokesman, "will achieve fame, I mean notoriety, from this fair."

There will be Billy Rose's show on one stage, and Shakespeare presented on another; down on the lagoon,

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Burlingame,

the handouts promise, will be nightly spectacles which have been aptly described as "more nearly approaching chaos than anything yet conceived by man."

Then there will be a rocket ship to Mars at 25 cents a person, a South Sea island and a Cuban village, an infant incubator with fifty living babies, a midget village, a "Living Magazine Cover" exhibit (which may make up for the Sally Rand omission), and a two-acre reproduction of little old New York, including the Bowery, the notorious tenements known as McFadden Flats, Chuck Connor's saloon, and the Brooklyn Bridge with Steve Brodie making six jumps from it nightly. Stands for frankfurters, popcorn, and frozen custard will be located at strategic points. Never before has New York's Coney Island faced such competition.

There will be educational exhibits aplenty. Two hundred "aristocratic milch" cows will be regularly milked in the Borden Building, and at a safe distance prize bulls will be led around the ring. But surpassing everything will be the magic-carpet trip through the Perisphere, where for six minutes the sightseer will be allowed to look at the World of Tomorrow achieved by trick photography and lights and set to music. There will be no chance for visitors to take a second look into the future unless they pay a second admission. Visitors will be moved through and out of the World of Tomorrow on revolving platforms.

GRAND FINALE

When the last of the plaster World of Tomorrow buildings has been knocked down, Flushing Meadow Park will emerge as one of the biggest and best in the metropolitan area. The reclamation of the twelve-hundred-acre swamp and the leveling of Mount Corona were undertaken with this in mind. The World's Fair Corporation has only a short-term lease for its presentation of Impresario Whalen's fantasia. After that Commissioner of Parks Moses will take over. The New York City Building will be turned into an indoor-sport arena, with an ice-skating rink, basketball court, and other game rooms; the state amphitheater will be a rival of those at Jones Beach and Randall's Island. In the park, the new parkways, and the harbor development cynics may find some justification for the World's Fair of 1939. But the way the books balance now, the price seems high for these improvements.

Living Philosophies

VI. THE COMING HUMANISM*

BY THOMAS MANN

I FIND it singularly difficult to formulate, either briefly or in a more extended pronouncement, my philosophical ideas or convictions—shall I say my views or, even better, my feelings?—about life and the world. The habit of expressing indirectly, through the media of picture and rhythm, my attitude toward the world and the problem of existence is not conducive to abstract exposition. Summoned to speak, as now, I seem to myself a little like Faust when Gretchen asks him how he stands on religion.

You certainly do not mean to put me through my catechism, but in practice your inquiry comes to much the same thing. For truly I find it almost easier—in my position—to say how I feel about religion than about philosophy. I do, indeed, disclaim any doctrinaire attitude in spiritual matters. The ease with which some people let the word God fall from their lips—or even more extraordinarily from their pens—is always a great astonishment to me. A certain modesty, even embarrassment, in things of religion is clearly more fitting to me and my kind than any posture of bold self-confidence. It seems that only by indirection can we approach the subject—by the parable, the ethical symbolism in which, if I may so express myself, the concept becomes secularized, is temporarily divested of its priestly garment and contents itself with the humanly spiritual.

I read lately in a treatise by a learned friend something about the origin and history of the Latin word *religio*. The verb *relegere* or *religere* from which it is thought to be derived meant originally, in its profane sense, to take care, to pay heed, to bethink oneself. As the opposite of *neglegere* (neglect, *negliger*) it means an attentive, concerned, and careful, conscientious, cautious attitude—the opposite, as I said, of all carelessness and negligence. And the word *religio* seems to have retained throughout the Latin age this sense of conscientiousness, of conscientious scruples. It is thus used, without necessary reference to religious, godly matters, in the very oldest Latin literature.

I was glad to hear all that. Well, I said to myself, if that is being religious, then every artist, simply in his character as artist, may venture to call himself a religious man. For what is more contrary to the artist's very nature than carelessness or neglect? What characterizes more strikingly his moral standards, what is more inherent in his very being, than carefulness, attentiveness, conscientiousness, caution, profound caution—than *care*, altogether and in general? The artist, the workman, is of course the careful human being par excellence; the intellectual man is that anyhow, and the artist, using his plastic gift to build a bridge between life and mind, is but a variation of the type—shall we say a peculiarly gratifying and functional freak? Yes, carefulness is the predominant trait of such a man: profound and sensitive attention to the will and the activities of the universal spirit; to change in the garment of the truth; to the just and needful thing; in other words, to the will of God, whom the man of mind and spirit must serve, heedless of the hatred he arouses among stupid or frightened people, obstinately attached by their interests to obsolete or evil phases of the age.

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*Translated by H. T. Lowe-Porter.

Well, then, the artist, the poet, by virtue of his care not only for his own product but for the Good, the True, and the will of God, is a religious man? So be it. After all, that was what Goethe meant when he extolled the human lot in those loving-kindly words:

> Denkt er ewig sich im Rechte,
> Ist er ewig schön und gross.

Again, and in other words: for me and my kind the religious is lodged in the human. Not that my humanism springs from a deification of humanity—verily there is small occasion for that. Who could find the heart, contemplating this crackbrained species of ours, to indulge in optimistic rhetoric when his words are daily given the lie by the harsh and bitter facts? Daily we see it commit all the crimes in the Decalogue; daily we despair of its future; all too well we understand why the angels in heaven from the day of its creation have turned up their noses at sight of the Creator's incomprehensible partiality for this so doubtful handiwork of his. And yet, today more than ever, I feel we must not, however well-founded our doubts, be betrayed into mere cynicism and contempt for the human race. We must not, despite all the evidence of its fantastic vileness, forget its great and honorable traits, revealed in the shape of art, science, the quest for truth, the creation of beauty, the conception of justice. Indeed, we succumb to spiritual death when we show ourselves callous to that great mystery on which we touch whenever we utter the words "man" and "humanity."

Spiritual death. The words sound alarmingly religious; they sound deadly serious. And truly the whole question of the human being and what we think about him is put to us today with a life-and-death seriousness unknown in times that were not so stern as ours. For everybody, but most particularly for the artist, it is a matter of spiritual life or spiritual death; it is, to use the religious terminology, a matter of salvation. I am convinced that that writer is a lost man who betrays the things of the spirit by refusing to face and decide for himself the human problem put, as it is today, in political terms. He will inevitably be stunted. And not alone his work will suffer, his talent decline, until he is incapable of giving life to anything he produces. Even his earlier work, created before he thus rendered himself culpable, and once good and living, will cease to be so; it will crumble to dust before men's eyes. Such is my belief; I have such cases in mind.

Have I said too much in saying that the human being is a great mystery? Whence does he come? He springs from nature, from animal nature, and behaves unmistakably after his kind. But in him nature becomes conscious of herself. She seems to have brought him forth not alone to make him lord over his own being—that is only a phrase for something with much deeper meaning. In him she lays herself open to the spiritual; she questions, admires, and judges herself in him, as in a being who is at once herself and a creature of a higher order. To become conscious, that means to acquire a conscience, to know good and evil. And nature, below the human level, does not know them. She is "innocent." In the human being she becomes guilty—that is the "Fall." The human being is nature's fall from a state of innocence. But it is not a decline; it is rather an ascent, in that a state of conscience is higher than a state of innocence. What Christians call "original sin" is more than just a piece of priestcraft devised to keep men under the church's thumb. It is a profound awareness in man as a spiritual being of his own natural infirmity and proneness to err, and of his rising in spirit above it. Is that disloyalty to nature? Not at all. It is a response to nature's own deepest desire. For it was to the end of her own spiritualization that she brought man forth.

These are ideas both Christian and humane; and there is much evidence that we shall do well today to emphasize the Christian character of the culture of our Western world. I feel the strongest antipathy for the half-educated mob that today sets itself up to "conquer Christianity." But equally strong is my belief that the humanity of the future—that new human and universal feeling now in process of birth, drawing life from efforts and experiments of all sorts and kinds and striven after by the choice and master spirits of the age—will not exhaust itself in the spirituality of the Christian faith, in the Christian dualism of soul and body, spirit and life, truth and "the world."

I am convinced that of all our strivings only those are good and worth while which contribute to the birth of this new human feeling, under whose shelter and sway, after the passing of our present forlorn and leaderless stage, all humanity will live. I am convinced that my own strivings after analysis and synthesis have meaning and value only as they stand in groping, intuitive, tentative relation to this coming birth. In fact, I believe in the coming of a new, a third humanism, distinct in complexion and fundamental temper from its predecessors. It will not flatter mankind, looking at it through rose-colored glasses, for it will have had experiences of which the others knew not. It will have stout-hearted knowledge of man's dark, daemonic, radically "natural" side, united with reverence for his super-biological, spiritual worth. The new humanity will be universal, and it will have the artist's attitude; that is, it will recognize that the immense value and beauty of the human being lies precisely in the fact that he belongs to the two kingdoms of nature and spirit. It will realize that no romantic conflict or tragic dualism is inherent in the fact, but rather a fruitful and engaging combination of determinism and free choice. Upon that it will base a love for humanity in which its pessimism and its optimism will cancel each other.

When I was young I was infatuated with that pessimistic and romantic conception of the universe which set off against each other life and spirit, sensuality and redemption, and from which art derived some most compelling effects—compelling and yet, humanly speaking, not quite legitimate, not quite genuine. In short, I was a Wagnerite. But it is very likely in consequence of riper years that my love and my attention have more and more fixed upon a far happier and saner model—the figure of Goethe, with that marvelous combination of the daemonic and the urbane which made him the darling of mankind. It was not lightly that I chose for the hero of that epic which is becoming my life-work a man "blest with blessing from the heavens above and from the depths beneath."

Jacob, the father, pronounced this blessing upon Joseph's head. It was not a wish that he might be blessed, but a statement that he was so, and a wish for his happiness. And for me, it is the most compendious possible formulation of my ideal humanity. Wherever in the realm of mind and personality I find that ideal manifested as the union of darkness and light, feeling and mind, the primitive and the civilized, wisdom and the happy heart, in short, as the humanized mystery we call man, there lies my profoundest allegiance, therein my heart finds its home. Let me be clear: what I mean is no subtilization of the romantic, no refinement of barbarism. It is nature clarified; it is culture; it is the human being as artist, and art as man's guide on the difficult path toward knowledge of himself.

All love of humanity is bound up with the future; and the same is true of love of art. Art is hope. I do not assert that hope for the future of mankind rests upon her shoulders; rather that she is the expression of all human hope, the image and pattern of all happily balanced humanity. I like to think—yes, I feel sure—that a future is coming in which we shall condemn as black magic, as the brainless, irresponsible product of instinct, all art which is not controlled by the intellect. We shall condemn it in the same degree to which it is exalted in ages weak, like the one we live in, on the human side. Art, indeed, is not all sweetness and light. But neither is it altogether the dark, blind, monstrous brood of the tellurian depths. It is not just "life." The artist of the future will have a clearer, happier vision of his art as "white magic"—as winged, hermetic, moon-sib intercessor between life and spirit. For all mediation is itself spirit.

Pocket Guide

A GALLON OF GAS

THE gasoline business lives in a sort of pirate world, with violent competition among the pirates. As to their merits, one brand of gasoline is about as good as another, and any brand may be better this month than it was last; it depends on the source of the crude oil and other things that you know nothing about—nor does the dealer.

Gasoline is a bulk product and therefore harder to sell by brand than a packaged product. In the beginning, gasoline was a waste product of kerosene; it was used for lighting, and you got all you could carry away for a nickel. With the coming of the automobile, the gasoline business boomed. As cars became cheaper and roads better, more gas ran out of the hose—and into the money. All the gasoline people have to do is get the highest price they can for a product no better than it needs to be. How can the customer tell whether one gas is better than another when so much depends on conditions of road, car, and air?

Getting business has come to be largely a matter of getting locations for service stations. Few drivers are likely to go out of their way for a better gas unless it is a lot cheaper. When a driver wants gas, he wants it right away. So most companies entice garages away from one another, just as the brewers used to do with saloons and as milk distributors do with stores. And if one company puts up a station, the other big companies immediately each put up one in the vicinity. On one road out of New York on the west side of the Hudson there are thirty-six filling stations on forty miles of road that are practically empty on week days.

The big oil companies invest a fortune in advertising. Socony spends about two million dollars a year; Sun Oil a million and a half; a million goes in sound and fury from Standard Oil of New Jersey; other millions from Sinclair, from Tidewater, from Continental Oil, from Texas Oil. All of it is added to the price of gas. And what does all this advertising say? Nothing. Mobile Oil shrieks with underlined words and red ink: *"faster, quicker, warmer!"* Tydol features Triple-X with lubricating oils added. Except on new cars, this is hooey. General Motors insists that you must use a high octane gas in their cars, like ethyl. More hooey. Texaco Ethyl advertises, "For speed on the road, a dry gas." What is a dry gas? In Sinclair advertising a movie star named Frances Robinson is shown gazing at Mr. Peanut, who has something to do with candy. Figure it out for yourself

AND A GOOD BOOK

I was going to tell you in this piece something about gasoline itself. But the job is done better in "Millions on Wheels," by Dewey H. Palmer, one of the technical supervisors of the Consumers' Union, and Laurence E. Crooks, a member of the Society of Automotive Engineers.* In a chapter on gasoline, the authors tell you what you ought to know when you buy gas. They say that unless you have a new car, you should buy the best third-grade gas you can get in your community and save perhaps $50 a year. They take the mystery out of the new magic words "octane ratings." They tell you not to throw away your money on gasoline dopes and gas-saving gadgets. And they rate brands and grades by name.

The rest of the book is packed with facts about automobiles. I learned with surprise that 90 per cent of the traveling done in America is by private automobile. But I was not surprised to read that even if the manufacturer wants to make a car that will last longer, he can hardly do so as long as he is competing with other manufacturers. The more he puts into oversize bearings, finer workmanship, and better steels, the less he can put into the showy features which bewitch the customer.

Nevertheless, they believe that the car of the future will be roomier, lighter, better ventilated, and cheaper to operate. They speculate on the possible use of the Diesel engine and on whether engines will be shifted to the rear of the car. As to the introduction of the Diesel, two factors at least bulk large: the heavy investment involved in a change of machinery and the distaste of the public for sudden radical change.

Shall we some day be able to buy a car for $400? Messrs. Palmer and Crooks think there is no such car in sight at present, but that it will appear soon, either because of strong public demand, or because people will not have the money to buy a better car. Of thirty million registered cars in the United States, twenty-one million belong to families earning $25 or $30 a week. That means that most of them are second-hand cars. And that means that most car-owners should read the chapter in "Millions on Wheels" on how to buy a used car, and, just as important, those on repairs and repair services.

With the book is a separate supplement which you can carry around with you, giving ratings on cars and accessories, including gasoline and oils.

HELEN WOODWARD

In the Wind

UNITED PRESS reports of White House plans for revision of the Neutrality Act were definitely a trial balloon, as most observers suspected. Unfortunately public response was negligible; only a scattering demonstration of approval was evident in Washington mail.

MUSSOLINI'S NEWEST colonial problem is sex. His officials in Abyssinia are alarmed because in Addis Ababa's white population of 27,000 there are seven men to every woman. Since strict racial laws prevent the marriage of whites and natives, the propaganda bureau in Italy has now launched a drive among single Italian women, proclaiming "Marriage Awaits You in the Colonies."

BEFORE HITLER'S attacks upon Winston Churchill reports were current that Chamberlain was considering Churchill for a Cabinet post. Chamberlain has frequently expressed deep admiration and affection for Churchill, and it was said that he intended to bring him into the Cabinet soon. Hitler publicly—and privately—communicated his displeasure; Churchill's chances have diminished.

A GRIM struggle took place in Portland, Oregon, recently, between poverty-stricken "chunkers," who search the garbage dump for salable items, and relief recipients who have been doing the same thing. The "chunkers" insist that people with incomes be barred from competition; they further assert that garbage collectors are examining their loads and removing their meager pickings.

FOR WEEKS the *Völkischer Beobachter,* official Nazi organ, published advance announcements of an impending serial called "Attack on Germany" and advertised as a "novel of the future." One day before publication was to start, it announced that the project was abandoned; the novel, describing a future war on German soil, had violated Hitler's oft-proclaimed declaration that an enemy army could never invade Germany. The author of the novel is an army officer.

POSTER ON a London movie-house: "Chamberlain the Peacemaker—for one week only."

RECENTLY THE Aluminum Association tendered a dinner to Arthur V. Davis, aluminum king, to mark the industry's fiftieth year. Describing the event, the New York *Herald Tribune* asserted that Davis "has helped over the last half-century *in making aluminum more generally available.*" On the same page of the *Herald Tribune* was the testimony of Charles W. Nash, ex-president of General Motors, at the aluminum anti-trust trial. Nash said that General Motors eliminated aluminum from motor cars in 1915 because Davis's Aluminum Company raised the price from eighteen to thirty-one cents a pound.

WHEN "MAN'S PHYSICAL UNIVERSE," a book by Arthur T. Bawden of the College of the Pacific and Stockton (California) Junior College, was first published last year, this statement appeared on page 25: "The scientist is the only real communist." In the 1938 reprint of the book, this sentence reads: "Scientists give their knowledge to the world."

WAGES OF charwomen in universities are notoriously low and disputes over them have flared up frequently. Columbia University has been no exception; but recently a charwoman's revenge stunned university administrators. A night worker had surreptitiously run up a $130 bill by making long distance calls over the university line after the offices were deserted.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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* Vanguard Press. $2.50.

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Issues and Men

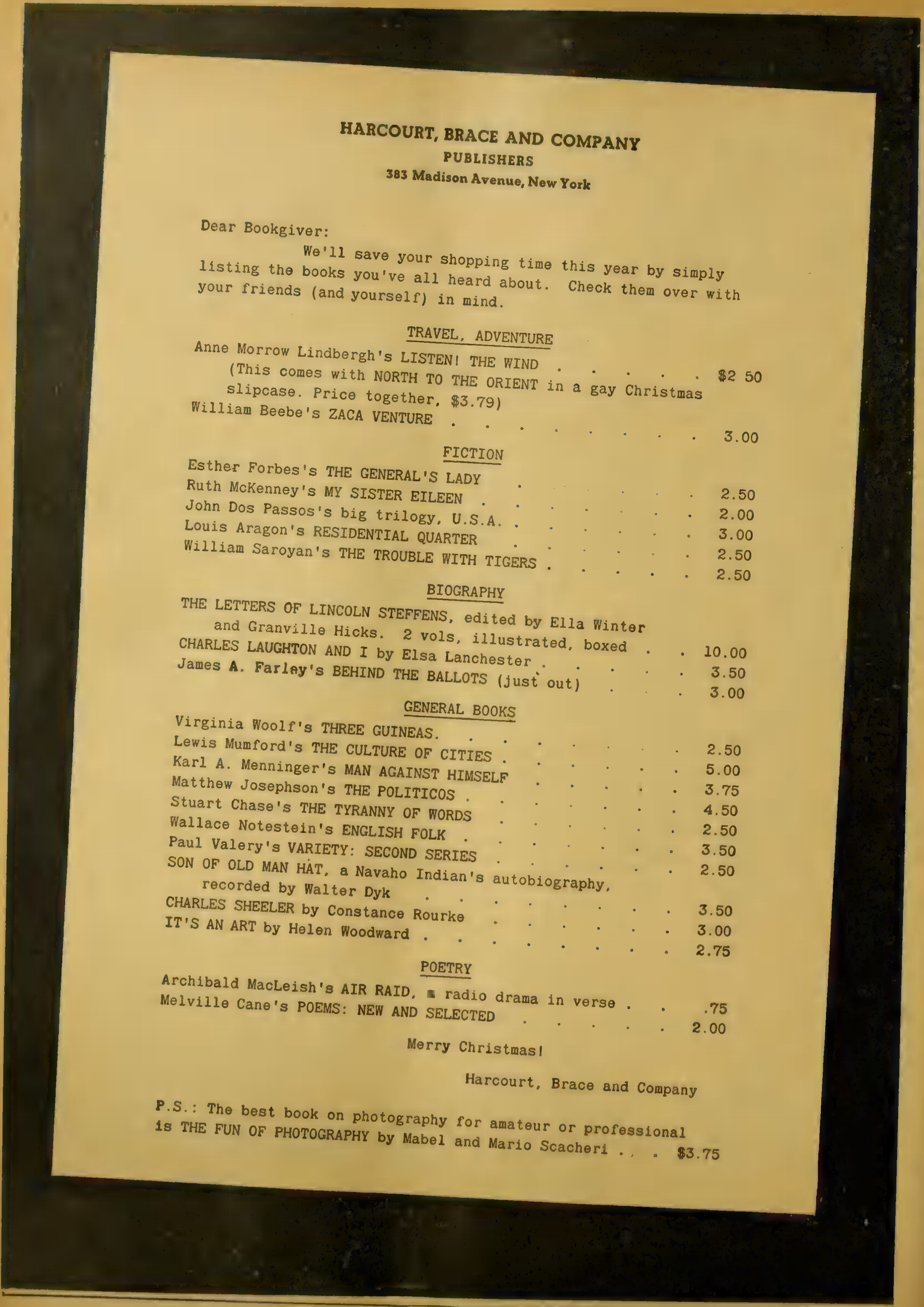
BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

NOT in years has the outlook for a third party been so discouraging as it is today. I am not forgetting the remarkable rise and promise of the American Labor Party in this state, or the magnificent run for Governor of Jasper MacLevy on the Socialist ticket in Connecticut, where he polled 164,000 votes. But the overwhelming defeat of Philip La Follette in Wisconsin and of Governor Benson in Minnesota cannnot be regarded as anything but a serious setback. Much will of course depend on who is nominated in the next Democratic convention, on whether President Roosevelt runs again. I have long felt that an outstanding leader is essential to the building of a new party in America, failing a great and compelling moral issue like slavery. The very multiplicity of present-day issues—economic, social, and political—confuses people and makes it extraordinarily difficult to unite any large group upon a platform. If in addition we have no leader to build around, as we had the senior Senator La Follette in 1924, when we were able to poll nearly 5,000,000 votes, the task seems almost insuperable.

In an article in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* by Irving Dilliard of its editorial staff I have found a most interesting analysis of Governor Philip La Follette's defeat. Mr. Dilliard brings out the astounding fact that the Governor was beaten not because of a revival of Republican strength but entirely because of a "stay-at-home vote, a vote of silent protest . . . not a great rise in the strength of the opposition." It seem that two years ago La Follette polled 573,724 votes and this year only 331,645, a drop of almost 250,000. The combined Republican and Democratic vote against him also fell off, coming only to 580,624 as against 632,503 in 1936, but the loss there was only one-fifth of La Follette's. In his home county, which includes the University of Wisconsin as well as the state capital, he had a loss of nearly 16,000 votes, while the opposition lost 829. In Milwaukee County the Governor lost 45,000 votes. Moreover, the stay-at-home vote was as much in evidence in the rural districts as in the urban. Mr. Dilliard thinks that all this was due to a desire to protest against La Follette's ambition to build a national party upon his Wisconsin Progressive Party. The voters apparently believed that the Governor had become "too ambitious." They also felt that he favored labor as against agriculture. Farmers were antagonized by the state Labor Relations Act, the creation of Governor La Follette. I am told that in October the Governor thought there was a possibility he would be defeated, but he believed it would only be by a small majority. He is quoted as having said that this would leave him free to organize his national party and hence would not be an unmitigated evil. But a defeat by more than 150,000 votes is not a small defeat. It is a very large one if the victim of it is aspiring to national leadership.

I suppose the Governor still feels that he will be able to carry on with his national program. To most political observers, however, there appears to be very slight hope today for a really effective third party in 1940, barring unforeseen contingencies. We shall hear increasingly that Roosevelt must be drafted for a third term because there is no one else who can lead the New Deal. Whether or not the President will consider it nobody knows except F. D. R.—this according to Jim Farley in his just published autobiography. I, for one, am unalterably opposed to the breaking of the no-third-term tradition in this era of dictators. I don't believe for one moment that there is no one else in the Democratic Party who can take the President's place. I admit that he has some remarkable qualities to be found in no one else, but if the gains of the New Deal are to be consolidated it seems to me that the country needs not only a braver and wiser man in international affairs but a really great administrator who can eliminate waste, corruption, and inefficiency, coordinate the functions of the government, put an end to partisan politics, and modernize our democratic processes along democratic, not dictatorial, lines. Mayor LaGuardia has many of the qualities needed and has, I believe, by no means given up hope of a third party—I envy his optimism.

In the past I have said that I would never again vote for a candidate of either the Democrats or the Republicans. It looks to me now as if I should have to go back on this, since there is little prospect of the Socialists running a national ticket in 1940 with any hope of making an effective protest—Norman Thomas's pitiful showing in New York State would seem to prove that. Already I am being asked whom I would favor for the Democratic nomination. My answer is that of the candidates at the front today Bennett Champ Clark seems to me by all odds the most worth while. I know that many liberals and radicals will cry out at that because he opposed the President on the Supreme Court issue and, I believe, the reorganization bill. Far more important to me is his opposition to the Roosevelt armament madness and his steadfast devotion—like his father's—to the cause of peace. I cannot believe that he would ever take a step to put this country into war. That for me is the supreme issue.



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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

TWO POEMS*

BY WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

Hound Voice

Because we love bare hills and stunted trees
And were the last to choose the settled ground,
Its boredom of the desk or of the spade, because
So many years companioned by a hound,
Our voices carry; and though slumber bound,
Some few half wake and half renew their choice,
Give tongue, proclaim their hidden name—"hound voice."

The women that I picked spoke sweet and low
And yet gave tongue. "Hound Voices" were they all.
We picked each other from afar and knew
What hour of terror comes to test the soul,
And in that terror's name obeyed the call,
And understood, what none have understood,
Those images that waken in the blood.

Some day we shall get up before the dawn
And find our ancient hounds before the door,
And wide awake know that the hunt is on;
Stumbling upon the blood-dark track once more,
That stumbling to the kill beside the shore;
Then cleaning out and bandaging of wounds,
And chants of victory amid the encircling hounds.

High Talk

Processions that lack high stilts have nothing that catches the eye.
What if my great-granddad had a pair that were twenty foot high,
And mine were but fifteen foot, no modern stalks upon higher,
Some rogue of the world stole them to patch up a fence or a fire.

Because piebald ponies, led bears, caged lions, make but poor shows,
Because children demand Daddy-long-legs upon his timber toes,
Because women in the upper stories demand a face at the pane
That patching old heels they may shriek, I take to chisel and plane.

Malachi Stilt-Jack am I, whatever I learned has run wild,
From collar to collar, from stilt to stilt, from father to child.

All metaphor, Malachi, stilts and all. A barnacle goose
Far up in the stretches of night; night splits and the dawn breaks loose;

I, through the terrible novelty of light, stalk on, stalk on;
Those great sea-horses bare their teeth and laugh at the dawn.

ABOVE THE RIVER

BY WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

"DID you ever see a goosey nigger? You mean you never really saw one? Boy! they're a scream. You come up behind them and—"

I had to answer the telephone. When I had finished talking he started in again: "But the metal-lath men are the tough babies. I tell you, you get to know all kinds of men working on a big job like that. Yes, sir, they're the worst. They stick together though. I happened to notice one of them missing from the regular crew one morning. 'What happened to Bill?' I said. 'Oh, he spoke out of turn at a meeting last night and we had to throw him out.' "

"What sort of meeting?"

"The union. He was one of those guys who has to chip in his two cents' worth on everything that's going on. They got sick of it but he kept on insisting until finally they turned on him and threw him out, literally. Right down the stairs. He was a mess. Then they all chipped in and took care of him until he could get back on the job again."

"Nise piple."

"Would you believe me if I told you the best bridge-construction men we have are all Indians?"

"Indians? You don't mean Hindus, do you?"

"No, sir. American Indians. They're all man, too, let me tell you. They come from Canada, most of them. They have a funny legal status, so I'm told. Not like you and me. We're just foreigners. I ain't sure but I don't think they have to have any passports or things like that, and they don't have to pay the regular taxes the way you and I do. They're the original owners of the country. Little divisions like Canada and the United States don't mean a thing to them. They're Americans. And do they know it!

"We had one on the Triboro Bridge last winter we used to call Papoose. He was a short, thickset man and

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*Published by arrangement with the London *Mercury.*

very powerful. A sort of secondary chief or leader of some sort. You can never really find out. We had a big chief there once too, a big fellow, six feet tall and more, with a chest on him like a barrel. He was something. But this Papoose was a little fellow. You know."

"You mean to say," I broke in, "that the construction men on the big bridges that have been put up around New York City in the last few years are American Indians?"

"Yes, sir, I'm the man that ought to know. I was assistant engineer on the job for two years, I'm telling you."

"But I always thought those chaps were all ex-sailors, Scandinavians most of them."

"No, sir, American Indians. You can't beat 'em. They come down from Canada mostly in their Ford cars and stay on till they get some money, then they quit when they get ready and go back again. They ain't afraid of nothin'."

"But will they work? I've always been given to understand that the American Indian can't be adapted to the industrial age. That they won't—"

"You ought to see 'em. I suppose the kind of work has a lot to do with it. They're like cats. They go anywhere. Nothin' ever happens to 'em either. You can trust 'em with anything. Fine workers. And they mind their own business and they don't bother with anybody else's business.

"They're wise too. When these government relief agents come around looking for someone to fire so's to make room for somebody else they want to put on the job, all they say is, 'Me Indian. Me stay here.' And the God-damned agent can't do a thing about it. They tried to fire me off the job, too, but I was too wise for them. I'm from Jersey, you know, and they wanted to put a New York man on in my place. You can't fire a supervisor. The law doesn't apply to an engineer. I just thumbed my nose at them.

"Well, sir, one day we wanted to finish off a section we were pouring before Friday, so we took all the Indians off construction and put them to carrying lathing down to the metal-lath men so we could use them exclusively on their own work."

"What do you mean, metal lath?"

"You know, what they use to make reinforced concrete. Concrete alone has no tensile strength, so they put steel through it to strengthen it. The expansion coefficients of concrete and steel are about the same, 1.58 to 1.6, not enough difference to matter, so that when heat and cold hit it they never break apart from each other and—"

"Well, what happened?"

"What was I saying?"

"You said you took the Indians off construction and put them to carrying metal lath—"

"Oh, yes, that's right. We put them to bringing down loads of the metal lath by hand. Well, sir, this Papoose I was telling you about was the first one to dump his load. As he straightened up he heard one of the metal-lath men say to another—he had his back turned to them—'Here come those God-damned sons of bitches of Indians again.'

"Papoose went over to the guy and said to him, 'When you say that you say that to me. Me Indian—'

"He didn't get any farther when the guy he was talking to reached around for his pliers. I saw the whole thing. Uh uh, I said, here we go! That's the first thing you'll see one of those guys do when there's a fight. They carry their pliers in their belts the same as you see the line-men on the telephone crews around town here. They always have them in their belts, and they're a wicked weapon when they come out that way.

"But before that guy could move, Papoose grabbed him in the belly. He grabbed him from the front with both hands, took right hold of the flesh of his belly, two handfuls, and twisted his hands in toward the center till that man went right down to the ground on his knees. And stayed there!

"His pals came running to help him. But you couldn't tell where they came from, the Indians all made a circle around Papoose and the other guy, a circle facing out. That's all they did. Just like you read about with animals. And that's all there was to it. Nobody said a word. It all happened quicker than you could think. Then after a while they all went back to work again and nothing else happened for the rest of the day. That ended it."

"Grabbed him right by the belly, huh?"

"Yes, just like that. How do you like it?"

"What about the goosey nigger?"

"Oh, I'll tell you about him sometime. You got work to do. I got to get out of here."

FIVE PARODIES

BY LOUISE BOGAN

Imitation of a Novel (or a Prose Poem) by Kay Boyle

HIS eye was falling out, but he pushed it back and they went on, the trains whistling despondently in the distance, and the hens turned up in the back in the stupid way they had running under their feet.

In the morning his aunt would go into the kitchen and pick off the pinfeathers and singe them and the smell of burnt feather would go up into the air like a prayer gone putrid. O, she did some singeing in those days, and some singing too. O Kathleen Mavourneen and The Harp That Once and Danny Boy and Down Went McGinty and Is That Mister Reilly They Think of So Highly. Wiping her tears from her handsome cheeks with her apron-strings, and fighting with the salt cod, and it stiff as a board on the table.

But now he said No, Brooklyn Bridge in his mind, and the toy trains blue as pansies, caught in the Metro. The bridge, three times as big as a harp and twice as soundless. "Let's get the hell out and pay the difference and hear (he said) whatever's weaving and droning, whatever's doing and waving. And I am a wasp in some ways," he said, "or who knows?" The arc lights were opening and shutting, and attracting moths. All the sluices opened and water fell through them back to silence or its derivative.

Let's go to Dijon, they said.

The full lips hanging off them. Once in Marseille I had seen the same; the livers hanging up in the streets where the nice boys prowled, their hair black as Spahis or patent-leather boots. The thick blood-filled livers, cut off from their source, lying on the marble and draped with white butcher's linen embroidered with red daisies and the word *amertume.*

So Two *fines,* we said and his wrist fell. The wrists taut as catgut, with the nails brilliantly painted on them and the hair falling over them like a combination of poodle's wool and old watercress. Who am I, the wrists said, and the ankles did not reply. The ankles, clothed in stockings from the Hebrides, patterned in diapers, in diamonds, in triangles, in half-squares, in patterns of tic-tac-toe. These socks, so sturdy and strong that they seemed to keep the man up, to infuse into him that strength long since blown free in Ashtabula, in Eze, in the Varennes. The pattern of the dirty coat came down to meet the pattern of the clean socks and a synthesis was there accomplished, something creeping off and seeking the indeterminate, and shaking.

He scratched his ear as it lay, suppurating and important, just back of his cheek and above the side of his neck.

Then the train came in and we saw it sighing like a saint upon its beautiful rails curved like a long S with a q and an L in it, written in Palmer Method. The ecstasy of the long silent shining monogrammed rails.

I'm going to take that narrow-faced bastard, he said, the courage running out of him like grease.

Evening in the Sanitarium (Imitated from Auden)

The free evening fades outside the windows fastened with decorative iron grilles.
The lamps are lighted: the shades drawn: the nurses are watching a little.
It is the hour of the complicated knitting on the safe needles; of the games of anagrams and bridge;
The deadly game of chess; the book held up like a mask.
The period of the greatest weeping, the fiercest delusion is over.
The women rest their tired half-healed hearts; they are almost well.
Some will stay almost well forever: the blunt-faced woman whose thinking dissolved
Under academic discipline: the manic-depressive girl
Now leveling off; one paranoiac afflicted with jealousy,
Another with persecution. Some alleviation has been possible.

O fortunate bride, who never again will become elated after childbirth!
O lucky older wife, who has been cured of feeling unwanted!
To the suburban railway station you will return, return,
To meet forever Jim home on the 5:35.
You will be again as normal and selfish and heartless as anybody else.

There is life left: the piano says it with its octave smile:
The soft carpets pad the thump and splinter of the suicide to be.
Everything will be splendid: the grandmother will not drink habitually.
The fruit salad will bloom on the plate like a bouquet
And the garden produce blue-ribbon aquilegias.
The cats will be glad: the fathers feel justified: the mothers relieved.
The sons and husbands will no longer need to pay the bills.
Childhoods will be put away: the obscene nightmare abated.

At the ends of the corridors the baths are running.
Mrs. C. feels again the shadow of the obsessive idea.
Miss R. looks at the mantel-piece which must mean something.

Imitation of a Poem by Frederick Prokosch

Sweet on the stem hangs the enhoneyed pear
And the world gives its soft tune off, turning in the stream
Of the hushed zodiac. Asia and Africa
Yearn on the subtle map.
Girls bathe their breasts
In the Himalayas, having for a moment dropped
The woven scarves that enwrapped same.
O Orion,
We sit on the bench, O love, while over us slips and slides
The deliquescent and enamored firmament.

Empty Lyrics

I. Plain

Forever and forever and a day
I shall be holding what I do not prize
Under the light of your deliberate eyes
Which hide so much more than they dare to say.

So let us take this hour's little doom
Unto ourselves, with all most eager speed.
Be comforted, for always, at your need,
I shall be sitting in the living-room.

II. Fancy

Forward the line angling devious to
artifice, lapped outward sadly
to where it was. The serious young terror
holds to a brink through the noticeable drenching
of unsuffering insuperables.
Jaded to themselves

The ministerial arcades
huge with
the wrong rumor
and totally woven skulls rap
more fully into the
tessellated grievances

By which escalade is proved.

BOOKS

A Call to Action

IT IS LATER THAN YOU THINK. THE NEED FOR A MILITANT DEMOCRACY. By Max Lerner. Viking Press. $2.50.

MAX LERNER is one of the outstanding political thinkers and journalists of the left wing of American democracy. His first book is, as was to be expected, a brilliant piece of writing, revealing at the same time the incisiveness and directness of a keen observer of his own time and the thoughtful reflectiveness of a highly trained political scientist. Many readers will agree with the general aim of his arguments; some, like the reviewer, would have put the emphasis differently as regards the fundamental problems; all of them will be impressed by the courageous sincerity of the book and the exciting liveliness of its style.

Professor Lerner sees liberalism, which for decades has been trying to go along as a body of ideals "on an impossible economic and political base," now changing this base. "The great political task of our generation is the task of giving economic content to democracy and of keeping power in a collectivism from becoming tyrannical." This new kind of liberal for whom the author speaks, he calls the democratic collectivist.

> His leanings are leftward, toward a broadened base of government and culture. His aim is to reassert for the contemporary world the aims of the liberal movement of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but to do it on the base of the newly emerging class of today that corresponds to the emerging capitalist class of that day. His economic program is one of democratic socialization. . . . He is more likely to call himself a democrat or a collectivist than a liberal, but his continuity with the liberal tradition is an unbroken one.

From this starting-point Professor Lerner develops in a cogent and convincing way his appeal for constructive action to save democracy.

The leanings of the present reviewer are definitely toward a broadened base of government and culture, and he finds himself in complete agreement with the author of the book in his effort to reassert for the contemporary world the aims of the liberal movement of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, from Hugo Grotius and John Milton to Condorcet and Kant. But he doubts whether it is possible to interpret the liberals of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries or the neo-liberalism of our days from a class base. Milton and Kant were more important for liberalism than Adam Smith and Ricardo. A redistribution of the wealth of this earth, a broader sharing of the products of men's hands and brains, is urgently needed, but a revitalization of liberalism, although it undoubtedly implies shifts in economic distribution and control, will primarily come from a reactivization of the moral and, I would say, religious springs of liberalism. Class can become as deadly a myth as nation, obscuring the only concrete reality with which we have to deal, the individual, whose dignity and rights were first emphasized by liberalism. Likewise Professor Lerner seems to me to overrate the "successful socialist economy" of the Soviet Union and to underrate the similarity of some of the methods which it employs with those employed in fascist countries.

Within its framework of reference "It Is Later Than You Think" is easily the most timely and most intelligent restatement of the viewpoints of a militant democracy. It is a realistic appraisal of the situation as it has developed in the last years. It is very far from any absolutist fundamentalism. The author rightly points out some of the basic errors of Marxism, its underestimate of the strength of capitalism, its overestimate of the revolutionary character of the proletariat, its misunderstanding of the middle class, its incomprehension of the strength of nationalism, its primitive and faulty theory of human nature. These and other failures of Marxism have put the left on the defensive. But not only the faith in Marxism has suffered; the faith in democracy has suffered too. Democracy is no natural birthright of man. It is a very recent and most difficult experiment in history. If the religious faith which was maintaining it in the hours of birth is fading, men will turn toward the older and easier system, toward authoritarianism. "Men have always found it easy to be governed. What is hard for them is to govern themselves." That explains the attraction exercised a few years ago by the apparent success of communism and at present by the apparent success of fascism.

In such a situation Professor Lerner undertakes to restate the true face of democracy.

> Democracy means, first of all, political and civil liberties, without stint or qualifications—the protection of the rights both of the minority and of the majority through constitutional guaranties. Liberty cannot extend to actions which present a clear and present danger to the existence of the democratic state itself, or to the established procedures for the succession of power within that state. Democracy must be not only political but economic as well. Above all, it must mean freedom of economic opportunity. Third, democracy means the rule of the majority through a set of representatives chosen by direct election, and fourth it means freedom for social change through the procedures of the majority will. Finally, democracy means a sense of the dignity and responsibility of the common man, a genuine belief in the worth of human beings.

This is in brief, with many omissions, Professor Lerner's restatement of the democratic faith, a restatement accepted by a large majority of people in democratic countries. In the first years after the World War we took democracy for granted. The rude awakening of the last years had its good effect. We are learning again that a democracy has to be revivified in the same way in which it was born, in struggle and with heavy sacrifices. Welded to the traditions of the past it opens again limitless possibilities for the future. For his courageous call to action Professor Lerner earns the gratitude of all democrats.

In the economic field he proposes to substitute for the unplanned collectivism which exists in America today a democratic planning—the technical coordination, by disinterested experts, of consumption, production, investment, trade, and income distribution in accordance with social objectives set by bodies representative of the majority. In detail economic experts may disagree with Professor Lerner, but the

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general lines will probably be widely accepted. Professor Lerner wishes to retain private property and profits; he does not dream of any leveling of income; he aims first and foremost at the expansion of the national income, at the raising of America's productive capacity to its utmost limits. This "planning must be attempted democratically or not at all." That is one of the few absolutes which the author is willing to subscribe to in the realm of government. Here again he will find the approval of the overwhelming majority of American democracy.

The book abounds in most pertinent and sagacious observations of the present political and economic scene and trends. Among them the attention of the reader should be drawn especially to the spirited defense of the party system. But Professor Lerner is not only a keen observer of the present scene. His knowledge has the long-range perspective which distinguishes the scholar. He is entirely right in pointing out that the brink-of-war and brink-of-fascism crisis psychology of today is possible only if one lacks the historical sense. And behind all his knowledge lies a deep faith that the task of democratic construction, for all the currently fashionable irrationalism, does lend itself to human and rational effort, an effort which must be willed, however, and willed with intelligence and in time. The author makes it clear that the time is now and the place is here. HANS KOHN

Hemingway and the Wars

THE FIFTH COLUMN AND THE FIRST FORTY-NINE STORIES. By Ernest Hemingway. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.

THE SPANISH WAR. By Ernest Hemingway. Fact: 19 Garrick Street, London, W.C.2. 6d.

LITTLE did the critics of Hemingway know what they had in store for them when they were urging him a few years ago to interest himself in the large forces of society. Mr. Hemingway had a period of scathing indignation, during which he defied the "world-savers" in the interests of his art and hobbies, and gibed fiercely at the insincerities of phony radicals; then he became aroused by the struggle of the Loyalists in Spain, the Stalinists took him in tow, and the first results are before us.

The earliest signs of Hemingway's new social consciousness had shown themselves in his book before this, "To Have and Have Not," in which he added nothing to the effect of several short stories by attempting to solder them together as a long story. This story was to have a moral of a kind that was new for Hemingway: the hero, a Florida smuggler, was finally to realize the hopelessness of fighting a bad world alone. Hemingway himself did not particularly labor this point; but in the meantime he had been helping to raise money for Spain and had appeared at a congress of the League of American Writers, and the Stalinists labored it for him. The literary fellow-travelers wrote as if "To Have and Have Not" were the most creditable thing Hemingway had written, though from the literary point of view it was certainly by far the worst book he had written.

"The Fifth Column," a play, is almost as bad. It opens very amusingly and rather dramatically, and it is good reading for the way the characters talk. But one can't see that it does very much either for Hemingway or for the revolution. The hero, though of Anglo-American origins, is a member of the Communist secret police, engaged in catching Fascist spies in Spain. His principal exploit in the course of the play is cleaning out, with the aid of only one other Communist, an artillery post containing seven Fascists—a scene which has as much plausibility and interest as the same kind of push-over and getaway in the cruder Hollywood Westerns. But the exploit that the play is really about is his affair with a girl magazine writer in a Madrid hotel under bombardment. What Hemingway's hero does for world communism is throw out this unfortunate woman, who has belonged to the Junior League and been to Vassar, after sleeping with her with enjoyment for several days, in favor of a Moorish whore who enables him to affirm by his reversion to her his solidarity with the people of Madrid. As he has treated the girl from Vassar with a good deal of frank contempt from the beginning, the action is rather lacking in suspense and the final sacrifice rather weak in moral value.

This heroic Anglo-American secret police agent is the same old Hemingway protagonist of "The Sun Also Rises" and "A Farewell to Arms," though now rather more besotted and maudlin; but we never doubt that he will do his duty. Indeed, the more besotted and maudlin this familiar old character gets, the more completely he behaves like the hero of a book of adventure for boys. It does not make things any better for Hemingway to tell us in his preface that during the time when he was writing this play the hotel in which he himself was living was struck by "more than thirty high-explosive shells." In fact, it makes it worse.

The recent political activity of Hemingway has thus unquestionably its unfortunate aspect in that the spy hunt of the Loyalists in Spain has given him a pretext for turning loose without check in his writing the impulse to contemplate cruelty which has always played such a large part in his work. This impulse has been balanced in the past by the complementary impulse to show suffering; and he has made himself the master of a peculiar moral malaise, the source of much of the beauty of his stories, which derives from his identifying himself at once with the injurer and the injured. But here he is simply free to let the sadistic impulse have its way. Neither his hero's breaking-off with the girl nor the butchery by the Communists of the Fascists—which would have worried him at an early stage, when he used to write about wars very differently—seems to give rise to the slightest moral uneasiness. The Comintern agents in Spain have *carte blanche* to go as far as they like, because they are up against a lot of dirty bastards. Hemingway ignores the fact that the GPU in Spain has been executing its opponents of the left as well as Fascist spies (though he does make his hero repudiate the idea of extorting a confession from one of his suspects). There is some attempt at compensation here, too, but it does not count for very much. Who can believe that our beloved bum, the greatest truant fisherman of all time, will ever be sent to mortify himself, as it is intimated at one point he may be, in a training camp for Young Pioneers? Who can believe it costs him any serious pain to throw over the Vassar girl? And in the meantime he has fun killing Fascists.

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Now the bad news is told. Let us get on to the good. This book contains four new short stories which are among the best that Hemingway has written. The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber seems to me to be one of his masterpieces. A story of big-game hunters in Africa, it is as good as "Green Hills of Africa" was bad. The difference between Hemingway's work when he is writing, on the one hand, objectively and when he is writing, on the other hand, directly about himself with a consciousness of what his public expects of him or about some character with whom it is easy for him to identify this public personality, is one of the odd phenomena of literature. The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber deals with a theme that was implicit in "Green Hills of Africa," but it disengages and fully develops this theme.

So the story, in three pages, of the war in Spain—which might have been written about any war—is as telling as "The Fifth Column" is silly. Hemingway's hand is as firm, his taste as sure, in his handling of this little anecdote, where he is concentrating artistically on something outside him, as they are inept in his dispatches from Spain, now collected and published in England in the series of left monographs called "Fact," where he is always diverting attention to his own narrow escapes from danger (though these, too, contain a couple of excellent anecdotes). So the story called The Capital of the World, another of Hemingway's very best, projects and judges in a poetic symbol those very adolescent obsessions which tend to spoil his other work. A young boy who has come up from the country and waits on table in a pension in Madrid gets accidentally stabbed with a meat knife while playing at bull-fighting with the dishwasher. This is the anecdote, but Hemingway has built in behind it all the life of the pension and the city: the priesthood, the working-class movement, the grown-up bull-fighters who have broken down or missed out. "The boy Paco," Hemingway concludes, "had never known about any of this nor about what all these people would be doing on the next day and on other days to come. He had no idea how they really lived nor how they ended. He did not realize they ended. He died, as the Spanish phrase has it, full of illusions. He had not had time in his life to lose any of them, or even, at the end, to complete an act of contrition."

The Hemingway who wrote this fine story has looked at the fantasies of childhood with detachment and has registered the pathos of their discrepancy with the realities of the grown-up world. As an artist, he has bidden them goodby. Yet he thinks that this boy from the village was lucky because he died while he still had them. The author of "The Fifth Column" is still hanging on to these fantasies and they do not become him well.

The fourth story, The Snows of Kilimanjaro, another tragedy of African hunting, has some elements of the trashy moral attitudes which did such damage in "The Fifth Column" and "To Have and Have Not." Here the central male, formerly a seriously intentioned writer, has allowed himself to marry a rich woman and now is dying in futility in Africa. He goes back poignantly to his early days in Paris, when he was happy, earnest, and poor, and he blames bitterly the rich bitch who has debased him. Yet this story, too, is one of the good ones. This new group of stories in general has more body than the last batch published in book form. There is a wonderful piece of writing at the end of The Snows of Kilimanjaro, in which the reader is made gradually to realize that what seems to be an escape by plane with the sick man looking down on Africa is only the dream of a dying man.

When Loyalist Madrid is as far behind Hemingway as his former adventures in Africa, he will no doubt get something out of them as much better than the melodrama of "The Fifth Column" as The Life of Francis Macomber is than "Green Hills of Africa." And in the meantime this omnibus volume, which contains all of Hemingway's short stories, represents one of the most considerable achievements of the American writing of our time, and ought, as they say, to be in every home. EDMUND WILSON

Ballads as History

MINSTRELS OF THE MINE PATCH: SONGS AND STORIES OF THE ANTHRACITE INDUSTRY. By George Korson. University of Pennsylvania Press. $3.

EARTH magic is so closely associated with folksong and folklore that we are likely to think of it as an essential element, but in these ballads and stories of the anthracite mines of eastern Pennsylvania there are no green leaves a-falling, no sprig of yew, no whitethorn bough, not even a branch of native willow or white oak. When an old woman says that the mines were closed from early winter until the bluebirds sang, Mr. Korson underscores the passage to make sure that we note its poetry; and the stilted, heartfelt verses on "October on Mount Laffee's Hills" which he includes are an exception in their outlook upon the natural world.

In the whole collection, which on other counts is genuinely rich, there is almost no concentrated imagery, and rarely that compacted beat which gives unforgettable power to the English and Scottish ballads. The pounding refrain, "Down, down, down" in the song of that title stands almost alone, as do the shortened verses which make a joke of an explosion that blew a man out of sight—

> Sure he went up
> And he yelled out loud
> Back to the crowd:
> "I have no sh-roud."

When Irish immigrants flocked to the mines around Carbondale, Wilkesbarre, and Pottsville in the eighteen-thirties and forties they seem to have forgotten the traditional poetry which belongs to their race. It is true that their ballads were sometimes floated on old jigs and reels, but for the most part they adopted another musical vocabulary altogether, that of the easy lilting stanzas which the hedge schoolmasters had used for their sentimental verses and which in turn became the stock in trade of the stage Irishman. Whatever the burden of tragedy they carried, these ballads were swung on lines as fluent and smooth and amiable as those of "The Old Oaken Bucket."

Perhaps it is the contrast of these thinly spread musical and stanzaic forms with the tragic content they often carry which gives these songs their special edge. No color appears except an implicit black or twilight gray with the glimmer

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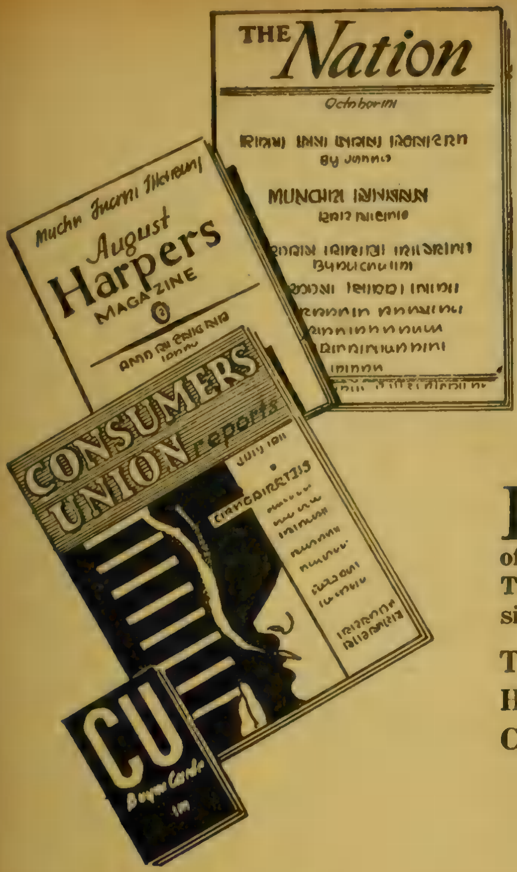

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of a miner's lamp or a horrifying burst of flame. If the natural world, indeed all the outer world, is unheeded, this makes for a peculiar concentration. There is small use of detail of any kind, perhaps because these ballads broke out so quickly, and because the audience, always immediately at hand, was concerned only with the major story. Every touch must have been wholly familiar beforehand, and the songs were quickly learned by heart and often repeated, sometimes with variations, weaving themselves into the life of the community. They tell of the tragic or heroic fate of breaker boys, the terrors of explosions and entombments, of strikes, the breaking of the unions, the squealers, the history of the Molly Maguires and the fate that overtook them. These are major themes; yet not all the ballads are tragic. Gossip in a Street Car, Mackin's Porch, When Old Mauch Chunk Was Young, At Paddy Mayock's Ball, give a picture of convivialities. There was any amount of dancing in these drab places, as the many jig tunes testify, and the minstrels who put the songs together were often fiddlers, wandering from patch to patch, playing in the streets or the *shebeens.* When the Pinkertons finally began to search out the Mollies, their leading spy, McParland, came in the guise of a wandering minstrel, with a thick brogue, a wheedling way, lively feet, and a great stock of songs.

This collection, enlarged from an earlier, privately printed volume, is the fruit of a long search. Fortunately Mr. Korson has had the wisdom to build up a groundwork for each group of ballads which suggests the communal picture, and he has supplemented this with sketches of the better-known ballad-makers and with groups of stories popular in the region. No doubt the book will be of great interest to folklorists and may even start academic battles on the question whether these songs are properly folksongs; Mr. Korson has provided ammunition for the argument. But the major contribution of the collection would seem to lie in the picture it reveals of a submerged people in whom a boundless vitality survived in the midst of a narrow and submerged existence, in the midst of fierce struggles and differences. Their character, their resilience, even their musical idiom—soft and assuaging—have something to say as to the course of popular development in this country. "Minstrels of the Mine Patch" presents a chapter in our social history as well as in the history of labor. It will find congenial company alongside Louis Adamic's "Dynamite." CONSTANCE ROURKE

Whitehead's Latest Phase

MODES OF THOUGHT. By A. N. Whitehead. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

A GENERATION ago Whitehead appeared on the philosophical horizon as a messenger of light from the queen of the sciences. Light was sorely needed. The progressively abstract character of the sciences had increased human power of prediction and control. But at the same time it had become more and more difficult to fit into the scientific scheme of things the very world of human experience from which science took its point of departure. What Whitehead undertook to do was to bridge the gap between the "neat, trim, tidy, exact world" of science and the disorderly worlds of sensory experience. The instrument which he fashioned for this purpose was his famous method of extensive abstraction. This consisted in showing how the concepts of science could be constructed as logical functions of what was observed in experience.

The results of Whitehead's early writings were far-reaching. They reinforced, with the prestige of technical scientific competence, the functional or instrumental approach to science that had been independently developed in this country. Philosophers seemed free to drop a number of problems which presupposed the absolute separation of abstractions and concrete activities. Many puzzles which had darkened understanding were shown to be consequences of converting scientific abstractions, especially those used in mechanical explanations, into metaphysical entities. The notion of "events," also introduced by Whitehead, together with terms for the relations, characters, and perception of "events," elbowed the traditional distinctions between "knower" and "known" out of their primary place in the philosophical vocabulary. A new movement arose which made an imaginative and illuminating use of the principles of continuity and novelty. Philosophy itself was defined by Whitehead as a critique of abstractions.

Time showed, however, that for Whitehead the critique of abstractions was preliminary to the construction of a metaphysics in the grand style, a quest for "a coherent, logical, necessary system of general ideas in terms of which every element of our experience may be interpreted." His present book is in the metaphysical rather than the critical vein. In one place he still asserts that philosophy is "the criticism of abstractions which govern special modes of thought," but the larger part of it consists of utterances concerning vague abstractions that govern no specific modes of thought but are alleged "ultimate notions" presupposed by all discourse and activity. They are: importance, expression, understanding, perspective, forms of process, civilized universe. The account Whitehead gives of them shows that their one indisputable presupposition is the system of "Process and Reality."

So long as he addressed himself to border-line problems of logic, physics, and psychology, Whitehead exercised a revolutionizing and fructifying influence in philosophy. Just as soon as he became a philosopher in the genteel tradition, the revolutionist became a legitimist. For the subject matter of philosophy in the genteel tradition has been a quest for a conception of the universe which is the "justification" for human ideals. Whitehead makes the search for such justification explicit in this book, and reaffirms the objective idealism to which he had previously committed himself. His system turns out to be an original re-creation of Hegelianism in ultra-scientific slang with Feeling put in place of Absolute Idea. Whitehead has denied the relationship to Hegel. But in philosophy as in life not everyone knows his own father.

"Modes of Thought" does more than merely reaffirm old positions. It has certain features which are relatively novel. Never easy to read, Whitehead has now become positively oracular. His style seems to be a cross between that of Wittgenstein and Heidegger. Here and there a beautiful sentence lights up a page: "Dogmatism is the anti-Christ of learning"; ". . . the souls of men are the gift of language to mankind." But in the main the text consists of darkly suggestive pronouncements. Very little is argued. The "self-evidence" with

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which Whitehead identifies understanding is relied upon to click off metaphysical certainties in the reader's mind.

More serious is the ill-concealed polemic that Whitehead wages against all varieties of logical empiricism, of which he is, in fact, an ancestor on its non-philosophic side. The wisdom of his old maxim, "Seek simplicity, and distrust it," now seems to be: Seek what cannot be uttered in words, and above all things distrust clarity. Almost every page testifies to Whitehead's prejudice that the attempt to make ideas *clearer*, to control them by observing the consequences of the procedures they initiate, is the mark of quick-witted superficiality. One may grant that clarity is relative, that nothing can be made absolutely clear; that not everything can be said at once, and that some things are more appropriately done than said; that every utterance is an articulation within a felt experience that has a context and history. All this may be granted, and more, without surrendering in the least the demand that philosophers distinguish in their analysis between statements about the world which in principle are verifiable and statements which are not; and of the latter, between those in which we can glimpse an intent or a problem and those which are opaque for all their sonority. And if we insist on this demand, what shall we make of such statements as, "We should conceive mental operations as among the factors which make up the constitution of nature. . . . The energetic activity considered in physics is the emotional intensity entertained in life. . . . The basis of democracy is the common fact of value experience, as constituting the essential nature of each pulsation of actuality"? Do these not invite a fresh critique of abstractions?

In Whitehead, as in all truly seminal minds, profound insights find their own language for expression and establish their own paths of communication. Many a thinker has survived his system. And Whitehead is already, on the strength of his early work, among the philosophic immortals. Danger comes from those who take the system literally and coin catchpenny truths from it; and from those who feel that by imitating the verbal mannerisms of great metaphysicians they too can see visions.

SIDNEY HOOK

Parliament and Socialism

PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT IN ENGLAND. By Harold J. Laski. Viking Press. $3.50.

JUST now when, under the heel of dictators, pale imitations of British parliamentarism crumble and collapse on the European continent, Professor Laski has chosen a most timely subject. Considering, however, Professor Laski's well-known political opinions, the task he has set himself is certainly not an easy one. No one who has a sincere interest in human civilization could be entirely uninfluenced by the failure of parliamentary government in the greater part of the European continent. This makes it all the more difficult for Professor Laski to write a eulogy of a political system which, in his view, has the disadvantage of proving necessarily a fiasco when it is confronted with the issue between capitalism and socialism.

The opinion that British parliamentary government is a child born of "the marriage between capitalism and democ-

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racy," and that it has taken rather after the capitalist father, has been expressed in Professor Laski's previous books, "Grammar of Politics" and "Democracy in Crisis." So has his opinion that the parliamentary system was devised by the owners of the instruments of production in the interest of their property. It follows from this that the system would fail if a Socialist majority seriously undertook to establish public ownership of the means of production; and even the "guardian of the constitution," as Professor Keith calls the king, would probably not hesitate to refuse to act upon the advice of his ministers. This means that parliamentary democracy is an excellent form of government so long as "the fragile conventions of our constitution" do not have to stand the test of fundamental changes in the economic constitution. In other words, it is an umbrella that is useful in fine weather.

Harold Laski is a Socialist. He even believes that Lenin's insight assured a "wider area of responsible criticism" than British democracy. Yet he cannot help having a sincere admiration for the parliamentary government which frustrates or at least renders more difficult the victory of a *Weltanschauung* he stands for. The explanation for this apparent contradiction can be easily found in the scholarship of the author and in the artistic aspect of the British constitution. Probably the acoustics of Albert Hall are superior to those of the Winchester Cathedral; yet an artist—and Professor Laski cannot help being one—would certainly prefer the latter. There is, however, another and much stronger reason for his favorable criticism of a system which is organically opposed both as a whole and in its component parts to what Professor Laski stands for.

Professor Laski has expressed this reason better than anyone else by saying, "The alternative to the 'talking shop' is the concentration camp. A society that is able to discuss does not need to fight; and the greater the capacity to maintain interest in discussion, the less danger there is of an inability to effect the compromises that maintain social peace." Yet in Professor Laski's opinion the capitalist driven into an economic corner turns fascist, fascism being the last phase of capitalism. He is certainly not alone in this opinion. Another prominent liberal, T. A. Spender, also poses the question "whether in fact socialism could come to power in this country without finding itself under the same necessity of extinguishing its opponents as was pleaded by the European dictators." Whether Laski and Spender are right or Jennings has come nearer the truth in his statement that "at a reasonable pace" any reform of even the fundamental economic system could be carried out by a government with a majority and composed of persons with previous ministerial experience is certainly not easy to decide.

Some conspicuous facts, however, cannot be overlooked. British parliamentary government has certainly survived the change from rural to industrial capitalism. It is true that both recognized private ownership of the means of production—even the robber barons did when they deprived their victims of their property—but the loss of political power derived from property is the same in either case. However, even if parliamentary government is, in fact, unfit to carry out fundamental changes in our economic system, there is no alternative. Whatever shortcomings the parliamentary form of government may have, it is certainly the least bad, and what its critics usually forget is that socialism itself is a product of the parliamentary development of the state, just as those who sneer at political liberty as a bourgeois prejudice forget that Soviet Russia owes its existence to the fact that there were some capitalist countries where Lenin and Trotsky could write as they pleased. *Qu'est-ce que c'est un parlement: on parle, on ment,* said a French wit. This may indeed be true of some of the English parliamentary conventions, though Laski, by the way, omits to underline the hypocritical features of the masterful picture he draws, but certainly only half of it is true of dictatorships and all other kinds of uncontrolled tyranny: *on ment, mais on n'en parle pas.*

It would be a waste of words to emphasize that Professor Laski in his analysis of English parliamentary government displays not only an unparalleled command of literature and facts, of past history and current events, but an astounding judgment of personalities. This applies not only to the major issue, but also to the institutions of which parliamentary government is composed. Though Professor Laski does not conceal his personal Socialist viewpoint in his scholarly impartiality, his judgment is, perhaps, even more benevolent than is consistent with his thesis that at the present stage of capitalism "its logic of profitability is necessarily in conflict with the contrasting logic of democracy it still seeks to contain." He finds ready excuses for the inherent drawbacks of the Cabinet system, and even goes so far as to assert that the exceptional intellectual gifts "of the British Prime Ministers are in startling contrast" with those of the Presidents of the United States—a statement which just now when Neville Chamberlain is the British Premier and Franklin D. Roosevelt is President of this country sounds somewhat out of date.

If Pope's famous remark, made two centuries ago, "For forms of government let fools contest, That which is best administered is best," still holds good, Professor Laski's testimony is no doubt in favor of the English form of government. His scrutiny of the working of the machinery reveals facts different from the analysis of the English constitution made by Bagehot sixty years ago. It is true that the party system does not work any more as it did from 1689 until our own day, when the two parties in fundamental matters were one; it is true that the House of Lords is but a "common fortress of wealth"; it is true that the government must use its majority only "with wisdom and discretion" and the House of Commons, though "an assembly admirably constructed," lacks the "common philosophy" enabling the parties to differ without conflict; it is true that a grave danger threatens the good-will upon which the operation of the Cabinet depends. Yet—"there is no alternative to party government save dictatorship in any state of modern size." To have stressed this point is, perhaps, the most prominent value of Professor Laski's delightful book. I wish he had added that a dictatorship, which, in our age, is but a phase of a revolution, is therefore no alternative form of government either. True as it may be that the even stability of the English lawn is due to its being continually shorn, the same rule hardly applies to the citizens of a state living under continual duress.

RUSTEM VAMBERY

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Witch-Hazel Blossom

THIS WAS A POET: A CRITICAL BIOGRAPHY OF EMILY DICKINSON. By George Frisbie Whicher. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

ONE reads this book with a sense of gratitude and of liberation. It throws up the curtains and windows of a room which has long been airless and dusty and dark. Seventy-six years have passed since one of America's most highly gifted poets sent Thomas Wentworth Higginson a handful of her poems, asking whether they were "alive." Higginson waited twenty-eight years before making a public answer—and even then, in that first selection which he and Mary Todd brought out in 1890, what was the intended symbolism of the design of Indian pipe, or corpse plant, stamped in gold on the ivory cover? For a poetry which he thought really alive would not a spray of witch-hazel, blossoming in November, have served his purpose better?

Since then, to be sure, Emily Dickinson has not been ignored. The gossips of Amherst, the rule-and-compass versifiers, the fine ladies and gentlemen of criticism, the sentimental biographers, and, of course, the Freudians have had more than enough to say about her. The trouble is that they have not said the right things, or even faced the right problems of critical and scholarly analysis. To our shame be it spoken, we Americans have brought far more brain power to bear, during the last fifty years, upon the medieval poem of "The Pearl" and its unknown author than upon the life and work of this woman of genius who was the very quintessence of New England. Her writing has been given to the world in a dribbling and tentative fashion which could scarcely have had a worse effect if it had been actuated by the profit motive alone. The editing of her work has been disgraceful, and the text of many of her poems—quite unarranged as they still are in any logical or chronological order—is even today chaotic. Certain of her lady biographers, moreover, have spread the impression that there was something morbid about her "love life," and that the main thing to be found out about her is the precise number and identity of the men in whom she was amorously interested. But now at last there comes this thoughtful, responsible, witty answer to the question that Emily Dickinson asked, so long ago, of the wisest man she knew. By its very title it rebukes half a century of aimless chatter about her. The thing of chief importance about this woman, Mr. Whicher would remind us, is that she could and would and did write poetry. For that declaration of critical common sense our thanks are due.

As here told with apparent finality, the simple tale of Emily Dickinson's love affairs—to call them that—is likely to disappoint those who have hoped for something more romantic if not positively scandalous. Her amours were all intellectual, in source if not in kind. No one of the men who may have been concerned in them ever guessed what devotion he had called forth or what flames of the heart and mind some chance word of his had started. Indeed, the poetic effects were so strangely remote from their alleged causes, so incomparably more intense and impassioned than those causes would seem to warrant, that one comes to wonder whether there need have been any external cause at all.

Mr. Whicher has asked that question but has decided, so

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By JULIAN R. MEADE. The author of *I Live in Virginia,* etc., here writes a novel which critics all over the country have unanimously hailed for its sympathetic understanding of the colored workers of the South and its dramatic presentation of their problems. "A fine, moving book which should be read by all socially-minded Americans, white and black."—*Louis Adamic.* $2.50

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to speak, in favor of flesh and blood. He knows and shows how slight were the relations between Emily Dickinson and the man to whom he thinks she gave her entire love, yet he feels sure not only that there was such a man but that he was of great importance in her poetical work. He might say, perhaps, that the mind of Emily Dickinson was like a vast whispering gallery in which the faintest sigh reverberated on and on. That, of course, would be true, but such a statement would not preclude the possibility that her mere longing for an actual love which never came may have projected in her the compelling and overwhelming imagination of a love more intense and indeed more real than ordinary mortals ever know. For here also we do well to remember that "this was a poet," and one with more than the usual poetic faculty of self-dramatization. Not only did she "taste a liquor never brewed," but she was "inebriate of air." It was she who said that "happiness without a cause is the best happiness," and no doubt she could have said the same thing about love. But Mr. Whicher himself has firm hold of the clue to this labyrinth, although he uses it in another context. "The born Puritan," says he, "could make the outward world his plaything. He was never immersed so completely in externalities as to be unaware of a second set of facts, the data of consciousness, which often corresponded with physical facts but might on occasion diverge from them. These inward awarenesses were more real than tangible things and deserved a sharper scrutiny."

Emily Dickinson would have liked this book. Subtle, witty, and beautifully just, it has not a few of those same qualities for which it praises her. It does not show her sometimes bewildering suddenness, her woman's way of announcing decisions without their reasons, but it shows a steady and respectful comprehension of that good way of thought. It confutes the ridiculous popular notion that only women can understand women. One would say that it is a completely sympathetic book, and that the sympathy between the author and his subject reaches even to matters of style; for here is that same resounding quietness, here are those little depth-bombs of wit and tiny explosions of intellectual laughter which the lovers of Emily Dickinson have always found in her.

In short, this is a book of which America may well be proud. It will certainly deepen the national pride in our foremost lyric poet, who was also one of the two or three chief feminine poets of all time. Once for all it leads this gloriously vivacious woman out of the sickroom into which certain other admirers have labored to thrust her back. It shows her as an athlete of the mind and spirit, exultantly happy. What is still more important, it presents her as a conscious, deliberate, and highly disciplined artist, determined to get her work done though the sky should fall. For those who think that poetry like hers is necessarily the product of a fever in the blood, a corroding grief of the heart, it ought to serve as a cooling card.

Two things this reviewer is wondering about as he lays down Mr. Whicher's admirable book. First, how could the writer mention the well-known similarities between the poetic style of Emily Dickinson and that of Ralph Waldo Emerson without saying anything about the far more numerous and striking likenesses, extending far beyond style, between her and Henry Thoreau? Again, how could he spend ten years in studying this woman's mind and heart, her life and work, without—so far as his record shows—falling in love with her? Or are we to conclude that in Amherst, Massachusetts, the concealment of love has become a traditional art?

ODELL SHEPARD

Modern Morality Play

WHAT'S IN IT FOR ME? By Jerome Weidman. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

THE school of hard-boiled fiction that Mr. James Cain rang in twice with his postman has been in session ever since. The heroes of these tales are all alike: they talk tough, they act mean, they do not stop at murder itself in order to get what they want. But they have standards; they are, in their own rough way, men of honor; and most of the unscrupulous things they do are done for love! The pattern is simple: toughness with a background of good old-fashioned sentimentality.

Mr. Weidman's Harry Bogen, the dress manufacturer from Seventh Avenue, talks tougher and acts meaner than four of Mr. Cain's postmen. But Mr. Weidman has gone to a better source for his model. Harry Bogen is the lineal descendant of Ring Lardner's Midge Kelly in that unforgettable and unforgotten short story, Champion. And even Harry, cheap, vain, swaggering, a cheat, a liar, a thief, with a dirty tongue and the manners of a hyena—even Harry has his weakness: he loves his mother. Mr. Lardner was more forthright; the champion loved only himself.

"What's in It for Me?" picks up where "I Can Get It for You Wholesale" left off. Harry has realized his heart's desire; he is sleeping with an actress. His former designer is in jail, sent there by one of Harry's smart tricks, taking the rap for—as Harry would say—a brainier man. Harry, although he is at the moment not exactly in funds, has plans. He sees easy money ahead. And easy money for a time it is. No matter if it means a little stealing here and there, a little cheating of decent people; no matter if old Mrs. Bogen, up in the Bronx, waits night after night for her Heshie to come home and eat cheese *blintzes*. Heshie (Harry to you) has better ways of spending his days and his nights. He can give diamond bracelets to Martha Mills, the girl with the figure; he can wear thirty-dollar shoes; he knows Walter Winchell. Mr. Weidman grimly gives him a long rope and allows him to wind it tight around his neck before the noose is finally pulled.

For this is a moral tale. The good people—nearly everybody in the book but Harry—get their reward. For his old girl, Ruthie, whose nose was too long, it is an honest man to marry; for Martha it is a contract in Hollywood; for his mother it is only the last long rest from Harry's smartness. Harry gets his reward, too. Mr. Weidman is very careful about that. If virtue is rewarded, vice is punished. No old-fashioned sentimentality here, but an old-fashioned morality play, told with the speed and drive of a steam riveter, in language that does not ordinarily appear in print but which has an unmistakable ring of authority. This is exactly the way Harry would talk; try saying any of the speeches out loud and you will realize that, with a few omission marks, it is the way a large group of New Yorkers talk, not all on Seventh Avenue either.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

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Shorter Notices

THE BACK DOOR. By Julian R. Meade. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50.

"The Back Door," by Julian R. Meade, is a moving and sympathetically told story of Negroes who work in tobacco factories and as servants in the houses of white people in a small Virginia city. Mr. Meade writes of an intolerable situation with compassion and understanding. But perhaps because, being a Southerner, he is emotionally, although not intellectually, inured to his milieu, his novel lacks the drive and intensity necessary to force its full significance into the reader's mind. Seen entirely through the eyes of the Negroes who work for them, the white people never become three-dimensional. As types made familiar in other novels of the South, they all seem to talk alike, to be too arbitrarily divided into good and bad. The colored people are more developed as characters and more interesting, but they have a kind of universal gentleness which is hard to reconcile with the poverty and cruelty of their lives. The publishers say that "The Back Door" is written with mingled pity and irony. Of Mr. Meade's pity and good-will there can be no doubt, but of the irony which makes William March's novels of black and white people so unforgettable there is none.

LEE IN THE MOUNTAINS, AND OTHER POEMS. By Donald Davidson. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

This new group of narrative poems by the author of "The Tall Men" deals chiefly with incidents and characters of the Civil War. Often the form is that of the dramatic monologue; a character, now dead, speaks of what he felt in the days when the South was fighting for its own type of culture. Those poems in which the Negro figures treat of him as rather sentimentally at home in the Southern scene. The general spirit of the book is that of nostalgia for a lost past, and for the most part the theme seems a little stale. We have had so much of this nostalgia, which spells a kind of defeat. The verse is capable but not particularly distinguished.

SHADOWS AROUND THE LAKE. By Guy de Pourtalès. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

"Shadows Around the Lake," by Guy de Pourtalès, has been awarded the Grand Prix du Roman and the Prix Gobert by the Académie Française. And in England it has been honored by the Heinemann Prize. A serious, autobiographical novel by a writer who has written books on Wagner, Chopin, and Liszt, it is not long compared with Proust's great work or even with "Jean Christophe," and is shorter than Mr. Briffault's "Europa." Its subject matter is treated more imaginatively, more profoundly, or more interestingly in all these books. At first the reader wonders why Mr. Pourtalès went to the trouble of writing this book, since it offers neither material nor a point of view that cannot be found in numerous other novels dealing with European society between 1890 and 1920. Then one remembers the old saying about every man's having one novel in him. "Shadows Around the Lake" would seem to be the one novel of a man of sensibility and cultivation. It is very readable and is unusually well translated by Geoffrey Sainsbury.

DRAMA

New Wine and Old Bottles

"LORELEI" (Longacre Theater) is a "well-made play" about the Nazis. It is also, therefore, something of a novelty, since none of the other recent plays on the subject has been conspicuously "well made" in either the technical or any other conceivable sense of the words. Unfortunately, however, the theme does not seem to have yielded very much more in the careful hands of Jacques Deval than it did in those of impassioned amateurs. They allowed themselves to be carried away; Mr. Deval manages to maintain a calm unfortunately communicated to his audience.

"Lorelei" is in three acts and four scenes. Except for the fact that the first scene of the last act is, by all the rules, really the second scene of the second act, the pattern is precisely the pattern handed down from the days of Sardou, and the play then becomes a perfect diagram. Act I, or the situation stated: Professor Rumpau, a famous biologist from Leipzig, has gone into voluntary exile but remains within sight of the homeland because the Germany of the eternal ideal is the only thing in the world really dear to him. Act II, or the conflict: Professor Rumpau discovers that because the girl sent to lure him back fell in love with him instead and overstayed her leave she will fall victim to the wrath of the Nazis. Act III, or the supreme sacrifice: Professor Rumpau crosses the fatal border line and surrenders himself to the first storm trooper whose path he crosses. If this summary seems flippant, that is largely because the arid formalism of Mr. Deval's dramatic method reduces to triviality a theme too big for any playwright who brings to his task nothing more than a reasonable competence in the stage carpenter's trade.

Old bottles will hold new wine, but the formula for the well-made play is not a bottle into which things are poured. It is a framework upon which a story must be built, and a framework so rigid that every story fitted to its outline becomes essentially the same story no matter what the ostensible theme may be. "Lorelei" is ostensibly a story about Nazis, but it becomes the story of a man who sacrifices himself for a woman, and it has almost inevitably to become that because that is the story which the student of this particular technique has learned how to tell. Any effort to make it anything else is bound to result, as it does here, in mere confusion. Mr. Deval struggles valiantly to stick to his theme. The professor goes back, not only because of the girl, but also because he has resolved that the sacrifice of himself is the most effective protest he can make against the barbarians who are violating the honor of the German people. But neither Professor Rumpau nor the play will move until the traditional mechanism is set in motion, and the old story of the romantic sacrifice carries forward the story of the German who loves his country's honor more than he loves his own life. "Big speeches" are planted at precisely the spots where "big speeches" always come; there is even a touch here and there of careful symbolism. But the play can hardly fool anyone or seem more than "topical" in the most trivial sense of that word. Instead of contributing something to the subject under discussion, it depends upon the importance of that subject to contribute to the play an importance which it does not really possess.

Improbable as it may seem, one of the big hits of the season is a musical version of the "Comedy of Errors" now current at the Alvin Theater. Perhaps "version" is too mild a word to suggest what the piece has become, but at least the two Antipholuses and the two Dromios are still there, and the title, "The Boys from Syracuse," neatly combines a certain contemporary flavor with an unimpeachable appropriateness, since, in case you have forgotten, one Antipholus and one Dromio did hail from that ancient city which was thoughtfully named (in anticipation) for our up-state community. Most of Shakespeare's language is omitted, but that in the present instance will lead to no protest on my part, and in its place is some excellent clowning by Jimmy Savo as one of the Dromios. Mr. Savo's methods are plainly those of the burlesque-show comedian, but he adds a real touch of genius to all the old tricks, and he is genuinely funny.

The score by Richard Rogers is rather fuller and rather more ambitious than that of the usual musical comedy of today, and in addition to some songs in the accepted manner of the moment, it includes several others which struck me as genuinely original—notable among the latter being the delightfully lilting tune which accompanies the pantomime of the opening scene. I have, indeed, only a single complaint to make about the whole: one simple physiological joke is desperately overworked.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Author of
"BREAD AND WINE"

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FILMS

To overcome the temptation to go only to movies I hope to like, thereby losing sight of the great industry as a whole, I called upon my good neighbor and his wife, who have almost no other amusement except the pictures, and asked them to take me along whenever they went. (I live in a little town, not far out of New York, where the U. S. A. begins.) Well, we went three times in one week.

"Vienna must be a mighty gay city, I'd like to go there myself one day and sing and dance," said my neighbor as we were leaving "The Great Waltz" (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer).

"The picture gives a wrong idea of Vienna," I answered, "and, incidentally, Hitler is there now."

"Well, we're not Jews," said my good neighbor's wife. "Wasn't Luise Rainer cute? This time she didn't hop around so much, but did you notice how her mouth twitched when she was suffering?"

"I liked the new Polish singer (Miliza Korjus)," the husband said. "She is beautiful and knows how to sing."

"She looks like a blonde horse," said the wife jealously. "I almost choked when she took that long note."

The story itself was not mentioned in our conversation. Neither was Fernand Gravet, who gives a French version of Johann Strauss—but is excellent when he is listening to the sounds of the Vienna woods or the Blue Danube. I had intended to say that the whole picture was phony, awkwardly written and, with the exception of the woods sequence, as unoriginal as it was crudely directed. Instead, I put in a good word for the travelogue, the only offering of the evening which, justly, got spontaneous applause.

The next evening we saw a double-feature program: The Jones Family "Down on the Farm" followed by "Submarine Patrol" (both Twentieth Century). Mayor Jones, in spite of his belly, wins a corn-husking contest—by means which are not quite cricket, although he is not aware of the fact—and also the nomination for the Senate. In the other picture a rich spoiled playboy joins the navy in war time and makes good.

"I would elect Mayor Jones myself," said my neighbor; "at least he is simple."

"Do you think that is enough for a law-maker?"

"Don't talk politics," interrupted Madame, "I like the Joneses; they remind me of the Smiths next door."

"Sorry, I find the Joneses boring," I said.

"So are the Smiths," said my neighbor.

"The Smiths are not boring at all," snapped his wife.

The atmosphere bristled, and I switched the conversation to "Submarine Patrol." "Did it make your heart beat," I asked, "when the cutter was passing through the mine field and might have been blown to pieces any minute?"

"I knew all the time they'd get through all right," she said, in a tone that seemed to hold pity for my naivete.

"They shouldn't have mixed up a love story with it," he said. "I would have liked to see what that war against the submarine was really like. What did I care about whether the playboy got his girl or not?"

I thought this very sound criticism, but Madame replied: "Don't try to be highbrow. After all, it was only meant as entertainment."

"That's the trouble," he ventured to continue. "I can't forget the sinking submarine, the men dying—for what? And they kept boring me with two Hollywood cuties."

"He didn't like her," Madame said, "because she was too skinny for him."

Yesterday we went to see "Angels with Dirty Faces" (Warner Brothers). As we went in we heard the policeman say to the usher: "I've seen this picture five times and I'm going to see it again." When we left, I could understand what he meant, though once was enough for me. "Angels with Dirty Faces" is the best gangster picture released in months.

The already classic "Scarface" was better, less coated with what Nietzsche called moralin, but the story of a young criminal who takes the rap for higher-ups and doesn't let himself be gypped by his former pals after he has served his term is magnificently told. James Cagney was never more natural; he has some moments which are not easily forgotten—those, for example, when his charm is changing into fear or longing or brutality. The "Dead End" kids—who are already beginning to be too-good-to-be-true actors—worship him as a hero. His friend the priest (Pat O'Brien, reliable as always) stops that with a trick. He induces their courageous idol to pretend to die like a coward when he is executed. His tough little admirers read about it in the newspapers and are disappointed. The youngsters in the audience, having been let in on the secret, know better and worship the criminal the more. It is one thing to give realistic shooting scenes of almost unbearable suspense, another to achieve moral ends. For the first, all the skill of Hollywood has been here successfully employed; the other cannot be reached by mere pretense.

"All right—but I'm still so excited I can't think straight," said Madame, "what *should* they have done, then, if you know about everything better?"

"Cagney could have broken down and, realizing the futility of his life, could have asked as his last wish to say goodby to his friends from the street. Imagine the boys seeing their hero die as a shattered human being."

"Making a softy out of him, you mean?"

"Why were you so delighted, then, by 'Ferdinand the Bull'?" (We had also seen the new Walt Disney character, the flower-smelling bull who does not want to fight.)

"You ask too many questions, Mister; we like our movies the way they are," said Madame, and I kept quiet for the rest of the way home."

This morning my neighbor came over and said: "You're right. Come to think of it, I like the little bull better than all the rest of that stuff we saw put together. But don't tell my wife, or she'll call me Ferdinand."

FRANZ HOELLERING

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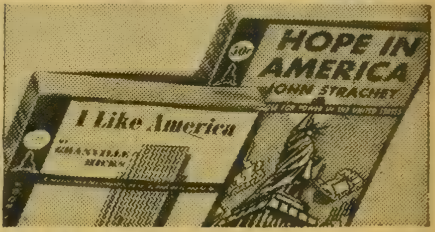

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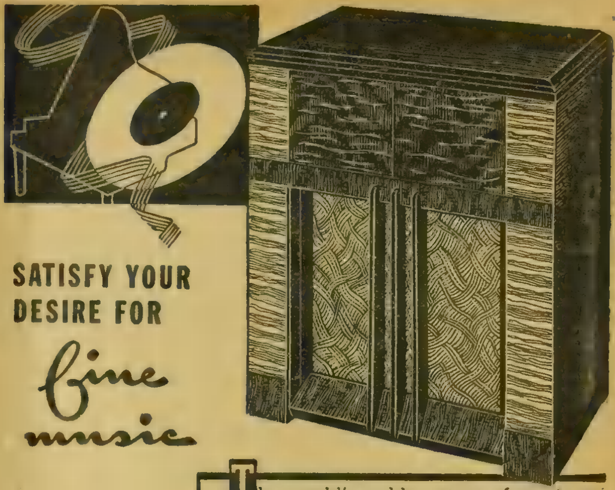

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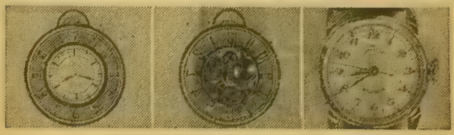

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Letters to the Editors

Santayana on Cardozo

Dear Sirs: In response to your request for permission to reprint George Santayana's letter to me with reference to his comment on my book, "Cardozo and Frontiers of Legal Thinking," I am happy to say that Mr. Santayana has empowered me to publish the letter. I am pleased to do so in your columns in order to correct the inaccuracies of the statement appearing in your "In the Wind" column of November 5.

May I warn your readers not to draw any hasty inferences concerning the extent of Santayana's pro-fascist or anti-socialist sympathies, since in a subsequent letter to me he does much to qualify any such impression. I can do no more here than quote two sentences: "Your interpretation of my distinction between opinions and natural growths is just what I should make it, and the instance of a real tendency to socialize capital seems very apt. It is not Marx's theory which is at work, but the functionlessness of great private wealth and the blunders of plutocracy." (October 16, 1938.) BERYL H. LEVY

Brooklyn, November 26

Dear Dr. Levy: Your book on Cardozo reaches me with no indication of the sender, but the quotation on page 82 makes me think that I owe to you personally the pleasure of having read it. I had never heard of Cardozo before (I live out of the world); but I knew Judge Holmes well, and I need not say that I sympathize with the desire to humanize the administration of justice. But neither of these jurists, nor even you in your comments, satisfies me on what seems to me the crucial point skirted on page 115. What is the highest good of society? This is a question of political ideals. In France, as you know, political "ideology" often causes courts of law intentionally to condemn the innocent, like Dreyfus, or to acquit the guilty, like Madame Caillaux. Now what "ideology" guides Cardozo in determining the direction in which his conscience shall exercise a gentle pressure upon the law? I can find nothing more definite than "the social mind" or "cherished social ideals." Something psychological, then, prevalent sentiment, or opinion? Or something biological or anthropological, the actual tendency which manners and morals show in their evolution? Cardozo himself seems to be decidedly a "beautiful spirit" or *schöne Seele.* His heart is tender and he makes for sweet reasonableness and kindness. But so did Rousseau; and pragmatism, like empiricism, is a most ambiguous thing. They may mean testing ideas by *experiment,* by an appeal to the object or physical fact, which in ethics would be human nature with its physical potentialities of achievement and happiness. On the other hand, empiricism and pragmatism may mean accepting every idea as an ultimate fact and absolute standard for itself, and in practice deciding everything by vote, by sentiment, or by the actual prevalence of one idea over another. In this second direction lies softness, anarchy, and dissolution.

You compare Cardozo with Spinoza; but as far as I can judge by your book there is no *intellectual* comparison. Spinoza was not soft. I have been all my life long a fervent disciple of Spinoza precisely on account of his firmness, of his uncompromising naturalism. Yet even he leaves out the three traditions which, however false their cosmology, seem to me morally sound: the Greek, the Catholic, and the Indian. I am therefore not a disciple of Spinoza in his ideal of human life: it leaves out poetry, art, traditional religion, military and constructive patriotism. His society would be a tame society, where there would be no masters, but all would be voluntary slaves. Perhaps you feel something of my difficulty when you point out that "art" is an indispensable ingredient in everything human.

G. SANTAYANA

Rome, Italy, August 8

American Jews, What Now?

Dear Sirs: Whenever American Jews discuss the recent pogroms in Germany, the question inevitably comes up: What is to happen to Jews in the United States? I heard a comfortable middle-class business man, of some influence among similarly successful Jews in his community, say, "The danger in this country is that there are too many Jews in politics, too many in labor unions. These Jews cause anti-Semitism." Elaborating, he continued, "Labor unions are rackets. Jews should not be mixed up with them, particularly now." And with a consciousness of his own influence in the community he added, "I have just been asked by a group of Gentile business men to see what I can do about getting a certain prominent Jewish labor organizer here to leave the city."

But an anti-Semitic movement in this country would persecute not only Jews prominent in politics or in labor unions. In whatever minds it now exists in this country, by whatever people it is being activated, anti-Semitism is based primarily on the fact that Jews are said to be crushing Gentile competition in business, finance, and the professions. How many business firms now refuse to hire Jews! How many law offices refuse to employ them! How many professional schools refuse to admit them! How much jealousy against them exists in business and in professions!

In Germany, although the Nazis had been propagandizing for almost a decade, the party commenced to win great numbers of supporters only in 1930 when Germany started to feel acutely the economic depression. In America anti-Semitic ideas will find readier listeners when minds have been made receptive by personal economic insecurity. Then the people will give as excuses that the Jews are an alien race, that they are internationalists, that they are this or that or the other thing—whatever excuse is the handiest.

Will, then, the withdrawal of Jews from labor unions, from positions of influence in politics, halt anti-Semitism? Some labor unions are "rackets." Is that any reason why Jews should cease to work toward better labor unions? It was proved in the last depression that many businesses and banks were corrupt. Did Jewish business and financial leaders voluntarily withdraw from business and finance to prevent anti-Semitism? Does our business man who will request a Jewish labor organizer to leave town contemplate giving up his business voluntarily to prevent the economic jealousy and consequent anti-Semitism of some of his less successful Gentile competitors? Will he ask his doctor and lawyer friends to give up their professions?

When the conditions for anti-Semitism are ripe, prejudice, then limitations, then terrorism spread to all phases of Jewish life. If our business man requests the withdrawal of Jews from active participation in politics and trade unions, he must request that they voluntarily impose upon themselves, as a race, conditions which only incipient fascism would impose. He must request their withdrawal into a partial and self-imposed ghetto. But if he wants the democracy in which he and his children have enjoyed freedom to continue, then he must ask his fellow-Jews to continue their work in every field which a democratic government has opened to every man of whatever race or religion.

ALMA OSTERMANN

Chicago, November 23

Defining "Public Relations"

Dear Sir: Helen Woodward's article in *The Nation* for November 26, soaking the public-relations practitioners is valuable and illuminating. Public-relations work, however, is not all high-powered press agentry, though at present, responding to the fear complex of business, much of it is nothing but that. In the work in which my firm is engaged we define public relations as "the attempt on the part of business, in deed as well as in word, to express itself, its motives, its economic and its social functions, with the object of playing more effectively, and more profitably both to itself and to the community, its rightful part in the community."

Increasingly, business is realizing that public relations are not publicity, ballyhoo, or institutional advertising, but critical self-analysis (with or without benefit of experts), to readjust its attitudes and practices—labor included—to the needs of the present day. In short, the future of public relations is in reforming business while at the same time giving business a degree of self-expression which will result in forcing it to make good in its altered attitudes.

W. L. STODDARD

Boston, December 1

Nazis in New Haven

Dear Sirs: An anti-Nazi meeting was held in New Haven, Connecticut, on the evening of November 21 at the Hillhouse High School. It was sponsored by a group of leading citizens. Among the principal speakers were the Mayor and Dr. Jerome Davis; they addressed a capacity audience and obtained a sizable collection for relief purposes. It was an unusually spirited meeting—with only one discordant note.

About fifteen minutes after the meeting started, who should come strutting down the aisle but four full-panoplied "storm troopers," smirking and arrogant of bearing, with every detail of their uniforms in strict regulation order—swastika buttons, overseas caps, brown shirts, dark corduroy trousers, and black puttees? Three were unmistakedly German-Americans; the fourth was of the Italian fascist type. Amid considerable excitement they nonchalantly took seats in the second row. They came for trouble, because one asked the obvious leader, "When do we start?" This question was heard by a person sitting behind, and for the remainder of the meeting a police officer stood near by. When the last speaker was about to begin, they got up and filed out in military fashion.

This account may not make news of much import, but it does show to what insolent lengths Nazis will go. Incidentally, no comment was made in the local press.

CHARLES TEPEL

West Haven, Conn., November 30

Twenty Years for Striking

Dear Sirs: We would like to solicit the aid of your readers in the defense of one of our union members who has been unjustly sentenced to twenty years in prison. This is Christopher Clarich, president and leader of the Shrimp Peelers' Local No. 154, Aransas Pass, Texas.

During a recent strike of shrimp peelers, Clarich was waylaid by an armed mob led by Rob Roy Rice, son of the owner of the firm which was being struck, was beaten and left for dead; six other pickets who came to his defense were sent to the hospital. One of the attacking mob was killed and another was injured in the fight.

Clarich was hastily tried before a jury of large ranchers and landlords. The prosecuting attorney aimed his whole attack at the C. I. O. One member of the jury has now made an affidavit stating that the jury in its deliberations did not consider the guilt or innocence of the accused but discussed the "evils" of the C. I. O. and ways and means of stopping its progress. Clarich was sent to prison for twenty years, simply because he was a fearless leader in the ranks of organized labor.

Protests should be sent to Sheriff Frank Hunt and Judge W. G. Sayle of Sinton. Funds for appeal should be sent to Donald Henderson, president of the United Cannery, Agricultural, Packing, and Allied Workers of America, 50-52 Rust Building, Washington, D. C., and marked "For the Clarich Defense Fund."

HORACE BRYAN
Provisional President, District 8

San Antonio, Texas, November 28

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THE *Nation*

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The Shape of Things

*

PROSPECTS AT LIMA FOR ANTI-FASCIST UNITY in the Western Hemisphere are difficult to appraise at this writing. In the formal opening speeches President Benavides of Peru, Foreign Minister Cantilo of Argentina, and Secretary Hull paid tribute to the ideals of democracy and warned against the incursion of totalitarian philosophy. Each made it clear that amity among the American states does not necessarily mean isolation from the rest of the world. But the difficulty of achieving an effective mutual pact to resist fascist penetration is indicated by the formation of a bloc headed by Argentina to oppose solidarity plans that might provoke German economic reprisals—it also indicates how real the fascist penetration is. It appears doubtful whether Argentina would accept, even in modified form, the plan proposed by Venezuela for immediate consultation and common action in the event that an American nation is attacked by a non-American power. For years Argentina has been bitter in its opposition to effective pan-American union. Reinforcing this traditional opposition is the fact that the present Argentine government is conservative, pro-Franco in its sympathies, and inclined to look askance at too close cooperation with anti-fascist countries like Mexico and Chile. The United States, occupying a middle ground politically, is in a position to mediate between these extremes. The outcome at Lima will depend largely on the skill and restraint with which our delegation discharges this responsibility.

*

THE INVITATION TO ANTHONY EDEN extended by the National Association of Manufacturers turned out splendidly for all concerned save those liberals who looked to the former Foreign Secretary for a bold lead in defense of democracy. Mr. Chamberlain gave his blessing to the enterprise, and his faith was not destroyed by as much as one embarrassing phrase in a long but completely vacuous speech. Mr. Eden himself has had a pleasant trip to America, including a preview of the World's Fair, and has opened the way for his return to the Cabinet—whenever Hitler gives the O. K. The post

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of Dominions Secretary, which calls for dignity rather than authority, is still vacant. The manufacturers may have felt they did not receive much meat for their money, but at least they obtained good publicity. Moreover, Mr. Eden's speech toned in admirably with the vaguely liberal sweetness which pervaded the convention. It is alleged that fierce struggles went on in the Resolutions Committee before the annual program could be drafted, and this is borne out by the innocuous generalizations which finally emerged. We may be unduly suspicious of the emphasis during the convention on "social service" and a "new sense of responsibility." But more specific evidence is necessary before we are convinced that the N. A. M. has experienced a change of heart and not merely adopted a change in tactics.

*

FATHER COUGHLIN'S BLATANT DISTORTIONS have brought out a series of exposures and repudiations from sources which even he cannot dismiss as "Communist." An Episcopal clergyman tracks down, in this week's *Nation,* his misstatements on the Jews and reveals that the source of his chief canard is not a supposed British White Paper but a scurrilous anti-Semitic sheet issued by the Nazis from Erfurt. In last Sunday's broadcast the radio priest completely distorted an article in the B'nai B'rith *National Jewish Monthly* for June, 1938. Father Coughlin said the Jews in Bridgeport and Cleveland persuaded the schools to "stop Easter and Christmas practices which had proved embarrassing to Jewish children." The fact is not that the "practices" were "stopped" but that Jewish children were excused from religious services in the schools at Easter and Christmas. Finally Father Coughlin misrepresents the attitude of his own church. Cardinal Mundelein, recently returned from a visit to the Pope, has issued a statement declaring that Coughlin does not "represent the doctrine or sentiments of the church." Other Catholics are speaking up against his effort to spread anti-Semitism: Alfred E. Smith, at a dinner of the Xavier Alumni Sodality in New York; the *Commonweal,* in an editorial attacking his "all too pious acceptance of propaganda from a party whose Führer proudly boasts his machine is based on huge lies"; and Frank J. Hogan, head of the American Bar Association, in a radio broadcast warning that "one hate breeds another." Mr. Hogan quoted Pope Pius's statement, "We are Semites, spiritually." That is the Nazi objection to Catholicism. Maybe Father Coughlin shares it.

*

THE McKESSON AND ROBBINS AFFAIR SHOWS that Wall Street is still unsafe for the investor. This corporation, long established and hitherto highly respected, is one of the largest units in the drug manufacturing and wholesale trade, with its latest balance sheet indicating assets of some $75,000,000. It was supposed to be operating on a profitable basis when, without warning, suit was filed in Hartford for the appointment of receivers. Subsequent investigation has shown that one large department, trading in crude drugs, had overstated its assets by at least $10,000,000. It appears that huge inventories existed only on paper, that warehouses supposed to contain these inventories were fictitious, and that associated Canadian firms, of doubtful authenticity, depended for their credit on forged Dun and Bradstreet reports. In the words of one of the directors, Wilbur L. Cummings, "the facts are so fantastic that we still can't believe them." What is even more fantastic, this department was apparently able to pursue its extraordinary career, under the direct supervision of the President, F. Donald Coster, without the knowledge of the board or discovery by the auditors. We hope that the investigation which the SEC has instituted will probe to the very bottom of this scandal. But it should do more than that. This case is one more proof of the need for strengthening the law in regard to the auditing of corporation accounts. The SEC should seize this opportunity to formulate proposals insuring stockholders the protection of a wholly independent audit.

*

ALTHOUGH THE SUPREME COURT ON MONday again refused to grant Tom Mooney habeas corpus and declined to review an anti-labor decision by the Fifth Federal Circuit Court of Appeals, it covered itself with honor by upholding the right of a Negro to enter a state law school. This particular decision affects the University of Missouri but establishes a precedent for the fifteen other states that segregate black students from white. McReynolds and Butler disgraced themselves by a dissent in which they put forward the extraordinary view that to end Jim Crowism would "damnify both races."

*

ON TWO FRONTS THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER Guild is challenging the press lords, whose chief consistency is that they practice the anti-labor doctrines which they preach. Since October 1 a remarkably effective strike has shut down the newspapers of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. Although all the familiar paraphernalia of strikebreaking has been invoked, culminating in the formation of a typical "Citizens' Committee," one defection from the publishers' united front has already occurred. The intervention by national officials of the A. F. of L. in precipitating timely "jurisdictional disputes" has not undermined the strike, but has brought a rebuke from local A. F. of L. leaders. An even more impressive demonstration of the Guild's maturing strength has occurred in Chicago. Some months ago the Guild unit of Hearst's *Herald-Examiner* and *American* in that city was virtually dormant, its militancy—and finally its membership—destroyed by systematic reprisals. It was patiently reconstructed; but as its influence mounted, a new campaign of terrorization began in the form of dismissals, company unions, and fake jurisdictional conflicts in which the A. F. of L. was a candid partner. Since last January, when contracts were signed by Hearst, the Guild has charged eighty-seven violations of the pact. Its strike call was supported by a majority of editorial, business, and circulation workers, and a precipitous decline in the papers' circulation is already apparent. In both Wilkes-Barre and Chicago the strikers' demands are eminently reasonable, a fact which most newspapers will prefer not to mention.

*

DALADIER'S VICTORY IN THE CHAMBER WAS a logical result of the French Premier's anti-labor stand in the one-day general strike. The division was strictly along class lines. Socialists and Communists voted to a man against the government, while the entire right and center, with a few minor exceptions, rallied to the Premier's support. That the right should find it necessary to defend the Premier on the strike issue is self-evident. But it is difficult to believe that Daladier's triumph is more than temporary. For no Premier in recent French history has shown such incapacity to rule. Daladier has now been in power for some eight months. During this period he has not only betrayed one of France's closest friends but in the process has succeeded in destroying the keystone of France's security, its system of alliances in Central and Eastern Europe. On top of this, his closing of the French-Spanish frontier has placed a fascist power at the country's back door and threatened its communications with its colonies. As a direct result of his policy, France has been subjected to the indignity of unprecedented Italian demands for Tunisia and other French territory. And, finally, Daladier has so mishandled domestic policy as to bring the nation to the brink of civil war. To offset these major defeats, Daladier has only a dubious promise from Hitler to respect the Franco-German frontier, and a renewed promise of British support. Reports that members of Daladier's own party are projecting a new ministry, ranging from Blum to Reynaud, sound authentic. His best friends must wish him well out of his blundering.

*

ARITA'S STATEMENT FORMALLY CLOSING the open door in China, and Manchoukuo's new discrimination against Western trade seem finally to have awakened Great Britain and the United States to the need of action. On the theory that the best way to check continuing Japanese encroachment on the continent lies in helping the Chinese to defend themselves, the British government is considering an advance of export credits to China. While the proposed credits would be purely commercial, they would be of indirect military value. The summoning of Ambassador Nelson T. Johnson from Chungking suggests that President Roosevelt has not yet fully made up his mind as to the proper course for the United States to adopt in the face of Japan's challenge. A substantial loan to China would undoubtedly be the most effective reply. But it would be the height of folly to advance such a loan while we continue to furnish Japan with war materials and foreign exchange to destroy the investment we are making. This contradiction in policy could be avoided if the President would utilize the power granted him under Section 338 of the Tariff Act to embargo imports from countries which flagrantly discriminate against American trade.

*

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF *LIBERTY* PUBLISHED in *The Nation* two weeks ago has produced a number of protests, of which two representative examples are printed on page 675. Our critics object to our acceptance of an advertisement for so reactionary a magazine as *Liberty*, particularly when its purpose is to draw attention to an article by Max Eastman, whose criticisms of Stalinism are absurdly regarded in some quarters as indicating his adherence to fascism. It should be superfluous to remark that *The Nation* regards the policies of *Liberty* with abhorrence. The advertisement in question was a stupid piece of sensationalism, and the article it publicized as unworthy of Eastman as it was worthy of its publisher. But this does not affect the main issue. *The Nation* refuses to combine the practice of censorship with the preaching of free speech. Those who would have it do so claim, we are sure, to be fervent defenders of American democracy. We would suggest they can best defend it by being democratic even to the extent of permitting the circulation of views they regard as blasphemy. As Jefferson declared in his inaugural address, "Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it."

*

ANTHONY EDEN'S SPEECH BEFORE THE N. A. M. was the most sustained flight into the higher platitudes ever praised by the New York *Times*. . . . The Paris Council has halted a move to rename a street rue Chamberlain. The French can rue Chamberlain without naming a street after him. . . . A publisher who recently received a wire from one of his regular authors asking "How long is a novel?" wired back somewhat casually, "About a hundred thousand words." Whereupon he received another wire saying, "Then I'm through, thank God." Let us hope the happy ending got in under the wire. . . . A man in the Bronx who tried to get across the street by crawling under a horse's belly was badly kicked. Chamberlain didn't succeed either. . . . If King Carol has enough Nazis shot while escaping he may yet achieve his ambition for "A Rumania of One's Own." . . . Program note for a Japanese bombing of Chinese civilians three months hence: Shrapnel from Sixth Avenue El, New York, U. S. A.

The Axis Strained

EVENTS of the past week in Europe suggest that the Berlin-Rome axis, while far from broken, has become slightly buckled; so that the two ends no longer rotate in strict unison. The demonstration of the Italian deputies demanding Tunis, Corsica, and Savoy, followed by the intensive press campaign against France, must be read as a sign of Mussolini's anxiety lest his Munich services go quite unrewarded. It was his method of serving notice that the new Roman Empire was not prepared to stagnate while the Third Reich went forward triumphantly.

Despite all the uproar nobody seems to have been terribly impressed. The German government gave no open countenance to the Italian agitation and proceeded to sign its *pacte de convenance* with France unperturbed. The French showed their resentment but did not take the Roman threats over seriously. Mr. Chamberlain, naturally, accepted the explanation that the outburst was "unofficial" but reminded Mussolini that the recently signed Anglo-Italian agreement provided for the maintenance of the status quo in the Mediterranean.

Italy's misfortune is that it cannot expand without directly challenging French and British interests, and cannot risk starting a war unless absolutely assured of German support. This means that Mussolini must accommodate himself to the plans of Hitler, who has several possible moves open before he need provoke a direct clash with the Western powers. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the Italian uproar is being damped down and the demands on France represented as no more than the prelude to a deal from which minor concessions, such as a reduction in the Suez Canal tolls, are expected.

Germany's reluctance to underwrite Italian ambitions in a big way can easily be explained by developments in Eastern Europe. After Munich the Nazi government appeared to hesitate about its next theater of operations. Should it push hardest against the East or the West? A colonial kite sent up to test British and French reactions produced rather disappointing results, and the disgust of England at the Jewish pogrom suggested that too hard a push in that direction might deprive the Reich of the invaluable services of Mr. Chamberlain.

Meanwhile, although the fruits of Munich were ripening nicely in the Danube valley, there were indications that the harvest ought not to be delayed too long. Possibly King Carol, by his ruthless adaptation of Nazi methods, has already interfered with the schedule. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* has stated that Codreanu had given the signal for an outbreak shortly before he died, like better men before him, "while attempting to escape." The subsequent fury of the Nazi press suggests that this fatality interfered with plans rather seriously.

But if Rumania is proving recalcitrant, other projects are shaping smoothly. The Nazification of Memel is practically complete, and together with Danzig it can be assimilated at any opportune moment. Preparatory moves toward the "liberation" of the Ukraine are developing with the obedient cooperation of Czechoslovakia. Prague is becoming a center for irredentist propaganda, and Ruthenia is reported to be full of German officers and engineers surveying its possibilities as a jumping-off point. The gravity of these movements is best measured by their repercussions in Warsaw. Rapidly the Poles are being pushed toward the choice which Beck's tortuous diplomacy has striven for years to avoid. Either they must accept the overlordship of Germany and assist its eastern drive or they must ally themselves with Russia.

With these irons heating nicely, it is hardly surprising that Germany should have no fire to spare for boiling Mussolini's pot, or that the axis should show signs of strain. But this does not mean that a break is near. The Duce cannot afford to renounce his partner in crime. He can only wait patiently for a chance to blackmail him.

Cultures in Exile

THE springs of culture run deep and are not easily dried up. But the plight of the refugee cultures of our time must have the aid of the civilizations that remain free if they are to survive, as ends in themselves and as powerful instruments for the eventual liberation of the German and Italian peoples. During the past five years the great Goebbels, disappointed novelist and political gangster, has brought the arts within Germany down to his own level. It was the Nazi hope, no doubt, that the "degenerate" culture of the republic, diverted from its native course, would sink without a trace in alien fields. Instead, there grew up in Europe a considerable exile press with German markets in Austria, Switzerland, Holland, and Czechoslovakia. As a result, German literature in exile, comprising as it does the major German talents of this century, has been able to maintain itself; it stands today as *the* German culture despite five years of exile; it has become not less but, if anything, more vital; and the creative mechanism being what it is, the very tragedy of exile, acting as a new infusion, may well produce a refugee literature that will be one of the important contributions of our age.

The same might be said of Italian literature, with interesting variations. In an article in *The Nation* in April, 1937, entitled Rhetoric—or Life, Ignazio Silone pointed out that modern Italian literature, because of its bondage, long antedating the fascist regime, in an upper-class, cap-and-motley tradition, was singularly poor in original living work; that to come alive it must cross the frontier between rhetoric and living art. "For an Italian writer,"

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he concluded, "that means going to prison or into exile. It means something else: . . . changing class." Silone long ago crossed the frontier. And the vitality of his own work in exile bears out his thesis. Yet though he writes in Italian it is the last language in which his books appear—a fact which poses sharply the problem here under discussion.

Many a writer in exile has become the loyal citizen of another country whose language and life he wishes to adopt as his own. Yet all the more he feels an obligation to keep his native language alive against the time when the fascist night shall end. And on that score he faces a serious problem in the curtailment of the audience without which he cannot function. Italian exiles have been confronted from the first with this problem; and today German writers find their markets seriously reduced by the destruction of Austria and Czechoslovakia.

The solution of this, as of most problems today, lies with America, since it has a German- and Italian-speaking population more than sufficient to provide the audiences without which cultures must die.

As far as German literature is concerned, various projects are already under way which deserve support. The American Guild for the Defense of German Cultural Freedom, formed some years ago, has subsidized the work of exiled authors and scholars. It has sponsored a prize for the best German book written in exile, and some two hundred manuscripts are now being read. More recently a German-American Writers' Association has been formed, affiliated with the P. E. N. Club, which, aside from its purpose of preserving the forms and language of German culture, also seeks to combat Nazi propaganda. To that end it has now inaugurated a correspondence service available to the 120 German-American newspapers whose limited means makes them easy prey for Nazi propaganda both open and disguised. The association likewise plans to furnish speakers and material for German radio broadcasts.

On another front, the German Distributing Department of the Alliance Book Corporation (114 Fifth Avenue, New York) is organizing a book club for the publication and distribution in cheap editions not only of original German books but of other works in German translation. With a few thousand members such a book club could support itself and insure an audience for German writers in exile. And we may be sure that this literature will find its way into Germany as well. Such a book club should find many subscribers among German-speaking Americans and among students and teachers.

For various reasons, among them the more spectacular brutality of the Hitler regime, projects in aid of German refugees have been rather widely organized. But similar projects should be undertaken for the preservation of Italian culture. In this connection we are glad to report that the proceeds of a forthcoming public dinner in honor of G. A. Borgese, author of "Goliath," are to be used for the founding of a monthly publication *News from Italy,* designed to combat Italian fascist propaganda in this country. The project is sponsored by such distinguished Italian exiles as Gaetano Salvemini, Max Ascoli, and others. We wish it all success, if only because dissemination of the truth about European fascism functions also as a defense of American democracy.

It is perhaps needless to point out that a flowering of the literature of any language within our borders can only enrich our own culture, which has drawn much of its character and strength from successive waves of European influence and immigration. Moreover, the streams of German and Italian culture must eventually flow back into their native lands. If during their exile they have taken sustenance from and infused fresh elements into the American and French and English air, we shall all have come closer to that truly international culture which must one day make of fascism only another dark episode in the history of the human spirit.

The Nine Rejuvenated

THE Supreme Court has accepted with straight face a doctrine it would have dismissed two years ago as too far-fetched to be taken seriously. The decision of the Supreme Court in the Consolidated Edison case is a measure of how much our highest tribunal has changed since Mr. Roosevelt in 1937 had the courage to use "the birchrod in the cupboard" on judges as well as on utilities. In May, 1935, the Supreme Court did not think working conditions in the bituminous-coal industry of sufficient interstate importance to warrant federal regulation under the commerce clause. But in the Consolidated Edison case a purely intrastate utility is brought under the National Labor Relations Act on the tenuous ground that it also supplies electricity to several interstate railroads, steamship docks, post offices, and an airport. The court might almost as easily have held that the Brothers Schechter came under federal authority because they sold some of their chickens to Pullman diners. It is easy for us to understand, though we enjoy, the bewilderment of Justices Butler and McReynolds in their dissent. The old gray Constitution ain't what she used to be.

The Consolidated Edison decision is one of the greatest victories labor has won in the courts, and careful examination of its full text shows that the fears stirred by the first news reports and voiced in our own issue of last week are unfounded. When labor can force one of the greatest corporations in the country to reinstate six workers discharged for union activity and to pay them some $15,000 in back wages, cheers are in order. It is true that on one point the Supreme Court reversed the

National Labor Relations Board. It did not void the contracts by which Consolidated Edison hoped to prevent the C. I. O. from unionizing its men, despite the scandalous circumstances surrounding those agreements. Evidence showed that the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers took over the company unions, officials and all; that the contracts were signed before it had organized the employees; that foremen acted as "organizers"; that the I. B. E. W. contract was entered into as the lesser of two evils. But the court's refusal to uphold the board on the contracts rests upon procedural grounds and does not deny the board the right to bring in similar findings in the future. The difference between the attitude of the majority and that of Justices Reed and Black, who felt that the contracts should have been voided, was the difference between a common-sense view of these contracts and a view more concerned with legal niceties. But the difference is hardly important, since the court specified that the contracts could not be regarded as exclusive.

The existence of the contracts does not bar the C. I. O. from organizing or the NLRB from holding an election. It happens that the contracts expired with the court decision. We deplore only the fact that the court in this opinion has done what it always does with regulatory statutes—it has rewritten them to widen judicial revision of their administration. The Wagner Act says that the board's findings shall be final if there is evidence to support them. The court held that there must be "substantial evidence." This means that judges in the future can review the facts as well as the law. Utility regulation has been hopelessly entangled in litigation by this sort of judicial review. We hope that will not prove to be the case in the administration of the NLRB.

Death of a Fighter

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

Canal Zone, December 8

THE news of Paul Y. Anderson's death filled just three lines of the ship's newspaper, but it was enough to shatter the illusion of peace and detachment that hangs over a ship in tropical waters. No details came with the announcement; I know only the fact. But for me, as for every member of *The Nation's* staff, that fact has the force of a blow. Paul Anderson has been a part of our journalistic life for so many years that his death seems like the death of a part of the paper as well as of an old friend. From his first contribution in the days shortly after the Teapot Dome investigation to his latest attacks on the Dies committee and his analysis of the election, he gave *The Nation* a combination of fact and insight and incisive phrasing that no other correspondent has equaled.

Paul Anderson was largely responsible for the investigation that opened the Teapot Dome scandal and the other operations of the Ohio Gang some fifteen years ago; a year and a half ago he plumbed through the official explanations of the South Chicago massacre to show what actually happened and just how it had been concealed. He was as important an ally of the La Follette committee as he had been of the Walsh committee—a fact-finding agency in his own person. This doesn't mean that Paul Anderson was incapable of being hoodwinked. His pleasure in uncompromising speech, his contempt for official smugness more than once led him after false gods. Both Hugh Johnson and Huey Long captured his imagination. Boldness and toughness and a willingness to cut through red tape and get things done—these qualities appealed to a similar streak in Paul Anderson. He had an abiding admiration for John L. Lewis, based, with better reason, on similar qualities. But his deepest loyalty and affection were given to those who combined daring and political conscience with a reflective and philosophical wisdom, such men as George W. Norris and the two Senators La Follette—old Bob and young Bob. These men remained a sort of touchstone of value for him, no matter where his momentary enthusiasms might take him.

He led a stormy life, emotionally and professionally. He was a high-hearted fighter, sometimes truculent and provocative, always courageous. He was a ruthless analyst, ready to follow the facts even to ends unpleasant to himself or his friends. He was, above all, a reporter who believed that his job was to tell the story—and that the story included events and their meaning as well. His last year, after he went to the St. Louis *Star-Times,* was in many ways a rewarding one. The *Post-Dispatch,* which he had served since 1914, had fallen from its high position as the chief crusading newspaper of the Middle West, and Paul Anderson left it in sorrow and discouragement, taking with him an unchanging admiration for Oliver K. Bovard, the "greatest managing editor." His article in *The Nation* of August 13, 1938, when Bovard resigned from the *Post-Dispatch,* is as fine a tribute as one newspaperman ever paid another. But the *Star-Times* not only offered him freedom to write as he saw; its independent liberalism provided him with a sympathetic setting and complete cooperation. His work in *The Nation* gave him the chance for analysis and opinion and a warmly responsive public. These meant much to him, and it is a satisfaction to know that he had them.

But the fact of his death is not made more bearable by such minor consolations. More than ever the country needs journalists who stand for an open, free expression that defies every hint of control. Paul Anderson—breezy, pugnacious, penetrating, irreverent—was the epitome of the spirit in American journalism that must against all hazards be preserved. He died too soon.

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Coughlin, the Jews, and Communism

BY WILLIAM C. KERNAN

ON the past few Sundays the Reverend Charles E. Coughlin of Detroit has made radio addresses which are of grave concern to America. Their purpose has apparently been to stir up racial hatred against the Jewish people in a country whose traditions, laws, and institutions are the expression of racial and religious equality. Primarily Father Coughlin has attempted to link the Jewish people with an unpopular social and economic movement known as communism, and by this and similar devices to place the race in a most unfavorable light. His line of reasoning is clever but none the less distasteful and full of error.

His contention is that Nazism is the effect of communism, that it is a defense mechanism against communism, and that there will always exist some defense against communism "as long as misguided Jews and Gentiles in such great numbers continue to propagate the doctrines of anti-God, anti-Christ, anti-patriotism, and anti-property." It will be noted that here Father Coughlin names Gentiles with Jews as the agents responsible for communism. The speech is interlarded with references to atheistic Jews and Gentiles in order to make us think that the speaker is harmlessly impartial.

But as he proceeds, the Gentile agents who are responsible for communism gradually cease to be of importance. The weight of his argument is gradually but certainly thrown against the Jews. "It is the belief, be it well or ill founded, of the present German government," he tells us, "that Jews . . . were responsible for the economic and social ills suffered by the Fatherland since the signing of the Treaty of Versailles." Our attention is drawn here only to Jews. Nothing is said about the German dislike for the Treaty of Versailles itself, which was drawn up by Gentiles and to the destruction of which the Hitler government is committed in the belief that Germany's economic and social ills were due to its provisions as well as to Jewish influence.

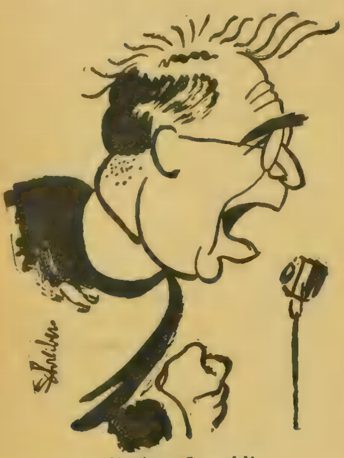
Continuing, he says that the Nazi movement was formed "to rid the Fatherland of Communists whose leaders, unfortunately, they identified with the Jewish race." At this point he identifies the Jews not only with the ills suffered by the Fatherland but also with communism. It is not even mentioned, it is not granted, that in all Germany there were any Gentile Communists. Again—and more strongly now—the weight of the argument is thrown against the Jews, who are painted as at once destroyers of Germany and one with the Communist movement.

From this point on the argument against the Jews moves more rapidly and with less discretion. It is charged that in 1917 "of the twenty-five quasi-Cabinet members" of the Soviet Republic "twenty-four were atheistic Jews," whose names Father Coughlin said he had before him; that in 1935 "the Central Committee of the Communist Party operating in Russia consisted of fifty-nine members," of whom fifty-six were Jews and the three remaining non-Jews were married to Jewesses. Then comes a revealing quotation from a Jewish magazine, the *American Hebrew*, for September 10, 1920: "The achievement, the Russian Jewish revolution, destined to figure in history as the overshadowing result of the World War, was largely the outcome of Jewish thinking, of Jewish discontent, of Jewish effort to reconstruct." The Jews and communism again, linked this time by one of their own publications. What could be clearer?

To clinch his argument of Jewish responsibility for communism, only one more indictment need be added. And Father Coughlin adds it. It is that not only were Jews in Russia responsible for communism, but American Jewish financiers aided the revolution by supplying the money. To prove this most telling point Father Coughlin goes to a book by Professor Denis Fahey. He unearths a secret document of the American Secret Service and tells us that he regrets being forced to reveal the contents of such a "closely guarded and certified document." He dips into an official British document which he calls the British "White Paper," and which he says is in his possession. He assures us that this official "White Paper" contains damning evidence against the Jewish financiers. And he concludes that now all the world may know "what was restricted only to the few some years ago"—namely, that the Russian Revolution "was launched and fomented by distinctively Jewish influence." The Jews and communism again—this time with their money-bags!

And then Father Coughlin uncovers the last, terrible, shocking result of the Jewish-Communist link. "Between the years 1917 and 1938 more than 20 million Christians were murdered by the Communist government in Russia. . . . Between these same years not 400 million dollars but 40 billion dollars of Christian property was appropriated" in Russia. We see at last where the argument takes us. Great care has been exercised to make it clear that communism and the Jewish race are one and the same thing. Look for a Communist and find a Jew! And then the murder of 20 million Christians, the appropriation of 40 billion dollars' worth of Christian property. Who did that? The Communists! And who are the Communists? They are Jews!

The answer to these charges is not difficult to give because, fortunately, we have access to the sources from which Father Coughlin claims that he got his information. And when we examine these sources we are compelled, in all fairness, to come to conclusions which are far different from those drawn by Father Coughlin.



Father Coughlin

To begin with, the definition of Nazism as a defense mechanism against communism and the statement that "there will always exist some defense mechanism against communism" which will always be "characterized by persecution" are oversimplifications of fact. There are many of us, including the President of the United States, who believe that the best defense against communism is not Nazism but democracy—a way not "characterized by persecution." There is the answer to communism of Pope Pius XI—a way not "characterized by persecution." There are the pronouncements of the bishops of the Episcopal church which point to a way not "characterized by persecution." It gives us pause to wonder why Father Coughlin cannot see, as the answer to communism, any other way but that of Nazism or some other defense mechanism "characterized by persecution." Are these words of his an invitation to the Nazi forces in America to set up their defenses here against communism—defenses "characterized by persecution"?

As to Father Coughlin's inferences of Jewish responsibility for communism, many facts about the Jews in Germany before the rise of Hitler indicate that such a link cannot be forged. We might cite the fact that some of the leading newspapers in Germany at that time were Jewish-owned and were opposed to communism, or the fact that the economic interests of the Jewish people in Germany at that time made them, of necessity, the opponents of communism, or the fact that in pre-Nazi Germany the Jews who voted were for the most part members of the liberal democratic parties. But we do not have to mention these things. We have only to recall that before the Nazis came into power the Communist voting strength in Germany was 6,000,000. And in all of Germany there were only some 300,000 Jews who had the right to vote. Even if these 300,000 Jews had all voted Communist, a completely untenable assumption in itself, what would they have amounted to among 6,000,000?

To show that the Jews are responsible for communism in Russia, Father Coughlin, quoting from a paper which, he says, "I have before me," asserts that of the twenty-five members of the quasi-Cabinet of the Soviet Republic in 1917, twenty-four were Jews. One would very much like to see that list of names and to know where he got it. Those who recall the days immediately following the Bolshevist revolution will remember that the first Council of Commissars contained at least sixteen men who were non-Jews, among them Lenin, Stalin, Kalinin, Milutin, Krasin, Kasior, and Bukharin.

Coming down to 1935 we have the statement that "the Central Committee of the Communist Party operating in Russia consisted of fifty-nine members," fifty-six of whom were Jews. Father Coughlin calls this an "official disclosure." We may ask, why "official"? And "disclosed" by whom? For this is a grossly incorrect statement. The Central Committee of the Communist Party in Russia has nearly twice as many members on it as Father Coughlin indicates. And to disprove his fantastic contention that there are no more than three non-Jews on the committee we have but to ask if Andreyev, Mikoyan, and Stalin are Jews; if Molotov, Kalinin, and Voroshilov are Jews; if Beria, Bliukher, and Budenny are Jews; if Zhdanov, Krupskaya, and Petrovsky are Jews. The answer in every case is No.

We can go farther in relieving the Jews of the charge that they are responsible for communism in Russia, and from the subsequent charge that they persecuted Christians. From the statistics of the Petrograd Communist Party in 1918 we learn that of the party's membership 74.3 per cent were Russians, 10.5 per cent Latvians, 6.3 per cent Poles, 3.7 per cent Esthonians, 2.6 per cent Lithuanians, and 2.6 per cent Jews. And from Professor Hugo Valentin, distinguished professor of history in Upsala University, Sweden, author of a book called, "Anti-Semitism, Historically and Critically Examined," we learn that "even in 1922, after several years of intensive Bolshevizing, the Jewish element amounted to only 19,526 members, or 5.2 per cent of the party." Professor Valentin also tells us that "the commissariat for the administration of Jewish affairs, appointed by Lenin's government, issued a manifesto on March 15, 1918, attacking the Jewish workers for their anti-Bolshevist attitude"; that "in the Ukraine in 1918, the Jewish workers with arms in their hands made common cause with the Jewish bourgeoisie against Bolshevism"; that as two-fifths of the Jews of Russia lived by private trade, one-third by handicraft, the coming to power of communism meant "greater catastrophe for the Jews than for any other section of the Russian people"; that "most of the Jewish workers and many of the intellectual and semi-intellectual Jewish proletariat belonged either to

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the Social Revolutionary or to the Menshevik Party, both of which took their stand on social-democratic principles, were hostile to the anti-democratic Bolsheviks, and were soon to be cruelly persecuted by them." Finally, we read in Professor Valentin's book, "The spiritual fathers of Bolshevism are not Jews. . . . The tutors of the radical and revolutionary Russians in atheism, materialism, nihilism, terrorism, socialism, and anarchism were Russians—or Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans, to some extent the same as had influenced the West in the 1870's and 80's, but who had a far more disintegrating effect in Russia than elsewhere."

All of this is not to say that among Russian Communists there are no Jews. Naturally, there are some Jews, some but not many. To attempt to arouse the anger of a whole country against a race by identifying it with the "economic and social ills" of Germany and with the murder of 20 million Christians in Russia—the while mouthing unctuous words about "good" Jews, "religious" Jews, "sincere" Jews—is to disregard all the facts and to go a long way toward setting race against race and religion against religion in this country.

Father Coughlin goes farther. He goes to a Jewish publication, the *American Hebrew,* and seeks to convict the Jews out of their own mouths on the charges that he levels against them. I obtained from the Broadman Library of the World War in New York a copy of that magazine for September 10, 1920, the issue from which Father Coughlin quoted. It is significant for saying exactly the opposite of what Father Coughlin made it appear to say. The article was not written by a Jew, but by a non-Jew. It does not use the phrase "Russian Jewish Revolution" at all—anywhere. It asks the question: Will the world follow the course that led to its blood bath in 1914 or will it "adopt some principle approaching the Golden Rule as the basis of its political and economic statesmanship?" It goes on to point out that "the Golden Rule, as too many of us non-Jews are too apt to forget, is a Jewish principle. It is the expression of Jewish discontent with social, economic, and political conditions that existed in Palestine and in the world nineteen centuries ago." It points out that the unrest caused by the Golden Rule, formulated through Jewish lips in Christ's Sermon on the Mount, finally resulted in the "annihilation of the most firmly intrenched, the most selfish, and most reckless autocratic system in the world, Russian czarism." This is what the author referred to as being "largely the outcome of Jewish thinking, of Jewish discontent, of Jewish effort to reconstruct"—the fall of the czar. And this was not caused by the Bolshevik revolution, but by the Kerensky revolution of March 12, 1917—a revolution supported by the Allies and commended by Theodore Roosevelt, a revolution that was itself overthrown by the Bolshevist revolution on November 7, 1917. Father Coughlin did not tell us that. In other words, the *American Hebrew* did not say that the Communist revolution was the outcome largely of "Jewish thinking, of Jewish discontent, of Jewish effort to reconstruct."

It is, however, when Father Coughlin quotes from the "official White Paper issued by the English War Cabinet in 1919," which he says he has in his possession, that he errs most flagrantly. This paper, known as "Russia No. 1," may be found in its original form in the British Library of Information in New York City and in its abridged form in the New York Public Library. I have studied this paper, and I have found nothing in it to support Father Coughlin's charge that "this official paper prints the names of the Jewish bankers Kuhn, Loeb and Company, of New York, among those who helped finance the Russian Revolution and communism." Kuhn, Loeb and Company are not even mentioned in this paper. When this fact was called to Father Coughlin's attention after his broadcast of November 20, he answered by appealing not only to the "White Paper" again but to a book by Professor Denis Fahey, from which he quoted to the effect that the "chief document treating of the financing of the Russian Revolution is the one drawn up by the American Secret Service." Then follow the names of the American Jewish bankers who "were engaged in this work of destruction." They are: Jacob Schiff, Guggenheim, Max Breitung, and Kuhn, Loeb and Company, of which the directors are Jacob Schiff, Felix Warburg, Otto Kahn, Mortimer Schiff, J. J. Hanauer.

It does not matter that the New York *Times* for November 29 quoted Chief Frank J. Wilson of the United States Secret Service as saying in Washington, "It is quite certain that no such report was ever made by the United States Secret Service," and quoted Kuhn, Loeb and Company as saying in New York, "The firm of Kuhn, Loeb and Company has never had any financial relations, or other relations, with any government in Russia, whether Czarist, Kerensky, or Communist." What does matter is that I have in my possession a Nazi paper called *World Service,* published in Hamburg twice monthly in six languages. This paper describes itself as an information sheet dealing "with the machinations of the Jewish underworld"—a sheet which, accordingly, forms "a necessary part of the intellectual armory of every Gentile." In the issue of February 15, 1936, on page 2, I find, "In February, 1916, it was noticed for the first time that a revolution was being prepared in Russia. It was ascertained that the following banking houses were participants in this work of destruction: Jacob Schiff (Jew), Kuhn, Loeb and Company, Jewish banking house with directors Jacob Schiff (Jew), Felix Warburg (Jew), Otto Kahn (Jew), Mortimer Schiff (Jew), Jerome J. Hanauer (Jew), Guggenheim (Jew), Max Breitung." This statement and this list of names tally exactly with the statement and list of names quoted by Father Coughlin. What is the source of Father Coughlin's information? The British official paper, the United States Secret Service report? No. The Nazi *World Service*, which undertakes to inform the world about the "machinations of the Jewish underworld."

In the light of these facts can we Christians have any part in the persecution of a defenseless people? Shall we, reared in the American tradition of tolerance and goodwill, join forces with those who, like Father Coughlin, would mock our tradition and with their mockery destroy our civilization?

Cuba's Puppet Democracy

BY ARTHUR PINCUS

ONCE again the race is on in Cuba between a major social conflict and intensified military rule, imposed this time under the deceptive cover of "democracy." In recent months Colonel Fulgencio Batista has made two political marriages with parties he once outlawed. As a result he has emerged as the great Cuban "progressive" and "democrat." Basking in the warmth of new-found legality, the Communist Party and the Partido Revolucionario Cubano are now singing the praises of the man they once bitterly assailed as a ruthless butcher, and are assuring the world that democracy has bloodlessly supplanted dictatorship on the island.

These political somersaults will seem less bewildering if events in Cuba are related, first, to the general status of democratic movements in Latin America, and, second, to the political, economic, and military objectives of the United States at the Lima congress of American nations. Cuba can serve as either a bridge or a stumbling-block for the program of the American delegation at Lima. No other country is so closely tied to the United States, or so clearly the product, as Harry Elmer Barnes once put it, of the most subtle and sophisticated imperialistic enterprise in existence. For nearly six years President Roosevelt has been working to lay the ghost of a rampant Yankee imperialism in the minds of Latin Americans by the incantation of the Good Neighbor policy. But time and again listeners to his brave speeches about peace and international justice have heard the jarring undertone of events in Cuba. On the heels of the last Inter-American Conference at Buenos Aires came the impeachment of President Miguel Mariano Gómez, which laid bare a Cuba ruled by machine-gun and rifle. The responsibility of our State Department for Gómez and now for Batista on an island where 80 per cent of the total national wealth is in American hands is crystal-clear to Spanish-speaking Americans, high-flown sentiments and eloquent rhetoric notwithstanding. Now with the democratic idea resurgent in Cuba, Washington, which underwrote Batista's recent visit to the United States, enters the Lima conference with that thorny issue at rest, even if but temporarily.

In another respect the changed Cuban situation will give our delegation even more positive help. Our prime purpose at Lima will be to freeze out Nazi and Japanese influence in the New World. Since Munich the possible fate of small nations has been a matter of deep concern to Latin America, and we have been industriously keeping alive the bogy of European and Asiatic aggression. But the game of power politics cannot be played by adopting resolutions; we must put teeth into our affirmations. And this is where Cuba comes in. Our naval base at Guantánamo, relic of the treaty of 1901, is shortly to be overhauled for complete modernization; strategic highways will link it with the United States naval station at Caímanera, with Baracoa in the eastern part of the island, which dominates the Paso de los Vientos, and with Santiago de Cuba. At Santiago will be built a new naval and airplane base which will be one of the strongest in the world, forming a secondary line in a system of defense of which the Panama Canal fortifications are the first. This may be regarded as the first step taken by the United States to establish a base for a pan-American fleet, and is plain evidence to Latin America and the Rome-Berlin axis that we intend to protect our South American trade with force of arms. Naturally, Cuba is to be rewarded for all this with a revision of the reciprocity treaty in favor of Cuban products and with certain definite arrangements for financial assistance. It was announced only a few days ago that the Export-Import Bank at Washington will lend Cuba $50,000,000 for public works, such as roads, airplane bases, and naval-base improvements, desired by our military authorities. More help of this character is on its way.

The present chastened mood of Batista and his adoption of a "democratic" cloak can only be explained by the widespread unrest and near bankruptcy for which his zigzag policies are responsible. It is no secret that he just barely escaped having Washington put the skids under him, as it once did for Machado. And only eight months ago he faced a "palace" revolt. He had crawled out on a limb by ordering two army chieftains, Colonel Diego Rodríguez, Governor of Oriente, and Colonel Desiderio Sanchez, Governor of Camaguey, whose loyalty he had reason to suspect, to lay down their arms. Both flatly refused. Rather than risk a conflict, Batista backed down. And both men, who are allied with strong sugar interests, have since grown to national stature.

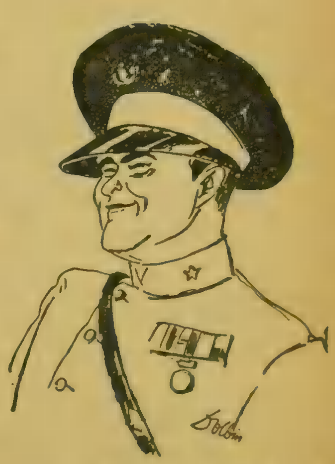
To anyone with a knowledge of the maggoty condition of Cuban politics and commerce in the last years of Machado's rule, the similarities in the present situation are readily apparent. Industry and commerce are on the rocks as then. "White gold"—sugar—is down; revenues are dried up at their source. More than half the people are unemployed. Wages were never lower. Yet food prices are 20 per cent and rents nearly 45 per cent above the level of January, 1936. City streets and country roads alike are thronged with pitiable beggars. Lawlessness mounts. Open corruption rots the authority of those in high government places. Smuggling on a truly epic scale is carried on by army officials. Embezzlement of public funds is a commonplace. What native commerce exists either pays tribute to the army or is directly in the hands of the ruling clique.

But this could not go on forever. Washington was becoming restive. Himself once the beneficiary, Batista seemed to be on the way to becoming the victim of that same American diplomatic meddling that reached its zenith with Sumner Welles and Jefferson Caffery, predecessors of the present ambassador, J. Butler Wright. Things reached the stage where Batista openly declared in March that a plot against his life had been encouraged by the United States in "conversations" between the American ambassador to Cuba and the conspiring elements. Nothing came of this charge beyond Wright's deliberate denial. Not one of the old-line politicians named as master-minds in the plot was arrested. Naturally, this inability to press charges damaged Batista's prestige. He came out of the experience in a chastened, reflective mood.

Meanwhile, the white Creole pseudo-aristocrats, typified in the person of ex-President Gómez, counted straws in the wind, and began to close in on Batista. The spoils of office were already being fought over and divided up among them. A round-table conference of discredited politicians like Menocal and Mendieta met with impunity to effect a national front. Hybrid, monstrous coalitions were created on paper, and there was much loose talk of secret conferences between Ambassador Wright and Colonel Pedraza.

But just when a change in stewardship seemed imminent, Batista completely reversed his course, turned his back on old friends, and confounded his ultra-respectable and reactionary enemies: he became a "democrat" and a "progressive." The embezzlements from the public treasury pointed the way. Why not couple the thieves with big native sugar men and make them scapegoats for the mess in which the island was wallowing? And why not at the same time link both embezzlers and reactionaries with the Cuban Congress and President Laredo Bru, long the object of the people's distrust? The whispering campaign against Bru, set in motion forthwith, had him privy to half the embezzlements that had rocked the island. Actually, Bru had vetoed in February the bill legalizing the notorious $85,000,000 Cuban bond-conversion issue, jammed through our SEC, out of which most of the embezzlement scandals grew. Subsequently it was passed without his signature. But that show of independence apparently cost him his political career.

Nevertheless, Batista's position still needed shoring up against the rising tide of popular unrest. It was not enough for him to break away from old associations and disavow shady accomplices. Popular indifference to the bleats of the old-line politicians composing the round-table conference told him that the Cubans did not wish the return to power of elements which had had their inning in the past and failed miserably. To keep the show going something new was needed. He must convince Washington that he was not worn out as a ruling instrument. If he could form a show-window "democratic" government freighted with "revolutionary elements," behind which he could conceal his military dictatorship, he would be fulfilling Washington's ideal. He must have a government that could face both ways at once, satisfy the claims and allay the fears of all social classes, pipe off the revolutionary steam of the Negro-*mestizo* masses and at the same time reassure foreign property-owners as to their continued security. This was the purpose of his reconciliation with the two parties at opposite poles of social influence—the P. R. C., the strongest numerically of the so-called opposition factions, and the Communist Party of Cuba.



Colonel Fulgencio Batista

The deal with the P. R. C., a *quid pro quo* working agreement, was made by Batista by winning over a majority of its national committee, headed by Sergio Carbó, who had been a member of the ill-fated September 4, 1933, government of Grau San Martin, Ruben de León, and Oscar de la Torre. These leaders became friendly with Batista during Carbó's radio campaign against President Bru and his stuffed-shirt Congress. Batista is now financing this campaign, which is continuing with undiminished intensity, and Carbó, a gifted journalist and orator, is said to be slated for Bru's chair or at least a high Cabinet post. He and his associates have not hesitated to throw their principles overboard and join Batista's camp, where the juicy plums of patronage await them; for this is a country in which fully half the petty bourgeoisie live off the government budget.

I do not think it stretches a point too far to find the seeds of Carbó's junking of the P. R. C. program in Grau's earlier decision to renounce extra-legal action against Batista in favor of peaceful parliamentary opposition. In the past Grau made his own separate peace with Batista, though at the moment he opposes a close alliance. The majority of P. R. C. members feel that they are realists taking advantage of a golden opportunity. Many are sincere in their belief that they can straddle a difficult situation and advance Cuba toward genuine democracy. All of them distrust Batista's cloak of progressivism, but they hear the rumblings of a mass movement of landless peasants, and they want to channel that movement within the dikes of class harmony.

The deal with the Communist Party, granting it legal status, was of a much more startling character. Though it has been said that Batista was not especially favoring the Communist Party in allowing all Cuban parties to function, he had been using it as a shield to avert from himself the blame for the terrible economic plight of the Cuban workers. Moreover, the party's complete about-face is not limited to the island alone but parallels similar action taken by Stalinists in South America, so much so as to indicate a general trend.

To some the activities of the various Latin American Communist parties reveal little but a desire to get ahead politically. The plain fact seems to be, however, that Stalinism in Hispano-America has made its peace with imperialism. That is to say, with American imperialism; the Japanese, Italian, and Nazi varieties are castigated daily. Not a single Communist Party organ in any of the countries to the south of us raises its voice today against the *Yanqui,* although such abuse was once the party's greatest stock in trade. In Cuba, for example, the party press attributes all the island's troubles to big sugar men like Montsalvo and Casanova and Pepin Rivero, editor of the *Diario de la Marina,* Havana's largest and most reactionary paper, without a word about the American imperialist interests of which it was once the most outspoken critic. The reason would appear to be that the various Stalinist parties are acting only to gain a powerful ally on the side of Russia in a future European conflict. Our State Department's bid for a pan-American navy receives from no other group anywhere such wholehearted indorsement as it gets from the Communist parties of Latin America.

The Tenth National Convention of the Cuban Communist Party was held last August. Out of that convention the following formulation of policy appeared in *Hoy,* a Communist paper published in Havana: "The Communist Party of Cuba will adopt a more positive attitude toward Batista, since he is no longer the focal point of reaction but the defender of democracy." What this was to mean was illustrated a few days later when the truck and bus drivers of Oriente province suddenly struck against the hated Highway Tax bill designed to finance payments on the $85,000,000 Cuban bond issue. Springing up spontaneously, this strike was the first workers' movement, indeed the first strike movement of any consequence, since the bloody repression of the general strike in May, 1935. The strike spread like a brush fire through the entire province, and flared up briefly in Camaguey and Santa Clara. At the height of the tension which gripped the island, *Hoy* declared, "This strike is led by fascist elements interested in provoking disturbances and thereby impeding the convening of the Constituent Assembly," but this brake had little effect. Cuba was careening toward a crisis. Batista had to act quickly. The highway tax was provisionally withdrawn, and in the American market the price of the bonds tailspinned disastrously.

Less than a week later Francisco Calderío, national secretary of the Communist Party (known in Cuba as Blas Roca), and Joaquin Ordoqui, a well-known Communist speaker, were invited to confer with Batista at Camp Columbia. To the assembled Cuban press Batista said, "The Communist Party according to its constitution is a democratic party which pursues its ends within the framework of a capitalist regime and renounces violence as a political means, and consequently it is entitled to the same status as that of any other party in Cuba." The Communist Party has indeed achieved the Popular Front it has so long worked for; not a common front with the round-table conference people in opposition to the military rule of Batista, but with Batista and the army itself.

Decree laws, though not now enforced, are still the basis of Cuban government. The university, center of revolutionary upheaval in bygone days, is dominated by a reactionary faculty appointed by Batista. Censorship hangs over the press. The one paper, the *Prensa,* that dared denounce Carbó's and the P. R. C.'s shameless sellout to Batista as a maneuver to forestall the return of civilian rule to the island was peremptorily suppressed, and a decree law detailing don'ts for newspapers, under penalty of confiscation, was immediately promulgated. The Communist organ, *Mediodia,* while piously lamenting the fate that had overtaken the *Prensa,* nevertheless reproached its editor for "misrepresenting Batista's democratic advances." Only a few months ago Felipe Rivero, publisher of the weekly *Jorabemos,* a paper which has carried mild articles criticizing the government, was forced to drink a liter of castor oil at the point of a gun by four men who represented themselves as members of the Military Intelligence Service. Such is the present condition of "democracy" in Cuba. It is a puppet creation of Batista's that can be destroyed in a day as easily as it was created. That is something that will scarcely peep out at Lima.

Twilight at Teachers College

BY JAMES WECHSLER

TO ITS cynical critics Teachers College has long resembled a nursery in which incompetents are painstakingly elevated to mediocrity. From it, nevertheless, have emanated most of the vital currents which have periodically stirred the docile teaching profession in America. For many years this unit of Columbia University was the only important center of teacher training in the United States, and although numerous rivals and imitators have sprung up recently—largely under the leadership of Teachers College alumni—it is still the most important school of its kind.

Because its influence is so widespread, certain events that have recently occurred within its walls have peculiar significance for American education. These events dramatize the existence of a tug-of-war between those who want to maintain the institution's integrity and those who favor a discreet Anschluss with Wall Street. For several decades Teachers College, relying for its revenue upon student enrolment, enjoyed a measure of independence unknown in institutions supported by endowments. It is now passing from this condition of relative freedom to the harsh servitude of economic necessity. Signs of the change are the administration's high-handed disregard for democratic procedure, the anxiety of progressive faculty members who see looming before them a choice between resignation to silence and resignation from the university, the diminished confidence of some outstanding liberals, and intensified administrative efforts to attract conservative benefactors.

Teachers College was founded by adventurers in an educational wilderness. It attained maturity without benefit of large private subsidies. To its halls came pioneers in various fields—Thorndike in educational psychology, Strayer in the science of school administration, Kilpatrick in progressive education, McMurry in elementary education, Patty Hill, founder of the first American kindergarten, and a host of others. By 1920 it had become a major source of the profession's dignity; by 1927 it was a big business paying handsome dividends. George Strayer and his colleagues had a virtual monopoly in the placement of school executives; faculty members enjoyed the prestige, and often the profits of such diverse ventures as school designing, textbooks, lectures, educational films. When Dean James Earl Russell retired in 1927, his son, William Fletcher Russell, mounted the throne of a prospering enterprise.

Even after the crash of 1929 the business of education continued to soar; in the summer of 1930, 14,000 students crowded Teachers College classrooms. But very soon the academicians' dream of immunity from crisis came to an end. Teachers College had long boasted of its cosmopolitan enrolment; by 1932 it was wooing the teachers of New York in fierce competition with New York University. While the sagging curve of enrolment essentially reflected the increasing economic stringency, it was aggravated by the growing eminence of other teacher-training institutions.

It was an auspicious moment for insurgent voices in education. In 1934 such voices became audible; the doctrines they enunciated were forthright, critical, and, most important, dramatically rooted in social crisis. Names like Counts, Newlon, Watson, Rugg, Miller, Gans overshadowed those of Strayer, Mort, Briggs, Thorndike. The new progressives bluntly integrated their educational theories with fresh insights into capitalist disorder. In that year the murmurings of this dissident group were synthesized in an address delivered by George S. Counts: "Dare the School Build a New Social Order?" This was the manifesto of the left wing in education, and its title was amply suggestive of their emphasis as well as of their hopes.

It is not easy to name the precise moment Dean William F. Russell's bewilderment ended and his fears became articulate. The college's financial problems were becoming acute; such prosperity as it still enjoyed was attributable to the drawing power of the progressives. The first conflict occurred late in 1935, when Teachers College professors led an energetic anti-Hearst campaign which vexed Russell not because he loved Hearst more but because he was already thinking in terms of "good" and "bad" publicity.

Far more important were the labor troubles which had begun to simmer within the college itself. In an attempt to destroy unionism among the college's manual workers, four cafeteria workers were summarily fired. The dismissals would probably have been unnoticed in an earlier educational environment; now there were the increasingly vocal progressives, supporting in all their speeches and writings the validity of trade unionism, preaching an identity between educator and worker. This was their first test, and they met it without flinching. They forced a faculty probe of labor conditions at the college, an inquiry which ultimately led to the establishment of uncommonly enlightened conditions. More immediately, however, it led to a widening of the breach between

Russell and William Kilpatrick, acknowledged head of the progressive bloc. A faculty committee headed by Kilpatrick had named the investigators, and at their head was John Childs, a protege of Kilpatrick's and a thorn in Russell's flesh at the time. This committee's report sharply criticized the administration's labor policy.

When similar issues confronted Russell shortly after the cafeteria dismissals, his reprisals became deliberate. Teachers College service men joined a city-wide strike; they were supported by the faculty progressives and by a newly established student newspaper, the *News*. Soon afterward the *News* was deprived of its subsidy and ushered into oblivion. Russell was frank in stating that its editorial judgments were responsible for the move. Today there is no independent student journal at the college. The Dean was even more peremptory in challenging the liberals on his faculty. He invited those faculty members who were critical of his labor policies to submit their resignations; these would not be accepted at once, but he wished to have them "on file."

The bluntness of these measures reinforced the rumors which now began to flood the college. The report circulated that at a party which the Dean gave to conservative administrators and students he had announced his intention to "purge" his faculty and candidly listed five victims: Kilpatrick, Counts, Watson, Childs, and Gans. This story was repeated so frequently that Russell, at a faculty meeting, was compelled to deny it. First he claimed that the remarks had been made in jest; then he attributed them to an anonymous trustee. It is notable that the same names have subsequently figured in other campus rumors. And it is a fact that, in January, 1937—not long after that party—Kilpatrick was retired on the ground that he had passed the age limit; widespread and impressive protests proved ineffective.

Whether such a retirement rule should be automatically applied is of course a debatable issue. Prior exceptions had been made at Teachers College. Considering what were admittedly Russell's personal emotions, there is little doubt that he was insistent not because the principle of automatic retirement was at stake, but because Kilpatrick was at stake.

To the students of the previous summer session Russell had fiercely expressed his opposition to teacher unionism. The intensity of his feeling against it, according to many who knew him intimately, was due to a deep-seated objection to any curb upon his authority; it was accentuated by a calculated desire to make Teachers College appear "respectable," and thus to pave the way for endowments. His authoritarian ambitions were manifest in the "reorganization" of Teachers College that was abruptly foisted upon the faculty and in the formation, in almost ostentatious secrecy, of the "Lay Council."

The reorganization transformed the basic structure of the college, fundamentally altering the status of its departments and their relations to one another. Many of the educational issues involved had earlier been thoroughly investigated by a faculty committee, which had unanimously condemned the kind of measures later so abruptly enacted. Apart from its academic demerits, the new program penalized various progressives on the staff. The most important figures in the Department of Elementary Education, which was eminently successful, were Ralph McGaughy and Roma Gans, known as vigorous, articulate progressives. The reorganization "coordinated" this department, without its head having been consulted, into a larger division under the supervision of conservatives. In characteristically dictatorial fashion Russell announced this reorganization as a *fait accompli.*

But if there is any single incident more prophetic than another of Teachers College's approaching twilight, it is the appearance of the Lay Council. In spite of the rhetoric in which its formation was shrouded, its primary mission is plain: to make peace between big business and the "hotbed of radicalism" on Morningside Heights. Its chief figure is Cortlandt Jackson Langley, a retired business man now having his office at Teachers College. Langley was also the guiding spirit of a series of conferences held by the Advanced School of Teachers College, recently organized to establish the college's superiority to its mushroom competitors, and intrusted to the administration of conservative faculty members. As the Advanced School is a vast financial liability, the conferences were designed to impress its potentialities upon the business world, from which distinguished lists of invited guests were drawn.

Reports of the formation of the Lay Council aroused the progressives' flagging spirits. As a result of bitter controversy in faculty meetings, its composition will be extended to all walks of life. But its essential function remains that of money-raising. The one name thus far definitely linked with its personnel is that of Winthrop Aldrich, president of the Chase National Bank. The future of Teachers College will in some respects depend on the evolving role of this council. Thus far its power is largely latent, but presumably the industrialists who enlist in it will come bearing gifts. Such gifts are the usual fee for which a college trades its independence. I am not convinced that Russell himself sees the full implications of the plan. He is frightened by the spectacle of deficits, and he not only enjoys the society of wealthy persons but sees himself as their tutor.

The announced closing of New College, a progressive undergraduate wing launched by Teachers College several years ago, is the latest and most flagrant of Russell's authoritarian moves. The reasons behind this decision are probably as complex as Russell's personality; the budgetary excuse is slightly grotesque in view of the negligible sum involved. The important fact is that Russell merely announced its closing to faculty and

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students alike; no semblance of democratic discussion preceded the verdict. Now rumors of the impending amalgamation of the Lincoln School with Horace Mann are heard around the college.

Last summer, under the imprint of Teachers College, Professor William Gellerman published a thesis challenging the policies of the American Legion. Most of his critique has long been a commonplace among liberals, but it aroused the wrath of the Legion officialdom; more important, it threatened to disrupt the rapprochement which Russell was effecting between Teachers College and polite society. Hastily Langley beseeched Legion Chief Doherty to address the Teachers College summer session, and Doherty enthusiastically consented. Later, at the plea of numerous students, George S. Counts announced that he would speak in defense of Gellerman's thesis at a student conference. The speech was never delivered. Shortly before the conference Counts was summoned to Russell's office and urged to remain silent, which he did. Although I understand that Russell later confessed that this glaring intervention was an error, his wooing of the Legion did not diminish in ardor. And the Legion reciprocated, inviting him to address its New York State convention. That address, entitled "How to Tell a Communist and How to Beat Him," together with a juvenile article in the Columbia *Alumni News* describing Russell's ripening friendship with the Legion, now constitute the college's most valuable exhibits. They are being circulated by the thousand to prospective benefactors, including the whole mailing list of the American Bankers' Association.

All these events show two continuing elements—internal autocracy and pandering to external conservative interests. Among the progressive wing of the faculty is a deepening sense of gloom, and consequent demoralization. One hears morbid speculation over the Dean's next victims; one notes increasing reticence among some of those who were formerly boldest, a pronounced decline in progressive activity, perhaps best exhibited in the doldrums which afflict the *Social Frontier*, and important defections from the teachers' union. The extent to which insecurity motivates this retreat and the extent to which it reflects broader world tendencies are of course difficult to measure. Basic to this insecurity is the lack of tenure for even the oldest teachers. The fate of Elizabeth McDowell, dismissed summarily after seventeen years on the faculty, cannot be contemplated with equanimity by the survivors.

In the long run the course of Teachers College will be determined by the response of educators and public alike to the policies it is now pursuing. Measured by the conduct of many universities, Teachers College is not yet notably oppressive. But contrasted with the brave manifestos of its leaders and the influence the college has heretofore exerted, its present course is a steady retreat. Faith in democratic education and hope for its future animated Russell's predecessors; lacking these, he has set out in search of charity. The Congress of Industry was his first stop.

In the Wind

IN ITS first edition the anti-Roosevelt Chicago *Tribune* recently carried this streamer-headline: "Call U. S. Envoy from Berlin." Under it appeared a sympathetic dispatch about the President's action from the paper's Washington correspondent. There was also a three-column, front-page cartoon on the subject of the atrocities and their impact on "appeasement" plans. Under a smaller head appeared the story of the sentencing of Robert Irwin, New York murderer. In the second edition a sweeping transformation was evident. The streamer read: "Slayer of 3 given 60 years," and under it appeared the Irwin story. The Washington correspondent's story had vanished; on page two, as a tail to a dispatch from Germany, appeared a three-paragraph A. P. account of Roosevelt's recall of Wilson. Most striking of all, the anti-Hitler cartoon had disappeared and in its place was a cartoon praising the Munich pact.

SPONSORS OF the Japanese boycott have been disturbed by recent sales of "Chinese antiques," here and in England. They are convinced that most antiques and other contemporary imports from China are owned by Japanese and are being used to finance Japanese war purchases abroad. They cite an error which appeared as a misprint or a Freudian slip in a recent advertisement in the New York *Times* announcing a sale of such antiques. The prices, according to the advertisement, were unusually low because "the Chinese yen had dropped in value." The yen, of course, is a Japanese coin.

AMERICAN NEWS and radio services have been regularly receiving releases from a certain "Peninsular News Service," which claims to give the news about rebel Spain. A recent release received by the Columbia Broadcasting System was in a plain envelope stamped across one end: "Deutsches Generalkonsulat, German Consul-General, Whitehall Building, 17 Battery Place, New York."

FRANK SMOTHERS, the correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News* who was recently expelled from Italy, reports growing Italian dissatisfaction with the war in Spain. Citing native cynicism over press accounts of uninterrupted Franco victories he says this comment is now becoming characteristic: "If the Nationalists had advanced as much as the newspapers have said, they would be across the Atlantic by now."

HOLLYWOOD OFFICIALS are alarmed by stiffening federal requirements concerning films for which government equipment is used. They assert that pacifist sequences are being banned from pictures in which the government cooperates.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Paul Y. Anderson

A DEEP, abiding passion for public righteousness dominated Paul Y. Anderson, and an equally compelling hatred of sham and hypocrisy. Combined with these was actual physical, mental, and moral fearlessness, all expressed by a style which for deadly accuracy and straight shooting can perhaps best be likened to a machine-gun. Its drive and force were due not only to Anderson's vigor of thought and deadly earnestness, but also to the complete integrity of his utterances.

To me his articles in *The Nation* sounded always as if hammered out in a white heat. I used to imagine him walking up and down his office bursting with rage and dictating what he had to say to a secretary because he could not possibly type fast enough to record the flood of his feelings as it poured over the dam. I was wrong. Those breezy, smashing articles were typed by him in the early hours, usually between one and four in the morning. He labored over them and chose his words with great exactness, but when the job was finished they seemed the product of an unstudied spontaneity.

He was the greatest detective-reporter I have ever known. Set him on a trail and no bloodhound would run down his quarry more relentlessly. There may be better all-round journalists, more rounded Washington correspondents; certainly there are men who think more deeply about fundamental causes—he was never so much interested in what created situations as in describing and exposing them. But as one of his Washington associates has just said to me, he not only went after the facts—others did that—but he searched until he found the truth behind the facts. That made him the unbeatable reporter that he was. And the excitement of the chase and of the exposure gave his work the verve, the clarity, and the fervor that distinguished it.

None of this would have availed had he not been backed by the newspaper he served so long—the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.* He knew that O. K. Bovard, the great managing editor under whom he worked until a year ago, would stand behind him no matter what happened—and Joseph Pulitzer, Jr., the owner, as well. No writer could have had greater freedom or more complete cooperation. But, after all, it was Paul Anderson himself who achieved those journalistic heights. It was he who had the keenness of vision to start the inquiry going which led to the complete disclosure of the Teapot Dome rascality and the sentencing of a Cabinet member to the penitentiary for accepting a bribe of $100,000; for this Paul Anderson rightly received a Pulitzer prize. It was his genius, coupled with his flaming indignation at what he saw, that gave us the picture of the anti-Negro riots in East St. Louis which won the commendation of a Congressional committee. It was he who in 1926 presented evidence, gathered entirely by himself, which led to the impeachment of a federal judge. Nearly a decade and a half has passed since his brilliant mind put two and two together in the Teapot Dome inquiry; a much longer period may elapse, I believe, before another Washington journalist will achieve as much.

And now, at only forty-five years, he has by his own act ended his phenomenal career—I have not mentioned a tithe of his outstanding reporting. The dreadful tragedy of it! Who, said John L. Lewis, standing at Paul Anderson's coffin, can measure the influence of his day-by-day labors for the purification of our public life? The pity of it is that there is no crusading journalist of quite his force and power left. Where is there another to take the lid off such an abominable travesty of justice as the Dies committee, as Paul Anderson was engaged in doing up to the very last? Equally serious is the steady disappearance of independent, fearless journals which desire a Paul Anderson and dare to find room for the truth that such a man digs up. If there are to be no publishers to grant absolute freedom to a pen as brave and as ruthless in exposure, we shall soon have not a man in the press to voice indignation at governmental wrong.

Since the whole story of the reason for this great loss to *The Nation* and to the entire press of the country has been set forth with crass brutality, I venture to touch on it. He was not the only brilliant newspaperman to be destroyed by drink. In my long writing career I have seen one after another disappear. It is always the same story—long hours, overwork, irregular meals and habits, years of wholly inadequate sleep, the need of more and more stimulation to keep going and of powerful drugs to produce the sleep outraged nature was given no chance to supply. I have no desire to write a homily on the evils of intemperance. But I should be recreant, indeed, if I did not point out how many brilliant men have been sacrificed to the newspaper pace that so often kills. It is through no fault of his friends or his employers that Paul Anderson's life is at an end. No one could have been more thoughtful, more forbearing than the managers of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.* But the loss is immeasurable—as needless as it is tragic.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

SILONE'S INTERIOR DIALOGUE

BY FRANZ HOELLERING

Professor Pickup (dressed in black, talks like a preacher. A vegetarian lion with cheesy-green teeth): Yes, I am the well-known Professor Pickup. I need say no more, since you will certainly have read my books. No modest disclaimers, please. As an educated person you will certainly have read my books. You will therefore be aware that my system is called Neo-Sociology, in which I synthesize and supersede all previous theories about society and man. (Fundamentals of Neo-Sociology: Man is man and society is society. . . . America is America and can be nothing but America. . . . Truth is only truth if it is indisputable.)

Mr. W., the future dictator of the U. S. A. (former saxophonist in a San Francisco saloon, strong, simple-looking, with rings under his eyes, a sufferer from insomnia; he is traveling through Europe with his secret adviser, Professor Pickup, in order to learn from the dictators how to do the trick at home): My European tour has been extremely boring and tiresome. Its only practical result will be that when I get home there will be one more man on federal relief in the United States. I refer to my friend Professor Pickup here, whom I am going to fire.

Thomas the Cynic (informed political exile, expelled from one country after another, now living incognito in Zurich; is in the discouraging habit of calling even unpleasant things by their right names): It is true that there are democrats who realize the utter futility of such methods of government and propose an extension of the democratic principle to spheres of social life from which it has hitherto been excluded, by means of control over a part of private economy, for example. . . . But the application, even the most kid-gloved application, of control of private economy, when it has been tried in times of acute crisis, has hitherto invariably served only to bring social conflicts to a head, with results, even in the economic sphere, exactly opposite to what was hoped.

IGNAZIO SILONE'S newest work* consists of the record of the discussions in which these three characters indulge. To say it at once and without restraint, this book is the most convincing attack upon the dictatorships which has yet been made in modern literature. It is a work of classical dimensions. Wisdom, character, moral passion, humor, wit, deadly sarcasm, all these gifts are here mobilized to one end—to expose the true nature of fascism and its leaders. I have read many books which have had the same purpose: books of professorial researchers; the memoirs of journalists, which are often worth reading; the elegiac writings of defeated politicians. But all of them together do not give so much insight as the satirical dialogues which Silone has written for characters who have been made, through his art, typical of those we meet every day. One feels that Thomas the Cynic, his mouthpiece, has really freed himself "through the cool analysis of many bitter experiences, from the party dogmas, without, however, quenching the inner urge which led him as a youth toward the workers." In his sharp debates with the two Americans he hits again and again the true target. Even at problematic points where he fails one is thankful for the doubts provoked.

Mr. W., after he has talked with all the philosophers, politicians, and poets into whose company Professor Pickup has dragged him, propounds one simple question: What should I do to become dictator of America? Pickup has been duped by fascist propaganda and all the pseudo-scientific phrase-making in Europe; he has mistaken for actual principles the advertising copy which the fascists have concocted in order to put over their robberies. The Cynic and the reader have a very good time with him. Mr. W. is a man to be taken more seriously. He knows exactly what he wants—power. Power at any cost, without scruple or doubt. The Cynic is able to congratulate him. This "will to power" is the only thing which is indispensable to an aspirant to dictatorship. The discussion proceeds step by step from "some characteristic marks of the future dictator," which Mr. W. happily enough possesses—artistic ambitions which have been thwarted, desire for self-expression, inadaptability to ordinary life—to the question of the proposed dictator's party, of how it will have to be organized with the help of the lowest street rowdies and without the assistance of the intellectuals, and then to the peculiar conditions which have made it possible for such shining examples as Hitler and Mussolini to succeed. In this admirable chapter the Cynic—no one except his knowing friends "can understand why he still remains a Socialist"—gives a critical analysis of the Socialist defeat and of the undeveloped phase in which he sees Marxism caught since its creation. Everyone interested in social phenomena and contemporary history should read this chapter and think it over in an honest spirit of self-criticism.

Other chapters of extraordinarily motivated satire deal with the temptations which the prospective dictators must guard against. No programs, no ideas, no formulas! Never relax the "will to power"! Never attack before you are sure of the army and police! Never compromise with friends, kill them! Each of these admonitions the Cynic shows to be well-founded by examples from Hitler and Mussolini. Always the Cynic backs his argument with an abundance of material.

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* "The School for Dictators." By Ignazio Silone. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

Silone understands fascism as a substitute for socialism. "The working-class parties had shown themselves incapable of achieving power, and the old democratic leaders were no longer capable of holding it. Since nature abhors a vacuum, society was forced to create a substitute—fascism." It is obvious that this thesis is quite the opposite of the comfortable equation for escapists, put forward by F. A. Voigt, among others, that socialism and fascism are different manifestations of the same secular religion; or of Dorothy Thompson's newest discovery, that Trotsky's theory of permanent revolution is identical with Hitler's "dynamism." Nevertheless, Silone's explanation seems to me not much more than a plastic image. Fascism functions in favor of the economic status quo, in an acknowledged system of exploitation. Even its state-capitalistic actions may still be interpreted as more or less temporary war measures; they are looked upon as such by the French and English ruling classes, and will be copied more and more by them.

The composition of "The School for Dictators" equals in mastery the wide structure of Silone's great novels. Through his short and shrewd characterizations and his imaginative use of the Swiss landscape and its people he gives the impact of reality to a book of abstract discussion, much as the writer of a psychological novel creates the outside world by the use of economic and political facts. Stories, delightful as the one of Papua, who collects the taboos of the white man, historic excursions, and quotations arranged in dramatic staccato break and intensify the suspense, which holds from the beginning to the end.

The "School for Dictators" should be acted over the radio, a medium to which the great dialogue lends itself in form, timeliness, and dramatic content.

Words for a Lullaby

BY BABETTE DEUTSCH

The thug is on the staircase,
The spy is on the roof,
And God lies in a cellar
For that is bullet-proof;
While kings play opera-bouffe.

The wars are not soon over
That tear the world apart,
And pile with dreadful droppings
Both shattered wall and heart,
To give fresh fires a start.
In vain to look for refuge.
Is it in vain to fight?
A few are born to courage,
Some few to earn delight,
Struggling to meet the night.

Yet children craving stories
Must hear before they sleep
Wonders enough to dream on,
Though men may want to weep.
Those tears will keep.

Afternoon in Downing Street

Place: 10 Downing Street.

Time: Four o'clock in the afternoon of 1938 A.M. (After Munich).

(Neville Chamberlain and Lord Halifax are sipping tea. Between them stands a globe which they twirl from time to time.)

Halifax: Well, what are we going to do about the Jews?

Chamberlain: Yes, the Jews. Terrible nuisance. Czechoslovakia was bad enough, but it's relatively easy to deal with Herr Hitler when he wants something. One simply gives it to him. But when he doesn't want something—like the Jews—what does one do then, my dear Halifax?

Halifax: After all democracy was only an idea. And there was Runciman. But the Jews—

Chamberlain (raising an umbrella which is attached to his chair, and leaning back under it): I always think better under an umbrella, you know. Sense of security and all that—

(There is a knock at the door and a Secretary, young, handsome, well dressed, enters. Halifax gives him a startled look.)

Secretary: The latest dispatches, sir. (Halifax follows him with his eyes as he bows and goes out.)

(Chamberlain and Halifax read the papers over each other's shoulders.)

Chamberlain: How dreadful! The extermination of the Jews has begun. But Hitler said they would be allowed to become criminals first.

Halifax (vigorously twirling the globe): We must do something. There's Australia—

Chamberlain (almost gaily): There's Canada, too, just disappearing round the curve. That's it. We'll send them to Halifax. (He smirks at his own joke.)

Halifax (smiling wryly): I still think Guiana would be a good idea, but those newspapermen ruined it by getting hold of an encyclopedia and finding out that it's full of snakes. As if snakes—

Chamberlain: They were just as bad about Tanganyika. I don't see what the tsetse fly has to do with the great humanitarian task of finding a refuge for the Jews. (He strikes an attitude and a bell rings.)

Halifax (slyly, twirling the globe): And then they dared to suggest that you'd give it back to Germany, Jews and all.

Chamberlain (letting down a black curtain attached to the outer edge of the umbrella): This light hurts my eyes. As if Herr Hitler would actually ask for Tanganyika.

(They sip tea. A clock ticks. Halifax turns the globe.)

Halifax (not so slyly): I see Palestine.

(At this Chamberlain pulls his feet up and disappears completely.)

Halifax: Forgive me, old chap. I won't mention it again.

(Chamberlain lets his feet down again and puts his hands on his knees to keep them from trembling.)

Halifax (reassuringly): I really think Guiana is the best idea. (He continues to turn the globe.)

Chamberlain (eagerly): I have it. Do you see that little dot. It's an island. Pitcairn Island.

Halifax (excitedly): Where? I don't see it.

Chamberlain: There. (He touches it with a pencil point.) No one could object to that. I'm sure Herr Hitler would never want that. (He suddenly looks as if he were not *quite* sure and retreats behind his curtain.)

(The Secretary enters again with dispatches.)

Chamberlain (sticking his nose out): How dreadful. The extermination is half over. But Hitler said—

Halifax (decisively): Let's send them to Tanganyika and be done with it.

Chamberlain: If I thought Herr Hitler wouldn't want it. But what about Pitcairn? An island in the South Seas. It could be converted into a veritable garden.

Halifax: By the way, who does that secretary remind me of? Oh, of course, Anthony Eden.

Chamberlain (dreamily): Yes, a veritable Garden of Eden. We could call it the Garden of Anthony Eden.

Halifax (frowning): We could send him there, too.

Chamberlain: Now Halifax don't be cross. Considering that he doesn't disagree with us on any major point I think that Anthony has made quite a reputation for himself. Only an English gentleman could have done it. He makes me feel that the British ruling classes are almost as clever as the Americans say they are.

(The Secretary enters again. By this time three-quarters of the Jews have been exterminated.)

Chamberlain (firmly): I've thought it over and Pitcairn is the solution. (Less firmly) I'm sure that Hitler—

Halifax: Those newspapermen will be sure to say that it's too small.

Chamberlain (pouring himself another cup of tea): This is terrible, terrible.

Halifax: We must act. Let's settle them on Pitcairn.

(He pulls a bell rope. When the Secretary appears, he asks for an expert.)

Halifax (to the Expert): Tell me, how many angels was it that could dance on the point of an umbrell—I mean a pin.

The Expert (beaming and rubbing his hands): It is a controversy, sir, a very interesting controversy, that has never been absolutely settled, but the very best authorities—of course with certain outstanding exceptions—

(The Secretary enters again with new dispatches.)

Halifax (reading them): My God! The Jews are *all* exterminated. You may go. (The Expert departs.)

(Chamberlain throws back his curtain and lowers his umbrella. They look solemnly at each other for a moment. Then slow smiles of relief spread over their faces. The silence continues as Mr. Chamberlain reaches for another piece of peace.)

MARGARET MARSHALL

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Blast

BLAST AT BALLET. By Lincoln Kirstein. 637 Madison Avenue. $1.

SOMEBODY has said that the first real sign of the revolutionary temper in eighteenth-century France was not the events of 1789 but the quarrel which took place fifteen years before between the partisans of Gluck and Piccini on the question of how to compose operas. If that is true, then the effect of Mr. Kirstein's "Blast at Ballet" may be an indication of how near we are to revolution in America. For Mr. Kirstein has written a pamphlet, provocative and provoking, inspired and inspiring, on how to develop modern American ballet. In it he attacks capitalism and the managers, Russian and réchauffé traditions, most of the critics, all of the city audiences, and nearly every current superstition about art and dance in America.

That he is qualified to say his say, no one will deny. His critical history entitled "Dance" is standard. His work as cofounder and moving spirit of the American Ballet and the Ballet Caravan gives him the authority of practice, and his services to modernism as managing editor of *Hound and Horn* testify to his courage and farsightedness. For the present act of pamphleteering he should receive a Congressional medal. If American art is again to know moments of creative exaltation and sublimity, more people will have to feel about it as does Mr. Kirstein; they will have to forget their dignity and hiss in theaters and concert halls; they will have to revolt in thought and in print; they will have to risk being wrong, risk looking foolish and flushed over a dance movement, a chord progression, or a false note from whatever quarter it may come—musical, critical, scenic, or managerial. That is truly to be in the tradition of the "glorious boys" of 1830, the revolutionists before the Terror, and even before that, the Gluckists and Piccinists whose powdered wigs did not keep them from being hotheads in the cause of art. Snobbish complacency and mild approval of accepted values do not make a fit audience, any more than their counterparts—critical quackery and commercialism—can produce vigorous art.

These good old commonplaces of criticism have to be repeated *ad nauseam* until enough people who have always nodded perfunctory agreement suddenly get up as if galvanized from the rear and do something to show that the words are not a formula but a faith. Mr. Kirstein's pamphlet, I take it, with its battery of insulting comparisons, thundering scorn, and personal allusions, is designed to do just that.

How many people it will arouse I cannot say, for I am in agreement with every one of his fundamental points. But I have a strong suspicion that it will fail of its effect because, as a pamphlet, it is too obviously an inexpert performance. Mr. Kirstein rightly denounces lay dancers and lay plumbers, but being in this essay a pioneer or resuscitator of literary polemics, he is himself a lay pamphleteer. His piece is not built. There is strictly speaking no argument. The fundamental ideas—with which I still agree—have to be inferred or unearthed, buried as they are under a mass of facts, names, and allusions. Ambiguity sits in every corner, competing with bad grammar for the privilege of thwarting the reader. The writer has lived with his chaos so long that he easily finds his way in it: he has forgotten his task, which was to give the reader clues and signposts to make him see the complex relation of the American dance to economics, to managerial organization, and to cultural tradition—the three main points—as Kirstein sees them. I defy anyone not already sympathetic, not already prepared by European birth or familiarity with the names of 500 modernists of all kinds, to wade intelligently through the first dozen pages. And if that is so, who will be found to go on with the rest? Because there is no method, the author will be accounted mad—or rather, discounted—by those who should pay heed; whereas if he were really mad and superficially methodical, he might convince and stir to action.

The value of this document, in short, is that of a source-book. It contains brilliant and abundant ballet criticism; and the author's personal experiences, told with a mixed aggressiveness and nonchalance, constitute an important bit of modern art history. The analysis, moreover, of present-day critical jargon is both witty and true. The fact that Mr. Kirstein is guilty of what he condemns in others only proves him to be headlong and fallible. He inveighs against historian-critics, but he is one himself; he lays claim to being a realist, but he idealizes and confuses the *products* and the *quality* of former cultural centers. He is right, and hopelessly wrong; his prose is by turns excellent and deplorable; his polemical manner alternately superior and infamous. He has done a courageous but reckless act in publishing raw his notes for a future pamphlet of the greatest importance to American art.

JACQUES BARZUN

Union Through Invention

MARCH OF THE IRON MEN. By Roger Burlinghame. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.75.

THE social significance of invention has often been overshadowed by the over-romantic view of inventors which we owe to that school of biographers mainly intent on pointing an individualist moral. The fact that invention is seldom, if ever, the work of one man and that it can only come to fruition when the social soil is ready for it has generally been overlooked. This charge is not to be laid at Mr. Burlinghame's door. He is not neglectful of individual genius, but he subordinates it to his main theme of the social causes and effects of invention in America. As he says in his preface:

> I have tried to show first a picture of the groups of people whose every gregarious effort was thwarted by the savage continent which confronted them; next of the demand of those people for whatever inventions would aid them in the conquest of that continent; and then of how those inventions bred others of such force and magnitude that they established a pattern of union to which the people must finally conform.

We are now accustomed to think of ourselves as always in the van of mechanical progress, but for its first 150 years America lagged sadly behind Europe. Colonial America, outside the plantations, was essentially a land of isolated subsistence farmers. Craftsmanship had little chance to develop where every man was perforce jack of all trades. Organized large-scale production was impossible with abundant land making for chronic labor shortage. It was only when the

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Revolution cut off English supplies that manufacturing got a start, but this was largely lost again when peace reopened the ports and renewed the pull of the virgin West.

In the end, though, it was the advancing frontier that not only gave a stimulus to inventions but provided one of great significance—the Pennsylvania rifle, which Mr. Burlinghame finds largely responsible for the success of the Revolution. America, indeed, has always been predominant in the manufacture of firearms, a reflection not only of the dangers of pioneer life but of the individualistic spirit of the frontier. Moreover, as the author shows, from Eli Whitney's experiments in the standardization of rifle parts, as extended by Samuel Colt, there arose both the machine tool and mass production.

As the pioneers pushed westward, the urgent necessity for better communications spurred Yankee ingenuity. While Britain led the way in metallurgy and textile machinery, America concentrated on steamships, railroads, and the telegraph. Each invention led to another, and always the pace was forced by the scarcity of labor. By 1860 the United States was bound together by technological bonds more tightly than it knew. Union had ceased to be a political convenience; it had become an economic necessity.

Mr. Burlinghame has written a fascinating book. He has marshaled a huge volume of material into readable yet scholarly form; and he has not neglected his references. Quite apart from its appeal to the general reader, it will, I imagine, be eagerly seized on by alert history teachers seeking intelligent supplementary reading for their students.

KEITH HUTCHISON

Success Story

SPELLA HO. By H. E. Bates. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

A REVIEWER sometimes wonders whether it is his own concern with social problems that makes so many novels seem symbolic. A few years ago "Spella Ho" would have been commented on merely as a good story. So it is, moreover, in the usual review journals today. But isn't "Spella Ho" more than this? Its hero, illiterate at the age of twenty, has known from childhood the difference between his poverty-stricken family and the grandeur of the great house, Spella Ho. He early decides against complete honesty. He is ugly, dirty, and driven by the will to succeed. Through several women and through his persistent vision of the great house and what it means, he rises—sinking several times in the process—to grandeur at the end when he has become the aged owner of Spella Ho. Moreover, he and his wife have brought to the little village of Castor in which he was born an industrial civilization of consummate ugliness. And the last person to confront him is a rather scatterbrained artist who tells him that his town is hideous, a blot on the landscape. The "power and the glory" are, after all, not really his. He is left to die alone in their dust, but he has been an agent of progress which will, in turn, become reactionary.

The book is very well written; both its characters and its situations are convincing. But from the first chapter on, Bruno appears to be a symbol of a rising class. The various women he meets are symbols, respectively, of the genteel white-collar slave, the nationalist, the lower middle class which joins with the proletarian to bring progress into the little village, and the idealist who, like most intellectuals in literature today, kills herself. The fashion in which suicide is committed is Victorian, but what of that? Our hero, once he becomes the owner of the great house—a record of the past—joins past with present. The lady artist who tells him his work is hideous states the position of the artist who feels that industrialism does not bring beauty.

Do I read all this into this novel? I doubt it. The novelist today, willy-nilly, good or bad (and Mr. Bates is a good novelist), uses symbols as characters. Nor is there anything very wrong with a character who is a symbol unless his symbolism overwhelms his humanity. Despite the fact that Bruno Stadbelt and his women are believable, they are not completely human in the sense of being rounded, rich characters. Bruno may be a little too unusual to be entirely typical, yet he is the thing that stalks us today, the appealing moronic proletarian groping toward the light. He reminds me very much of Hugh in "Poor White," save that his rise to power is less understandable than that of Sherwood Anderson's hero.

Why for once don't the novelists give us an intelligent worker? Why must we trace now, instead of the rise of a family to power, or its decline—two popular themes of the last fifteen years in fiction—the rise of an illiterate emotional proletarian to middle-classdom, through which, like "Miniver Cheevy," he becomes stuck fast in yesterday. "Spella Ho" is in a sense just another success story with an ironic ending. Moreover, one tires of heroes who see the light only through a variety of women (also symbolic). Can't any man go it alone?

Let me end where I began. Perhaps I have read too many books of social significance. Certainly Mr. Bates, choosing the abnormal rather than the normal, creates a dark and moving hero and gives him an unusual life. His book is well worth reading, for Mr. Bates is a first-rate novelist. Nevertheless, "Spella Ho" seems less novel than allegory, and, on the whole, less a work of art than others Mr. Bates has written.

EDA LOU WALTON

RECORDS

GAMUT has issued a notable volume (six records, $9) containing the first three of Bach's six sonatas for violin and clavier, played on the violin and harpsichord by Boris Schwarz and Alice Ehlers. No. 3 is one of Bach's finest works, which has long been in need of recording; and each of the other two has individual movements that are good. My own ears have no difficulty in accepting the sound of violin and piano in combination; and if I prefer violin and harpsichord for these sonatas it is because the works were conceived in the terms—for example, the sonorities—offered by violin and harpsichord, and are therefore to be heard as Bach conceived them only when they are re-created in those terms. Performances and recording of harpsichord, in this volume, are excellent; the violin is recorded a little shrill.

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On Victor's November list Toscanini's single ($2) of the Overture to "The Magic Flute" offers a characteristically beautiful performance recorded with a little shrillness; and Stokowski's single ($2) of "Invitation to the Dance" once more gives us a performance in which we may enjoy his extraordinary powers without being disturbed by his weaknesses. As for Koussevitzky's set of Sibelius's Fifth Symphony and "Pohjola's Daughter" (five records, $10)—works that are among the composer's best—it offers admirable performances, but in the older Victor set made by Kajanus is a performance of the symphony which at certain points I like even better. And the same is true of the recording: the one flaw in the old set is the fog that envelops the concluding measures of the first movement (third side), which are clear in the new set; otherwise the old recording is surprisingly good, and in the middle movement (fifth side) it has better balance and therefore greater clarity than the new one. Occasionally in the new version one is made aware of the superior quality of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; but one is aware in the old version of the excellence of the London Symphony.

For the rest, Goossens's set of the Suite from Rimsky-Korsakov's "Coq d'Or" (three records, $5) records an excellent performance by the London Symphony of some of the most delightful passages of the work, which will be even more delightful if you hear them with recollections of one of the stage presentations; Marian Anderson's singing of Bach's "Komm' süsser Tod" and a Handel Siciliana is very fine ($1.50); and those who like Busoni's re-creation for piano of Bach's great Chaconne for violin, as I do not, will find that Johana Harris's performance (two records, $3.50) is effective.

If you have wondered why only the first and second of Debussy's Nocturnes are played you need only listen to the third, "Sirènes," on the third and fourth records of Columbia's new set ($6). On the first record is what will remain the finest version of "Nuages" until Koussevitzky records it; on the second the Orchestre des Festivals Debussy under Inghelbrecht gives a good performance of "Fêtes," but one without the magic that can be achieved only by an orchestra like the Boston (under Koussevitzky) or the Philadelphia (under Stokowski).

Holst's "St. Paul's Suite" (two records, $2) is charming music well played by the Jacques String Orchestra, and well recorded except for a waver in pitch at the ends of two sides. Schubert's "Rosamunde" music (four records, $6) wants tenderness and warmth in performance, but what it gets from Harty with the Hallé Orchestra is efficiency with no nonsense. Roussel's Quartet Opus 45, well played by the Roths (three records, $5), is characteristically arid. Kullman's fine voice is afflicted by excessive vibrato in the Prize Song from "Die Meistersinger," but not in Lohengrin's Narrative on the reverse side of the record ($1.50). And finally, those who like Brahms's Waltzes Opus 39 and Ballade Opus 10 No. 1 will like Kitain's performances of them (three records, $5) (I prefer to believe that nobody likes Liszt's "Venezia e Napoli").

An exciting jazz record is Johnny Dodds's "Wild Man Blues" and "29th and Dearborn" (Decca), with a good clarinet solo by Dodds, but with extraordinary work on trumpet and guitar by players who are not named. Outstand-

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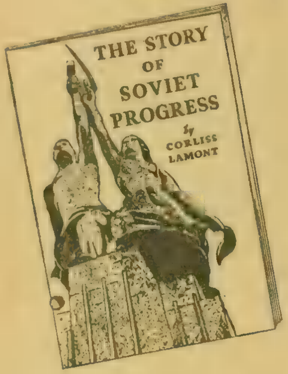

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ing also is the work of Buck Clayton and Lester Young of Basie's orchestra in "I Want a Little Girl" (Commodore Shop). And the "Bumble Bee Stomp" of Benny Goodman's Orchestra is one of the better Goodman records, with Stacey's ten-second contribution as its high point (I continue to wonder at the few opportunities this pianist gets to be heard in the Goodman performances).

Brunswick has reissued Beiderbecke's "Rhythm King" and "Somebody Stole My Gal"; and another Beiderbecke solo can be heard in the Wolverine Orchestra's "Riverboat Shuffle" reissued by the Hot Record Society, 303 Fifth Avenue, New York. A notable release by this organization is "One and Two Blues," sung by Bessie Smith with Joe Smith playing cornet and Buster Bailey clarinet.

B. H. HAGGIN

DRAMA

Holiday Suggestions

ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS. Plymouth Theater. Magnificent performance by Raymond Massey in Robert Sherwood's play. Many critics think it one of the finest works ever written for the American stage, and if it is not quite that it is at least an admirable attempt to present the life of a man who has gradually come to be accepted as first among our national heroes. Almost equally successful in achieving two purposes, it both presents the pathos of a great career and suggests the parallel between the problems which Lincoln faced and those of present-day democracy.

HAMLET. St. James Theater. Inevitably opinions differ as to the merits of Maurice Evans's "interpretation" of the part and as to the rank he as an individual should hold among the Hamlets of our time. Nearly everyone agrees that this production of the play as a whole is one of the most satisfactory we are likely to see. It is especially recommended to those who believe that Shakespeare is not interesting in the contemporary theater.

HELLZAPOPPIN. Winter Garden. Wild mixture of vaudeville and musical comedy, to which the title is highly appropriate. The actors spill off the stage into the auditorium and almost anything is likely to happen. A surprise success, and entertaining for those in the proper mood.

I MARRIED AN ANGEL. Shubert Theater. Smart musical comedy with a book based on a Hungarian play about the difficulties experienced by a gentleman who did exactly what the title indicates. It is extremely popular and regarded by its admirers as both delicate and sophisticated. To me it seems languid and anemic.

KISS THE BOYS GOODBY. Henry Miller's Theater. Noisy farce about a Southern belle who is lured to a Connecticut week-end party infested by Hollywood lunatics, cynical newspapermen, philandering husbands, and others who commit the oldest sins in the newest ways. By Clare Boothe, the author of last year's *succès de scandale,* "The Women." Like her previous play this one is supposed to exhibit a daring and devastating wit. Under its bludgeoning I was bloody but unwowed.

KNICKERBOCKER HOLIDAY. Ethel Barrymore Theater. Maxwell Anderson's libretto set to music by Kurt Weill. Neither the lyrics nor the tunes are at all in the tradition of the current smart musical shows, and it is not recommended to those so devoted to the methods of Cole Porter and the rest that they are sure to find Mr. Anderson's simpler low comedy and straightforward lyrics "unsophisticated." Others are likely to find, as I did, this hearty satiric treatment of Peter Stuyvesant as the original proponent of a totalitarian state in the New World not only funny but a welcome change. Kurt Weill's music is extremely pleasant, and there is a charming new ingenue named Jeanne Madden, as well as an admirable performance by Walter Huston in the title role.

LEAVE IT TO ME. Imperial Theater. Cole Porter at very nearly his best in a satiric revue which nevertheless borrows something of its spirit from "Of Thee I Sing." Victor Moore would break nearly anyone's heart as the bathtub manufacturer from Topeka who can't get himself recalled as ambassador to the Soviets. He is ably supported by William Gaxton and Sophie Tucker.

OSCAR WILDE. Fulton Theater. The English actor Robert Morley in one of the most remarkable impersonations I have ever seen. Even those who feel that they would rather not hear any more about Wilde are likely to find themselves absorbed by Mr. Morley's performance in this witty and well-constructed play.

PINS AND NEEDLES. Labor Stage. The second year of this amusing satiric review in which the members of the Garment Workers' Union make fun of themselves as well as of the capitalistic system.

ROCKET TO THE MOON. Belasco Theater. This play by Clifford Odets is hardly a contribution to the holiday season, but it is quite possibly his best work to date, which means that it is, in many respects, most extraordinarily effective. If the story of a disappointed dentist and his unsuccessful love affair with his youthful assistant has political significance, I do not know what that significance is; but here is certainly the sharpest dialogue and the most vivid characterization to be seen in any new play of the year.

SING OUT THE NEWS. Music Box Theater. Another satiric review but to me not the most successful of the crop.

THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE. Alvin Theater. Some of the plot of the "Comedy of Errors" used as the basis for a lively and funny musical comedy by Rodgers and Hart. It is not as different from some other reviews as you might think but has a fine score, some excellent dancing, and Jimmy Savo as one of the Dromios.

TOBACCO ROAD. Forrest Theater. There seem to be persons who have not seen this one. They should, but there is no hurry about it.

WHAT A LIFE. Biltmore Theater. Characteristic George Abbott farce and therefore funny. This one is about a high-school student who just can't help getting into trouble.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THEATRES

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WE ARE happy to announce the winners in *The Nation's* Names Contest:

First Prize: $100—Miss Alma Lutz, Boston, Mass.
Second Prize: $50—Mr. Aaron Kutnick, Detroit, Mich.
Third Prize: $25—Mr. M. P. Mikelbank, New York, N. Y.

Tied for Fourth Prize, the following seven contestants received $5 each: Mrs. Florence R. Molans, Johnstown, Pa.; Mr. William Kolar, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. S. D. Soskin, Ft. Worth, Texas; Miss Shirley Leonard, New York, N. Y.; Dr. Aaron Hirschenbaum, New York, N. Y.; Mr. Morris Cohen, Akron, Ohio; Miss Evelyn Ellenbogen, New Rochelle, N. Y.

THE ARTS

Hamilton Captures Jefferson?

WHAT Secretary of the Treasury, the "greatest since Alexander Hamilton," gave the nation his art collection? Who, therefore, chose the architect for the museum to house it? Right; and the architect for the Mellon museum, the late John Russell Pope, suddenly appeared as the architect, too, for the proposed Jefferson Memorial.

In the controversy that has since then raged about the proposed Jefferson Memorial, much has been said about the destruction of cherry trees along the Tidal Basin (made necessary by Pope's design), and about the merits of having a secretly appointed architect as against architectural competitions; but this little detail concerning the origin of the "Jefferson" design has somehow been overlooked.

Not only did the architect for the museum of Mellon, our neo-Hamilton, become the architect for the Jefferson Memorial as well, but there were striking similarities in the two designs: the two domes, planned to be seen in the same landscape, made Jefferson look like Hamilton's twin brother.

Further parallels were to be found in the technique of promotion. As Mellon's architect, Pope had felt justified in giving critics such as the Washington Fine Arts Commission rather summary handling; he and his advisers did more than that as architects for the Jefferson monument, which in three successive episodes was placed before the public as a *fait accompli,* public disapproval being treated merely as an annoyance that would blow over. The similar treatment in both cases sprang from a similar attitude, the attitude of "qualified experts" accustomed to serving the "rich and well-born," who always "know best."

Perhaps Mr. Roosevelt, on whose lap the problem rests at the moment, thinks that the neo-Hamiltonian origin and handling of this proposed—and perhaps disposed—Jefferson-monument design is a mere accident and side issue, worth tolerating if it results in a beautiful structure. Perhaps, having been assured by the committee's architectural adviser that the "classic" is correctly "Jeffersonian," he has deluded himself into thinking that it is Hamilton who is being brought into camp. Let him use his own eyes! In the blind land of labels, Jefferson counts only as the instigator of a "revival" in a certain technical use of columns and classical "orders." That's what the labels say; but if, on the ground, you look at the public buildings erected in America under Jefferson's inspiration, and then compare them with the neo-classic battalions of columns brought to Washington by the John Russell Popes, you perceive that technical skill, intelligence, precision, and scholarliness have from time to time come in; but spontaneity, innovation, a certain direct if crude simplicity, the warm broad mantle of the democratic habit—these have gone out.

Mr. President, let's not have an Andy Mellon memorial to the great Jefferson. Let's throw the project of a memorial to Jefferson open, in the democratic, Jeffersonian way, to the people as a whole, as represented by *all* architects who believe that they have worthy ideas.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

Letters to the Editors

Advertisement of Reaction

Dear Sirs: I received my copy of *The Nation* for December 3 today. Much that I read pleased me, as always. I am happy that your magazine takes the position it does on—say, the Munich affair, the Spanish war, and collective security. But on other subjects I sometimes feel a doubt as to the "rightness" of your stand.

You invite your readers to make gifts of *Nation* subscriptions with one breath, and with another you request them to supplement their reading with *Liberty*—an article by a "famous radical," forsooth, a "defender of Trotsky"! If the things that are happening in Spain and France today happen in the United States, such articles as the one you advertised will be the means by which they are brought to pass.

If your paper is going to lend itself to such purposes, even indirectly, it will not be providing the leadership that the people need, and that it prides itself upon furnishing.

MARGARET T. YATES

Old Park, Ill., December 3

Dear Sirs: A magazine's reputation inevitably lends a certain indorsement to the copy displayed in its advertising columns. The space should be considered open to all who can pay for it, of course, as any newspaper publisher will tell you at the top of his voice; unfortunately the effect noted above cannot be avoided. I wish, then, to protest, as a reader of *The Nation*, against the advertisement accepted from *Liberty*. That *The Nation* should spread the Macfadden creed seems to me to be deplorable.

A. C. HALL

New York, December 6

[The question raised by these letters is dealt with in an editorial paragraph on page 651.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Glorifying Peace

Dear Sirs: The news of the world informs us every day of the progressive militarization of children in many nations. For a change, it is good to learn of the peace education that Swiss children receive.

I have just received a book jacket which the Zurich school authorities distribute among the pupils of the city's schools for the protection of the municipally owned schoolbooks. On the front cover are printed striking peace quotations from the writings of nine great men and woman: Martin Luther, Huldrych Zwingli, Heinrich Pestalozzi, Friedrich Schiller, Jeremias Gotthelf, Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach, Bertha von Suttner, Gerhart Hauptmann, and Pope Pius XI. The back page is given entirely to a quotation from "Victor Berger (an American social economist)."

ROSIKA SCHWIMMER

New York, December 7

No Word from Moscow

Dear Sirs: While Hearst, Hoover and the rest of the despised Liberty Leaguers have publicly denounced Nazi atrocities against the German Jews, not a word has come out of Moscow, much less a helping hand for the proletarian, noncapitalist refugees. Again, while the *Daily Worker* clamors for a boycott of German goods in the United States, nothing is said about stopping the flourishing German-Soviet trade. (*Current History* for June, 1938, reports that Soviet Russia is Germany's second-best customer.)

Isn't it about time for some of our Stalinist sympathizers to reevaluate their notions of the Soviet Union under its present leadership?

EDWARD GROVE

New York, November 22

A Jew in Italy

Dear Sirs: As an example of Italian persecution of Jews, let me mention the case of an Italian scholar of high renown, from whom I recently received a letter. "After forty years of ceaseless work," he wrote, "though I am by religion and actual faith a Roman Catholic, because I am of Jewish extraction I find suddenly that I am thrown out of my job and ruined." He was principal of a *liceo* and had just brought out beautifully commentated editions of both "The Divine Comedy" and Manzoni's "I Promessi Sposi." Now he is entirely without means of support, and the many books that he has written cannot be sold in Italy.

He is willing to do translations, editorial work, research, anything. Should any reader of this letter have a piece of work to be done by an expert scholar and littérateur in Italy, let him please communicate at once with me at the University of California.

RUDOLH ALTROCCHI

Berkeley, Cal., December 6

Labor's Neediest

Dear Sirs: Readers of *The Nation* have always shown a generous interest in the annual Christmas drive for labor's neediest cases. The 1938 drive which is now under way has set $25,000 as its goal.

During the thirteen years of its existence, the International Labor Defense has aided or supported 45,000 men, women, and children. The annual Christmas drive is one of the main sources of income for the Prisoners' Relief Fund upon which these courageous and uncomplaining people have learned to depend for some measure of comfort and security. Although the number varies, there are never fewer than 200 prisoners, widows, and orphans on the long-term relief list of the I. L. D.

The children of labor's prisoners look forward to Christmas gifts of toys, new clothing, new shoes. Their wives are depending on the Christmas check to meet their many needs. The men themselves look forward to their annual Christmas gift behind prison bars as one more reminder of labor's solidarity.

Since this year labor's neediest cases also include the political refugees from Nazi terror, we have decided to assign a percentage of our Christmas drive fund to these men and women.

Contributions may be sent to the drive headquarters, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York.

VITO MARCANTONIO

New York, December 8

Share-Croppers' Children

Dear Sirs: Share-croppers' children hardly know what toys are. An old sack may be made into a doll by some enterprising mother, or perhaps a barrel rim will be found for a hoop.

Each year Pioneer Youth collects toys for the children of some union group that is particularly up against it. This year the beet workers and share-croppers have been chosen. Educational work among their children is to be started, and the Christmas toys will help to launch the program.

Those of your readers interested in helping make a Christmas for share-cropper children are urged to make up packages of toys, clothes, and books and send them to the Christmas Toy Shop, care Cannery and Agricultural Workers, 1441 Welton Street, Denver, Colorado, or 1305 Fifteenth Street South, Birmingham, Alabama.

If packages are impracticable, checks may be sent to Pioneer Youth of America, 219 West Twenty-ninth Street, New York. AGNES SAILER, Director

New York, December 8

Kentucky Miners' Defense

Dear Sirs: Your readers do not need to be told about the frame-up of the four Harlan County union miners who are still serving life terms as a result of the infamous trials arising from the Battle of Evarts in 1931. The hearings before the La Follette committee and the revelations during the trials of the coal operators revealed the fury of Harlan's anti-labor forces. But I want to enlist your readers' aid in our drive to obtain pardons for these men this Christmas.

We have held two pardon hearings before Governor Chandler, the last in June, 1938, at which overwhelming evidence of intimidation and perjury was presented. We have also filed petitions from forty-six of the forty-seven surviving jurors and letters from two of the three trial judges asking for the release of the prisoners. But the Governor has not reached a decision.

It may help him to make up his mind if your readers will write or wire him at Frankfort, Kentucky, asking for immediate unconditional pardons. Contributions for the Christmas Pardon Fund can be sent to Kentucky Miners Defense, 75 Fifth Avenue, New York.

HERBERT MAHLER, Secretary-Treasurer,
Kentucky Miners Defense

New York, December 8

Half for the Unhappy

Dear Sirs: Many of us believe Christmas has become so commercialized that its original meaning is in danger of being obliterated. The three Wise Men brought treasures in recognition of the Christ Spirit born into a decaying world, but they did not receive material gifts in return; they paid homage to a new world in the making. We who believe that a new world will be born out of the present darkness, desire to return to first principles, to strengthen the faith of the young people, and to make them aware of the true meaning of Christmas. We desire to simplify giving; knowing the total amount we can spend on Christmas gifts, we plan to cut this sum in half, and utilize the remainder for the urgent needs of unhappy people in this and other lands. How many of your readers will join us in this plan?

ALICE RAPHAEL ECKSTEIN

New York, December 9

Corroboration for Fischer

Dear Sirs: May I, in corroboration of a thesis that I elaborated in a recent article—that Hitler did not envisage, did not plan to wage, and was not prepared to conduct a general war on the issue of Czechoslovakia—quote these words from Winston Churchill in the London *Daily Telegraph* of December 1, 1938? "It is now known that during the late crisis Herr Hitler concentrated three-quarters of his armies against Czechoslovakia, and left on the French frontier, to guard his uncompleted defenses, a force far inferior to the French army. . . . Either Herr Hitler must be a desperate gambler or he must have felt pretty sure that he would be let alone to work his will on the Czech Republic."

Hitler was more than pretty sure. He was sure. LOUIS FISCHER

Paris, December 2

Goethe on the Germans

Dear Sirs: The greatest German, Goethe, in a letter to his son, wrote these prophetic words:

> Our men and women must on no account be led to imagine that Germanism is identified with Christianity and chivalry; for the former was extraneous to Germanism . . . and the latter, likewise a foreign product, is in many ways contradictory of the fundamental idea of German nationalism.

And in Faust, Part II, he put into the mouth of the Demon of War, these words:

> Oppose me not! No protestation!
> What difficulty baffles me?
> When round me trembles every nation,
> I know the thrill of ecstasy.
> Let crumbling realms on realms be scattered,
> I stand alone, supreme in power;
> Are bonds drawn closer, swift they're shattered
> I cut them loose in one short hour....
> The earth is all one shuddering fear,
> I bid her rise, a new-born sphere!

Does this not sound like Nürnberg?

Here are Gothe's opinions of the Germans, in his own words:

> Germany is naught, but the individual German is much. Before the good that is in them and which would work toward the well-being of all nations, can be brought out, the Germans will have to be uprooted and dispersed the world over.... They have a bad habit of undoing their best work by inordinate demands . . . mediocrity is their native sphere. I am so sick of the imbecility at present displayed in every department that even in their distress the Germans strike me as ludicrous. . . . Though the Germans are not materialistic in tendency, it is none the less difficult to move them to an ideal end.

Finally, Goethe called war a disease in which the forces useful for recovery and health are dissipated in the service of something alien and abnormal. "Alien and abnormal"—what a prophet!

NATHAN E. HANDLER

New York, December 1

CONTRIBUTORS

WILLIAM C. KERNAN is rector of Trinity Episcopal Church of Bayonne, New Jersey.

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THE *Nation*

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The Shape of Things

✶

THE "REFORM" BOARD OF THE NEW YORK Stock Exchange elected last May has been widely advertised as a vigorous wielder of the new broom, but the circumstances under which Robert M. Hutchins has resigned as one of its "public representatives" suggests that it has inherited from its predecessors a fondness for the whitewash brush. With Mr. Hutchins a lone dissenter, the board decided to take no action with regard to establishing the responsibility of those members who had knowledge of the state of Richard Whitney's affairs prior to his suspension. That certain members had adhered to the "code of gentlemen" when public interest demanded they break silence was clearly indicated by the report of the SEC. By its decision not to pursue the matter further on the ground that it would merely duplicate the investigation of the SEC, the board seems to condone that silence. According to a commentator in the New York *Herald Tribune,* Wall Street opinion is inclined to regard the consequent resignation of Mr. Hutchins as an "ultimate benefit," since he lacked "understanding of market problems." In the context of the case this can only mean inability to make a subtle distinction between business morality and everyday ethics. We congratulate Mr. Hutchins on this disqualification.

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PRIVATE COLLECTIVISM IS NO NEW DEAL bugaboo. One sees its vivid outlines in the monopoly-inquiry testimony on the glass industry, in which one company, Hartford-Empire, through its control of basic patents, dictates policies as completely as any commissar in a Soviet trust. This one company and a related concern accounted for more than 96 per cent of all glass containers manufactured in 1937. The rest was divided among "independents." The word is put in quotation marks because Hartford-Empire tells its supposed competitors how much they may produce, what kind of glassware they may manufacture, in what territory they may sell, with whom they may do business, and the conditions under which they may use machinery not patented by Hartford-Empire. Litigation is used as a deliberate instrument of business

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policy against recalcitrant inventors or independent business men. Hartford-Empire has made millions on the basic patent it acquired in 1917 for $2,300; in 1937 it earned 67.77 per cent on net capital employed in operations. The life of patents is limited by law to seventeen years, but loopholes revealed by the inquiry will permit Hartford-Empire to have the use of its chief patents for fifty-four years. One of the devices to circumvent the seventeen-year restriction is to keep one's application for a patent pending as long as possible—the application keeps others out of the field. Testimony from the automobile industry showed that the original Selden patent on the motor car was kept pending for seventeen years. Fortunately it was broken in the courts in 1911, and Detroit is remarkably free from the patent monopoly. It is worth noting that while a Congressional committee is uncovering these evils the Supreme Court—over the protests of the new liberal minority, Black and Reed—has this year widened both the scope and duration of patents.

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PHILIP MUSICA'S AMAZING IMPERSONATION, for seventeen years, of F. Donald Coster, ranks as one of the greatest feats of acting in history. There was an artistic completeness about the performance which compels admiration. Nor can one regret that shot in the bathroom which, conventional though it was, proved the exactly right curtain to a drama which pales the most expert efforts of our thriller merchants. At present we have actually witnessed only the last act, and we await eagerly the unfolding of the complete plot. There are hints that it includes gun-running and bootlegging in addition to purely financial skulduggery. We hope that the multitudinous government agencies which are taking a hand in the investigations will not get in one another's light. The public must be given the whole story, which has, we suspect, apart from its entertainment value, some pretty serious morals attached to it.

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CHANGES IN THE SOCIAL SECURITY ACT recommended by the Advisory Council on Social Security are excellent so far as they go. Government participation in the financing of social insurance has proved necessary and successful in most countries. Broadening the coverage of the old-age-annuity plan to include farm employees, domestic servants, and workers in non-profit, religious, and charitable institutions is desperately needed. The proposals for widows' and orphans' benefits and the supplementary allowance for aged wives are equally vital, as is the recommendation for the payment of disability benefits regardless of age. On these latter proposals, however, the Advisory Council appears to have been unnecessarily cautious. Wives are not to receive an allowance unless they are sixty-five years of age, regardless of their husband's age or capacity for work. Thus elderly wives of aged husbands are left very much in the lurch until they reach the stated age. Similarly, it is to be regretted that the Advisory Council did not come out flatly for immediate protection for workers who are disabled before they reach sixty-five. As the council itself points out, "No other group in our population is more completely dependent or in a more desperate economic situation." Equally regrettable are the many omissions in the report. No provision is made, for example, for eliminating the fantastic reserve principle behind the old-age-insurance plan, though the added benefits may serve to reduce the reserve somewhat, or for correcting the glaring weaknesses in the unemployment-insurance scheme.

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THE FEDERAL HOUSING ADMINISTRATION has been doing good work in a field where private enterprise has not yet recovered from its excesses during the boom years. We are therefore glad that the President has used his powers under the National Housing Act to raise the maximum of insured mortgages from two to three billion dollars. By insuring mortgages of up to 90 per cent of value on medium-priced houses the FHA has paved the way for a revival in building of this type. Its mode of operations gives the intending home builder real protection against jerry-building, while by cutting out second and third mortgages and providing for regular amortization it diminishes the risks of home ownership. Competition among the savings banks and other large holders of funds to obtain insured mortgages has been growing, with the result that initial charges have been much reduced. Basic interest rates, however, are still as high as 4½ to 5 per cent. With federal insurance making these mortgages almost the equivalent of government bonds yielding 3 per cent or less, the question arises whether too high a premium is not being paid for the cooperation of the financial institutions. It is also important to remember that the FHA, while doing admirable work, is not able to contribute to the urgently necessary task of rehousing that "one-third of the nation" most in need of better accommodation. The group to which it especially caters is that able to afford a rent of around $50 a month. Hence while applauding the President's decision to extend its resources, we must ask whether proportionate attention is being given to really low-cost housing. We call attention to the article by Charles Abrams on another page which deals with various aspects of the fight for adequate housing.

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AT LAST THE NAZIS HAVE GONE TOO FAR IN expressing their complete contempt for the British government. When they seized Austria, Mr. Chamberlain talked appeasement; when by threats of force they compelled Britain and France to sacrifice the Czechs, he talked appeasement; when they violated the Munich agreement before the ink on it was dry, he talked appeasement; when they loosed their mobs on the Jews and followed physical terror with financial extortion, he still talked appeasement. But even a Chamberlain will turn, and the limit of his patience was reached when the German press was ungentlemanly enough to refer to the venerable Earl Baldwin as a "guttersnipe." This epithet moved the Premier to protest, whereupon the Nazis underlined their caddishness by discourteously boycotting the dinner at which his speech was made. Such behavior has drawn a solemn rebuke from the London *Times*, Mr. Chamberlain has gone so far, for him, as to ask in the obsequious tones he reserves for the Nazi gangsters for a "sign" that they want peace, and there are indications that even the Cliveden set is beginning to wonder whether work on the Berlin-London axis ought not to be indefinitely suspended.

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THE CRY OF CHILDREN IN DISTRESS HAS NOT often gone unheeded in this country. After the war both Congress and individual Americans assisted generously the victims of the blockade. When the Russian famine threatened ten million children in 1921, there was no hesitation in going to their aid. But today there is a cry for help which is going unanswered. In Germany there are 60,000 outcast children, of whom half are Christians, threatened by starvation and subjected to moral terror. Britain has offered to care for 15,000 of them; little Holland for 5,000. Surely America will not look the other way. We appeal to the President and to Mr. Hoover, who whatever their differences share a common humanitarianism, to join in proposing to Congress an amendment to the law which would permit at least 10,000 of these children to enter outside the quota. Funds for their support and foster-parents willing to care for them are already assured. And we know that the people of America, a land built by immigrants, would respond with a generous "Yes!" to a proposal that refuge be given to 10,000 innocents. It needs only to be made.

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NAZI HENS HAVE BEEN FORMALLY TOLD IN the *Berliner Tageblatt* that they must lay 140 eggs yearly in spite of short rations. (We had been wondering who reads the *Tageblatt.*) Those who fail will get it in the neck. A rooster who prides himself on his resemblance to Josef Goebbels plans to open the campaign by leading a contingent of willing Aryan hens down the Wilhelmstrasse. At a given signal they will lay fresh eggs at the feet of Adolf Hitler as they cluck the slogan, *Kirche, Küche, Kinder*. . . . A German court has ruled that paintings and pictures of Nazi leaders may not be attached for debt. The ruling was made in the case of a German who wanted to keep a painting of Hermann Göring that he had won in a shooting gallery. Which reminds us of the English diplomat who, when Göring said he had been on a shooting trip, asked innocently, "Humans?" . . . In another ward of the European insane asylum: The Grand Duke Vladimir emptied Paris of taxis when he called a meeting of Russian monarchists, who greeted him as "Czar of all the Russias." Well, not quite all. . . . One Huaracha Cuchicela has suggested to the Lima conference the restoration of the Inca empire in Peru. He claims the title of "Only Inca." The suggestion has presumably been referred to a committee, which is expected to take no action promptly.

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FREDERICK B. ROBINSON'S RESIGNATION AS president of the City College of New York is his most important contribution to the advance of education in a long and reactionary career. His administration was as intolerant as it was inept; it won for him the contempt of his profession and the scorn of conservatives and liberals alike. When such distinguished liberals as Ordway Tead and John T. Flynn were appointed to the Board of Higher Education, it became clear that Robinson's days were numbered. His successor should profit from his extraordinary but far too long-drawn-out demonstration of how *not* to run a college.

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TO WILLIAM MacDONALD, WHO DIED LAST week in New York, belongs the credit of having written the most remarkable editorial which appeared in *The Nation* in the post-war period. It was called The Madness at Versailles, and appeared on May 17, 1919, immediately after the publication of the peace treaty. At the time it was considered a crazy performance, for the press of the country was then ready to accept President Wilson's assurance that the peace treaty was all that it should be. Mr. MacDonald rightly declared that it divided the world into two camps and that it opened up a new battle "to make man free." Today, however, after nearly twenty years, the liberal, peace-loving forces stand with their backs to the wall. As for Woodrow Wilson, the editorial correctly prophesied that "his rhetorical phrases, torn and faded tinsel of a thought which men now doubt if he himself ever really believed, will never again fall with hypnotic charm upon the ears of eager multitudes." This was only one of William MacDonald's distinguished services to this journal as European correspondent, editorial writer, and first editor of the International Relations Section, which for several years dealt at length with foreign problems. He was an admirable teacher of history at Bowdoin College and Harvard and Brown universities, a meticulously careful historian, and a journalist and book reviewer of erudition and distinction. *The Nation* records with sorrow this loss to American letters and acknowledges with gratitude its lasting indebtedness to William MacDonald.

Wall Street's Fascist Wing

THE business community seems to be dividing into two camps. One is prepared to reconcile itself to the New Deal, to compromise with it, and to work within the framework of our democratic system to modify or sabotage its reforms. The other seems to be growing not less but more intransigent, fiercely class-conscious, aware of its kinship with fascist forces abroad, and ready to consider the same methods at home. This division among American capitalists is reflected politically in the battle now going on within the Republican Party between its standpatters and its (mild, very mild) liberals. In the field of journalism the same cleavage finds expression. The Chicago *Tribune* and the New York *Herald Tribune* may serve as illustrations of how far apart in spirit and outlook the two wings of anti-New Deal conservatism can become. The former is pro-Munich in its foreign policy and indefatigably the red-baiter at home; the latter regards "appeasement" as illusory and is as outspoken as any liberal paper in its defense of civil liberties. In the field of business itself the Congress of American Industry exemplified the tendency toward conciliation. Two recent events in New York City are examples of the other current, and indicate how bitter the diehards are becoming. One was the luncheon given Congressman Dies by the New York State Economic Council. The other was the sixty-sixth annual meeting of the New York Board of Trade.

We think these two gatherings merit the attention of thoughtful people the country over, but with the exception of the *Daily Worker* even the New York press printed only partial accounts. Fear of giving publicity to certain fascist organizers, a belief that dangers can best be fought by pretending that they do not exist, and a dread of offending important business advertisers combined to keep the whole picture from the public.

The list of the sponsors of the Dies luncheon and of their guests indicates that the Texan is no publicity-seeking clown to leaders of American business and finance; apparently they take his "revelations" seriously and appreciate, as well they may, the work he did in the last election to undermine his own party. The New York State Economic Council is one of the chief sounding boards for big business in this state, and its president, Merwin K. Hart, recently returned from rebel Spain full of enthusiasm for Franco. He has accused the President of "communizing the United States," and he signed the recent round robin against lifting the embargo on shipments to Spain. Guests at his luncheon included such business men as Major General Harbord of RCA, Thomas H. McInnerney of the National Dairy Products Corporation, William C. Dickerman of the American Locomotive Company, and Louis K. Comstock, head of the powerful Merchants' Association, as well as such professional patriots as Captain John B. Trevor of the American Coalition of Patriotic Societies, Archibald E. Stevenson, and Fritz Kuhn. Congressman Dies referred to the Bund as "founded on racial hatred" and coupled it with communism among the forces threatening America, but these passing references we are sure did not spoil the pleasure that Kuhn and his party of Nazis derived from the rest of his speech. The guest list shows how respectable the crackpots of the right are becoming.

But the Dies luncheon pales beside the Board of Trade affair, where the main speaker was Major General George Van Horn Moseley, a military nobody who has been trying to be a man on horseback ever since his retirement in September. He signalized his retirement by a statement attacking the New Deal which Secretary Woodring attributed to pique over his failure to become Chief of Staff. On Armistice Day he made an anti-Semitic speech before the National Christian Convention in Cincinnati. General Moseley himself is unimportant, and the speech he made in New York might be dismissed as too irresponsible to merit attention had he not been addressing one of the city's representative business bodies. He proposed that we accede to a Japanese "Monroe Doctrine" in the Far East, pleaded for better relations with the axis powers, sneered at the new national-defense program and the effort to unite with Latin America against fascist aggression, and called for the extermination of "domestic enemies." The domestic enemies he identified as the New Dealers "and here and there their wives," and the extermination he meant literally. He warned that "Christian patriotic groups are demanding immediate action . . . once these patriots go to battle they will cure the disease definitely and make those massacres now recorded in history look like peaceful church parades." General Göring himself could not have surpassed his appeal to the America outside New York City and the District of Columbia: "In fact, if both New York and Washington were burned down tonight it would not cause a ripple in the America that I am talking about. In fact, in Washington it might be one definite way of reducing bureaucracy." The Board of Trade applauded.

Meetings of this kind attended by those who have a great deal of money and power illustrate how real the threat of fascism may soon become. They also demonstrate that those who are worried about appeals to violence, class prejudice, and un-American ideas should keep their eyes on Wall Street, not on Union Square.

Snags at Lima

DISPATCHES from Lima in the past few days make it clear that things are not going at all well for the program of the American delegation. It is true that the first official act of the conference was to adopt unanimously a resolution, favored by Secretary Hull, committing the Americas to liberal trade policies. But such resolutions have been adopted before, and have offered no barrier to the penetration of the regimented trade policies of the totalitarian states. It is also true that the United States succeeded in sidetracking Chile's proposal outlawing diplomatic intervention for the recovery of confiscated or expropriated property. But this again was a rather hollow victory, for the fact still remains that any such action by the United States would be deeply resented throughout Latin America.

These paper triumphs have been offset, moreover, by the persistent opposition of the Argentine delegation to the proposals advanced by the United States on continental solidarity. The failure of Hull's draft "Declaration of Lima" to win general support at the conference is the more discouraging because of its comparative mildness. It fell far short of establishing an "American League of Nations." It was not even a multilateral pact of mutual assistance for the American nations. It sought merely to set up machinery to put into effect the consultative provisions of the convention signed at Buenos Aires on December 23, 1936.

Argentina's suspicion that the proposals for continental solidarity may be merely another device for furthering North American imperialism was not lessened by Alfred M. Landon's explicit reaffirmation of the Monroe Doctrine. Although his speech may have salutary effects on the totalitarian dictatorships in Europe, it sounded far too much like the statements of past Republican leaders to reassure countries which are disturbed lest the Good Neighbor policy have a two-year time limit. Mr. Landon's failure to suppport the Good Neighbor policy explicitly, in the name of the Republican Party, must have caused very real alarm to the Latin Americans.

Some sort of compromise between the Argentine and the North American position on the question of continental solidarity will doubtless be worked out before the conference closes. Just what it will be is difficult to predict, though it will presumably be along the lines of the proposal of the Brazilian delegation. While this represents some slight advance on the Buenos Aires convention, it offers little, if any, protection against the influx of totalitarian ideas and practices and provides wholly inadequate machinery for collective resistance to armed invasion. It is to be hoped that the rather disappointing legal results of the conference will be supplemented by definite gains in good-will and understanding between the United States and the Latin American republics. Such results, in the long run, will do far more to preserve democracy in the Americas than any resolutions that could possibly have been adopted.

Nazi Blackmail

DR. SCHACHT, who although no longer Minister of Economics remains Hitler's favorite emissary when any financial sleight of hand is required, has just returned to Berlin after an "unofficial visit" to London. His mission, it would appear, had at least three objectives. He was to explore the possibility of using the miseries of the refugees as a lever to boost German exports; he was to find out how seriously the British government intended to pursue its "trade-war" plans; finally he was to make preliminary soundings about a further reduction in the foreign-debt service.

Each of these questions is immediately related to Germany's foreign-trade position, and their urgency can best be appreciated by reference to the November trade figures. These reveal a very serious deterioration by comparison both with October and with a year ago. Exports in November were 8 per cent under those for the previous month, and while imports also declined the adverse balance mounted. For the nine months of the current year the excess of imports amounts to almost 400,000,000 marks, whereas last year there was an export surplus of 422,000,000. These figures are immediately important, showing as they do the strain on the weakest link in the German economic chain—foreign trade. The mounting deficit means a rapid exhaustion of foreign-exchange reserves and the necessity of cutting down imports still further. Hitler will be obliged to ask for a further tightening of belts, for, as he recently admitted, the limits of food production inside the country have been reached.

Still more alarming for the Nazis is the fact that unless they can replenish supplies of foreign exchange by increasing exports, they must reduce imports of raw materials vital to the armament factories. How serious they consider the situation is indicated by a report mentioned in the London *Economist* that production for export countries with unrestricted currencies has recently been given priority even over military requirements.

It is against this background that we must consider the proposition which Dr. Schacht is reported to have presented to George Rublee, director of the Intergovernmental Committee for Refugees, for assisting the emigration of the Jews. The exact mechanism to be adopted remains obscure. According to one version, Jews leaving Germany would be permitted to take with them a small fraction of their wealth in the form of certificates only exchangeable against German goods. Another suggests that the method employed would be an international loan, based on the security of such refugee assets in Germany as the Nazis decide not to steal outright, which would be gradually liquidated through the sale abroad of German goods additional to normal exports. Whatever the actual means proposed, the end is clear enough. It is to play on the humanitarian sympathies of foreign peoples and governments in order to bolster Germany's weak trade position.

Stripped of its trappings the scheme is nothing less than a demand for mass ransom—a demand just as monstrous as the attempts which have been made to force relatives and friends abroad to buy the release of individuals. It is an attempt to apply on an unprecedented scale the methods of the kidnapper. Hard though it may be to reject a straw which seems to offer the faintest hope to those in dire distress, *The Nation* believes that any plan involving ransom, however disguised, should be unhesitatingly rejected. If from humanitarian motives we consent to be blackmailed, we merely encourage the blackmailer to repeat his tactics on Catholics, Protestants, or other vulnerable groups. We nullify the pressure that has been put on the Nazis by the trade boycott—and how real that pressure is the trade figures show—and we demonstrate to gangsters and would-be gangsters the world over that terror is a clever financial trick.

We cannot believe that any organization interested in helping refugees, whether Jewish, Christian, or nonsectarian, will give the slightest countenance to a ransom scheme. We rejoice that the joint boycott council of the American Jewish Congress and the Jewish Labor Committee has rejected flatly Dr. Schacht's plans and heartily indorse its proposals for an intensification of the boycott. To Hitler's attempts to exploit the miseries of the refugees in order to feed his military Moloch there is only one answer to be made: "Millions for relief but not one cent for tribute."

Help for China

ANNOUNCEMENT that the Import-Export Bank is prepared to advance credits to finance the export of American products to China, which has now been followed by the decision to continue the extension of credit to China against gold held in this country, is heartening news. The amount of the credit is small in comparison with the need, but shipment of $25,000,000 worth of trucks, gasoline, and machinery will be of great aid to China in its desperate struggle. Responsible observers have been almost unanimous in asserting that China needs two things above all else if it is to hold out against Japan: (1) mechanical transport facilities to give its armies the mobility possessed by the Japanese; and (2) an industrial base in the vast western areas still under Chinese control. These credits should be of substantial assistance in achieving both objectives.

The political significance of the two decisions is even greater. For the first time in years the United States has taken the lead in an important move to check aggression. Action by the United States should spur Great Britain and other countries which have been considering similar advances to China. At the same time it serves as a warning to Japan that the outside world does not fully concur in its ambition to dominate the Asiatic continent.

Announcement of the credits has come at a particularly opportune moment because it is evident that in the past few weeks China itself has found new defensive resources. Recent reports tell of Chinese triumphs in all sections of the country. Only about a fortnight ago the Eighth Route Army won one of the great victories of the war in Shansi. Chinese guerrilla units are reported to be operating on the outskirts of Shanghai. In Central China the Chinese regular army has recovered virtually all the territory it lost in the preceding month. A counteroffensive now under way in South China has recaptured the port of Waichow and carried the Chinese to the outskirts of Canton. Most significant of all is the announcement that Chiang Kai-shek has officially adopted the guerrilla and mass-warfare tactics favored by the Eighth Route Army, and is taking action to free the government of defeatist elements. This implies a new unity between the right- and left-wing elements in the government. It also implies greater cooperation between China and the Soviet Union, which should be definitely beneficial for China.

Nothing could be more disastrous, however, than for the United States to assume that in advancing the $25,000,000 in credits it has discharged its obligation to China. Realism is sadly needed at this point. It is distinctly not good business to lend money and then proceed to assist an enemy to destroy the security for the loan. Yet the fact is that the United States is pursuing at the moment just such contradictory policies. With one hand it is lending China $25,000,000. With the other it is furnishing Japan with more than half of the war materials necessary to continue its invasion of that country and, through purchases of silk and other Japanese products, providing some $125,000,000 annually to be used for buying war supplies. Thus our positive influence, from an economic standpoint, is still definitely on the side of Japan.

China has shown amazing courage and tenacity in holding out against a powerfully mechanized Japanese army for nearly a year and a half. But it cannot hold out indefinitely if the economic resources of countries like the United States and Britain continue to work predominantly on the side of Japan. In the interest of realism and justice the President should utilize his power under Section 338 of the Tariff Act to ban Japanese imports, and Congress should push through the proposed embargo on all war materials to the aggressor nations.

Housing Opposition: New Style

BY CHARLES ABRAMS

WHEN Congress convenes in January, the spotlight will be thrown on the government's low-rent housing program, and the lion will be seen cavorting with the lamb. In the past year the small group of public-housing supporters has been joined by a host of new cronies—industrialists, builders, and suppliers of materials, Democrats and Republicans, members of real-estate boards, and an unclassified array of individuals who refer to themselves as housing experts. The capital's hotel lobbies have been sibilant with talk of specifications, subsidies, slums, and costs; architects, contractors, and salesmen have haunted the scene, all seeking their share of the $828,000,000 housing purse. The slum dweller's cause has burgeoned into big business and with it into big-time politics.

Today there are evidences of a hard road ahead for housing. Opposition and approval have in many instances become indistinguishable. While there are still some who frankly view with alarm all forms of government intervention as paternalistic or useless, the really menacing opposition is more subtle. It works either by impeding basic legislation with restrictive amendments or by attempting to gain control of the housing administration by the pretense of sympathetic interest.

The difficulties inherent in the program itself, together with the public's unfamiliarity with the technical problems of its administration, have reinforced criticism and opposition; and obscure but well-sounding proposals for its modification have often taken on the force of irrefutable logic. Of course mistakes were inevitable in the early days, and numerous enough to make excellent copy. Costs were high and delays endless, for a ponderous bureaucratic mechanism creaks a bit as it gets under way. The field was a new one, much energy was dissipated on minor issues, and by the time a federal housing administrator had started to work himself in, he was already on the way out. From Robert Kohn to Horatio Hackett to A. R. Clas to Howard Gray and finally to Nathan Straus—these were the changes within four years.

Under Straus the policy that had accounted for much of the difficulty was changed: housing administration was decentralized, and responsibility was placed with the local authorities, where it belonged. Favorable sentiment developed rapidly throughout the country; within a year local housing authorities were established in more than 225 cities, and the movement which had started as a minor part of a temporary works program grew overnight into a generally accepted and permanent social policy. For a time it seemed as if anyone who dared oppose slum clearance thereby declared himself in favor of disease, poverty, and crime.

But there were always those who waited for the opportunity to discredit and, if possible, to destroy housing legislation. The lines of attack now being developed conform to no one pattern, for housing's many enemies differ sharply in motivation and background. Moreover, the enormous power wielded by the Housing Administrator has from the outset caused much concern. The creation of an independent agency, though designed primarily to keep housing from political entanglements, has never received the whole-hearted blessing of many whose opinions are audible in influential circles.

In addition to these retarding factors, Mr. Straus does not make friends easily. Nor has he always employed the greatest tact and political wisdom in dealing with a situation he felt to be essentially non-political. Possibly he has placed too much emphasis on successful administration and too little on the things that matter politically when a Congress convenes. On the day of his appointment it looked as though his housing career would be as short-lived as that of his predecessors. No sooner had he been nominated than he was haled before a Senate committee. He had been in office less than a month when he was accused of delays. Nevertheless, Straus survived all attacks creditably, and is now in a position to get things done. The future of the slum dweller finally begins to look brighter.

In one year the United States Housing Authority has completed the enormous task of organizing the administration, establishing its policy, obtaining local legislation, and learning to deal with a multitude of new and inexpert agencies that had to build huge housing developments for the first time. Decentralization meant adjustment of federal policy to the laws of three dozen states and to the circumstances of hundreds of cities with their varying climates, building methods, and costs.

In many cities housing authorities were even without funds to defray the necessary expenses of preparing their applications, for the centralizing policy of the Housing Division of PWA had left hardly half a dozen agencies still equipped to proceed. Yet in a single year the total amount of the available funds has been applied for and allotted, contracts have been signed for projects in seventy-five communities involving more than $320,000,000, and forty-five actual advances have been made to thirty agencies. The contracts provide for the rehousing of

64,451 families at monthly rentals ranging from $2 to $5.18 per room. The income groups to be reached range from families earning $400 a year to those in larger cities with an average income of $1,100. Local opposition to tax exemption, which so retarded PWA housing, has been overcome, and though the minimum requirements for local cooperation have been fixed by statute at only 20 per cent of the federal contribution, local contributions actually average 73 per cent.

Considering that it takes about a year for the average large private construction operation to proceed from the site-selection to the steam-shovel stage, the achievements of the USHA form a remarkable record. But the Straus performance has nevertheless been a hard one to put across to the public. It would have been comparatively easy to convince the average citizen that bad housing is a menace to health; the education of the public with respect to earmarkings, cost figures, and specifications is something else. Moreover, the housing movement has never had any support comparable, for instance, to that given to the labor movement, the prohibition movement, or even the Townsend movement. The support it has received has been mixed, uncertain, unorganized, and leaderless, the kind that was certain to give way before the first really energetic encroachment. This now seems to threaten. Present funds are nearly exhausted, and Congress must act to replenish them if the program is to be continued. It is at this point that criticism and opposition can become most effective.

The simultaneous appearance of many articles on housing in widely circulated magazines and syndicated columns on the very eve of the approaching session is something more than simple coincidence. Some of the authors have been unwitting parties to a plan to undermine one of the most essential social movements in our history. Despite Straus's extraordinary record, there is a strong tendency to identify him with the shortcomings of his predecessors. By one critic Straus is nominated for decapitation; others suggest as an alternative the decapitation of the program itself. The building and loan associations, whose supporters are strongly represented in the lower house, have organized local opposition, and in a few cities federal assistance for housing projects has even been rejected. The National Association of Real Estate Boards has advocated the provision of minimum facilities only and limitation of operations to slum clearance. A campaign is being organized to amend the federal statute to restrict administrative discretion.

Most important and most effective of all the attacks is the attempt to restrict local legislation. In New York State, once the spearhead of the housing movement, damage has already been done. Public opinion demanded that the federal program be supplemented by state and municipal participation, and for this a constitutional amendment was needed. What happened? Though all that was required to enable both city and state to borrow, to lend, and to spend was a simple statement to that effect, the amendment finally adopted was a mass of mechanisms, restrictions, prohibitions, and limitations for which there is no parallel in constitutional documents. It disabled more than it enabled, and what it enabled, among other things, was a picnic for private enterprise. Strange bedfellows combined to sponsor it in the Constitutional Convention. State aid was limited there to slum-clearance projects, and though everyone favors slum clearance, it is likely to prove impracticable during a period of dwelling shortage. Tearing down inhabited tenements on any large scale, as experience has shown, would intensify the shortage to such an extent that rents in adjoining areas would jump 25 per cent or more. Not only would it promote overcrowding and distress, but the increased congestion would bar further slum-clearance operations because of increased land costs. Only the owners of slum property would profit.

But that was not all. The city and state were forbidden to engage in private business, and therefore no stores could be erected in the projects. Of course this provision might also operate to increase surrounding land values by increasing the rentals of sites for stores, moving-picture houses, and other commercial enterprises. Though tenants might have to pay as much as a dollar a month more per room because of the loss of store revenues, and though logical planning dictates the erection of self-contained units, the restriction was incorporated in the amendment.

As if this were not enough, real estate was specifically exempted from local taxation for housing subsidies. The Vladeck proposal to spend 1 per cent of the budget for slum clearance is thus no longer practicable, for now special taxes would be necessary. Under the amendment little discretion is given to the housing manager in the selection of his tenants, for it is prescribed that the old residents of the area must be given preference even though the needs of other families may be more pressing.

But the *pièce de résistance* is a provision enabling public funds to be lent to private owners to repair old-law tenements. For the first time in eighty years the legislature was permitted to open the public treasury to private individuals. The old prohibition written into the laws of the state after the railroads had mulcted the treasury of millions was lifted. We may soon see government-subsidized slums, blocks of decrepit old tenements revived and perpetuated by a dash of taxpayers' insulin. Since so-called limited-dividend corporations are also enabled to borrow funds, we may also witness a flood of applications that are really attempts to bail out of land ownership at public expense. For as the PWA and the State Housing Board know, in a speculative enterprise like building few owners are willing to limit their profits to 6 per cent unless something else is gained.

While some parts of the amendment are permissive and legislation must be enacted to put them into effect, the victory of its ingenious sponsors is already taking form. Robert Moses, with the sanction of many influential real-estate bodies, has proposed the formula. He advocates loans of public moneys for limited-dividend corporations. Moreover, he urges that such private improvements be exempt from taxes, while low-rent projects serving slum dwellers should pay their full share of taxes. He favors immediate acquisition of slum sites by condemnation; in practice this means payment to landowners on the basis of assessed valuations rather than of real values. Tenant selection under his plan is to be made by the Welfare Commissioner, which would automatically classify tenants as objects of charity. He would scrap the present Housing Authority, designed by law to keep politics out of housing.

Mr. Moses was opposed to all public housing in 1936, but the cause is far too popular to be opposed in New York today. The strategy now is, "If you can't destroy your enemies, then join them." The housing movement in New York State has become a bandwagon which individuals with varying stakes are trying to steer in directions which favor their best interests.

The most effective opposition may be expected when the Republican Party decides on its housing policy, and much will depend on how the wind blows in the next few months. Thus far, the program has been generally favored, at least in principle; even Herbert Hoover has expressed himself in favor of slum clearance. The form the Republican plank may take is indicated by the recent gubernatorial campaign in New York. Mr. Dewey's stand, undoubtedly sponsored by state and national advisers, points to hard days ahead for the movement. Ostensibly he was for slum clearance, but the federal program to him was "an invasion of the business of the states." By inference, the federal government should stop its housing activities and Congress curtail any further appropriations. States and cities, of course, are in no position to provide the huge subsidies needed for extensive operations. With federal support withdrawn, public housing and slum clearance would again be reduced to the status of a slogan.

Nazi Spies and Franco Pirates

BY JOACHIM JOESTEN

Stockholm, Sweden, December 5

WHEN in the first days of November the Insurgent cruiser Nadir shelled and sank the Republican freighter Cantabria just off the English coast, few people seemed to realize the full import of this incident. It was not a casual or even an isolated event. Shortly afterward a Spanish government ship, pursued by a rebel trawler in the Baltic, was forced to seek refuge in Stockholm, and only a few days later another ship fled under similar circumstances into the Norwegian port of Bergen. But still some people were reluctant to see in these incidents an organized extension of the Spanish War to northern waters.

Those doubts have now been dispelled in a most dramatic manner. Conclusive evidence has come to light that the recent acts of piracy committed in the North Sea and the Baltic are the fruit of well-organized cooperation between the Insurgent fleet and a secret Nazi intelligence service in Denmark and Sweden.

On November 22 the Danish police, after careful preparations, unmasked at a stroke a widespread Nazi spy organization which during the last two years had methodically built up an effective naval and aeronautical intelligence service spanning the whole Baltic and its approaches. It appears from the ample material seized by the police that the activities of the spies had been directed primarily against British shipping. A far-flung and complex system, secretly created on Danish and Swedish soil, was ready to function as soon as a general war broke out.

In the meantime, the Spanish War offered to the plotters an excellent opportunity for exercise. Just as German guns and airplanes are now being tried out on Spanish targets, the Nazis' naval-intelligence service in North Europe set about practicing on Spanish—and Russian—merchantmen trading between North European ports and Republican Spain. A network of agents operating from every Baltic port had been formed to trace, observe, and report to the central service in Copenhagen all movements of "suspect" ships, especially through the Big Belt, the Little Belt, and the Sound. Accordingly, a large majority of the persons now under arrest were apprehended in ports, namely, in Copenhagen, Aarhus, Esberg, The Skaw, Nyborg, Korsör, Elsinore, and Rönne, on the island of Bornholm. The Swedish authorities, on their side, have disclosed that the plotters had agents in Stockholm, Malmö, Göteborg, and Hälsingborg.

Many interesting details of the gang's activities have already been divulged; others are probably still being withheld from a wider public. It operated with several secret broadcasting stations and a complex code system —one of the spies, Voigt, was caught on his way to

Copenhagen, where he was to exchange his cipher code for a new one. It engaged in methodical research into nautical and hydrographical conditions—measuring the coastline, fathoming the waters, and so forth; a large collection of maps, charts, and drawings specially made for this purpose fell into the hands of the police. Most important for its designs was a complete signal service, and this was, incidentally, what led to the spies' unmasking. For the first suspicions were aroused when casual passers-by observed mysterious light-signals between the villa of the above-named Voigt and vessels in the Big Belt.

The most sensational aspect of the whole affair is found in the identity of the gang leaders. Out of a total of fourteen arrested up to today, no fewer than ten are Reich citizens, the rest being Danes. And among the Germans are three newspaper correspondents, all duly accredited members of the Foreign Press Association in Copenhagen. It has long been rumored that many of the Nazi correspondents in Scandinavia are not real journalists but spies and agitators in disguise. But only now has official proof of this suspicion been provided. In March, 1936, it is true, the *Völkischer Beobachter's* correspondent in Copenhagen, Ernst Schäfer, was widely accused in the Danish press of having engaged in espionage, but at the time the authorities did not take any steps against him.

Now, however, the correspondent of the Berlin *Börsen Zeitung,* organ of the Reich War Ministry, is officially accused, in a statement issued by the police, of being the leader of the spy organization that has been uncovered. He is Captain Horst von Pflugk-Hartung, the man who in 1919 killed the German Spartacist leader Karl Liebknecht. Legitimate surprise and indignation are now being expressed in Scandinavia that a man with such a past, who moreover had been expelled from Sweden for gun-running with local Nazis, and also from Norway, could be appointed Copenhagen correspondent of a leading German newspaper. The other two Nazi journalists now under arrest are Dr. Max Rasch of the *Preussische Zeitung* and other German newspapers, and one Eduard Vogeler. It has long been a riddle why the German press, the most standardized in the world, needed to maintain in Copenhagen no fewer than ten accredited correspondents as compared with one Briton, one Frenchman, and not a single American. Today the answer is clear.

Peace on Earth

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Barcelona, November 28

WHERE shall I begin? What does it mean to be at war? Sunday morning I went to a big hospital. I walked into a room occupied by a single patient. He had shining black hair, expressionless eyes, a nose, an upper lip. Below that was a gaping red hole—the lower jaw and everything down to the gullet had been shot away in the Ebro battle. He could not talk, smile, eat, or smoke. In one ward a doctor dressed a wound. Shrapnel had torn away the soldier's nose; in its place was a pool of puss. And so on and so on. This was the division of plastic surgery. I saw photographs of men just after steel had smashed into their features—hideous creatures without cheeks, or chin, or jaw. Pictures taken a month later showed the same faces scarred forever to be sure but healed and restored to human shape. The hospital physicians performed miracles with limited materials.

Two thousand patients in this one institution. A corporal wounded at Teruel—December, 1937—still lay there helpless. A man who obviously was once big and strong had been cut down to his knees and was now learning to walk on the stumps. A specialist told me of neuroses developed by legless and armless men. The former want never to leave their beds. The latter look darkly into a future where they will have to be fed, dressed, taken to the lavatory. To see their faces one after the other, score after score, a hundred, more, tells one what men give to fight fascism.

This was the Sunday of a week in which Barcelona was bombed forty times. Wednesday morning I walked out of my hotel, coatless, to promenade on the sunny boulevard. Not a cloud. A Spanish acquaintance passed and remarked, "Good day for a raid." I was called back into the hotel to answer a telephone call. The director of a children's home was inviting me to a festival. Then she said quickly, "I must take them into the *refugio,*" and hung up. I had not heard the sirens. A group of Spaniards stood in front of the hotel; some hugged the walls. All of us watched the people on the other side of the street who from balconies, windows, and pavement were following the fascist air squadron. We could not see it. The shells of the anti-aircraft guns kept bursting high above in large bolls of cotton against the blue sky. Suddenly those opposite began to point. There was a rush across the broad Paseo de Gracia. We descried distinctly five gray bombers, one of which lagged behind. "Hit," the Spaniards yelled. "Ha! You see it cannot keep up."

Faces burned with eagerness. I was with two British Conservatives, and I could not help comparing London's panic in September, 1938, when they thought they might be bombed, with this indifference to a danger so tangible and this sizzling desire for the destruction of the enemy after more than two years of it. The eyes of one young fellow were almost popping. He jumped every time the smoke of a shell showed anywhere near a raider. The evening's official communiqué said, "One bomber visibly lost height and speed."

Ambulances dashed by, their horns signaling madly although all other traffic is forbidden during a raid so that the special services may have the freedom of the streets. Later we coaxed a chauffeur to disobey official instructions and take us before the end of the attack to the Via Durruti, where one bomb had fallen. An officer in charge told me it weighed 200 kilograms. It had damaged buildings on both sides of the wide thoroughfare—the usual splinters of plate glass everywhere, already being swept together into heaps, crumbled masonry, blood, apartments whose front walls were on the pavement. But in one room a picture had remained in position and a dressmaker's fitting figure was whole and upright. The ladder of a fire engine rested on the third floor of a bank, and firemen were lowering the wounded to the street.

I drove to the morgue. Stretchers red with blood filled the courtyard. I went into the cellar. A woman whose stockinged feet almost touched me as I went through the door and two children of about five lay on an inclined plane. The little boy had on a polka-dotted white blouse; he was bloated and gave an almost pleasant impression of a large doll. An attendant moved his forefinger horizontally indicating that these were unclaimed victims of earlier visitors from Majorca. He led me into the next chamber. It was dimly lighted. The dead were on the stone floor. Assuming that I was in search of a relative he lit his cigarette lighter, stooped, and threw a few rays of light on the face of each dead as I moved slowly along the row of feet. Where the head was gone or the face pushed into the skull and beyond recognition he stretched out his arm to light up the body. The bodies had been laid close together, for there would be more and space must be economized, and each already had a wooden number. The last number was 39. One girl lay there almost intact as far as I could see. Her face now had a greenish pallor. She was the kind of Catalan beauty that a man will look at as she approaches and follow with his eyes as she passes. Another girl's stockingless legs had been broken below the knees and above the ankles. There was a man in a cheap brown suit, in each thigh a bright red deep saucer of flesh. An attendant in white apron entered carrying in front of him a shallow wicker basket filled with the sort of stuff the butcher throws away. That had been a human being. It was number 40.

Their relatives would not miss them until evening, for they had gone to work, or to shop, or to pay a friendly visit, or do an errand.

Outside the all-clear siren had sounded. The streets were again filled with people going about their business, smiling, flirting, bearing food bundles. The next moment any one of them could be lying in the same morgue. This must affect nerves, especially when stomachs are never full and often empty. But if Mussolini or Hitler could spend an hour in Barcelona he would know from the faces and conduct of the people that raids will not break their morale. One of the English Conservatives—he had spent three weeks with Franco last May—has since announced that that air attack made him pro-Loyalist. It makes Loyalists more pro-Loyalist. For the alternative is to love the murderers of those people stretched out in the morgue.

This raid occurred at 10:45 a.m. and lasted three minutes. At 12:40 I was in the Ministry of Economy and Finance getting an interview on the textile industry when the alarm went again. From a fourth-floor balcony I could see five giant bombers over the city and hear the distant heavy thud of falling bombs. More dead in the morgue. As the anti-aircraft shells tried to find the airplanes, two men by my side cried, "Ha! Ha!" A woman bookkeeper in black said "Oi" and returned to her desk.

A third raid took place at 7:20 p.m. One doctor in the sanitary service estimated 325 dead that day and several hundred wounded.

As I was going to bed, the guns once more started firing, and the lights went out in the hotel. During the night the anti-aircraft batteries blazed away many times, and the siren was heard so often that from bed I could not distinguish whether it heralded the beginning or the end of an attack. The next morning we were told that six raids had taken place during the night. At midnight a seaplane was shot down and fell into the sea. After breakfast they came twice again. Italian Savoias all. Eleven raids in twenty-four hours. The date was November 23, the day that Chamberlain arrived in Paris to discuss belligerent rights for Franco. It was Mussolini's way of throwing his shadow across the Paris talks: nothing could be decided about Spain without him or against him. The same day a "rebel" warship stopped the Greek freighter Mount Cynthos en route to England with a cargo of Rumanian wheat purchased by the British government. This constituted "an assumption of belligerent rights" not yet granted, the British Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs declared in the House of Commons a few days later. The piracy and the Barcelona air raids were political.

But these attacks have always had an economic aim too. For centuries Catalonia and Italy have been commercial rivals. Barcelona was the competitor of Genoa. Mussolini is trying to ruin Barcelona's trade and Catalonia's excellent industries. Here is one instance of several on which I collected concrete details: in June, 1938, according to the *Frankfurter Zeitung,* the Italian Snia Viscosa, an artificial-silk corporation, purchased a site in Majorca for a rayon factory. At the small Catalan town of Blanes is an important mill which converts cellulose into rayon thread. In the course of last summer Italian bombers three times attempted to destroy this plant, which lies outside the city limits. On August 14 a fascist hydroplane dropped four 250-kilogram bombs on it. Only one exploded, but it struck the central shop and totally wrecked four of the thirty-eight machines and seriously damaged all the rest. Blanes might have competed with Majorca.

Modern bombers usually find their targets. A Latin American air attaché saw the first November 23 raid from the roof of his hotel and stated privately that the machines had dived and deliberately released their explosives on civilian sections of the capital. The following day we had no water. A few days later a bomb ripped open a gas main. On the twenty-third the SS. Wisconsin and the SS. Erica Reed, both flying the United States flag, were tied up at Barcelona quays. The Italians avoided them. This morning while I was in a store buying a necktie, there came the loud dull clap to which all ears are attuned. A woman said, "Bombas." Everybody remained calm. No one moved and no one talked. A few adults outside ran into the subway. But after five minutes, and long before the "all-clear" siren, pedestrians filled the avenues. On returning to the hotel I asked a journalist what had been hit. He said two ships. "What nationality?" I asked. He said, "Now come, British, of course."

Forty air raids in one week. Last evening I was dining with foreign officials on a special mission to Republican Spain. A page boy brought in two objects: one, part of a German bomb; the other, the time-delay fuse of a Soviet anti-aircraft shell stamped with Russian letters. Spaniards know whose guns and ammunition keep their casualties down. The knowledge helps to make politics. If the Loyalists could buy abroad for cash sufficient pursuit planes and anti-aircraft artillery, air raids would be far less costly in human lives and in crippled bodies. The international device which denies them these defensive weapons is one of the major atrocities of a cruel age. The United States arms embargo is part of that mechanism. Hands very far from this city have the blood of innocents upon them.

Living Philosophies

VII. MORALITY IN AN AGE OF CHANGE

BY W. H. AUDEN

GOODNESS is easier to recognize than to define; only the greatest novelists can portray good people. For me, the least unsatisfactory description is to say that any thing or creature is good which is discharging its proper function, using its powers to the fullest extent permitted by its environment and its own nature, though we must remember that "nature" and "environment" are intellectual abstractions from a single, constantly changing reality. Thus, people are happy and good who have found their vocation; what vocations there are will depend upon the society within which they are practiced.

There are two kinds of goodness, "natural" and "moral." An organism is naturally good when it has reached a state of equilibrium with its environment. All healthy animals and plants are naturally good in this sense. But any change toward a greater freedom of action is a morally good change. I think it permissible, for example, to speak of a favorable mutation as a morally good act. But moral good passes into natural good. A change is made and a new equilibrium stabilized. Below man, this happens once for each species; the change toward freedom is not repeated. In man the evolution can be continued, each stage of moral freedom being superseded by a new one. For example, we frequently admire the "goodness" of illiterate peasants as compared with the "badness" of many town dwellers. But this is a romantic confusion. The goodness we admire in the former is a natural, not a moral, goodness. Once, the life of the peasant represented the highest use of the powers of man, the farthest limit of his freedom of action. This is no longer true. The town dweller has a wider range of choice and fuller opportunities of using his powers.

Similarly, there is natural and moral evil. Determined and unavoidable limits to freedom of choice and action, such as the necessity for destroying life in order to eat and live, climate, accidents, are natural evils. If, on the other hand, I, say as the keeper of a boarding-house, knowing that vitamins are necessary to health, continue for reasons of gain or laziness to feed my guests on an insufficient diet, I commit moral evil. Just as moral good tends to pass into natural good, so, conversely, what was natural evil tends with every advance in knowledge to become moral evil.

The history of life on this planet is the history of the ways in which life has gained control over its environment. Below the human level this progress has taken place through structural biological changes, depending on the mutations or the chances of natural selection. Only man, with his conscious intelligence, has been able to continue his evolution after his biological development has finished. By studying the laws of physical nature, he has gained a large measure of control over them and in so far as he is able to understand the laws of his own nature and of the societies in which he lives, he approaches toward that state where what he wills may be done. "Freedom" as a famous definition has it, "is consciousness of necessity."

Man's advance in control over his environment is making it more and more difficult for him, at least in industrialized countries with a high standard of living, like America or England, to lead a naturally good life, and easier and easier to lead a morally bad one. Let us suppose, for example, that it is sometimes good for mind and body to take a walk. Before there were means of mechanical transport, men walked because they could not do anything else; that is, they committed naturally good acts. Today a man has to choose whether to use his car or walk. It is possible for him, by using the car on an occasion when he ought to walk, to commit a morally wrong act, and it is quite probable that he will.

A society, then, is good in so far as (a) it allows the widest possible range of choice to its members to follow those vocations to which they are suited; (b) it is constantly developing and providing new vocations which make a fuller demand upon their increasing powers. The Greeks assumed that the life of intellectual contemplation was the only really "good" vocation. It has become very much clearer now that this is only true for certain people, and that there are a great many other vocations of equal value: human nature is richer and more varied than the Greeks thought.

No society can be absolutely good. Utopias, whether like Aldous Huxley's Brave New World, or Dante's Paradiso, because they are static, only portray states of natural evil or good. (Someone, I think it was Landor, said of the characters in the "Inferno": "But they don't want to get out.") People committing acts in obedience to law or habit are not being moral. As voluntary action always turns, with repetition, into habit, morality is only possible in a world which is constantly changing and presenting a fresh series of choices. No society is absolutely good; but some are better than others.

If we look at a community at any given moment, we see that it consists of good men and bad men, clever men and stupid men, sensitive and insensitive, law-abiding and lawless, rich and poor. Our politics, a view of what form our society and our government should take here and now, will depend on (a) how far we think the bad is due to preventable causes; (b) what, if we think the causes preventable, we find them to be. If we take the extremely pessimistic view that evil is in no way preventable, our only course is the hermit's—to retire altogether from this wicked world. If we take a fairly pessimistic view, that badness is inherited—that is, that goodness and badness are not determined by social relations—we shall try to establish an authoritarian regime of the good. If, on the other hand, we are fairly optimistic, believing that bad environment is the chief cause of badness in individuals, and that the environment can be changed, we shall tend toward a belief in some sort of democracy. Personally I am fairly optimistic, partly for reasons which I have tried to outline above and partly because the practical results of those who have taken the more pessimistic view do not encourage me to believe that they are right.

What, then, are the factors which limit and hinder men from developing their powers and pursuing suitable vocations?

1. Lack of material goods. Man is an animal, and until his immediate material and economic needs are satisfied, he cannot develop farther. In the past this has been a natural evil: methods of production and distribution were too primitive to guarantee a proper standard of life for everybody. It is doubtful whether this is any longer true; in which case it is a moral and remediable evil. Under this head I include all questions of wages, food, housing, health, insurance, and the like.

2. Lack of education. Unless an individual is free to obtain the fullest education with which his society can provide him, he is being injured by society. This does not mean that everybody should have the same kind of education, though it does mean, I think, education of some kind or other, up to university age. Education in a democracy must have two aims. It must give vocational guidance and training, assist each individual to find out where his talents lie and then help him to develop these to the full—this for some people might be completed by sixteen; and it must also provide a general education, develop the reason and the consciousness of every individual, whatever his job, to a point where he can for himself distinguish good from bad, and truth from falsehood—this requires a much longer educational period.

At present education is in a very primitive stage; we probably teach the wrong things to the wrong people at the wrong time. It is dominated, at least in England, by an academic tradition which, except for the specially gifted, only fits its pupils to be school teachers. My private theory is that the time for specialization—that is, vocational training—should be in early adolescence, the twelve-to-sixteen group, and again in the latter half of the university period; but that the sixteen-to-twenty age group should have a general education.

3. Lack of occupations which really demand the full exercise of the individual's power. This seems to me a very difficult problem indeed. The vast majority of jobs in a modern community do people harm. Children admire gangsters more than they admire factory operatives because they sense that being a gangster makes more demands on the personality than being a factory operative and is therefore, for the individual, morally better. It isn't that the morally better jobs are necessarily better rewarded economically: for instance, my acquaintance with carpenters leads me to think that carpentry is a very good profession, and my acquaintance with stockbrokers to think that stockbrokerage is a bad one. The only jobs known to me which seem worthy of respect, from the point of view of both the individual and society, are being a creative artist, some kind of highly skilled craftsman, a research scientist, a doctor, or farmer. I don't myself much like priggish phrases such as "the right use of leisure"; I agree with Eric Gill that work is what one does to please oneself, leisure the time one has to serve the community. But we must never forget that most people are being degraded by the work they do, and that the possibilities of sharing the duller jobs through the whole community will have to be explored much more fully.

4. Lack of suitable psychological conditions. People cannot grow unless they are happy, and even when their material needs have been satisfied, they still need many other things. They want to be liked and to like other people, to feel valuable, both in their own eyes and in the eyes of others, to feel free and to feel responsible, above all, not to feel lonely and isolated. The first great obstacle is the size of modern communities. By nature man seems adapted to live in communities of a very moderate size; his economic life has compelled him to live in ever-enlarging ones. Many of the damaging effects of family life described by modern psychologists may be the result of our attempt to make the family group satisfy psychological needs which can only be satisfied by the community group. The family is based on inequality, the parent-child relationship; the community is, or should be, based on equality, the relationship of free citizens. We need both. Fortunately, recent technical advances, such as cheap electrical power, are making smaller social units more of a practical possibility than they seemed fifty years ago.

The second obstacle is social injustice and inequality. A man cannot be a happy member of a community if he feels that community is treating him unjustly, and the more complicated and impersonal economic life becomes, the truer this is. In a small factory where employer and employees know each other personally, that is, where the conditions approximate to those of family life, the employees will accept without resentment a great deal more inequality than their fellows in a modern large-scale production plant.

Society consists of a number of individual wills living in association. There is no such thing as a general will of society, except in so far as all these individual wills agree in desiring certain material things, for example, food and clothes. It is also true, perhaps, that all desire happiness and goodness, but their conceptions of these may and do conflict with one another. Ideally, government is the means by which all the individual wills are assured complete freedom of moral choice and at the same time prevented from ever clashing. Such an ideal government, of course, does not and could not ever exist. It presupposes that every individual in society possesses equal power, and also that every individual takes part in the government. In practice, the majority is always ruled by a minority, a certain number of individuals who decide what a law shall be, and who command enough force to see that the majority obeys them.

Democracy assumes, I think correctly, the right of every individual to revolt against his government by voting against it. It has not been as successful as its advocates hoped, first, because it failed to realize the pressure that the more powerful and better-educated classes could bring to bear upon the less powerful and less well-educated in their decisions—it ignored the fact that in an economically unequal society votes may be equal but voters are not—and, secondly, because it assumed, I think quite wrongly, that voters living in the same geographical area would have the same interests, again ignoring economic differences and the change from an agricultural to an industrial economy. I believe that representation should be by trade or profession. No one person has exactly the same interests as another, but I, say as a writer in Birmingham, have more interests in common with other writers in Leeds or London than I have with my next-door neighbor who manufactures cheap jewelry. This failure of the geographical unit to correspond to a genuine political unit is one of the factors responsible for the rise of the party machine. We rarely elect a local man whom we know personally; we have to choose one out of two or three persons offered from above. This seems to me thoroughly unsatisfactory. I think one of our mistakes is that we do not have enough stages in election; a hundred thousand voters are reduced by a single act to one man who goes to Parliament. This must inevitably mean a large degree of dictatorship from above. A sane democracy would, I feel, choose its representatives by a series of electoral stages, each lower stage electing the one above it.

Legislation is a form of coercion, of limiting freedom. Coercion is necessary because societies are not free communities; we do not choose the society into which we are born; we can attempt to change it, but we cannot leave it. Ideally, people should be free to know evil and to choose the good, but the consequences of choosing evil are often to compel others to evil. The guiding principle of legislation in a democracy should be, not to make people good, but to prevent them from making one another bad. Thus we would all agree that there should be laws against theft or murder, because no one chooses to be stolen from or murdered. But it is not always so simple. It is argued by laissez faire economists that legislation concerning hours of work, wages, and so forth, violates the right of individual wills to bargain freely. But this presupposes that the bargaining powers of different wills are equal, and that each bargain is an individual act. Neither of these assumptions is true, and economic legislation is justified because they are not.

But there are other forms of legislation which are less justified. It is true that the individual will operating in a series of isolated acts is an abstraction—our present acts are the product of past acts and in their turn determine future ones—but I think the law has to behave as if this abstraction were a fact; otherwise there is no end to legislative interference. Take the case, for instance, of drink. If I become a drunkard, I may impair not only my own health but also that of my children, and it can be argued, and often is, that the law should see that I do not become one by preventing me from purchasing alcohol. I think, however, that this is an unjustifiable extension of the law's function. Everything I do, the hour I go to bed, the literature I read, the temperature of my bath, affects my character for good or bad and so, ultimately, the characters of those with whom I come in contact, and if the legislator is once allowed to consider the distant effects of my acts, there is no reason why he should not decide everything for me. The law has to limit itself to considering the act in isolation: if the act directly violates the will of another, the law is justified in interfering; if only indirectly, it is not.

In theory, every individual has a right to his own conception of what form society ought to take and what form of government there should be and to exercise his will to realize it; on the other hand, everyone else has a right to reject his conception. In practice, this boils down to the right of different political parties to exist, parties representing the main divisions of interest in society. I do not see how in politics one can decide a priori what conduct is moral, or what degree of tolerance there should be. One can only decide which party in one's private judgment has the best view of what society ought to be, and then support it; and remember that since all coercion is a moral evil, we should view with extreme suspicion those who welcome it. Yet I cannot see how a socialist country could tolerate the existence of a fascist party any more than a fascist country could tolerate the existence of a socialist party. Intolerance is an evil and has evil consequences which we can never accurately foresee and which we shall always have to suffer; but there are occasions on which we must be prepared to accept the responsibility of our convictions.

We have the misfortune or the good luck to be living in one of the great critical historical periods, when the whole structure of our society and its cultural and metaphysical values are undergoing a radical change. It has happened before, when the Roman Empire collapsed and at the Reformation, and it may happen again in the future. In periods of steady evolution it is possible for the common man to pursue his private life without bothering his head very much over the principles and assumptions by which he lives, and to leave politics in the hands of professionals. But ours is not such an age. It is idle to lament that the world is becoming divided into hostile ideological camps; the division is a fact. No policy of isolation is possible. Democracy, liberty, justice, and reason are being seriously threatened and, in many parts of the world, destroyed. It is the duty of every one of us, not only to ourselves but to future generations of men, to have a clear understanding of what we mean when we use these words, and to defend what we believe to be right, if necessary, at the cost of our lives.

Pocket Guide

LIBERTY magazine has steadfastly maintained that advertising is not only informative but also educational. Imagine, then, the surprise of Fulton Oursler, its editor, when in his own home he was faced with an attack upon what he calls "the American way of life." For nearly thirty years, he says, he has earned his "bread and cheese" in the publishing business. Yet the other day his little daughter turned to him with large, sad eyes.

"Daddy," she said, "why do you have advertisements in *Liberty?* The things they say are not true. I don't believe a word of them." Mr. Oursler thereupon looked at April as if she were some other family's child and demanded whether she had learned all this at school. It developed that she had got it from a book that the teacher had read, "something about human beings and guinea pigs."*

Mr. Oursler was deeply pained. Filled with a sense of indignation, he set out to fight back; he decided to turn over the pages of *Liberty* to a defense of advertising. He thought of a man who could tell the story so that it would "shine as truth." And who was this man? Someone you've heard of before—not too pleasantly—George E. Sokolsky. And then Mr. Sokolsky's "wonderful story unfolded."

It is quite a story. He doesn't say that Columbus's discovery of America grew out of advertising, but you sort of get that general idea. He says a lot about how Chinese coolies don't live as well as American workers. They don't have much advertising in China, you know. He implies that until the growers started advertising oranges, people didn't realize how good oranges are.

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* "100,000,000 Guinea Pigs," is by Arthur Kallet and F. J. Schlink; "40,000,000 Guinea Pig Children," by Rachel Lynn Palmer and Isadore M. Alpher. The Vanguard Press. $2 each.

But I'll hand this to Mr. Oursler and his "shining truth" writer: these articles, though not ostensibly for that purpose, make first-class solicitations for advertising. They certainly ought to bring in a good sum of money from California orange growers. *Liberty* doesn't get nearly as much advertising as you would expect to find in a magazine with over 2,000,000 readers, and its high-hearted devotion to the cause is therefore all the more moving. It is frankly dedicated to advertising as a public service. In these articles it stands firmly by the loftiest ideal of truth in advertising.

Curiously enough, the issue which contains the first installment of "The American Way of Life" carries a great many patent-medicine ads. It seems rather ungrateful of Messrs. Oursler and Sokolsky to glorify oranges, which do not advertise in that issue, and to say nothing in favor of all the patent medicines which have contributed so generously to Mr. Oursler's bread and cheese.

It would be interesting to know a little more about the Consumers' Committee of Mr. Whalen's World's Fair. Its new chairman is Paul Willis of the Associated Grocery Manufacturers. He has been particularly active in the fight against grade labels for canned goods. What's he doing at the head of a Consumers' Committee?

To the reader who asks who is backing the National Consumers' Tax Commission, Inc.: the director of the organization is said to be Horace E. Loomis of Miami, Florida, who was at one time business manager—which often means advertising manager—of the Miami *Daily News*. The commission claims that it is fighting against hidden taxes. That sounds all right, but its argument is that hidden taxes take a quarter of your living expenses (the correct figure is between one-seventh and one-tenth). And therefore you don't live as well as you should. This is nonsense, since a large part of tax receipts goes to make life more comfortable and even more decent. Tax money used for munitions is not mentioned by the Consumers' Tax Commission.

It says that the movement was initiated by women; that it gets help from business, but is furnished as a service in response to women's demands. But if the women demand it so vigorously, why do the organizers have to send around traveling agents to win over women's organizations?

They feel sad because they say you pay 53 taxes on a loaf of bread. They really could do better than that. I am told that if they got down to brass tacks they could figure that you pay 53,000 taxes on a loaf of bread.

What sort of magazine is the *American Consumer?* The *American Consumer* is the successor of the *National Consumer News*. What it has to say about such things as fabrics, furnaces, and fuel is all right, but the attitude of its contributors is not one which readers of *The Nation* are likely to approve. Here's an article demanding a "truce on strikes and lockouts." Here's one pounding away at hidden taxes. Some seem to show tenderness for chain stores. The director of The Neutral Thousands, a California anti-labor organization, contributes a piece on labor. HELEN WOODWARD

In the Wind

THE RIFT between Hermann Göring and Joachim von Ribbentrop has steadily widened in recent weeks. Press dispatches at the time of Ribbentrop's visit to Paris hinted at the breach, which became strikingly apparent when Ribbentrop indiscreetly referred to Göring as a *besternter Harlekin* (star-covered harlequin). Since then the two have collaborated only when actually compelled to do so.

A BAFFLING problem was offered headline writers by the Supreme Court decision in the Consolidated Edison case. Characteristic of the bewilderment it caused was the sudden about-face of the Providence *Evening Bulletin*. In its home edition it used this headline: "Utility Beaten in Supreme Court." In the final edition—more prominently displayed—the headline read: "NLRB Receives First Reverse in Highest Court."

IGNORED BY the press was this recent utterance by Lord Strabolgi in the House of Lords:

> Is he [Lord Halifax] still Foreign Secretary? I thought that the Foreign Office had ceased to function. I did not believe the stories going round about the Foreign Secretary having so little to do that, with his colleagues in France, he was drafting a note to the Vatican praying for the canonization of Judas Iscariot; but I understand that the Prime Minister was doing everything and carrying the whole burden on his shoulders.

AT THE Southern Conference for Human Welfare a last-minute crisis occurred behind the scenes. Ex-Ambassador William E. Dodd was slated to deliver the presentation address when the Thomas Jefferson medal was to be bestowed on Justice Black. Conference sponsors discovered that Dodd's manuscript contained a stinging rebuke for Supreme Court conservatives. John Temple Graves II was hurriedly substituted to make the presentation.

THE SPANISH government has created a sensation in London by submitting to British journalists copies of recent correspondence between Franco and his London emissaries. The letters were presumably intercepted by Loyalist agents. In them Franco proposed the expropriation of British-owned Rio Tinto mines and asked what response such action would arouse. In reply his agents made it clear that the response would be fatal to Franco. They now repudiate the whole correspondence.

LOCAL HEARST editors recently received this memorandum from the executive offices:

> In connection with a proposition made to one of our papers to publicize the coming visit to America of Anthony Eden . . . no paper must give any publicity to what Mr. Eden says. The Chief says: "I think Eden's impudence is only equaled by his lack of vision. We must keep rid of him."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

IN A world seething with race prejudice and the grossest disregard of human rights, the decision of the Supreme Court, in a case taken to that tribunal by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, that the State of Missouri must admit a Negro to the law school of the University of Missouri is cause for unlimited rejoicing. Some years ago in the Berea College case the Supreme Court went in the opposite direction, so far, indeed, that Justice David J. Brewer in his dissenting opinion declared that the court had enabled any state to make it an offense for colored and white citizens to come together in a market-place. Now the court has laid down the doctrine that states which maintain schools for the higher education of whites and afford no facilities for Negroes must admit the latter to the existing schools. In its own words, the court held that "the question here is not of the duty of the state to supply legal training, or of the quality of the training which it does supply, but of its duty when it provides such training to furnish it to the residents of the state upon the basis of an equality of right."

This is an epoch-making decision, a milestone in the Negro's fight for his rights as a citizen, and it will cause consternation throughout the fifteen states which now deny to Negroes the advantages accorded to whites. That in most of these states the authorities will seek to circumvent the decision I have no doubt. They may set up new schools in a couple of rooms and declare that the education offered is equivalent to that afforded to white students, or they will think up some other subterfuge. I am very sure that in the more enlightened Southern universities, if a quiet poll could be taken of the faculties, there would be discovered enough willingness to teach Negroes on equal terms with whites to startle the politicians, many of whom still use anti-Negro prejudice as part of their stock in trade in default of other state issues. I have in mind the fact that at the University of Georgia some of the teachers now cross the street and aid colored students desirous of an education. As zealous upholders of our Constitution these teachers can have no sympathy with the taxation of Negroes for the support of state universities and other schools and then the denial to them of opportunities in the very institutions they are compelled to support. I cannot recall any decision of the Supreme Court of late years affecting the Negro so far-reaching as this, and I am particularly happy that the decision was read by Chief Justice Hughes, who, whatever his faults, has always stood up straight for Negro rights.

Equally remarkable was the recent meeting in Birmingham of the Southern Conference for Human Welfare, to which *The Nation* has already referred. Nothing in my lifetime has been more heartening than the fact that there in the South twelve hundred whites and blacks met on a plane of absolute equality—until the police broke in and compelled them to sit on different sides of the room—and unanimously voted for a federal uniform-suffrage law and a federal anti-lynching act. *The Nation* has editorially expressed doubt whether the conference will lead to genuine economic reform. That is important, of course, but for the moment it is completely overshadowed by the stand that I have cited, the significance of which is shown by the fact that the bulk of the Southern press immediately seized upon the segregation issue and duly rebuked the conference. For once they could not charge this horrible treachery to the color-caste, to interloping Northerners, or to Communist agents. These were simon-pure Southerners refusing to be frightened by the question of color. When it is recalled that at the turn of the century there was not a single interracial committee in the South to talk over local problems and iron out the troubles of both races caused by their juxtaposition, this progress is astounding.

That reminds me that I have been reading an extremely interesting little book called "The Color Bar." It is by Peter Nielson, a white man, of Chipinga, South Rhodesia, and copies may be obtained from G. E. Stechert and Company, 31 East Tenth Street, New York. It is a frank, illuminating, and most valuable study of a problem that is even worse than our own. Mr. Nielson has been, I believe, an official and a magistrate and has lived all his life in close touch with the natives. I have never read a book on this question in which the author was more evidently actuated by a desire to attack the race problem from both a Christian and a purely scientific standpoint. His refutation of most of the myths about the Negro is made the stronger by his frank criticism of the colored man's weaknesses, his often very trying qualities. He admits that the color bias is getting worse, and yet he cannot but believe that there are methods of approach which would make the outcome wholly different from that which now threatens. Finally, I must record his statement that "in their innate capacity for rational thinking and for the experiencing of all kinds of human emotion the African natives are in no way different from the members of the great Nordic race to which I happen to belong."

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

GUIDES TO AMERICA

BY JARED PUTNAM

FEW measures of the New Deal have won greater immediate success, few are more significant, than the four art projects—theater, music, graphic and plastic arts, and writing—instituted three years ago under the WPA. A happy and intelligent solution of an incidental problem of relief—what to do with thousands of writers, actors, playwrights, dancers, musicians, sculptors, and painters left destitute by their lordly patrons after the collapse of industrial feudalism in 1929—the projects mark an epoch-making turn not only in public policy but in our national life. Long after much of the New Deal has been forgotten except as an ingenious but futile attempt to shore up a tottering economic structure, the Roosevelt Administration will be remembered as the first to recognize that the arts have a public function, that their growth and flowering require more than mere verbal support, that encouragement of them as a primary force in the long slow process of civilizing ourselves is the proper concern of any democratic government worthy of the name. The distinguished achievements of the projects and the wide popular response to them have been simply astounding. For the first time in America serious workers in the arts have succeeded in reaching and stirring a vast audience of tens of millions.

The work of the Federal Writers' Project is less well known and appreciated than that of the Theater, Art, and Music projects, largely because any immediate striking results were precluded by the nature of the task the project set itself. That task was the monumental one of rediscovering America, practically an unknown continent to most of us. It was necessary to explore every nook and cranny of it before charting and then describing in graphic detail its undreamed-of richness and variety—its history, legend, folklore, conflicting cultures and social patterns, scenery, climate, natural resources, native art forms, and architecture. The story, the portrait, of America that the Writers' Project plans to present in its comprehensive American Guide Series, will picture for us when completed everything worth seeing in city, town, and countryside in all the forty-eight states.

Twelve state guides have now been published, as well as guides to five large cities, three interstate-route guides, and any number of guides to smaller regions and communities. All the state guides follow the same general pattern. An opening section, usually about a fourth of the book, presents the broader aspects of the state—its history and natural features, together with its folkways, resources, government, industries, architecture, literature, recreational and educational facilities, flora and fauna, and so on. Another quarter of the book, more or less, is given to separate detailed tours and descriptions of the larger towns and cities. The remainder consists of routed tours covering almost all numbered highways and every point of genuine interest in the state.

In addition, each volume contains a few pages of information useful to any traveler, a calendar of events, a historical chronology of important happenings in the state, a select bibliography, a full and indispensable index (not always as accurate as it might be), scores of superb illustrations (chiefly contemporary photographs, with a few old cuts), and at least a dozen maps, including a large state map in color, not bound with the book but folded in a pocket inside the back cover. Many critics have hailed the illustrations as alone worth the price of the books, which has been held as far as possible at a $2.50 maximum, for the project has wished to keep the guides within reach of the general public. The price is not as low as could be wished, but there is the possibility that it can be successively reduced as sales increase and new printings are made.

But more specifically, what of the contents of the guides? The material in each is amazingly rich and colorful, presented rather informally in a pleasing and always adequate manner. Not one of the books is dull, although some are much more sprightly and incisive than others. In all, the facts have been allowed to speak for themselves, with no editorial comment. There is a happy want of adjectives, and few purple passages. For the most part the writing is firmly knit, unaffected, and workmanlike; in certain volumes, notably in the Idaho and Massachusetts guides, it is brilliant. The books reveal no trace of provincialism or local bumptiousness with the signal exception of "Mississippi," which contains three highly objectional anti-Negro passages and several puffs of unimportant and wholly uninteresting personalities and places. Only in this volume does such discreditable and trivial matter appear.

Each of the state guides has an individual flavor of its own. "North Dakota" and "South Dakota" are as breezy as the prairie country they describe. The latter in particular is filled with good yarns, dramatic conflicts, and illuminating human stories, unimportant as history perhaps but revealing the very stuff of life; its opening essay on South Dakota Today gives more of the feel of the state and its people in five pages than similar essays in other volumes succeed in doing in five times the space. Also, this volume contains a number of charming line drawings, one above each chapter heading and a few as full-page illustrations.

"Maine," on the other hand, is stuffy; alone of the books it inclines toward the soft and sentimental, obviously reflecting the influence of the Kenneth Roberts-Robert Coffin school of local romancers. The other New England books are far more vivid. While not particularly distinguished as a whole, "Connecticut" has its moments, as does "Rhode Island," notably in its description of the sights, sounds, and smells (chiefly social) of Newport. "Vermont" is as solid as the state's granite hills; it is as clipped in speech as Calvin Coolidge, true native son, but is without his occasional sour wit. While much more genial and discursive, "New Hampshire" fails to document the claim that New Hampshire folk are "the merriest of the Puritans." Indeed, in all the books there is a surprising want of humor, as if humor were foreign to our soil. Taking pot shots at stuffed shirts and their pretensions has always been a national pastime, and the guide series does us an injustice in picturing us as so reverential and tediously solemn. From "Delaware," for example, one would get the impression that the du Pont dynasty has been occupied solely with building mansions and roads, breeding horses, and milking blooded cows, instead of building monopolies and milking the public.

A little levity would also have vastly improved "Mississippi," which is as tiresomely sententious as any story-book colonel of the region. With a face as long and straight as Don Quixote's, it fights over again every smallest battle of the Civil War, but can find only a line or two for the recent and now far more significant conflicts on the picket lines of Tupelo and other terrorized mill towns. Without a smile it can announce that Mississippi, facts and figures and the daily press notwithstanding, has no "so-called Negro question," for the editors have made the simply astonishing discovery that the Negro, "seated in the white man's wagon, and subtly letting the white man worry with the reins . . . assures himself a share of all things good"! If many such passages of arrant nonsense creep into the copy, the usefulness and prestige of the guide series will be seriously impaired.

In many respects the two volumes first published, "Idaho" and "Massachusetts," remain the best of the series to date. They both reveal a sharp eye for significant material and use a bold stroke in presenting it. Both are studded with gems of characterization and description. The essay on Idaho's history is brilliant, convincingly revealing that the pioneers as conventionally fictionalized are "shoddy sawdust counterfeits who would have been as much out of place in the old West as Chief Nampuh with his huge feet would have been among the theatrical ineptitudes of a Victorian tea." The essay on literature in "Massachusetts" has no parallel in any of the other books, nor have its inspired portraits of two very different towns—ghostly Deerfield and bustling Lawrence.

The spontaneity, grace, and free-swinging punch of these first books have been lost to a degree in succeeding volumes, and the several reasons for this should be seriously considered by all interested in the project's future. The first is the tendency to conform to a stereotype, to freeze into a hard-and-fast form, with all material clipped and fitted by formula. If the series as a whole is to have life and color, there must still be room for experiment. The general frame worked out for the books is excellent, being ample and flexible enough to contain everything relevant. Within the broad confines of that frame writers in the several states should be encouraged to produce their own kind of guidebook.

The second is the presence of a special policy editor in the project's Washington office, installed there over the head of the director after Governor Hurley and allied reactionaries raised a hullabaloo against the Massachusetts book for stating incontrovertible facts about the Sacco-Vanzetti case and for picturing objectively the labor situation in the state. This editor reviews all copy and removes material deemed impolitic or offensive.

The third is that all books must now have state clearance, often political and obtainable only at considerable sacrifice. It is well known in publishing circles that the New Jersey guide, reputedly a conscientious and sparkling piece of work, has been ready for publication for more than a year but is still being held up by forces outside the project. At the present time, it should be explained, all books must have local sponsors, usually elected officials, state planning boards, historical societies, or the like, who hold copyright and contract for publication. In New Jersey it has not yet been possible to find a sponsor liberal enough not to demand the emasculation of the book and at the same time acceptable to the politicos in the state and in Washington. The book may never see the light of day unless writers and readers unite to demand an end to such sabotage.

As several guides have already suffered mutilation at the hands of local sponsors with axes to grind, there is obvious need of establishing a broad national committee of critics, editors, writers, historians, scientists, economists, sociologists, and public-spirited citizens to sponsor publication of the guides and free them from undesirable pressures. A precedent exists in the publication of many important volumes under the sponsorship of the Guild's Committee for Federal Writers' Publications, composed of such well-known editors, critics, and writers as Franklin P. Adams, Bruce Bliven, Van Wyck Brooks, Henry S. Canby, Lewis Gannett, and others. This committee sponsored and left intact what is without question the most distinguished work yet done by the project, "New York Panorama," the first of the two volumes of the New York City guide.

"New York Panorama" is a joy—except for its illustrations, which were reproduced by a cheap and obviously faulty process. In swift and vigorous prose its pages offer a breath-taking view, long in vista, sharp and clear-cut in detail, of the world's greatest metropolis, virtually a civilization in itself, radiating an influence felt in all the far corners of the earth. Here is complete vindication of the project's collective-writing methods. The book was created by hundreds of minds and represents many points of view; as a result the city emerges as a living, breathing, growing thing, not a silhouette but a three-dimensional figure, seen from every angle. There is nothing like it in our literature. Let doubters read any or all of its thirty-six sections, but especially these: The Contemporary Scene, New World Symphony, The Local Vernacular, Market-Place for Words, Bricks of the City, Folk Tune to Swing, Water Gate, and The Urban Pattern.

Of the four other large city guides, "Washington" is not merely adequate but encyclopedic, although its bulk is such that it can scarcely be carried as a guidebook without fear of physical collapse. The Philadelphia and Rochester books leave much to be desired—both are clumsy and padded; but "New Orleans" has great charm and has deservedly ranked high on best-seller lists.

Mention should be made of the interstate-route guides: "Intercoastal Waterway" (from Norfolk, Virginia, to Key West), "U. S. One, Maine to Florida," and "The Ocean Highway," the last two containing recipes of characteristic dishes to be tasted along the way. Many more guides of this type are in preparation. Of a very different character is the wholly delightful "Cape Cod Pilot, a Loquacious Guide," filled with marvelous stories and bubbling with salty wit, by Jeremiah Digges, the only one of the series to carry a by-line. Hailed from coast to coast, this experiment was so successful that one cannot understand why there have not been other personalized books of this character.

The "boondogglers" of the Federal Writers' Project would seem not to have had their feet on their desks all the time. Both the quality and quantity of their work are impressive. Indeed, as guides continue to come from the press ever more rapidly, there is increasing reason to echo Lewis Mumford in pronouncing the American Guide Series "the finest contribution to American patriotism that has been made in our generation."

The almost complete failure of the project to provide writers with an opportunity to do individual creative work is another story.

A list of the guidebooks published up to the present is given below:

Idaho, a Guide in Word and Picture. Caxton Printers, $3.

Massachusetts, a Guide to Its Places and People. New Hampshire, a Guide to the Granite State. Vermont, a Guide to the Green Mountain State. Connecticut, a Guide to Its Roads, Lore, and People. Rhode Island, a Guide to the Smallest State. Maine, a Guide "Down East." New Orleans City Guide. Houghton Mifflin Company. Each $2.50.

Mississippi, a Guide to the Magnolia State. Delaware, a Guide to the First State. Iowa, a Guide to the Hawkeye State. Viking Press. Each $2.50. *Cape Cod Pilot.* By Jeremiah Digges, Viking Press. By Arrangement with Modern Pilgrim Press. $2.

North Dakota, a Guide to the Northern Prairie State. Knight Publishing Company. $1.25.

South Dakota Guide. State Publishing Company. $2.

Washington: City and Capital. Government Printing Office. $3. *Intercoastal Waterway* (Norfolk, Virginia, to Key West). Government Printing Office. 25 cents.

New York Panorama. Volume I. Random House. $2.50.

U. S. One, Maine to Florida. The Ocean Highway (New Brunswick, New Jersey, to Jacksonville, Florida). Modern Age Books. Each 95 cents.

Philadelphia, a Guide to the Nation's Birthplace. William Penn Association. $2.50.

Rochester and Monroe County. Rochester: Scrantom's. $2.

Audit of Fascism

FASCISM FOR WHOM? By Max Ascoli and Arthur Feiler. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.

"WHO benefits from fascism? Possibly the self-perpetuating oligarchy of major and minor chiefs. Yet even the collective gain of these few thousand oligarchs is a poor and doubtful return for the enormous risk that the world is running." This is Mr. Ascoli's answer to the question put in the title, as far as Italy is concerned. The result of Mr. Feiler's description of National Socialism is almost the same: "Neither anti-capitalism, pre-capitalism, nor capitalism has remained victor. In fact, all their aims and aspirations have been subdued by the omnipotent party."

For years a joint analysis of both Italian and German fascism has suggested itself, and the two distinguished members of the New School for Social Research are without question highly competent to do it. Ascoli's approach substantially differs from Feiler's. The chapters about Italian fascism are a brilliant psychological essay rather than a systematic sociological analysis, while the section dealing with Germany mainly gives a solid outline of the facts and developments in the Third Reich. Both the section on International Fascism and the final chapter on The Two Fascisms—and Our Civilization were written in collaboration.

Ascoli, in the Italian section, emphasizes the individualistic starting-point of fascism as well as its intentional lack of any definite program. It was simply a combination of political aggressiveness and methodical violence, with political power

PUBLIC LIBRARY

as a definite goal. For as long as four years fascism fluctuated between anti-capitalistic radicalism and old-fashioned reaction. It took from every party or movement a part of its program and overtopped all of them by its richer vitality and instinct. It knew how to use fear, and how to turn democratic tools against democratic goals. It declared the primacy of politics over economics and won even the support of a large section of the workers by its dynamism. "Rather than look at themselves in that mirror [of hopelessness], they preferred to throw it against those who so insistently had been holding it in front of their faces." The Labor Trust was a great attempt to organize both business and labor under a corporative system, though it remained for years mere theory.

As to the capitalists, Ascoli states, the Fascists cleverly cultivated their permanent fear, and all capitalists now realize that, no matter what their present condition may be, they must stand by fascism or fall with it. He describes the present regime as fascist capitalism, with a trend toward fascist state socialism. The new ruling class is identical with the party bureaucracy; the rank and file—particularly the rural majority of the population—is largely unpolitical.

Ascoli has a tendency to appraise a bit too objectively the progressive aspect of fascist policy. He really believes that in the last few years wages increased as much as the cost of living and is impressed by the collective side of fascism, which he calls "democracy without freedom"—what a contradiction *in adiecto!*

Feiler's analysis of National Socialism is particularly thorough as far as economic policy is concerned, though he treats with an even hand the achievements and deficiencies of the Weimar democracy. His point of view is that of a liberal democrat, and in his opinion it is less than a half-truth to believe that fascism is "the last refuge of decaying capitalism," though he does not say quite clearly whether there is a definite connection between the economic disintegration of Europe and the fascist trend. The anti-capitalistic, though at the same time anti-socialist, revolt of the middle classes played, in his view, a decisive part in the success of National Socialism, which is defined as "the anti-capitalistic revolt of pre-capitalistic masses coupled with the financial support of big capitalistic forces, with racial nationalism as its flag."

The chapters on labor organization and the German version of corporatism constitute one of the best descriptions so far published of what the social system of the Third Reich actually means, and in Feiler's view a transformation of the enormous armament expenditures into peaceful works is inconceivable mainly because of the political ideology of National Socialism. On the other hand, from his point of view the gulf between Bolshevism and National Socialism is gradually being bridged over from both banks. He declines the theory of an "inevitable breakdown" of the Nazi system, holding that there is no breakdown of a regime unless another force breaks it.

In the two joint chapters the two authors emphasize that both in its national and international aspects fascism originates in the unfulfilled promises of democracy. International fascism means a national reproduction of methods applied both in Italy and Germany, though Italian realism seems to differ greatly from the timeliness of the Nazi faith. An appeal to the other nations, and particularly to the United States with its sound democratic sense, to resist, in time, the fascist onslaught concludes the book. Although it deals very little with such aspects of fascism as the religious one or that of foreign policy, and does not endeavor to give a general sociology of fascism, it is a highly valuable contribution to the outstanding problem of our time.

ALBERT LAUTERBACH

America Reconsidered

AMERICA NOW. Edited by Harold E. Stearns. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

THE publication of "Civilization in the United States" in 1922 had the merit of being an adventure in letters. The time was one of unrest and confusion. Like Europe, America was interested in knowing where it was going, what this large chunk of a continent, providentially less sprayed with bullets and less reeking with carrion, was headed for. Mr. Stearns, among the many mourners at the grave of civilization—we did not yet know the true depth of that grave—had conceived the happy idea of calling in a number of literary and scientifically equipped consultants in order to take stock of ourselves.

The attempt was brave though halting. Many of the contributors were young, though a considerable number of them have since made their mark, and their not altogether correlated points of view represented that mixture of undigested pessimism and equally undigested hopefulness characteristic of youth. The book was not too well received and its sale remained small. Most of the critics went out of their way to patronize it and even do a little knuckle rapping, in the manner of reproving elders.

Of the thirty-three contributors to the original volume only five have come through for a repeat. This leaves little basis for estimating any change in the point of view of the group as a whole. One misses Lewis Mumford, as one misses any discussion at all of the baffling problem of urban concentration which Mumford would have been preeminently fitted to expound. Also missing is Van Wyck Brooks, whose deeper preoccupation with the problem of New England culture would have made it interesting to have him reconsider some of his doubts and uncertainties about the American literary scene. Others, like Garet Garrett and H. L. Mencken, have eliminated themselves by grinding particularist axes. Among the dead, J. Thorne Smith, the rebel in the advertising ranks, has been replaced by Roy S. Durstine, one of the moguls of the profession, whose inevitable sales talk has made him a not altogether happy choice.

No one who attended any of the informal editorial conferences of that earlier group could have doubted the spontaneous quality of the collaboration. It was a new idea, and we were all concerned to make it a success. Fortunately, also, most of us were within hailing distance of New York, for quick consultation. All this made for unity and coherence, if not for tame agreement. It is this quality of cohesion which is sadly absent in the present volume. Some of the essays are quite perfunctory; a number of them dismiss their subject within ten pages. Some have a purely reportorial emphasis. Others are isolated monographs, like Menninger's article on

Psychiatry, and make strange bedfellows outside an encyclopedia of the social sciences.

Then, too, the clock has moved on since 1922. There is no discussion of academic freedom, an important subject which has come well to the fore in the last two decades. The changing nature of our political institutions is another case in point. Radicalism proved too much of an omnibus assignment for Mr. Soule; the very term has become almost as loose in its connotations as liberalism. And surely the dynamics of the present-day all-engulfing propaganda technique deserved more than scattered references.

But even granting mistakes of omission and the difficulty of doing justice to those subjects selected within the confines of one volume, the real trouble perhaps lies in the fact that the whole subject is no longer new. Repetition smacks of a now defunct intellectual Chautauqua, the very deliberateness of which challenges a possibly captious demand for perfection. Take, for contrast, the essays which the Cordells have annually collected under the heading of "American Points of View." These also give a tangible bit of America "now" for any current year. But they do so by implication, not according to program. It is also interesting to observe that a not inconsiderable number of the Cordells' authors are on Mr. Stearns's list, but that their performances in the less pretentious collection are often superior.

It would be invidious to make selections. Some of the essays, like V. F. Calverton's piece on the Negro and Jacques Barzun's timely treatment of Race Prejudice, are vital and refreshing, with something of the zest of the original volume. Louis R. Reid is again informative about the Radio and the Movies, and Louis Stark knows what it is all about when he writes about labor. Dr. Logan Clendening, on the other hand, merely reflects the orthodoxy of Dr. Morris Fishbein and plays down socialized medicine with generalities.

What of Mr. Stearns, the bellwether of his flock? Mr Stearns contributes an essay on American Intellectual Life in addition to his rather nebulous editing. He writes with his customary ease and with an uncanny faculty for "echoing" all the latest intellectual novelties, right up to semantics, with plausible finality. He chides both communism and fascism with worldly-wise condescension, like a guest at a Long Island week-end party steering a wary course between a possible member of the Italian Embassy staff among the diners and a literary lion whom the hostess has invited without knowing that he has just joined the "party." Communism is touched upon by a number of the other contributors, notably Chamberlain and Krutch, both of whom dwarf their general survey of literature and drama by laboring the truism that undigested propaganda is bound to fetter the artist. But none of them do it with the intellectual shoddiness of Mr. Stearns. By this time communism has earned the right to be abused intelligently. A biographical note informs us that Mr. Stearns looks upon his long absence in Paris as a "thirteen years' sabbatical" leave. Among the multiple mythologies which grew up about him during that period there is none which reports that he spent much time at the Sorbonne. Perhaps some of the effects of that excessive sabbatical are reflected in the shortcomings of "America Now," in terms of the editor's none-too-well-disguised unfamiliarity with the American scene.

ALFRED B. KUTTNER

Mr. Graves Declines with Rome

COUNT BELISARIUS. By Robert Graves. Random House. $3.

THIS biography of a great general of the late Roman Empire is unlikely to repeat the popular success of the author's Claudius books. Mr. Graves here employs the same formula that he worked so successfully in the past, that of the honest man trapped in a social network of intrigue and corruption; but this time the formula misses fire.

The failure can be explained partly by the fact that Mr. Graves has neglected to endow his central character with the gift of awareness, so that the progress of Belisarius through the reign of Justinian is about as dramatic as the progress of a white mouse through the dark runway of a scientist's maze. It can also be attributed to what are, from the novelist's point of view, the deficiencies of the Byzantine period itself. One might expect that the very decadence of the late empire would offer the historical novelist unlimited material for "colorful" writing, but such is not the case. The period of the Julian emperors, with which the Claudius books dealt, marked the establishment of the power idea in politics on a world scale; coincidentally it marked the emergence of what we call personality in the strong and eccentric individuals who symbolized and wielded the new imperial power. Mr. Graves in his earlier books was exploiting the first sensational flare-up of this phenomenon of personality in such bizarre but tabloid-modern and recognizable figures as Livia, Tiberius, Caligula, and Nero. Unfortunately, by the sixth century, Belisarius's period, the individual had advanced from being absorbed in the state (the first stage), through dominating it (the second stage), to being engulfed by it (the third stage). The people with whom "Count Belisarius" is concerned have been ironed out by the immense bureaucratic apparatus of the dying empire. "Personality" has disappeared, and persons can be sorted, roughly, into two categories, the good and the bad, with very little distinction being made between separate members of each category. The contemporary historians on whom Mr. Graves draws have lost the interest in character which bulks so large in Tacitus or Suetonius. They still tell their scandalous anecdotes, but zestlessly, for their preoccupation is with the mechanics of administration, the military campaigns, the ecclesiastical disputes, and the public works.

Mr. Graves, to the detriment of his novel, takes no notice of this change in the conception of the individual. He writes about the age of Justinian in exactly the same manner as he wrote about the age of Augustus, that is, he adheres with scholarly tenacity to his sources, and he turns his spotlight impartially on the celebrities of the day. Unluckily, his sources this time furnish him with featureless faces, and he has not the historical impudence to sketch in what is missing or the historical acumen to turn his camera from the close-up of the single human being to the perspective shot of the group. He sticks to the exploits of prominent men and he sticks to his sources. The result is a stylishly written and enormously detailed account of a great number of expeditions and battles, with biographical data supplied, whenever possible, on generals and other officers of rank.

MARY MCCARTHY

Attila Diplomacy

THE DEFENCE OF DEMOCRACY. By F. Elwyn Jones. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

F. ELWYN JONES is by vocation a London lawyer, by nature an extreme left-winger, and by avocation a thoroughly good journalist. As a border-line Communist, he has a way of believing the worst. A year ago—in his "Hitler's Drive to the East," for example—it was not so easy to agree with all his somber views. Today it is not difficult.

"The Defence of Democracy" is an invaluable guide to the German-Italian attempt to dominate the world by excluding Russia from Europe, chiseling France into the position of a second-class power, and crippling the British Empire by cutting life-line after life-line.

Mr. Jones starts by taking the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo alliance against communism for what it is worth—a united attempt to weaken the democracies, especially Britain and the empire. It is a war front, and the desire of the democrats for peace at any price has been cleverly exploited by the machine-gun crew. It is especially significant today that the "mediator" at Munich should have been none other than the pacifier of Ethiopia and Spain. It is significant, too, that this peaceful Roman is now stirring up trouble in Tunis, Palestine, Arabia, the Hejaz, the Yemen, Hadramaut, and even Ireland—any place where there is a chance of further immobilizing French and British forces while the Duce turns the Mediterranean into an Italian lake.

Hitler also is stirring up trouble in no fewer than twenty-four European countries, and in Africa, the Near East, North America, and South America. Very carefully Mr. Jones goes into all the ramifications of Nazi imperialism, overt and secret—its notorious "Harbor Service" and its 528 local Nazi groups functioning abroad. He also traces the secret connections between the Cagoulards in France and their German, Italian, and Spanish backers. Even before Daladier, in what now seem to have been the halcyon days of Chautemps, the Premier was forced to admit that "France has been made to appear like a nation besieged."

Mark down Abyssinia, Spain, Austria, and Czechoslovakia as having been sold to the dictators at bargain prices, and you have left a "peace" that sees all Eastern Europe in a panic, with Hungary possibly destined to become another Austria, Rumania another Czechoslovakia, the Balkan Entente another Little Entente. Then, after the English and French have donated the last scrap of a Portuguese or Belgian colony to Hitler, you may reach a final showdown, when, to quote Professor Tawney's memorable phrase, England and France may decide that it is "better to die on your feet than live on your knees."

On the final day of reckoning, Mr. Jones believes that the democracies will find unsuspected support from within the dictatorships. A good block of this book is devoted to a detailed account of anti-fascist conspiracies within Germany and Italy. But, as Mr. Jones says, these brave democrats can make a dent in the backsides of Hitler and Mussolini only if the democracies are willing to poke the dictators in the stomach. Otherwise their activities "can consist of little more than acts of individual heroism."

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The key, the author rightly concludes, to all the contradictions and failures of English and French policy is the initial assumption that cooperating with the aggressor and maintaining peace are one and the same thing.

JULIAN BACH, JR.

DRAMA

Prodigals' Return

PHILIP BARRY and Elmer Rice, two playwrights not heard from during the past few years, have returned to town with new plays. Both authors once enjoyed great success, and both had apparently deserted the stage forever after a series of failures which neither was prepared to accept. The new plays have points in their favor, but each is essentially in the manner of its author's failures rather than in the manner of his earlier successes. In other words, both Mr. Barry and Mr. Rice are up to their old tricks—not, unfortunately, up to their oldest tricks.

Before the emergence of S. N. Behrman, Mr. Barry was our best writer of polite comedy. The true gift was his, but he valued it so little that he was said to have only contempt for "Paris Bound," one of the earliest as well as one of the best of his pieces, and he gradually sacrificed success to two tendencies incompatible not only with the spirit of comedy but also, it would seem, with each other. Increasingly Mr. Barry became a snob and a mystic. His later plays were full of yearning elegants who seemed equally concerned with the meaning of the universe and with what the well-dressed man will wear—in his head as well as on it. "Hotel Universe" fooled the public, but once was enough, and Mr. Barry's reputation faded away as his plays grew feebler and more meaningness. "Here Come The Clowns," dramatized from his own novel of the same name and now current at the Booth Theater, is far better—at least as theatrical entertainment—than anything he has written in a long time, and that is partly because the Cholly Knickerbocker touch is absent, even though the amateur theology is, if anything, more obtruded than ever before. This time the search for God goes on, not at Hotel Universe on the Cap d'Antibes, but in and around the Globe Theater (please note the symbolism) where minor vaudevillians gather.

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Some critics to the contrary, there is nothing obscure about the "message" of the play. Its much troubled hero is a stage hand who goes looking for God in order to find the answer to a few questions, but who falls instead into the hands of a charlatan and believes for a time that this faker's ruthless and destructive exposure of facts better left hidden is leading toward the truth our hero desires. In the end the charlatan is unmasked, and as the hero dies he proclaims his great discovery: God exists, but man's will is free, and man, not God, is responsible for evil and suffering. The trouble with this idea, as an idea, is not that it is too complex, but merely that it is too simple; and the trouble with the play, as a play, is merely that its author quite mistakenly supposes that the lives he is portraying seem more rather than less interesting and significant when they are "explained" in accordance with his intellectual scheme.

Both the dialogue and the situations are highly effective in a rather lurid and theatrical way. The play is well acted by an excellent company headed by Eddie Dowling, who plays the hero with an innocent, rapt, and almost artless enthusiasm which clearly reveals his intense belief in his part. But it is unfortunate that a playwright, of all people, should not understand that human life and suffering as an artist can picture them are far more interesting mysteries than any likely to be revealed by the speculations of an amateur theologian. Offhand I can think of no good play about God. Theology is not a dramatic subject, though a myth may be; or rather, as I perhaps should say, myths are theology which has really been dramatized. Perhaps it would be a good thing for Mr. Barry to consider to what genre the play he has attempted to write inevitably belongs. It belongs with "The Servant in the House," "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," and even—just to show the stretch of my memory—"The Man from Mars."

In "American Landscape" (Cort Theater) Mr. Rice also is attempting, with something less than full success, to get out of the bad habits into which he allowed himself to fall. He, goodness knows, never went in for either mysticism or snobbery, but he did, like Mr. Barry, get so much interested in "explanation" that he lost the power to create human beings and lost it for the simple reason that human beings had ceased to concern him except in so far as they could be treated as sociological abstractions. The new play, though far less intemperate and confused than most of his recent work, grows out of a thesis, and it often seems prosy and dull because its personages so obviously have little life of their own. It is hard to believe that a writer who, even in such minor plays as "Counselor-at-Law" and "The Left Bank," revealed an almost uncanny gift for catching the rhythm of everyday speech and imitating the gestures of men and women could write dialogue as lifeless as most of that in the present play; and the fact that he can do so should stand as an awful warning to the artist who confuses artistic seriousness with seriousness of any other kind. With everything Mr. Rice here has to say I have the profoundest sympathy, but there is no use in pretending that his essay is much more than an essay or that it gains much by calling itself a play. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FILMS

A QUARTER of a century ago George Bernard Shaw wrote the satirical play "Pygmalion," which still sparkles as it did on its first night—which cannot be said about many plays of such great stage age. Mr. Higgins, professor of phonetics and, for purposes of the last act, not only a fanatical scientist but a confirmed bachelor, wagers that he can, within six months, transform a cockney girl into a lady who will stand the high test of a royal reception. He wins his bet by teaching her correct English and superficial manners. The course is pretty strenuous for the victim. He treats her like [illegible] guinea pig and does not see—though otherwise he is intelligent and sophisticated—that she is falling in love with him, or, for that matter, that he is falling in love with her.

I could never detect more than an artificial analogy to the Greek myth which the title of the play suggests. The sculptor Pygmalion formed Galatea from a piece of clay, whereas Professor Higgins (Leslie Howard) attempts the opposite—to change a most lively and unspoiled piece of nature, the wild, dirty guttersnipe Eliza Doolittle (Wendy Hiller), into a piece of soap. But the movie edition of Shaw's play (presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) informs me again in an introduction that Pygmalion is the modern version of the Galatea theme. I suspect that this claim, which takes a device for the real story, is partly responsible for what is wrong with an excellent, witty, and always entertaining picture. To confess it right away, nothing is wrong if one compares it with the average picture; but if one considers it as literature, which is permissible in this case, criticism is in order.

The fault seems to lie with the script. It not only follows the play too closely, repeating its errors, but even more than the play it stresses the situations of the transformation process at the expense of more important values. Miss Doolittle is washed, learns to spell, to speak words and sentences. At a tea party—a most delightful scene in itself—she passes her first examination. Finally she triumphs by duping the nobility in a long sequence outstanding in every respect but especially in restraint and taste. But the lessons, her scenes alone with Professor Higgins, remain less convincing for the reason mentioned. We see the pupil suffering under the un-

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tiring fanaticism of the teacher, but we do not see her falling in love with him. This development is neglected to make way for cheaper effects, until it is needed for the end. Then the newly created lady throws the professor's slippers in his face, and we are allowed to guess what must have been going on all the time. Could we have followed it, the unfolding of a character and a soul would have counterbalanced the gags, subtle though they are, and the whole picture, without losing its lightness, could have achieved depth. Instead of three dimensions it might have had four, and it is with the fourth, the irrational, that art begins.

If the shortcomings of the script are not felt as long as one looks at the screen, we have to thank Wendy Hiller, who steals the show. Miss Hiller's performance on Broadway two years ago in "Love on the Dole," where she had occasion to exploit the wide range of her personality, was a great experience. She must win the hearts of all moviegoers, and surely not with cuteness and pretense. She is the type the great industry needs badly—a full-blooded person who creates a role out of the abundance of her nature. She makes one forget the tricksters who turn their defects into virtues or, at least, salaries.

Leslie Howard does very intelligently everything a Professor Higgins may do, but one cannot quite believe him. He is too conscious, too slick. He plays with skill a thought-out conception. In lesser parts Wilfred Lawson, Esme Percy, and David Tree give excellent performances. They breathe contemporary English atmosphere. The direction (Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard) and the production (Gabriel Pascal, who must have the credit for conquering Shaw's antagonism to the movies) compete successfully with Hollywood's best works of this kind. More pictures like "The Citadel" and "Pygmalion" from London, and there will be story conferences in California.

"40 Little Mothers" (National Pictures) is a French film which will delight all the admirers of "La Maternelle" and "Ballerina." It has the same humane qualities and is in its theme quite different from the normal run. A poor professor —whom we like at first glance better than Professor Higgins —with five degrees and without a job finds at the door of his bare hotel room a baby, eighteen-month-old little Philippe, and immediately loves the foundling. When he gets a job as teacher in a fashionable girls' finishing school in the country he takes the baby along in a trunk. The funny and touching situations in which he finds himself and the sequences by which his pupils become the "forty mothers" of the child are presented simply, but with great psychological insight and with wit and taste.

Lucien Baroux plays superbly and convincingly the difficult part of the lonesome bachelor who cannot part from a baby which gets him into one difficulty after another. He has the capacity to induce tears—which change within the moment to tears of laughter. By all means see this picture! It is especially recommended to expectant fathers and ordinary pessimists. One leaves it happy.

FRANZ HOELLERING

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Letters to the Editors

Tributes to Paul Anderson

Dear Sirs: It is sad indeed to learn of the loss of one whom I had come to consider among the best of *The Nation's* contributors. Mr. Anderson's terse, expressive language, his incisive observation, his keen humor will be greatly missed. Above all, his ever-earnest sincerity will be difficult to duplicate. May the pages of *The Nation* serve as a living memorial worthy of writers such as he. HARRY J. MC ANDREW

Barre, Vt., December 6

Dear Sirs: I knew Paul Y. Anderson only as a "by-line," but I eagerly read everything printed under it. In a day of a prostituted and debauched press Paul Anderson and the papers which opened their columns to his talents stand out as beacon lights. He may well take his place beside Lincoln Steffens, John Kenneth Turner, and a few, a precious few, others whom Roosevelt the First denounced as muckrakers.

GEO. P. LISCHER

St. Louis, Mo., December 6

Dear Sirs: It was with deep regret that I heard of the death of Paul Anderson soon after I had finished reading his last characteristically fearless article from Washington. The high testimonials that have since been given to his work as a newspaper correspondent give me greater pride in my profession.

CHARLES F. SPEARE

New York, December 8

Teachers College and Mr. Wechsler

Dear Sirs: Mr. Wechsler's article on Teachers College in the last issue of *The Nation* identifies one of the oldest liberal journals of the country with the political sectarianism which has given pattern to the article. Its publication can only divide the forces and weaken the cause of liberalism and democracy in American life and education.

Though true in some respects and couched in the phrases of objectivity, it is full of insinuation and misrepresentation. Taken as a whole it is profoundly false and misleading. We see in it the hand of a political sect in American life which operates on the principle that it will destroy whatever it cannot rule.

While we have our problems at Teachers College and while there are some tendencies here which give us concern, we believe that the institution is more liberal in its social outlook and practice than at any other time in its history and one of the most liberal institutions of higher learning in America.

EDMUND DE S. BRUNNER, JOHN L. CHILDS, DONALD P. COTTRELL, GEORGE S. COUNTS, GEORGE W. HARTMANN, F. ERNEST JOHNSON, JESSE H. NEWLON, BRUCE RAUP, HAROLD RUGG, HELEN M. WALKER, MERLE CURTI.

New York, December 17

Dear Sirs: I had not planned to make any public statement about the reasons for my withdrawal from the Teachers' Union. Mr. Wechsler's article insinuating that Dean Russell is responsible for this action on my part makes a brief statement necessary. I am more than ever convinced that teachers are workers; that both their functions and their needs will be best provided for in a democratic socialized economy; and that they should unite with other workers to advance their common interests. I withdrew from Teachers' Union for one reason and one reason only—the present domination of the New York locals by left-wing political sects. If either Mr. Wechsler or his associates of *The Nation* have any doubt about this, I am prepared to set out in some detail my experiences with the Stalinists in these locals. JOHN L. CHILDS

New York, December 18

[It is a matter of record that Mr. Wechsler is in no way identified with any political sect; no sentence in his article introduced the kind of "political sectarianism" of which he is accused in the first letter printed above; and what is perhaps most amazing, no fact in his recital of developments at Teachers College is challenged—including the glaring instance of suppression of which Dr. Counts was himself the victim. To discern in this article the "hand of a political sect" is as unjust to those faculty members who refused to sign the letter as it is to the author of the article. As for the complaint that Teachers College still compares favorably with other institutions, Mr. Wechsler made just that point; but surely such outstanding critics of American education know that the comparison begs the question. Mr. Childs's letter is even more baffling since his name was not mentioned in connection with the withdrawals from the Teachers' Union. In citing such withdrawals Mr. Wechsler emphasized that they could not be traced to so simple a factor as personal insecurity.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Arab Liberalism Suspect

Dear Sirs: Raif N. Khuri, the Palestine Arab delegate to the Second World Youth Congress, offered his solution to Palestine's woes in *The Nation* for October 29. May I, a veteran American Zionist with more than five years of residence in Palestine, give my reaction to Mr. Khuri's solution?

I am in full agreement with Mr. Khuri that Jew and Arab in Palestine must unite for their common cause and would say even more emphatically than he that British imperialism has tricked both the Jews and the Arabs and is not at all interested in cooperation between the two peoples. Anyone who has lived in Palestine can give positive testimony that His Majesty's servants helped foment trouble between the two factions.

However, before reaching this desired end of cooperation between Arabs and Jews there is still a long road to travel. An agreement is defined as a meeting of minds, and minds cannot meet when a curtain of doubt and suspicion separates them. My suspicions are that the soft-spoken and ostensibly well-meaning words of Mr. Khuri in *The Nation*, Mr. Katiba in the New York *Times*, and other Arab gentlemen elsewhere are meant solely for foreign consumption. After two and a half years of unprovoked murder and pillage and arson the only quasi-liberal note that an Arab gentleman strikes is in the foreign press. Why have these well-meaning spokesmen of the Arab people not raised their voices in *Phalastin* and *Al Liva* and *Ad Defaa* and the other Arab newspapers of Palestine? If they are Arab liberals who really desire a liberal solution of the Arab-Jewish problem, why do they not make an attempt to sell their liberalism at home before they exhibit it abroad? They cannot be ignorant of the numerous official pronouncements of Jewish leaders that Zionists are always ready to negotiate with liberal Arabs for a mutually satisfactory solution.

These Arab liberals must also know that militant Arab nationalism is to a large extent an excuse for a tribal feud of very long standing. The tribe of the Husseinis, headed by the Grand Mufti, hates the rival family of the Nashashibis more than it hates the Jews, and the present terrorism has liquidated many Nashashibis, with the eminent Sidki Dajani only recently paying for his ancestral sins. The truculent Mufti is not "a bogyman created by Zionist propaganda," as Mr. Khuri puts it, but a vindictive and ambitious tribal chieftain who will stop at nothing to get rid of the hated Nashashibis and become the Führer and exploiter of Palestine.

Strangely enough it is the Zionist hunger for land in Palestine which has raised land values and liberated the *fellah,* whom the usurious *effendis* made a share-cropper on his own, heavily mortgaged land. By selling part of his land to Jews the Arab *fellah* has been able to pay off his debts and modernize his estate so as to make his remaining land yield much more than his total holding did before.

As to Mr. Khuri's preoccupation with "the purchase of land by Zionist capitalists," for his information I will state that the total land holdings of Jews amount to one and a quarter million dunams—only one-tenth of all the cultivable land in the mandated area; and one-third of the Jewish holdings belongs to the Jewish National Fund, which makes it unavailable for further sale or speculation. So far as tenants' rights and squatters' rights are concerned, when land is bought in Palestine, not only are the legitimate tenants given compensation, but all kinds of bogus squatters' claims have to be satisfied. I have had experience with such transactions in Palestine and know that in many instances, as a result of antiquated Turkish laws regarding *mushaa,* or unpartitioned land, no sooner is one set of tenants or squatters satisfied than an Arab lawyer will present a claim in the name of a new set. Allegedly liberal Arabs abroad had better not attempt to create the specter of the Arab impoverished by the increase of Jewish immigration to Palestine.

Left alone, the Jewish majority of the future would treat the Arabs much better than the Arabs of Syria and Iraq are treating the Jews today. Mr. Khuri is poorly informed about the Zionist tendencies of the Jews in Arab countries. I have spoken to the Jews of Damascus; I have been in the cellar where they stealthily gather to give vent to their cravings for Zion. And I know what the Jews of Egypt and Iraq are doing.

With all due respect to Mr. Khuri and the liberal Arab gentlemen who are placating the American people, the Palestine Arabs are not yet ready for self-government, much less to govern a civilized, free-spoken, democratic people like the Jews. I do not trust Haj Ameen's guaranty of Jewish local autonomy, and no civilized and informed Christian would trust him. The Arab masses who "denounce the killing of innocent children, women and men" have not raised their voices sufficiently to make them audible.

Jewish needs on the European continent demand an open gateway to Palestine. Let us then hope that Britain will honestly carry out its obligations under the mandate while leaving the Jews and Arabs alone to work out their mutual relations.

A. S. ORLANS

New York, November 20

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